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by Rosemary Clooney
•
N. Y. radio,
TV listings

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people on the air

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Cover portrait of Arthur Godfrey by George Hurrell

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Freeman "Amos" Gosden and Charles "Andy" Correll rehearse for their Christmas rendition of The Lord's Prayer.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

There's good reason for NBC-TV's excitement over plans for its big Christmas day extravaganza—"Peter Pan," starring Mary Martin. However, it will have to be a cut-down version of the stage production, which runs three hours. According to present plans, "Peter" will most likely be televised from the theater where it is playing, because of the many involved mechanics of the play.

CBS-TV's big Yuletide offering is Dickens' "Christmas Carol," which will be seen Thursday, December 23. Maxwell Anderson has done a musical adaptation of this famous classic, and the big cast will include Fredric March as Scrooge, Basil Rathbone as Marley's Ghost, Christopher Cook as Tiny Tim, Ray Middleton as the nephew, Bob Sweeney as Cratchett.

"Amahl and the Night Visitors," by Gian-Carlo Menotti, will be presented on NBC-TV, for the fifth consecutive year, on Sunday, December 19. Also doing a repeat, on CBS Radio, December 19, will be Amos 'n' Andy, with their now-famous version of the Lord's Prayer. And Gene Autry, who will tell the story of the Nativity, as he did last year, will be heard on CBS Radio the same day.

Preparing for its role on the Sunday before Christmas, the New York Philharmonic Symphony has programmed Brahms' "Requiem," with Bruno Walter conducting, and featuring guest soloists. During the intermission time, James Fassett will narrate "A Carol Is Born," the story of the composition, "Silent Night." He will also play the late Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink's original recording of the selection, made many years ago.

"The Women"—by Clare Boothe Luce—which was a hit Broadway show and also a hit movie, will be performed on the Producers' Showcase Monday.
Happy seventh birthday to Kukla, Fran And Ollie and, of course, Burr Tillstrom. The lovable group celebrated in fitting style in October. Naturally, Ollie could hardly wait for the camera to click so he could dive into the you-know-what.

COAST TO COAST

night, December 13, over NBC-TV, with an all-star cast.

The Best of Broadway series, on CBS-TV, has scheduled another famous play for their January 5 production: "Arsenic and Old Lace," starring Helen Hayes, Billie Burke and Boris Karloff. The February presentation on this once-a-month show may be "The Petrified Forest," with Humphrey Bogart making his TV dramatic debut.

David Wayne's situation-comedy show, Norby, is all set to go: January 5 is the date of the first one, on NBC-TV. Wayne took a leave of absence from the Broadway hit, "Teahouse of the August Moon," in order to film this series—which, incidentally, was shot in color.

Liberace—just about the most popular man in show business today—is expanding his career to the movies and, according to his fans, it's high time. He and Warner Brothers have set a deal for him to star in a series of pictures. His first one is scheduled to go into production in a few months. Liberace has said he does not want to do a film based on his life, but would prefer to portray a person like himself in his initial movie. In that way he feels he won't be a one-picture star.

My Friend Irma may soon be back on television—under the title My Wife Irma. Cy Howard, who created, wrote and produced the original Irma series, is preparing to film the new one in association with CBS. Marie Wilson will be Irma again, but the role of her husband has not been set as yet.

This 'n' That:
The stork paid a visit, on October 24, to Dorothy Collins and Raymond Scott and presented them with a daughter—which means Dorothy will be returning to Your Hit Parade in the near future.

Congratulations to Kukla, Fran And Ollie,
The Boy Next Door

That's personable Mort Lindsey, who's finding fame and good fortune as Martin Block's neighbor at WABC.

While some people strike oil or discover uranium, Mort Lindsey feels he has them all beat as "disk-jockey student" under the "Dean of Disc Jockeys" himself, Martin Block. Mort, who admits he's the luckiest guy in the platter-spinning world to have his program produced by Block, hosts a combination deejay-piano-and-song show, The Boy Next Door, over Station WABC, New York, from 1:30 to 2:30 P.M.—a pleasant, tune-filled curtain-raiser to Block's famous Make-Believe Ballroom. Seated at the piano, the genial Mr. Lindsey dabbles at the keys as he chats about matters musical. Then he spins a Sinatra ballad, an Ella Fitzgerald blues number, or something in the Mantovani style. Highlight of the show comes when Mort croons a tune himself—which is not unusual for a fellow who's made quite a few records of his own. For a finishing touch, Mort often shares his WABC mike with in-person stars such as Toni Arden, Johnny Desmond and Archie Bleyer. Being a deejay is something new for Mort, though his background has always been "music, music, music." His mother, a school teacher, aroused his interest in the piano when he was eight and he continued his training until he entered Columbia University. There, Mort wrote the 1942 varsity show, "Saints Alive," and was voted the "most talented student" after winning the Fred Allen College Talent Hunt. After a stint in the Air Force, Mort earned his Master's Degree in Music. In 1946, he formed a trio and starred at Morey Amsterdam's Playgoer's Club before joining Paul Whiteman's orchestra at New York's Capitol Theater. Next came radio and TV network jobs: directing music for The Andy and Della Russell Show, arranging music for Arthur Godfrey and Archie Bleyer, and lending his keyboard talents to the shows of Morton Downey, Robert Q. Lewis, and Paul Winchell, among others. His "turn for the best" came last May, when Martin Block recognized Mort's deejay potential and signed him on as The Boy Next Door. Off-mike, Mort keeps house for himself. Just one look at his place and you know there's a "man about music" living there. The piano, couch and kitchen table are all strewn with sheet music, awaiting Mort's gifted hand at arranging. All in all, it's no wonder that Mort has become The Boy Next Door—not only to Block, but to thousands of WABC listeners who like his pleasant, relaxed musical manners.
recently celebrated its seventh birthday. Since its debut in Chicago as a local children's show, Burr Tilstrom's cast of popular little characters have become adult favorites as well. During its seven years on television, the program has received fifty-four national and regional awards.

Also celebrating an anniversary—a twenty-five-year one—is The Children's Hour, which began as a local broadcast in Philadelphia and is now simulcast over stations WRCA and WRCA-TV. The Children's Hour and its originating director, Alice Clements, have given a start to "kiddie" stars such as Eileen Barton, Ezra Stone, Kitty Kallen, Arnold Stang, among many others.

Albert Mitchell, the original "Answer Man" on radio, passed away a few weeks ago at his home in Paris, France. Mitchell started his program in New York in 1937 and was heard regularly until 1950, when he went to Paris to work for a Marshall Plan agency.

George Burns and Gracie Allen have arranged to have life insurance policies written for all employees of their McCadden Productions, without cost to the employees. George said the move was in line with a long-range plan to build up a permanent staff and crew for their telefilms, and, "This is our way of showing how much we value their talents."

Lots of romantic news this month. Ben Grauer, long considered one of the most eligible single men in broadcasting—and also one of the most popular—finally took himself a bride. She's pretty Melanie Kahane, one of New York's famous decorators. They were wed in Manhattan and then sailed for a whirlwind four-week honeymoon in Europe.

Joan Davis' daughter, Beverly Wills—who married Lt. Alan Grossman—is now living in Ft. Lewis, Washington. Beverly decided to give up her career in favor of being a housewife, so now Mama Davis has to find a new girl to play her sister on Married Joan. Because the show is filmed far in advance, Beverly will still be seen a few more times.

It looks like we're losing our crooners to matrimony, too. Vic Damone and actress Pier Angeli will probably be married by the time you read this. Though their courtship was a whirlwind one, they have known each other for over two years. The young couple plan to live in Beverly Hills and have rented a house there with an option to buy it.

Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds have told friends that they will probably postpone their wedding until both of them can get away from their respective jobs long enough to take a honeymoon trip.

One of the happiest married couples in Hollywood—Eve Arden and Brooks West—recently welcomed their first baby, who weighed in at nine pounds and answers to the name of Douglas Brooks. The Wests already have three adopted children.

Ralph Edwards was very grieved by the sudden death of his producer, Al Paschall, at the age of thirty-seven, following an operation. Paschall and Edwards had been close friends and partners since the early days of Edwards' fantastic career.

Sad, too, was the passing of Lee Bennett, an NBC announcer in Chicago, and well-known in broadcasting circles there. Many will remember Lee from his musical career when he was a popular singer with Jan Garber's orchestra in the Thirties, and later when he fronted his own band.

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King of Music

An easygoing, natural charm makes Johnny King a royal favorite with WJAR listeners.

Last year, while London turned itself upside down in coronation festivities, Rhode Island was going quietly enthusiastic about a regal celebration of its own. Johnny King’s talent, charm and dynamic personality are native products, and it was a crowning day indeed when he came home to reign at Station WJAR as host of Luncheon A La King, weekdays at 1 P.M., and This Is Your Tune, Saturdays at 8:30 P.M.

Johnny’s own biggest day occurred in 1929 when he started his radio career as a tenor for WJAR—and got married at the same time. As a teenager, Johnny had a saxophone, his best pal had the victrola, and practice sessions were held at the friend’s home. At first, Johnny didn’t pay much attention to kid sister Viola who served the refreshments. Then one day he took a long look at the cute little brunette and said, “You know, you could cook for me for the rest of my life.”

Having his wife with him as he travelled about the country, singing and playing sax and banjo with such bands as Paul Whiteman and Glen Gray, has given Johnny a stability which he feels has had a great bearing on his outlook on life. But it was crib and carriage, babies and baggage for a total of sixty moves before the family settled in Detroit. As “Detroit’s Irish Tenor” for Station WWJ, Johnny accumulated a total of more air time than any other Detroit performer and is especially proud of the Cinderella Weekend show on which he was emcee and producer. New Englanders at heart, the Kings found the only Cape Cod cottage in Detroit to help them feel more at home.

Back in Wakefield now, Johnny says, “We have a pretty good system worked out. I keep myself and my family healthy through exercise and my wife takes care of preparing good food for us.” Johnny spends hours exercising with bar bells together with his twelve-year-old son Jackie, and Viola joins them for hiking and fishing. Although Johnny thought the family roving was over, one more move was made when 24-year-old daughter Jeannette returned to Detroit to be married.

Johnny, who is lead tenor with the Abbott Singers in addition to his radio shows, says wife Viola is his “listener-vane.” Through her, he can tell how well he has done in his aim to please the people at home. According to Rhode Island fans, all signs point to fair weather and bright listening with Johnny King.
What’s New
(Continued from page 7)
tossed by the Colgate-Palmolive Company, in celebration of their fifth year as a sponsor of this popular television show. More than fifteen hundred New York youngsters participated in the wingding, which was held at the Century Theater. Bob Smith, the “Buffalo Bob” of the show, is still recuperating from his recent heart attack, but he may be able to return to Howdy in a month or so. Meanwhile, Ted Brown, as Bison Bill, is pinch-hitting for Bob. Jeffrey Clay—the singer with the Sammy Kaye outfit on their So You Want To Lead? A Band show—and his wife, dancer Gloria Sicking, are the proud parents of David Sanford, their first baby.

Mulling The Mail:
Mrs. C.C., Palestine, Texas: Haleloke, of the Arthur Godfrey shows, is not married.
... Miss E.S., Watertown, New York: As I recall, the character of Anne Malone was written out of the story of Young Dr. Malone some time before Barbara Weeks, who played Anne, passed away in real life. . . .
Mrs. J.D., Baltimore, Maryland: The Fontane Sisters left the Perry Como show because the producers decided to use the Ray Charles Singers this season. The girls have been playing night-club engagements in and around the New York area, since departing from the program. . . .
Mrs. M.B., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: For a picture of Dorothy Collins, I suggest you write her c/o Your Hit Parade, NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. . . . Miss L.C., Xenia, Illinois: CBS has no plans to resume Beulah on the radio schedule—at least not this season. . . . Mrs. A.A., Austin, Minnesota: Yes, Loretta Young was married briefly, many years ago, to actor Grant Withers, but the marriage was annulled. Loretta, in private life, is Mrs. Tom Lewis. . . .
So many letters about Christine and Phyllis McGuire, so to all of you who wrote with questions about their husbands, etc.: Phyllis’ married name is Mrs. Neil Van Ellis, and her husband is an advertising man with a TV station in Cincinnati, Ohio. They have no children. Christine is Mrs. John Teeter, and John is with the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund in New York City. The Teeters are the proud parents of two children, both boys, age seven and twelve. Hope this straightens everyone out. . . .
Mrs. H.B., Lebanon, Pennsylvania: Blair Davies is the new actor playing the part of Reverend Richard Dennis on The Brighter Day. As far as I know, he is permanently set for the role. . . .
Mr. J.McG., St. Louis, Missouri: Yes, Phil Silvers is very definitely under contract to CBS. His new television show, which will be filmed before a live audience, is set to go on in a few weeks. Incidentally, the advance reports on this situation-comedy are just great. . . . To all of you who wrote asking about (Continued on page 11)

if you don’t have pretty hair?

Everyone knows lanolin brings to dull, drab hair the glow of youth . . . and Helene Curtis brings you up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin!

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STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

Hello, once more! It's about that time of the year—holiday time, that is, so happy jingle bells, and all that sort of thing. I suppose you're all busy as anything, buzzing about with your Christmas shopping list. And while you're looking for a certain "what" for a certain "whom," don't forget records. There are lots of interesting things on the platter shelf this month, including plenty of Yuletide stuff.

And we might as well begin with "White Christmas." Firstly, there's an album by Decca with all the songs from the new Bing Crosby movie, sung by Bing, of course, Danny Kaye and Peggy Lee, with Joseph Lilley's orchestra and chorus. Peggy sings the tunes that Rosemary Clooney sang in the picture because Rosemary is under exclusive contract to Columbia Records. But if you're a Clooney fan, don't despair. She, too, has an album of "White Christmas," and she does the whole score— including all the Kaye and Crosby numbers.

Speaking of Crosby, the junior edition, Gary, is with us again this month with his second solo effort. It's another good job by Bing's boy. Gary sings "There's a Small Hotel," the oldie oldie now being revived, plus a cute rhythm tune, "Ready, Willing and Able," from the Frank Sinatra—Doris Day movie, "Young at Heart." Buddy Bregman batons the orchestra. (Decca)

"Noel and Gertie" is the name of a most interesting album—and certainly a collector's item—starring Noel Coward and the late Gertrude Lawrence, with Yvonne Printemps, the French chansoisse. The album includes scenes and musical interludes from Coward's most successful plays and scores, all of which were originally recorded between 1929 and 1938. There are scenes from "Tonight at 8:30," "Private Lives," and "Conversation Piece," and such well-remembered songs as "I'll See You Again," "Zigeuner," "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," "I'll Follow My Secret Heart," and the humorous "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington." (Victor)

Don't look now, but here comes another vocal group. This time it's The Lancers, and they come through all right on "Mr. Sandman" and "Little White Light," with Van Alexander's orchestra. They've got a brand-new contract with Coral Records, and this is their first release.

Coral also handed out a contract to Steve Lawrence, the young baritone on my Tonight show on NBC-TV. I think you'll agree he does a fine job on his first record, "Tell Me What to Do" and "Willow." Steve gets musical support from Dick Jacobs and his orchestra.

Speaking of my TV show, did you catch Georgia Gibbs when she introduced her newest cutting, "Mambo Baby"? It really moves, and is a good contrast to the flip-over side, a pretty ballad, "Love Me." Glenn Osser did the arrangements and conducts the band. (Mercury)

Frank Sinatra is just about Capitol's number one record salesman these days, and no wonder. His latest disc is "The Christmas Waltz" and "White Christmas," accompanied by Nelson Riddle's orchestra and chorus.

A newcomer to the Capitol roster, but certainly no newcomer to recorded music, is Woody Herman, one of our most talented musicians and conductors. Woody can always be counted on for a good band, and his present outfit shows off to advantage on its first waxings for Capitol, "Mexican Hat Trick" and "Sleepy Serenade," both instrumentals.

Talking of hits, Kitty Kallen has been etching one after another this past year. M-G-M has recorded a Yuletide song, "The Spirit of Christmas," which has been named the official theme of the 1954 Christmas Seal Drive, and a cute ditty called "Baby Brother." Jack Fleis' orchestra on both.

Ann Sothern has recorded a musical album of "Lady in the Dark," the famous play she did on television. Carlton Carpenter, with Monty Banks and Kay and His Renes and his orchestra back them up. The arrangements, by the way, are the ones they used on the TV show. (Victor)

Oops! Another vocal group, a trio this time, and a good one. Three fellas who call themselves The Chuckles, and their first platter—on the "X" label—could do it for them. They sing a fine ballad called "The Runaround" in a smooth style; the flip side is "At Last You Understand."

Cadence Records is all excited about a new singing gal they've discovered named Mary Del. Archie Bleyer heard her voice on a demonstration disc, signed her and conducted her first date. She does a rhythm and blues number, "It Hurts Me to My Heart," belting out the lyrics about a lady brushing off a guy, and on the reverse she chirps a sly novelty, "Yum Yum Yum, I'll Take You."

For the junior set we have some kiddie records by kiddies, and just in time for St. Nick. Little Rita Faye, the nine-year-old lass who is well known in the South and Southwest for her hillbilly lilting, sings "I Want Santa Claus for Christmas," and "There Really Is a Santa Claus." (M-G-M) And eleven-year-old Leslie Uggams does "Uncle Santa," and "The Fat, Fat Man with the White Beard." (M-G-M)

The Fontane Sisters, Perry Como's former vocal gals, are now out on their own, and also making records for a new company—Dot. With Billy Vaughn's orchestra, they harmonize on "A Love Like You," and the oldie, "Willow Weep for Me."

RCA Victor has gathered together some of their top personalities on one album, with all of them singing out Yuletide greetings in their own musical style. There are eight sides in all, which include: Dinah Shore singing "Happy Christmas, Little Friend"; Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra playing "Blue Christmas"; Eddie Fisher with "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful"; Eartha Kitt and her "Santa Baby"; Harry René's orchestra performing "The Christmas Song"; Tony Martin singing "Silent Night"; and Perry Como's "White Christmas."

Oh, yes, the title—"Merry Christmas with The RCA Family."

And Merry Christmas from me, too, and I hope the old boy brings you everything you want, especially a nice, happy 1955! Be seeing you next year.

Those ever-lovin' Chordettes—Marjorie Needham, Carol Bushman, Janet Ertel and Lynn Evans—have good reason to smile. Their new record, "Mr. Sandman," is climbing up on the hit list by leaps and bounds. (Cadence)
WHAT'S NEW
(Continued from page 9)

singing favorite Julius La Rosa: It is true that CBS did not renew its contract with him recently, but Julius has been doing well in night clubs and theaters and with recordings. His income for the first year after he and Arthur Godfrey parted company was somewhere in the neighborhood of $300,000. So there's no need to feel sorry for Julie.

What Ever Happened To . . .

Lucy Monroe, the soprano, who is known as the “Star Spangled Banner” lady? Lucy hasn't been on the air recently because she was ill and underwent surgery in New York City. Following her discharge from the hospital and a recuperation period, she returned to the USO Camp Show circuit. She is hoping to make a trip to Korea around Christmas time to sing for the Armed Forces.

June Hutton, the blonde songstress who appeared on Eddie Fisher's show, among others, on television? June was absent from the scene for a while because of the impending arrival of the stork. She and her husband, conductor Axel Stordahl, have just welcomed the first addition to their family—a six-pound girl named Susan. June hopes to resume singing shortly.

The Stroud Twins, Claude and Clarence, who were a popular comedy team in radio several seasons back? Claude now owns a restaurant in Westchester, California, called The Golden Drumstick and recently returned to show business part-time on Paul Gilbert's TV show, The Duke. He plans to work from time to time in Hollywood television, but will not make it a full-time career. Brother Clarence lives in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and is in the automobile business there. He occasionally appears in little-theater plays there.

The Andrews Sisters, who at one time were the country's number one vocal trio? Since the girls battled and broke up their act, Patty has gone out on her own, while LaVerne and Maxene have been looking for a new singer to take Patty's place and to form another trio. So far it hasn't worked out. Patty, however, has been doing fabulously with her night-club and hotel supper-room bookings, working with her husband-accompanist Walter Weschler, and there's a good chance she may appear regularly on one of the top variety TV shows after the first of the year.

NBC's Emanuel Sacks and Sylvester Weaver help Eddie Fisher mark his fifth anniversary with RCA Victor.

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By ELLEN TAUSSIG

MIGHTY LIKE A TEXAN

You can take a man out of Texas but you can't take Texas out of a man." Those who know John Henry Faulk—in person or from his daily John Henry Faulk Show, on Station WCBS from 5:05 to 5:55 P.M.—feel that statement was meant especially for him. For John has always been strictly Texas—and we mean that in the nicest way. . . . Raised on a farm in Travis County ("I never wore shoes until I was 18"), John received his B.A., M.A. and Ph.D. degrees at the University of Texas where—after having studied folklore at the Library of Congress—he taught English. Because his lectures were spiced with colloquialisms, and anecdotes, John's course became the most popular on campus. . . . Until World War II, John remained Professor Faulk, then he served with the Merchant Marine, next the Red Cross, and finally the Army Medical Corps. After the war, he decided to test his wings in New York and radio. This in itself was extraordinary, because none of John's family had ever set foot outside of Texas ("They never had enough money to leave"). As luck had it, John was given his own network show on CBS. But, having had no previous experience, he soon realized he wasn't ready for big-time radio—especially after it was learned that "my audience consisted only of Mama, the president and vice-president of CBS." That meant starting from the bottom and working up, so John joined a local station in New Jersey and became a disc jockey. It wasn't easy and, says John, he never would have stuck to it if it hadn't been for his wife Lynn. Six years ago, after a six-week whirlwind courtship, John and Lynn were married and she began convincing him that he could be a success in radio because he had something unusual to give. Time has proved Lynn to be a prudent prophet. . . . On the home front, John has been equally successful. He and Lynn respect each other's interests and wishes and derive their greatest pleasure from their children: Johanna, 5, Evelyn, 3½, and 19-month-old Frank Dobie. Although Lynn is quick to praise John's unusual combination of creative artistry and easygoing earthiness, he has his playing-hard-to-get moments—as for example with cutting the grass, which John shrugs off, saying: "When it gets so high we can't find the kids, then I cut it." . . . Of course, John has had to take much ribbing about being a Texan, but he kids right along with it. There are even those who doubt he's "a real Texan." But not his friends and listeners. They know—and have told him—the kind of man he is: sincere, thoughtful, understanding, common-sensical and pleasantly humorous. These are the ingredients of which a wise, humble and respected man is made—a man who has accepted and understood the challenge of life and who knows where to find, and how to travel, the path to greater success.

John has proved to be a handy man to have around—especially when there's a luscious steak to be barbecued, or time to feed Evelyn, Johanna and Frank Dobie. And, if the girls promise to be very still, he takes them bird-watching.
There's no prouder dad or husband—John's listeners hear often about Johanna, Evelyn, Frank Dobie and Lynn.

According to Mrs. Faulk, John has a new hobby every year. Currently, he's taking a correspondence sketching course from Art Instruction, Inc. As for chess, "It's my greatest and most serious weakness," says John with a grin.
Mail For Miner

Dear Editor:
Where can I write to Jan Miner, who stars on Hilltop House and appears on other radio and TV shows?
T. B., New York, N. Y.

You can write to Jan Miner c/o Wolf Radio & TV Productions, 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Father And Son

Dear Editor:
I would like to know about the stars of Rocky King, Detective—Roscoe Karns, who plays Rocky, and Tod Karns, who plays his assistant, Detective Hart. Are they related?
L. P., Crete, Neb.

The two bloodhounds of Rocky King, Detective are blood relations—namely, father and son. While other sleuth shows have seen many replacements, Roscoe Karns is the original and only Rocky King. He's a plainclothes man now, but Roscoe got his start in the theater when his military school uniform won him an usher's job over other multi-clad candidates. He's been in show business ever since and has appeared in more than 200 films, generally cast in light-comedy roles.

"I'd love to do a serious role," Roscoe sighs, "but I'm definitely typed as the light-comic type." His own favorite film roles include "Night After Night," "It Happened One Night," and "Twentieth Century," He appeared on Broadway in "School for Brides," and on the West Coast in "Front Page," when he also spent a lot of time with detectives and grew familiar with their on- and off-duty lives.

As Roscoe's real-life son, Tod Karns recognizes that the family has "acting in its blood," but he once seriously considered giving up show business for an art career. He has received top prices for his paintings, but he eventually settled on acting and the role of Detective Hart in Rocky King, the part of Stillwell, the helmsman, in the movie of "The Caine Mutiny," a number of appearances in the Andy Hardy series and a role in Frank Capra's "Flame-Out." Tod, who has done paintings for Frank Sinatra and Garry Moore, is also a golfer of ability and often plays with Bing Crosby and Groucho Marx.

Her Father's Daughter

Dear Editor:
I would like to know a little about Elizabeth Montgomery, whom I have seen on Robert Montgomery Presents and Kraft
Ash-blond, green-eyed and twenty-one years old, Elizabeth Montgomery displays an acting talent which pleases even her father and severest critic, Robert Montgomery. Born in Los Angeles, she was a junior in high school when she transferred to the famed Spence School in New York. After her graduation at 18 from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Elizabeth debuted on NBC-TV—cast, appropriately enough, as her father's daughter in a drama on Robert Montgomery Presents. . . . Elizabeth uses make-up sparingly, likes to deck her 5′4″ frame in blue or green suits for day wear and go all out for feminine evening clothes. No duffer with the hockey stick, she has also won a number of ribbons for her expert horsemanship, but Elizabeth bows to her father on the tennis court. You can write to her for a picture c/o NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

**Great Life**

**Dear Editor:**

I would like to have some information on William Bishop, who is co-starred on It's A Great Life. P. E., Baltimore, Md.

Born in Oak Park, Illinois, July 16, 1921, tall, good-looking William Bishop attended grammar and high school in New York and New Jersey, then enrolled at West Virginia University to study law. But one summer his uncle—the famed playwright Charles MacArthur—put him to work at the Sutphen County (N.Y.) Theater and William's vacation job grew into a lifetime career. He left college to tour in "Tobacco Road," play opposite Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina," and then do a brief stint with Orson Welles' Mercury Theater. Next he went to Hollywood to do a movie on the South Pacific and wound up, instead, serving with the Signal Battalion in that very area. After his discharge in 1946, he was seen in such films as "Anna Lucasta," "Walking Hills," "Harriet Craig" and "Wyoming Outlaws." His many TV credits include The Loretta Young-Show and Schlitz Playhouse.

**Brooklyn Cowboy**

**Dear Editor:**

Can you please tell me something about Warren Berlinger, who plays Jerry Ames on The Secret Storm? Where can I write to him?

E. G., Whittier, Calif.

Warren Berlinger was just an eight-year-old playing cowboy on the streets of Brooklyn when a neighbor, Mrs. Tracy, interrupted him to ask whether he'd like to be in the movies. Warren thought this was an invitation to go to the movies and led the neighbor to his mother to ask permission. Mrs. Berlinger listened as Mrs. Tracy explained about the nation-wide auditions for the role of Harlan in the cinema version of "Life With Father," and finally consented to let Warren audition. Warren didn't get the role but Mrs. Berlinger took him to Joshua Logan's office, where he was hired to play Ethel Mer- man's young brother in "Annie Get Your Gun." Warren played Little Jake in the hit for three years. He also appeared on Broadway in "Bernardine," "Take A Giant Step" and "Anniversary Waltz," and has been seen on many of the top TV shows, including You Are There, but The Secret Storm (see page 26) is his first serial.

Now seventeen, Warren keeps up his standing as a high school junior by correspondence courses from the Professional Children's School. He likes softball, baseball, horseback riding, hockey and tennis and is very proud of his stamp collection. His ambition is to be a stage producer and director—and to do a little writing on the side. You can write to him c/o The Secret Storm, CBS-TV, 485 Madison Ave., New York, 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.
For scores of youngsters, Alice Clements' program is a dream come true.

The Children's Hour

It's Silver Jubilee year for The Children's Hour and nephews and nieces by the tens of thousands would like to send their very best wishes to a soft-spoken, warm-hearted woman they call "Auntie Alice." In rare formal moments, she's known as Mrs. Alice Viola Clements, and she's the originator, producer, writer and director of the sparkling hour—emceed by Ed Herlihy—that WRCA and WRCA-TV devote to talented youngsters every Sunday at 10:30 A.M.

Though the children's domain is one into which most directors fear to tread, Alice has showered her affections on young prodigies and encouraged their "natural hamminess" for twenty-five years. The youngest aspirant ever to present himself was an 18-month-old baby who rendered "The Sidewalks of New York." But the star-studded alumni who made their first child-like curtsies under Alice's wing read like an honor roll of show business: Ann Sheridan, Ezra Stone, Carol Bruce, Al Bernie, Roberta Peters, Robert Q. Lewis, Red Benson, Joan Roberts and many others.

"Personality is something they have even when they're two or three years old," Alice says. "And if they've got that, they don't need anything else." Everyone who meets Alice agrees that she herself has this "spark of personality," but Alice—born in Schuylkill Haven, Pennsylvania—recalls: "I wasn't considered smart or talented when I was a child. I couldn't sing or recite." Still, after several years at a ballet school, Alice came to New York in 1925 and appeared in several musicals, including "The Music Box Revue."

That same year, Alice left the stage to marry I. W. Clements and move to the Drexel Hill suburbs of Philadelphia. Alice did most of her shopping in local stores, and one day she noticed a nursery where mothers left their offspring while they did the marketing. The storekeepers had provided the children with toy microphones and Alice caught the tiny Thespians attacking their make-believe roles with a glee and relish that delighted her. Why couldn't they do the same thing in front of real mikes, Alice asked. Her answer became The Children's Hour. Today it's the oldest sponsored program of its kind on the air, and its success is due to Alice Viola Clements, the young-at-heart Pied Piper from Philadelphia.
The lucky winners of *Beat The Clock*'s exciting big contest for the month of October are...

1st Prize, Sylvania Chairside Theater:

Mrs. Miladi A. Loeffler
Box 914, Route 2
Largo, Florida

Four runners-up, Sylvania radio clock:

Mrs. Barclay Hamilton
229 James Drive
Havertown, Pennsylvania

Mrs. Helen M. Saint
1719 South Rendon Street
New Orleans, Louisiana

Mrs. Mary Cashman
RFD 1
Amherst, Massachusetts

Louise C. Butz
145 Burd Street
Nyack, New York

Next month: Five more winners will be announced from *Beat The Clock*'s November contest. Keep an eye on these pages—you may find your name printed here as a winner!

*Beat The Clock*, emceed by Bud Collyer, is seen on CBS TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

Winners were chosen on the basis of accuracy in rearranging pictures of three radio-TV stars and originality of last lines for a limerick. Stars in October's picture puzzle were: Art Linkletter, Bill Cullen, Herb Shriner.
THERE'S COLD CREAM

NOW IN CAMAY

"Such wonderfully luxurious complexion care!"

Lovely Camay Bride, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, Jr., says, "I changed to Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it. Now, after using it for months and months, I can say it's the most wonderful beauty soap I've ever used!"

WOMEN EVERYWHERE love Camay with cold cream—extra luxury at no extra cost! And Camay is the only leading beauty soap that contains this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF: Whether your skin is dry or oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll enjoy Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, satin-soft lather, and delicate fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap made!
"Christmas is for kids," says Arthur, lending a hand at a party sponsored by Westchester Parkway Police.

Season's Greetings from Godfrey

By MARTIN COHEN

Christmas Eve comes to Manhattan with church bells, maybe a handful of snow, and a sudden, climactic silence. The weeks preceding Christmas are murder. Manhattan, normally overloaded and high-pressured, goes screamingly frantic. There isn't enough time or space for everyone to shop and talk and breathe. In elevators and subways and busses, the good people suffer the wedged existence of bottled olives.

It was in this hectic holiday season, one morning, that Arthur Godfrey caught a cab to the studio. He was a little late, but it was only a short, sixty-cent ride. He got out of the cab hastily, with a dollar bill flapping from one hand. Usually, the bill would have been snatched up before he got his shoulders through the door but, this time, there was Arthur on the sidewalk, trying to hurry, and still holding out his fare.

See Next Page
Season's Greetings from Godfrey

(Continued)

To Arthur, Christmas is "the most beautiful day of all," in spirit and truth.

The very littlest ones are the stars at "Little Godfrey" Yuletide parties—with Arthur himself dressed up as Santa.

"The ride's on me," the driver said. "A Christmas present."

"No, no," Arthur said. "Thanks, but I can't accept it."

"It's my Christmas present to you," the driver repeated.

Arthur Godfrey has developed an eye for judging strangers. He has had to. He has had nuts shoved exploding pencils at him, and he has had professional beggars make flying tackles at his knees. Arthur looked carefully, then realized that the cab driver was no phony, and he was touched by the driver's good will. He didn't figure the driver could afford to give rides away, so Arthur then folded a five-dollar note into his hand. But, again, the driver stopped him.

"It's got to be this way, Mr. Godfrey. You're giving to me all year 'round, especially my little girl."

He pushed the bill back at Arthur, and this time Arthur took it and put it in his pocket.

"Boy, was I dumb," Arthur recalls. "I was telling this man that he couldn't give me something. What right did I have to tell him? Whose dignity was it?"

Arthur felt so bad that, even though he was late, he stopped a little longer, apologized to the driver and finally accepted the free ride. A week later, however, the driver's daughter received a beautiful
the innocent joy he recalls from his own boyhood holidays—and the reverent wonder he discovered one Christmas morning overseas.

doll from Arthur—a Christmas present from Mr. G.

"Christmas is for kids," he says. "I remember when
I was a kid how different it was. We'd get colored
paper and cut it into strips and make paper chains
to hang on the tree. No one does that any more.
They were the happiest days, and not one of us had
over a dollar spent on him."

He lived in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, a
town of around two thousand. He was one of five
children and, with his parents, attended the Dutch
Reformed Church. His parents were well-educated,
fine, gentle people, but—as Arthur points out—his
father was a "lousy businessman." There wasn't much
money around the house.

"We'd go out to some farm, or into one of the
woods around town, and find a nice pine tree. Then
we'd go to the owner and ask him if we could have it.
'Course, we always tried to keep it hidden until after
the kids had gone to bed, (Continued on page 80)
To Arthur, Christmas is “the most beautiful day of all,” in spirit and truth

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Arthur felt so bad that, even though he was late, he stopped a little longer, apologized to the driver, and finally accepted the free ride. A week later, however, the driver’s daughter received a beautiful doll from Arthur—a Christmas present from Mr. G.

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He lived in Hashbrook Heights, New Jersey, a town of around two thousand. He was one of five children and, with his parents, attended the Dutch Reformed Church. His parents were well-educated, fine, gentle people, but—as Arthur points out—his father was a “loky businessman.” There wasn’t much money around the house.

“We’d go out to some farm, or into one of the woods around town, and find a nice pine tree. Then we’d go to the owner and ask him if we could have it. Course, we always tried to keep it hidden until after the kids had gone to bed.”

(Continued on page 80)
She warns Lettie to behave... Guy speeds her to the airport. She's off for Hollywood—and When A Girl Marries.

**when a Star marries**

By FRANCES KISH

Perhaps it is true, as some say, that if you think about a thing long enough, and hard enough, it will happen. Perhaps it is also true that, when it does happen, you may not be quite so sure it is what you really wanted. It may involve some changes you did not expect, some sacrifices you had not counted on. Heart's desire may be tinged just a bit with heartache, as the rosiest dreams become reality.

This is the sort of situation in which Mary Jane Higby, star of ABC's daytime drama When A Girl Marries, found herself last fall when it became necessary to change the locale of the program from New York to Hollywood. Hollywood is practically her home town, and she loves it. (Continued on page 74)
Mary Jane Higby would make any sacrifice to keep on playing the woman she loves—and, at the same time, keep the man she loves.

Arriving, she greets the California sun . . . but her heart's in wintry New York, where she and Guy will celebrate!
How to STRIKE

Warren Hull knows the deep wellsprings of humanity, which nourish the spirit of all who seek a more rewarding life

By LILLA ANDERSON

Winner Dudley G. Amendola and his family are very glad that Warren's program visited Los Angeles!
IT RICH in 1955

Strike It Rich knows no geographical limits: Left, Mrs. Wendell Willkie tells Warren about the needs of Korean orphans. Center, Warren takes part in the Do It Yourself Show at Kansas City. Right, he arrives to present his program in Hollywood.

West Coast candid: Warren guesting on Mercedes Bates’ California Living, over KNXT ... visiting little Yvonne Baxter, who’s learning to walk again at Los Angeles Children’s Hospital ... and rehearsing with his host on the Bob Crosby Show.

Warren Hull, the man whose understanding of people and their needs has grown through hearing the problems, hopes, fears and ambitions which are brought to Strike It Rich, was taking a moment to relax before leaving the studio in mid-town Manhattan. The show was over, the audience had filed out, the staff was picking up files, preparing to return to their offices, and everyone was in a happy mood because all the contestants had won as handsomely as anyone could have hoped.

Thanks to answering questions correctly, a mother, aided by her little son and daughter, had the money to remodel their house and give each child a room; a trio of singing, dancing sisters had the cash and new clothes which would make the winter easier for a large family; a young Pennsylvania farm wife, after winning the money to buy braces for her injured husband, had been surprised by a Heart Line call informing her that people in her own community had added to the fund. (Continued on page 70)
On the show, the Ames children (played by Jean, Jada, and Warren Berlinger) show their warm appreciation for Jane Edwards (Virginia Dwyer).

Jean Mowry enjoys being Susan in The Secret Storm . . . but she fills her own life with a dream

By GREGG MARTIN

What’s cooking? That’s a very appropriate query where Jean Mowry is concerned! Jean is five-feet-six, blonde, blue-eyed and pretty. She constantly receives fine critical acclaim for both her acting and her cookery, since she’s so domestically scientific that she can turn out ten delicious cakes between breakfast and lunch. She’s cooking with gas and burning with honest ambition, but she’s young and so demure, so earnest and yet so bright. She has simmered quietly for ten months in the world’s loudest city.

"The ten loneliest months of my life," Jean says, "but what can I do about it—except get married . . . and after all . . ."

Trouble is that Jean Mowry—who came East to play Susan Ames in The Secret Storm, over CBS-TV—has always been several years ahead of herself, by virtue.
of skipping grades and possessing other tendencies toward female genius which resulted in her getting through college when she should have been getting out of high school. Jean was born in Madison, Wisconsin, and never got more than a few miles away from the city until she was graduated from the University of Wisconsin.

"I am a natural, guaranteed product of Wisconsin," Jean says. "I look butter-and-eggs. I cook butter-and-eggs. I can raise chickens, and I know how to milk a cow and churn the milk into butter."

Jean's "dairy-maid period" was incidental to her ambition to act. Actually, she was raised in a house in town, a pleasant home with just enough ground for a vegetable garden and gladioli and roses and pansies. No chickens. No cows.

Jean's mother had been a (Continued on page 79)
Geraldyné and I make sure that I have plenty of time these days to spend with Johnny, our twelve-year-old (shown training the family beagle). Kenny, Jr. is now a college man, and helping him with his advanced courses is sometimes a bit beyond me!

Whatever’s cooking at our house, you can be sure the whole family will manage to get in on it together.

We’re Really LIVING!

We’ve found the things that mean so much more than bright lights and applause . . . our own fireside, love, understanding—and faith

By KENNY BAKER

YOU’VE HEARD the saying, “He’s really living!” But have you ever asked yourself what really living means?

Well, I did, one day about six years ago. I was standing under a flashing red neon sign which was blinking out the message, “KENNY BAKER—APPEARING NIGHTLY!” I asked myself, then and there: “Kenny, boy, you call this living?”

My answer was: “Hardly—hardly living at all.”

Sure, I was making thousands a week. My name was up in letters two feet tall. (Continued on page 77)
The second generation may not "follow father's footsteps" into a musical career, but we all love to sing hymns together. Left to right, Kenny, Jr.; my wife Geraldine; myself; Johnny; and our daughter Susie, who's quite a young lady at sixteen.

Johnny studies the accordion and Susie plays the piano very well, but they have their own ideas for the future.

Best of all, in a father-and-son relationship, is that sense of sharing enjoyable activities—whether work or play.
Success in early TV called for faith and stamina.
Dennis James had plenty of both—and then Mickey’s love to keep him there!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

In this year of the color spectacular, the extravaganza and assorted other super-duper TV innovations, Dennis James put a fresh polish on an old technique, added two new shows to his roster and started his sixteenth year of regularly scheduled telecasting.

He’s quite nonchalant about a record which few, if any, performers in this most frantic facet of show business have the air hours to equal—or the stamina to survive. Looking healthy, happy, handsome and prosperous, Dennis stretched out in a relaxation chair before the picture window (which turns Long Island Sound into a backdrop for his living room) and confided the secret of both his success and his endurance.

“Nothing to it,” he said. “When I visit someone’s home via TV, I have just as good a time as my viewers. It’s fun.”

His pretty wife, Mickey, nodded in agreement. “He’s adjusted to it. Dennis thrives on a pace which would put anyone else flat on his back.”

Her statement was no mere figure of speech. A moment earlier they had been speaking of their neighbor, Bob Smith—Howdy Doody’s pal—who had suffered a heart attack and

Continued
TV wrestling made a star of Dennis—though he started knowing less about it than "Hatpin Mary" (congratulating him, above).

THE YOUNGEST PIONEER
(Continued)

With all his shows, Dennis James just has to keep in shape!

...was still hospitalized in nearby New Rochelle. Through the years, they had seen many of their friends fall victim to television's pace.

"It can get you," Dennis acknowledged, "but I've been lucky—maybe because, in the beginning, I didn't know enough to have any other idea and I started out believing that people want to find out about other people. So, ever since, I've been telling them what I've found out."

The "ever since" dates back to 1938, when, at Du Mont's experimental station on the roof of 515 Madison Avenue, in New York, he put The Dennis James Sports Parade on the air. "The whole place wasn't as big as your living room," said Dennis. "Cameras, controls and transmitter were jammed in together. Often I had to help Dr. Allan Du Mont..."
move packing cases around to clear enough space to put on a show. And then there were the lights...

The lights of those days were something no television pioneer ever forgets. Banked solidly, they blazed down, turning a shirt collar into a pulpy rag in a matter of minutes, burning into the eyes and mind of anyone who had the temerity to face the bulky but feeble iconoscope cameras. "You never really got used to the lights," Dennis recalled. "You had to fight back constantly to keep them from melting the thoughts right out of your head."

To meet that incandescent ordeal, Dennis had the advantage of a trained athlete's stamina. Born Demi James Sposa, he had acquired one of New Jersey's best athletic-trophy collections by the time he enrolled at St. Peter's College, intending eventually to study medicine. Exposure to a microphone at a small radio station changed that aim. Commuting to Manhattan, he worked as a radio actor and an announcer.

While many labelled television as "the coming thing," Dennis regarded it as "here"—even though there were few sets, few hours of telecasting by the stations—and grew so fascinated by it that he soon considered his breadwinner, radio, as a sideline. He worked without pay or for small (Continued on page 82)
THE YOUNGEST PIONEER

(Continued)

With all his shows, Dennis James just has to keep in shape!

The Name's The Same panelist Arnold Stargarten

The Name's The Same star Ferdinand Lomas—and host Dennis.

Early James shows included Okay, Mother and Cash And Carry—one of the first daytimers on the "new" coaxial cable.

Dennis was still hospitalized in near-by New Rochelle. Through the years, they had been many of their friends full victim to television's pace.

"If you can get it," Dennis acknowledged, "but I've been lucky—maybe because, in the beginning, I didn't know enough to have any other idea and I started out believing that people want to find out about other people. So, ever since, I've been telling them what I've found out."

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On Your Account, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M., sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide, Chance Of A Lifetime, Du Mont TV, Fri., 5 P.M., sponsored alternatively by Old Gold Cigarettes, Lummis Performers: The Name's The Same, ABC-TV, Mon., 7:15 P.M., sponsored by Babcock Pure Oil Co. Tax For The Money, over CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Sat., 9 P.M., as sponsored by P. Lorillard for Old Gold Cigarettes. (All EST)

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I have two very small daughters of my own, with no room for jealousy in their hearts.

Millie's Mama

By FLORENCE HALOP

You'd think that Millie's Mama, who knows everything on TV, would know how to prepare a four-year-old for the arrival of a baby sister. But, as Mrs. George Gruskin in real life, I found it's not so simple. When, around the seventh month, the questions started coming fast and furious from Georgie (Georgianna, our four-year-old daughter), I told myself: "Florence, you'd better start thinking up some answers!"

To my way of thinking, the explanation can be very simple. When you hear the first "Mommy's getting fat," that's the time to introduce them to their new baby brother or sister. You can simply say, "Mommy's making a (Continued on page 72)"

Florence Halop is Mama on Meet Millie, CBS-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored alternately by Carter Products, Inc. (for Arrid) and O'Cedar Corp.
Singing with Bing in "White Christmas" was a great experience—as always. Somehow, it’s not like working with any other singer I know.

By ROSEMARY CLOONEY

EVERY ONCE in a while it hits me—right between the eyes—the fact that I, personally, know Bing Crosby. Like the day when we were finishing the movie, "White Christmas," and looking forward to the party planned by Bob Alton, the dance director. As I shot out of my dressing room in the afternoon, I almost collided with Bing. (He had the dressing room next door to mine. Imagine being paid for living next door to Crosby!)

"You going to Bob’s party Saturday night?" I asked him.

"Sure. You’re picking me up."

"Great," said I, whose husband was slaving away in New York. "Then we’ve got a date."

"Not so fast," said Bing. "I’m bringing a damsels."

"Will you stop (Continued on page 84)"

Love those Crosby records—and so does my husband, Jose Ferrer (center), who swears he married me just because I had the distinction of knowing Bing first! Below, right—on the Paramount set with Bing and that delightful director, Michael Curtiz.

Rosemary is heard on her own Rosemary Clooney Show, over CBS Radio, Thursday, 9 P.M. EST.
Like everybody else, I'm so crazy about Crosby that it's hard to forget he's my idol—and just remember he's my friend.
a Pretty Wonderful Guy

That's how Grant Sullivan's wife describes him—and here's how they found their "golden windows"

Grant and Mary take great delight in decorating their New York apartment—and looking at house plans, California-style.

By GREGORY MERWIN

Grant Sullivan's wife Mary puts in a hard day's work in the first half-hour of every morning. It takes that long to awaken Grant. This requires sheer physical strength, for Grant is a husky six-foot-two and gets a rather muscular grip on the blankets. It also requires a clever mind, for during the night Grant somehow manages to convince himself there's nothing worth getting up for.

"It takes two cups of coffee and—I hate to say it—lots of nagging, nagging, nagging," Mary tells you, in mock dismay. "And during the first thirty minutes Grant is as grumpy as storm clouds, then suddenly the sun breaks through."

On NBC-TV's The Golden Windows, Grant is currently cast as John Brandon, a clean-cut, good-hearted young man. And he isn't mis- (Continued on page 59)
Alias John Brandon: Grant's a romantic man, both in *The Golden Windows* and at home, where he and Mary often eat by candlelight—even at breakfast, before going over scripts and fan mail.
Two and two
make Heaven

Ted and I and our daughters believe in sharing the work, the love—and the happiness.

Ted and I wanted the farm so Sally and Sue could grow up in the country. They’ve enjoyed it as much as we hoped, and are proud of their prize calf. Ted’s proved to be a real “working farmer,” too, with true talent for management.
Going to Sunday School is part of the girls' country life. Slim, quiet Sue is twelve; bouncy, bustling Sally, eleven.

Our Pennsylvania farmhouse has survived for centuries, but I almost brought it down with my wall-chipping ideas!

By MRS. TED STEELE

When I was still Doris Brooks, working for the New York advertising agency representing a show on which there was a handsome young musician and arranger named Ted Steele, I had no idea that he would one day ask me to become his manager and business agent. Or that, after a while, I would take on the job for life—by marrying him.

I didn't realize, either, that some of the ideas I had about its being a wife's job to run the house would be completely upset by my husband's ideas. And I certainly didn't dream that I would come to respect his decisions about the home as completely as he has come to respect mine about the two Ted Steele shows—on Mutual Radio and WOR-TV—both of which I produce. This is how it has turned out for us, and neither would want it any other way. Ted and I work together, plan together, and are equally interested in everything affecting our home and our profession—and especially everything that affects our two young daughters, Sally and Suzy. We believe it is a wonderful way of life.

In the beginning, I must admit it was difficult for me. Ted had come from a typical (Continued on page 67)

The Ted Steele Shows are heard on Mutual at 1:30 P.M. EST and seen on WOR-TV (New York) at 3:00 P.M. EST; both Monday thru Friday.

Ted wades into farming with all the enthusiasm he puts into his shows, and always has an answer for everything.

One thing he can't answer back is the alarm clock which awakens him bright and early to another busy, varied day.
1. Left: Phoebe Larkins (who claims to be Lorenzo's wife) and Gail Maddox (who hopes to marry him) plot to prevent Lorenzo from recalling his marriage to the devoted Belle.

2. In a visit to Basil Dunbar's office, Belle finds new reason to despair as Roger Caxton points out Lorenzo as the man he knew to be Phoebe's husband in Kansas City.

The remembrance of things past—the disappointments and failures, as well as the happy times—roots us in the present and prepares us with a history of hopes and dreams for tomorrow. But, for Lorenzo Jones, this does not hold true... because amnesia has drawn a black curtain across his mind. Rootless and unable to distinguish truth from falsity, where his own past is concerned, Lorenzo finds that each day takes on an unreal, nightmarish quality. Like a sleepwalker with his arms outstretched to find his way, Lorenzo puzzles to find the answer to the question: "Who am I?" Meanwhile, a tangled mesh of claims and counter-claims forms around him, causing a never-ending emotional upheaval.

Yet—as he talked to Belle and listened to her quiet voice—it had seemed that a light was about to break through the somber curtain. Some hint that had been teasing his brain was about to reveal itself. But then Gail Maddox appeared to interrupt Belle and Lorenzo... and the glimmer of recognition had faded. Lorenzo again found himself unable to tell Belle that he had any memory of a time when she had been his wife.

Bravely, Belle has tried to take courage in the thought of how near she had come to making Lorenzo realize she is truly his wife. But she must constantly fight...
As she urges, Lorenzo joins Gail in asking Basil Dunbar's despair as she finds herself thwarted in her every effort to find proof of their marriage or to recall those once-happy days to Lorenzo. She is heartsick when she thinks of the ever-increasing evidence Phoebe Larkins has presented to support her own claim of having been married to Lorenzo at a time when he called himself Jerry Lorenz! The evidence which haunts Lorenzo most—and which Belle has found no way to discredit—is the five-year-old child, Gloria, who Phoebe insists is the daughter of her marriage to Lorenzo.

Phoebe has found an ally in the young scientist, Gail Maddox. Lorenzo had met Gail after he lost his memory
and had become engaged to her. As two women—whom he cannot remember—both claim to be his wife, Lorenzo is uncertain and unhappy. Gail Maddox is the only woman with whom he can remember being in love.

Gail herself has preferred to believe that Phoebe is Lorenzo's real wife. She is hopeful that one day she can convince Phoebe to divorce Lorenzo, thereby making him free to marry her. With this in mind, Gail has opposed Belle, declaring that Belle has brought only unhappiness to all of them. She urged Belle to return to New York and even pleaded with Lorenzo to send Belle away. Believing himself in love with Gail, Lorenzo had accompanied her on a visit to Basil Dunbar—his employer at the Queen Charlotte Mines—for the purpose of asking help in convincing Belle to return to New York.

As Belle struggled hopelessly to convince Lorenzo that Phoebe Larkins was not his wife, Phoebe struck still another blow. Roger Caxton appeared on the scene with a letter of introduction to Basil Dunbar. Roger presented himself as being interested in studying the mines. Upon meeting Phoebe and Lorenzo, Roger showed immediate recognition and claimed he had met them before in Kansas City when Lorenzo—as Jerry Lorenz—had been married to Phoebe.

See Next Page
LORENZO JONES
(Continued)

1. Gail Maddox—siding with Phoebe, whom she thinks she can persuade to free Lorenzo to marry her—tells Lorenzo that Belle means only unhappiness for them all. As she urges, Lorenzo joins Gail in asking Basil Dunbar's help in persuading Belle to return to New York.

2. Lorenz Such as she finds herself thwarted in her every effort to find proof of their marriage or to recall those once-happy days to Lorenzo, she is heartbroken when she thinks of the ever-increasing evidence Phoebe Larkins has presented to support her own claim of having been married to Lorenzo at a time when he called himself Jerry Lorenz. The evidence which haunts Lorenzo most—and which Belle has found no way to discredit—is the five-year-old child, Gloria, whom Phoebe insists is the daughter of her marriage to Lorenzo. Lorenz had become engaged to her. As two women—whom he cannot remember—both claim to be his wife, Lorenzo is uncertain and unhappy. Gail Maddox is the only woman with whom he can remember being in love.

3. Phoebe herself has preferred to believe that Phoebe is Lorenzo's real wife. She is hopeful that one day she can convince Phoebe to divorce Lorenzo, thereby making him free to marry her. With this in mind, Gail has opposed Belle, declaring that Belle has brought only unhappiness to all of them. She urged Belle to return to New York and even pleaded with Lorenzo to send Belle away. Believing himself in love with Gail, Lorenzo had accompanied her on a visit to Basil Dunbar—his employer at the Queen Charlotte Mines—for the purpose of asking help in convincing Belle to return to New York.

4. As Belle struggled hopelessly to convince Lorenzo that Phoebe Larkins was not his wife, Phoebe struck still another blow. Roger Caxton appeared on the scene with a letter of introduction to Basil Dunbar. Roger presented himself as being interested in studying the mines. Upon meeting Phoebe and Lorenzo, Roger showed immediate recognition and claimed he had met them before in Kansas City when Lorenzo—as Jerry Lorenz—had been married to Phoebe.

5. Unsuspected by all except Belle herself, Roger Caxton and Phoebe Larkins have united in a scheme to rob Dunbar's Queen Charlotte Mines—in such a way that Lorenzo himself will seem guilty of the crime.

See Next Page—>
Although Belle realizes that patience is needed to help Lorenzo regain his memory, she is harried by the evil purposes she senses behind Phoebe's claims and the appearance of Roger Caxton. But Belle is alone in her suspicions and can find no proof to support them. Even Basil Dunbar, who had befriended and employed Lorenzo, is willing to accept Roger. Of all those involved, Basil alone has no personal interest in the conflicting claims and seeks only the truth in the matter. Yet he can find no reason to doubt either Phoebe or Roger.

Belle's intuition of danger has been even more accurate than she herself realized. Clever and unscrupulous, Roger could have been lying when he claimed to have known Lorenzo, but it is certainly true that he and Phoebe are old friends. Roger has masterminded a plan to work together with Phoebe to steal the gold from the Queen Charlotte Mines, then to place the blame on Lorenzo. To prepare the way for proving Lorenzo's guilt, Phoebe has constantly tried to show that he has frequent lapses of memory. She has even planted suggestions which have been planted concerning Lorenzo's frequent lapses of memory and his "possibly criminal" mind.
In a moment when he believes Belle to be in danger, Lorenzo seems about to remember her as his true wife. Then he slips back again into the confusion of amnesia.

...tions that Lorenzo has a criminal mind! With this established, Roger and Phoebe feel certain they can easily place the guilt for the robbery on Lorenzo while they themselves escape with a fortune in gold.

With Roger's and Phoebe's nefarious scheme nearing fruition, Belle, distraught with worry over Lorenzo, senses that some great disaster is impending—and that only she herself is wholeheartedly interested in protecting Lorenzo and guarding against any traps which may have been set for him. However, even Belle doesn't realize that she is racing against time—for Roger and Phoebe may put their scheme into operation at any moment. Will she be able to find the proof to back up her suspicions before Lorenzo finds himself accused as a thief and the betrayer of his good friend, Basil Dunbar? Once, in a past that for Belle seems dim and far away in the midst of her present unhappiness and trouble—and that for Lorenzo is concealed by the darkness and confusion of his loss of memory—Belle and Lorenzo Jones were married and lived happily together. Will Belle—even bringing all her love and patience to bear—find a way to restore this past and save Lorenzo from possible ignominy and ruin?

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Lorenzo Jones.................................John Raby
Belle Jones.................................Lucille Wall
Basil Dunbar.................................Alfred Shirley
Phoebe Larkins..............................Julie Stevens
Roger Caxton...............................Horace Braham
Gail Maddox.................................Fran Carlton

Lorenzo Jones is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Fab, Palmolive Soap, and Colgate Dental Cream.

As three women make conflicting claims for his love, Lorenzo Jones is more deeply confused. He searches his darkened memory for a clue to the question "Who am I?"
Like all individuals, Patience and Charlie are entitled to their own ideas. I try to help only when asked—even about clothes or cookery.

**Every girl a**

By JEANNE CAGNEY

ALL PEOPLE have something about them that is beautiful, something that is their own. For example, whenever I sit at the dining-room table with my husband's and my guests, I am struck with this richness of nature: I hear a voice which is a lovely musical melody, or see a pair of eyes which always smile, or a special and proper charm of agreeableness and understanding. Wherever I look, I see that nature has laid for each the foundations of an inner beauty—but I also feel it's up to the individual to develop, to build on it.

Our viewers and the ladies in our audience know me as the fashion coordinator on Jack Bailey's Queen For A Day. Because of this, they frequently (Continued on page 13)

Jeanne Cagney is fashion commentator on Queen For A Day, as heard over Mutual, M-F, at 11:30 A.M. EST; sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.
fashion QUEEN

The right clothes for you can change your life—not for just a day—but for a whole, satisfying future!

Imagination helps achieve your dreams. But being practical helps, too. Be sure to check your wardrobe—present and planned—before you start any shopping.

"Home style" is best of all! My husband, Jack Morrison, and I relax as the children help in the kitchen. Jack and Charlie relax(!) in their own fashion, while I study a script.
Mr. Donald has met people the world over—and he can imitate them all, without benefit of disguise

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

Peter Donald collects people the way other folk collect curios or stamps. In fact, people are not only his hobby but his business. Peter, who moderates Masquerade Party, over ABC-TV, is a master mimic and dialectician, and anyone he meets is apt to add something to his vast gallery of characterizations and dialects. Peter has what he calls "a parrot's ear." Let him just hear a few sentences from anyone, in any language, and he's off in a perfect imitation. This trick, which has put money in the bank, has also caused him a bit of trouble now and again—for some people shy away from him, fearing that they will (Continued on page 69)

Masquerade Party

a dog named "Cookie"... and a prize collection of helmets and honorary badges which he loves to show to fellow "fire buffs."
Mr. Donald has met people the world over—and he can imitate them all, without benefit of disguise

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

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Masquerade Party, ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M., EST, sponsored alternately by Remington Electric Shaver Div. of Remington-Rand, Inc., and Empire Shoe Polish (Kenmore Mfg. Co.)
Who's who on ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATER

Stars and scenes from one of TV's pioneer dramatic programs

FULFILLING its aim to provide adult audiences with excitingly different productions, Armstrong Circle Theater has combined the talents of outstanding writers and technicians, plus leading stage, screen, radio and TV performers to present each week a half-hour of televiewing at its dramatic best.

Armstrong Circle Theater is seen over NBC-TV, Tuesday at 9:30 P.M. EST, and is sponsored by the Armstrong Cork Co. for Linoleum, Resilient Tiles, Quaker Rugs and Floor Coverings.

Familiar to viewers of Mr. Peepers as Harvey Weskit, Tony Randall has come an exciting and varied way since he was born, February 26, 1924, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. After graduation from Northwestern University—where he met and married an attractive fellow student, Florence Gibbs—Tony and his bride came to New York. There Tony studied at the Neighborhood Playhouse School and, in 1941, made his professional debut in the Chinese classic, "The Circle of Chalk." Next came the difficult role of Marchbanks in Shaw's "Candida," which starred the late Jane Cowl, followed by his appearance with Ethel Barrymore in "The Corn Is Green." After signing for a role in "The Skin of Our Teeth," Tony had to forego appearing in the Tallulah Bankhead—Fredric March hit to fulfill a four-year command performance with the Army Signal Corps. Upon his discharge in 1946, Tony became staff director of the Olney Summer Theater in Maryland, then joined Katharine Cornell in a national tour of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." In 1948 he joined Miss Cornell again to open on Broadway in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." Still in Cleopatra's wake, he appeared with Lilli Palmer and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." During the past ten years, Tony has also scored many radio and TV credits, including The Henry Morgan Show, I Love A Mystery, One Man's Family and Television Playhouse. With his wife Florence, Tony enjoys collecting modern paintings and classical records. He also plays a good game of paddle ball with his friend and colleague, Wally Cox.

In "The Beautiful Wife," with Janet Blair, Tony finds life humorously confusing when his wife is crowned beauty queen.

Tony Randall

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Walter Abel, whose performances always live up to his name, is equally at home in Hollywood, on Broadway, or in radio and TV. A native of St. Paul, Minnesota, Walter acted in little-theater productions before coming to New York to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Two years later, on the eve of his graduation, he appeared in an Academy play and was noticed by producer Henry Miller, who gave Walter a contract with the road company of "Come Out of the Kitchen." The following year, 1919, Walter made his Broadway debut in "A Square Peg" and for the next fifteen years appeared in plays in and around New York. When, in 1934, he created a minor sensation in "Merrily We Roll Along," Walter was immediately signed to a Hollywood contract. His first movie was "Three Musketeers," followed by such outstanding films as "Kiss and Tell," with Shirley Temple, "Dream Girl," and "So This Is Love." Most recently, Walter has continued to prove his versatility by appearing on top TV drama shows such as Robert Montgomery Presents and Armstrong Circle Theater. Married to Marietta Bitter for 28 years, Walter has two children, Michael and Jonathan.

As star of "The Judged," Walter has a pre-show chat with Barbara O'Neil and the ROTC cadets who appeared in the play about military school life.

One of the most popular leading ladies in television, gentle, soft-spoken Carmen Mathews made her professional debut in England after graduation from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. Her American debut was with the Maurice Evans company of "Henry IV." In subsequent years, Carmen ran the gamut of plays from "Hamlet" to "Beaux' Stratagem" (her favorite) and "Courtin' Time," with Joe E. Brown. TV-wise, Carmen's numerous credits include starring roles on Omnibus, Danger, Kraft Theater and U. S. Steel Hour. In addition to her Manhattan apartment, Carmen has a Connecticut cottage where she lives in the summer and enjoys sailing and swimming. Her apartment sports a fine collection of modern paintings, plus a dachshund—Archer—given to her by the Brian Ahernes. And, says Carmen, "One of the things dearest to me that I do is record books at the Foundation for the Blind."
Laughter across the SEAS

ROBERT Q. LEWIS set sail for

With the help of secretary Nancy Robinson, Robert Q. clears the decks for a vacation.

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

What makes Robert Q. Lewis tick? Today, thanks to his TV and radio shows over CBS, every listener knows Bob's droll wit and voice, every viewer knows the quizzical smile and twinkling glasses. Mr. Lewis has arrived. But how did he get there?

Ask Robert Q. that question, back in 1953—when he was just getting a firm grip on the ladder—and his answer would have been short, quick and to the point: Hard work.

Ask him that question, in mid-1954—when fame and fortune were already well in his grasp—and Bob might have had no answer at all. (Continued on page 78)

The Robert Q. Lewis Show on CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, for Miles Laboratories (makers of Alka-Seltzer), Helene Curtis (Spray Net and Lanolin Discovery), Betty Crocker Cake Mixes, O-Cel-O Sponges, Hellmann’s Mayonnaise, Nucoa, Johnson’s Wax, Swanson Frozen Poultry, Doeskin Tissues, and others. The Robert Q. Lewis Show on CBS Radio, Sat., 11 A.M. EST, for Helene Curtis (Suave and Shampoo Plus Egg), Royal Crown Cola, Van Camp Tuna, Pine-Sol, Gala Bleach, and other products.
the Old World and found some new friends and adventures, both grave and gay

Godfrey Time: Bob with McGuire Sisters—when he was "substituting" for Arthur.
Sailing time: Mrs. John Alden Talbot helps Bob try on a life jacket for size.
Bon voyage: Bob gives a lingering goodbye kiss to his proud parents.

Robert Q. at home: Members of his own shows gather at Bob's apartment for a party. Seated, left to right, Don Liberto, Jaye P. Morgan, Lois Hunt. Standing, Marjorie Needham, Lynn Evans, Bob, Earl Wrightson, Janet Ertel, Carol Bushman.
CBS listeners and viewers who have always admired Jack Sterling can now proudly call him...

Early last winter, Jack Sterling added a new feature to his popular morning Jack Sterling Show over WCBS: the fishing news. As, day by day, he briefed anglers on pertinent fishing facts, Jack accumulated a fine knowledge of the subject. But, until recently, all this fascinating lore was being gathered for naught as far as Jack himself was concerned, for the likable emcee not only didn't have time to fish but had never been fishing in his life! Finally, however, Jack's yearning to wield a fishing rod got the better of him and, despite his many commitments and extreme lack of time, he figured out how to get in some fishing without forgoing any of his business chores. Deciding to...
lands his first catch, his very first time as a fisherman.

Sterling soon proves himself to be an expert fish-story teller as he tells Newhouse of the big one that got away.

TEST his angling abilities off Montauk Point—which is some 127 miles from the CBS studios in New York—Jack chartered a plane. Just three hours after a broadcast of Make Up Your Mind, he and Jack Newhouse, producer of the Jack Sterling Show, were casting their lines in Long Island Sound. By 7 P.M., Jack was the proud possessor of a fine catch—and one of the happiest newly initiated fishermen to be found anywhere.


7:00 P.M. End of a perfect day with a perfect catch—seventeen bluefish for Jack—a good haul for any angler, pro or amateur.
CBS listeners and viewers who have always admired Jack Sterling can now proudly call him a STERLING FISHERMAN.

EARLY LAST WINTER, Jack Sterling added a new feature to his popular morning Jack Sterling Show over WCBS: the fishing news. As day by day, he briefed anglers on pertinent fishing facts, Jack accumulated a fine knowledge of the subject. But, until recently, all this fascinating lore was being gathered for naught as far as Jack himself was concerned, for the likable emcee not only didn't have time to fish but had never been fishing in his life! Finally, however, Jack's yeasaying to wield a fishing rod got the better of him and, despite his many commitments and extreme lack of time, he figured out how to get in some fishing without forgiving any of his business chores. Deciding to test his angling abilities off Montauk Point—which is some 127 miles from the CBS studios in New York—Jack chartered a plane. Just three hours after a broadcast of Make Up Your Mind, he and Jack Newhouse, producer of the Jack Sterling Show, were casting their lines in Long Island Sound. By 7 P.M., Jack was the proud possessor of a fine catch—and one of the happiest newly initiated fishermen to be found anywhere.


2:45 P.M. Dressed in fishing togs and well out to sea off Montauk Point, L. I., the two Jacks prepare to cast their lines.

5:15 P.M. Sterling soon proves himself to be an expert fish-story teller as he tells Newhouse of the big one that got away.

7:00 P.M. End of a perfect day with a perfect catch—seventeen bluefish for Jack—a good haul for any angler, pro or amateur.
Kit Carson finds his Mate

For Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, marriage is one continued love story

By BETTY MILLS

Marriage is like a long book,” says Barbara Hale Williams, wife of Bill Williams, TV’s Kit Carson. “Some of the chapters are the greatest; others you think you’ll never get through. And when you have children—the plot grows!”

The story of Barbara’s and Bill’s life together began at RKO, where they were both under contract in 1945. They knew one another well enough to exchange friendly hellos, though at the time Barbara was going steady with another actor. One day, after a spat with her beau, Barbara met Bill in the reception room of the drama coach’s office, where they were both waiting for an appointment.

“Hi,” said Bill.

“Good morning,” said Barb.

Bill asked, “How’s your man?”

“We’re not going together any more,” said Barbara. (Continued on page 75)

Bill Williams stars in The Adventures Of Kit Carson, which is presented on TV by the Coca-Cola Bottling Company in your area. Consult local newspapers for correct time and station.

Names have been the only real problem in the Williams’ life together. At latest check-up, their boy is Bill, Jr., their older girl, Jody—and the baby, "Da'by" (for short).

Jody and her little brother take to Western ways like true children of Kit Carson—and Daddy’s right there to teach them the ropes.
A Pretty Wonderful Guy

(Continued from page 38)
cast despite that early morning grumbling—for it makes sense to cast Grant as a well-intentioned young man. The last time he was a video villain, he got so much fan mail that they had to convert him into a good guy!

"That was on a kid's show, and it got to be embarrassing that the kids liked a heel," he says. "So I repeated—just before they wrote me out of the script."

Grant has acted on the Kraft and Philco theaters, The Web and Suspense, Love Of Life and other adult dramas, in addition to Tom Corbett, Space Cadet and Captain Video. But the adult shows are somewhat anemic when compared with the adventure in shows for youngsters. When, for example, he was being mean to Captain Video, he was cast as Spartak from the Black Planet. As an operations officer for Tom Corbett, he was stationed on the moon.

"Something exciting was always happening," he recalls. "Once, Tom and I were stuck fifty million miles out in space with a broken rudder. We were trying to repair the ship while fiery meteors rained about us. And then the director signalled us we were running two minutes short and we had to ad-lib the rest of our lines!

"Brother, that's dangerous living." He grins and sighs, "You know, after that kind of experience, a man appreciates a warm place by a twentieth-century hearth."

It would be wrong to imply that Grant is an "aging," put-another-log-on-the-fire type. He's young enough not to have to think hard to remember the hot-rod he built as a teenager in California. But, on the other hand, in his thirty years he has been "living it up"—as an auto racer, telephone linesman, clerk, meteorologist, theatre usher, and a few other things. Grant could be accurately described as a mature and responsible man.

"He's a complex character," says Mary. "He can be as stubborn as a mule about ideas, and yet he is as sweet and playful as a puppy. He's a rugged individualist and yet a sloppy sentimentalist, too."

Grant has no respect for men's fashions. Summer or winter, at home or in the studio, he dresses for comfort. He has no respect for a necktie but, on the other hand, is meticulous when it comes to observing all the rules about roses on anniversaries and a kiss before he leaves home in the morning.

"With Grant, there's never a dull moment—but never a dreadful one, either," says Mary. "He's a pretty wonderful guy and, when I think of how lucky we were to meet, I kind of get the chills."

They were born about three thousand miles apart. Mary Samuel, whose father was a minister, lived in the East. Grant grew up in California.

"I loved it there and I miss it now," he says. "I was a typical beach rat as a kid."

He was the oldest of three brothers, all of whom spent whole days on the beach swimming, water skiing, learning about boats. Away from the surf, he was always building mechanical things—soap-box scooters, model planes and even a hot-rod.

"Mother always encouraged us in our hobbies," he says. "When we were excited about racing, she took us to the auto races."

Grant's parents separated when he was about thirteen and, from then on, he and his brothers were raised by his mother.

"It was quite a load for her, but she never showed it," he says. "She's always been a young, sweet kind of person and

(Continued on page 63)
### Saturday

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<td>Egbert &amp; Ummy</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>News Summary</td>
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### Afternoon Programs

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<td>5:05 Pensions Carter Horse Racing</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:05</td>
<td>Roadshow (con.)</td>
<td>Brickhouse, Sports</td>
<td>5:05 News</td>
<td>5:05 News</td>
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</tbody>
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### Evening Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Musical Almanac</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Sports Roundup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>H. V. Kaltenhom</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Capitol Cloakroom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>On The Campus</td>
<td>Men's Corner</td>
<td>James Crowrey Reports</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Sam Levine, Kegler</td>
<td>Bob Mills, Show</td>
<td>Sports, Bob Finegan</td>
<td>Sports Affield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Keep Healthy</td>
<td>Three Suns</td>
<td>Dinner At The Green Room</td>
<td>Gangbusters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Keep Healthy 7:05 Globe Trotter</td>
<td>Over False</td>
<td>Gunsight</td>
<td>Juke Box Jury</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Conversation</td>
<td>Magic Valley Jamboree</td>
<td>Dance Party</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Stars From Paris</td>
<td>Hawaiian Calls</td>
<td>Bob Mills, Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Bob Mills, Show</td>
<td>Three Suns</td>
<td>Dinner At The Green Room</td>
<td>Gangbusters</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>7:30 Colosseum</td>
<td>Over False</td>
<td>Magic Valley Jamboree</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Boston Symphony</td>
<td>Ode Ranch Jamboree</td>
<td>Dance Party</td>
<td>Two For The Money</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Boston Symphony</td>
<td>11:00 Chicago Theater</td>
<td>Country Music</td>
<td>Country Style</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Grand Ole Opry</td>
<td>10:05 Ozark Jubilee</td>
<td>Orchestra</td>
<td>Louisvill Philharmonic Orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Ode Ranch Jamboree</td>
<td>10:05 Ozark Jubilee</td>
<td>Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Pee Wee King Show</td>
<td>News, Schorr</td>
<td>10:05 Country Style</td>
<td>Louisvill Philharmonic Orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Pee Wee King Show</td>
<td>News, Schorr</td>
<td>10:05 Country Style</td>
<td>Louisvill Philharmonic Orchestra</td>
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### Sunday

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>News, Schorr</td>
<td>10:05 Ozark Jubilee</td>
<td>Orchestra</td>
<td>Louisvill Philharmonic Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>News, Schorr</td>
<td>10:05 Ozark Jubilee</td>
<td>Orchestra</td>
<td>Louisvill Philharmonic Orchestra</td>
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### Monday Morning Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>American Forum</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
<td>On The Line, Bob Considine</td>
<td>Wiser, Sports</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Travels In Tempo</td>
<td>Monday Morning Headlines</td>
<td>Paul Harvey, News</td>
<td>Gene Autry</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Wednesday Night</td>
<td>Hall of Fame</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Special Tribute</td>
<td>Rod And Gun Club</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>Enchanted Hour</td>
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See Next Page →
## Monday through Friday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Morning Show—Jack Parnell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td><em>The Early Show</em>—Jock Parnell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Fred Waring's Christmas Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Robert Montgomery Presents—&quot;David Copperfield&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td><em>Midnight Mass</em>—from St. Patrick's Cathedral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td><em>Football</em>—Orange Bowl, Miami</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td><em>Sugar Bowl</em>—New Orleans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td><em>Rose Bowl</em>—Los Angeles</td>
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### Tuesday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td><em>Waterfront</em>— Preston Foster Stars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td><em>Cavalcade Of America</em>—Dramas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td><em>Red Skyline Review</em>—Whopping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td><em>Halls Of Ivy</em>—The Ronald Colmans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td><em>The Goldbergs</em>—Merrily Molly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td><em>Meet Millie</em>— Bewildering blonde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td><em>Fireside Theater</em>— Dramas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td><em>Studio 37</em>—Varieties of drama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td><em>Make Room For Daddy</em>—Thomas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td><em>Inner Sanctum</em>—Spine-chillers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td><em>Danger—First-rate thrillers</em>—<em>Circle Theater</em>—Dramas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td><em>U. S. Steel Theater</em>—Elgin Theater—Towards drama alternates weekly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td><em>Life With Father</em>—Comedy series</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td><em>Story And Or Consequences</em>—Fun!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td><em>See It Now</em>—Ed Murrow’s essay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td><em>It’s A Great Life</em>—Great comedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td><em>Stop The Music</em>—Bert Parks, encore</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Wednesday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td><em>Disneyland</em>—Walt Disney, host to hour-long cartoon and/or live-action films.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td><em>Godfrey Show</em>—Hour variety</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td><em>I Married Joan</em>—Domestic dr. dng</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td><em>My Little Margie</em>—My Little Margie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td><em>Shirley Ann &amp; John</em>—Shirley Ann</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td><em>Aunt Jemima</em>—Aunt Jemima</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td><em>Blue Ribbon Boxing</em>—Bob Hope</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td><em>Douglas Fairbanks Presents</em>—Doug Fairbanks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td><em>Dawn You Go</em>—Sophisticated quiz</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Thursday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td><em>Meet Mr. McNulty</em>—Ray Milland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td><em>I Beat Your Life</em>—Fawcett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td><em>The Mail Story</em>—Adult post office</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td><em>Climax</em>—Terrible mystery fare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td><em>Dawn You Go</em>—Sophisticated quiz</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
very happy-go-lucky, Grant remembers.

Grant's stage career began at the age of five, when he made a Valentine tuxedo, climbed on his toy wagon and tried to entice grown-ups into his lemonade stand. He went on to further triumphs in church productions and, by the time he was sixteen, Grant was a matinee idol. In his junior and senior years, he won the Orange County cup for being the best high school actor.

"Oh, I was conceived," he recalls. It was.

The girls clustered around him but he dated mostly tomboys.

"It was a matter of love me, love my hot rod," he explains.

A date had to be both dressed and ready for manual labor. More often than not, she was called on to get out and push when the engine stalled.

"With a high-compression engine, a normal battery wouldn't always kick over the motor and so a girl wasn't just a date but a convenience, too. Anyway, it wasn't for the kind of girl who likes to keep her hands clean."

Grant was graduated from high school into the Navy in 1942. He served as a meteorologist for three years in the South Pacific, getting out in a long hitch in the Aleutians. He got out of the service in 1946 and went to work as a photographer's assistant in Long Beach, California, for the next year. Definitely, he had no idea of being an actor, until the local paper gave a notice that there was an audition for a leading man. Grant took the audition, won the role and, from mid-1946 until early 1947, did twenty-four plays with five little-theater groups.

He had to give up his job with the photographer because the hours interfered with his acting engagements. In order to make a living while he acted at night, Grant worked as a haberdasher salesman, as a construction lineman with the telephone company and as a racine midget and three-quarter-size cars.

In 1947, he went East to study dramatics. He first enrolled in Betty Casselman's class at Carnegie Hall in New York, then went to the American Playhouse at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, quit after his freshman year and came back to New York. He tried out for summer stock and, successfully and successfully, and under the Elms, as Biff in "Death of a Salesman," then toured with Edward Arnold in "Apple of His Eye." He was playing in the "Apple" at Chicago's New York state capital, when he met Mary. And where had Mary been all these years? Well, during the time she was "just Mary," she worked in a dozen in a dozen different cities in Northeastern states where her father preached. She had grown to be a very pretty, five-foot-two brunette and she was blessed with a beautiful contralto voice. She was a very successful model, too.

In 1946, she joined Phil Spitalny's orchestra as "Maxine IV."

"Maybe the fourth," she says. "I never found out whether I was the third or fourth singer to be 'Maxine.'"

She sang with Spitalny for three and a half years. She went to Albany to visit friends and stayed. One of the guests was the head of the Albany Playhouse. He asked Mary—alias Maxine—if she would star in a production of Gershwin's "Of Thee I Sing." She had seen Grant in a play," she remembers, "but I didn't get any message."

And then Grant was working with her in the production. Musical but, for the first few days, they continued to operate on different frequencies.

"We just didn't seem to have the least attraction for each other," Grant recalls.

(Continued on next page)
They were friendly, of course, and even had lunch together on one occasion. Then a few days after “Of Thee I Sing” had opened, Mary began an engagement at the Empire Room, where she sang after the Playhouse performance. She invited the cast at the Playhouse to be her guests on opening night at the Empire Room. She thought she had invited everyone, but Grant had been overlooked and he felt slighted.

“So what does she do,” Grant says, “but invite me to be her guest a few nights later, and I accepted. It turned out to be nicer that way.”

In between her singing chores, they danced. When the Empire Room closed, Grant asked Mary if she wouldn’t like to walk a bit. There was a small blizzard raging in the city and it was after two in the morning, but Mary went up to her room, put on slacks and boots and got bundled up, and they walked the streets and talked and talked.

“We covered everything from sex to religion,” Mary says. “We didn’t mind the snow, but I think our tongues were frost-bitten.”

After that first date, they were practically inseparable.

“We talked a lot about marriage, other people’s marriages,” Grant says. “Neither one of us had the sense to propose.”

It was on New Year’s Eve that Grant realized how much he was in love. Mary was singing in the Empire Room at midnight, against her better judgment. The crowd was noisy and gay, but the band-leader insisted they would quiet down if she sang “The Lord’s Prayer.”

Grant watched the experiment from a table and began to write as she sang “The Lord’s Prayer” into the unceasing din. He turned to a friend and said, “That’s the last time she’s ever going to sing for a New Year’s Eve crowd.”

Then he did a double-take, realized what he had said and knew he would ask Mary to marry him. Six months later—June 13, 1921—the ceremony was performed in New York. The date had been decided by the arrival of a check.

“I got two hundred dollars for some television work. That paid the first month’s rent on an apartment, bought food, and a gallon of paint for the walls, and we were in business,” Grant says. “It may sound impulsive but, of course, it wasn’t. We both knew show business and knew there would be plenty of times when we’d be broke, so it was just as logical to marry when we had nothing.”

They sat on boxes. They couldn’t afford drapes so they painted the wall on the window side charcoal, opened up the old-fashioned shutters and painstakingly painted the slats alternately yellow and white.

“Who says it was bad?” Grant demands.

And, when their first anniversary rolled around, they were still on their honeymoon—and broke again. They had only an unemployment check for about thirty dollars.

“We decided to do the entire check on our anniversary,” Mary recalls. “To us our marriage was worth it.”

They dined out. Mary got into one of her $300 “Maxine IV” evening gowns and they made a beautiful couple. They took a cab to the Waldorf-Astoria and went up to the Forty-First Room.

“We decided to spend every cent of our cash,” she says, “and pay the cab driver on our return with a single dollar bill I’d had tucked away in a drawer.”

They calculated carefully but forgot about entertainment tax.

“So we had to give our waiter an I.O.U.,” Grant recalls.

They didn’t starve, for Mary’s credit with the grocer was good and within a couple of weeks Grant began his lengthy interplanetary tour with Captain Video. Of course, by that time their apartment was furnished. It was all over too soon for Mary, however, because designing and decorating a room or a house has always been a particular pleasure for her.

“No one has to ask me,” she says. “If I overhear someone on a bus say they’d like a home in New Jersey for their family, I mentally create a family and start planning a house for them.”

She has decorated several apartments and studios for friends.

The Sullivan’s own apartment takes advantage of the high ceiling and immensity of a brownstone apartment. The one wall is still charcoal, without drapes, but the shutters are now solid charcoal, too. The other walls are light, and the corner where they dine has a wall patterned with yellow triangles.

“People think I painted each triangle with a brush and that it took days,” Mary confides, “but, actually, I cut one of those disposable sponges into a triangular shape and just pressed the paint on.”

The floor is covered with a huge white Australian string carpet. The television set is in a corner and the cabinet that holds it has an interesting design which Mary made with twenty-five cents’ worth of wood matches and glue. Above the receiver is a painting.

“It’s my first and only painting,” Mary tells you. “I call it ‘Dust Storm over El Paso.’ It was inspired by left-over wall paint.”

And it’s not bad for left-over wall paint.

There are a couple of iron sling chairs, a built-in corner desk that stands chest high, with a couple of high stools finished down to the natural grain. But probably the most used fixtures in the room are the candlesticks.

“We eat by candlelight every evening,” Mary says. “Most of the time, we light candles for breakfast. Here we don’t complain about the electric bills, just the candle bills.”

They don’t pretend that it’s usual to light candles for breakfast, but agree that it cheers up the meal for them.

“If you need an eccentricity,” says Grant, “that’s a pretty harmless one.”

Lots of mornings, Mary admits, she wishes she were lighting a dynamite fuse instead of a candle.

“For getting Grant out of bed!” she says. “I feel like an engineer taking on a major job—like moving a mountain.”

Once at the breakfast table, however, Grant is fully awake and alert.

“I have to be—to keep from getting burned by the candles.”

After breakfast, Grant reads his lines for the day’s show, checks them with Mary and then, although they live in Manhattan, a half-block from Riverside Drive, he leaves for the studio with an hour more than he needed for the trip.

“You see, Grant wasn’t being romantic or cute when he took me for a wintry hike on our first date,” Mary explains. “Grandpa Jones to walk. It’s one of his favorite sports.”

Grant’s schedule doesn’t permit much walking now, with his current assignment as the American screen’s “Portrait of Lady,” the Broadway play starring Jennifer Jones. But he likes to walk to work whenever possible, and particularly enjoys strolling with Mary along the Hudson River.

“The river is beautiful from the New York side,” Grant explains, “because you’re facing California.”

Because of his two hard habits, Grant has on occasion given some of his more ardent teen-aged fans a hard time. Some of the teen-aged girls will follow their idols all over Manhattan, so a besieged actor or singer sometimes dives into a cab and leaves his fans in a cloud of fumes. Grant Sullivan does no such thing. He walks them to death. Only two ever survived one of his hikes. The state police department, traced his unlisted phone number.

“We changed the number,” Grant says, “but think of the healthy workout they got.”

Grant is no screwball about fans. He loves to have them but, when a lot of his admirers wanted to organize a fan club, Grant and Mary wrote to each of them suggesting that, instead, they give a hand to CARE.

“We seem to get more serious by the day,” Grant says. “You know, I can almost trace our complete change in attitudes in the few years we’ve been married.”

“For the better,” Mary says. “We’re positive now.”

“I know how we are now,” Grant adds. “If Mary and I are upset with someone, we sit around and talk about it—not angrily, but asking ourselves what was the reason for it and how would we behave in the situation. We try to understand bad behavior and then do something positive about it.”

Grant tells you, contrary to movie plots, that you don’t get along in the acting business by cutting throats and turning bitter if someone beats you out at an audition.

“When you’re in a tough business, it isn’t enough to try hard. You’ve got to be able to take it with a smile.”

“You’ve got to be generous,” Mary says. “It’s the Golden Rule.”

“If it helps,” Grant concludes, on a very positive note.
AUNT JENNY When a solid, reputable Littleton citizen, devoted to his wife, his family and his way of life, abruptly deserted them all, town gossips were quick to come up with the usual reasons. But now all guessing is out of her home town's happiest marriages. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE As the wife of famous actor Larry Noble, Mary Noble has frequently had to defend her marriage against the onslaughts of irresponsible women attracted by Larry's fame and charm. But actress Elizabeth Shepard, persistent and vicious, has almost succeeded where so many others had failed. Desperate and heart-sick, Mary falls easy prey to Victor Stratton. Will she learn her true plan in time to save herself? NBC Radio.

THE DRIERER DAY When Sandra Talbo came to New Hope, she did not expect to fall really in love with Grayling Dennis. Surprised by her own unexpected sincerity, and frightened by the pursuit of Bert Radton, whom she knows to be dangerous, Sandra feels she must forsake Grayling and the new life that had once seemed possible. Will Grayling's worried family be forced to stand by helplessly as this becomes his excuse to start drinking? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Charming, successful actress Maggie Marlowe is experienced enough to know when a man is interested in her, and in Jim Gavin's case she finds the interest very pleasant. She is also experienced enough to realize that young Kit Christy, aspiring actress, is not altogether the artless ingenue she appears. Is she about to make the mistake of understanding him because she believes she understands her? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE It's easy enough to be happy with a man everyone likes and understands—a man who is easy to get along with. Laurie did not choose such a man when she fell in love with Zach. He is difficult and strong-minded and treads on many toes, and his potential for achievement is as great as his ability to get himself misunderstood. Laurie will need more than the average allotment of love and faith. Will she have it? NBC-TV.

GOLDEN WINDOWS Love always seems terribly simple to the very young—and despite her long engagement to John, Julie had never been in love before she met Tom Anderson. It was clear enough that she couldn't marry John after that. But what is less and less clear is just what the future holds—if anything—for her and Tom, as the peculiar circumstances from which he tried to escape entangle him once more and also threaten Julie. NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT By telling the truth as she knows it about a recent near-fatal event, Dr. Dick Grant not only simultaneously destroys the happiness and health of a couple, but also deprives the whole community of a vital contribution to their common welfare. She can no longer bear to live in this disaster, and is unwillingly drawn into town politics and a tangled emotional situation which could certainly wreck her medical career before it begins. Will she find herself able to handle the problem of her own estranged family? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Bertha Bauer's campaign to revive the marriage of Kathy and Dr. Dick Grant acquires several assistants—her own husband and Dick's father among them. Dick's friend, Dr. Jim Kelly, once felt the same way, but how would he feel now if Kathy, of whom he has become so fond, showed new interest in her ex-husband? Is Dick too involved in conflict with Dr. Thomson to wonder about his personal life? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS A busy small-town doctor has enough on his hands without becoming involved in politics, but Dr. Floyd Corey finds that in taking on an alert, active wife like Nora he has also taken on a new interest in every phase of life in Hawkins Falls. Is Mitch the right candidate for mayor merely because he happens to be the Coreys' friend? Or has he all the other qualifications that Speck Bassett lacks? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE The curious personality of Carl Burnett, her husband's partner, is partially explained for Julie when she realizes he despises his wife and refuses to believe little Tony is his son. Will Carl's unhappiness have a lasting effect on the lives of Julie and Reed—an effect not even Julie suspects? What is Mildred Burnett's real motive for keeping Tony from being hurt by it? CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL The murder of Thelma Nelson brings Bill's beloved daughter Nancy into the greatest crisis of her life. Suspected of killing Thelma, she finds a defender in the fascinating lawyer Peter Dyke Hampton—a defender and perhaps an admirer, as her husband Kerry angrily believes. Unwilling to interfere in so personal a matter, Bill finds himself forced to make peace in the Donovan family. But what are Nancy's true feelings toward Peter? NBC Radio.

LORENZO'S JOURNEY Belle's long heart-breaking fight to help Lorenzo regain his memory is on the brink of success. She has learned that Phoebe Larkins overplays her hand and arouses Lorenzo's suspicions about her while she is trying to have him married. Will his gratitude toward Belle finally lead Lorenzo to realization that she is his real wife, and to the recollection of their happy years together? Or will Gail Maddox find some way to prevent this? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Can a bride ever forgive her husband for allowing business to break up their honeymoon? Vanessa might be able to if she did not suspect that Paul's sudden return to his home town had something to do with his first wife. What will she do when she discovers what Judith really intends to do—and how much power she can put behind the effort? Will the vicious Judith get unexpected help from Van's sister Meg? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Did Ma ever really like and trust young Laura, the girl who married Billy Pierce? If she did, it was one of the very few mistakes Ma ever made in reading human nature, and she made it because she was so anxious to see happiness ahead for the son of her dear old friends. Are Will and Laura pull off her sordid, ruthless plan to get Billy's money and ruin his life as well? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY How strongly can a father lay down the law to his children in this day and age? The Barbour children have complained for years that their father had old-fashioned notions about being head of the family. If they had followed his dictates, Claudia and Hazel might have been spared their recent romantic mistakes. But if they had been less strictly brought up, wouldn't experience have kept them equally safe? NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Eve Barrett's plans were careful and intricate, but in the end she didn't completely deceive Lord Henry. Her effort to ruin his marriage to Susan might have come to nothing if Eve hadn't gotten herself murdered. As Sunday stands in dark suspicion, will Eve accom-
peach in death what she could not do in life—the chance to have the once-happy Brinthorpe marriage? Or will Henry realize the truth? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Grayson's carefully-laid plan to protect his fraud explodes in dreadful tragedy that brings destruction and death—and may bring further horror upon Carter Trent, husband of Pepper's sister Peggy. Almost suffering from nervous strain, Carter is tricked into believing himself responsible for the oil well fire and its tragic after¬math. Will this be the last straw for his overburdened mind? NBC Radio.

PERFY MASON As Perry Mason and his associates work indefatigably to uncover the vital clue that will lead to the real murderer of Gordy Webber and thus save Kate Beckman, Kate realizes she is undergoing the greatest crisis of her life in more ways than one. Can a girl who stands in the shadow of the electric chair find time to fall in love? Has she the right—and can she believe in it? CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Loyalty to the Bakers has forced Portia and Walter Man¬ning to a crucial decision as their marriage falters under the strain imposed by Portia's legal success. Will Walter's shaken male ego undermine their family security? Will Portia's son, never completely sure of his strength or his treachery, grow up to become a danger to one another, be the unwitting tool of his power-hungry grandmother? CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The many months of difficult maneuvering and self-control that Carolyn had to exercise while her husband, Miles Nelson, was governor are behind her now, but the future promises little relief as Miles finds himself unexpectedly uneasy in his return to private practice. Does he really belong in prominent public life? Will his efforts to re-establish himself ruin his marriage? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton throws her misdirected vitality and twisted resourcefulness so completely into her war against Jim Brent's happiness that Jim and Joan are forced to guard by the force of the attack. Can they hope for any help on her brother Hugh, torn between secret knowledge of Sybil's un¬balanced mind and the family loyalty he cannot quite give up? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen's assistant, Loretta Cole, may have the devoted life Lennon has been longing for, but she needed no instruction in female stra¬tegy. Her persistence has gained precisely the goal she aimed for—she has attracted Brett Chapman, but his serious interest thus taken from Helen the attention of the only man who might have taken Gil Whit¬ney's place in Helen's affections. Can Gil come back into Helen's life? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Young Lonnie, completely under the sinister influence of Monica, is increasingly uncertain as to her attitude toward Rosemary and Bill Roberts, but cannot throw off the spell of Monica's attraction. Not even Rosemary suspects the doubt young John is hearing in her plans regarding the runaway climax of Monica's plot brings Lonnie to his senses—but too late to draw back from the inevitable tragedy. CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW The death of Hazel Tate, which should have projected Joanne Barron into the happy future she and Arthur Tate prayed for, instead threatens her very life, as she fights to defend herself against the charge of murdering Hazel. What will this crisis mean to Joanne, to the Bergmans, and most of all to little Patti Barron, who may have been in fact the victimized victim of her scheming grandmother? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Happy with her marriage to Lew is the Archer, there are one or two points on which they do not see eye to eye, and these generally involve Marcia's family. How will she feel when she learns that it was Lew's money that pulled her brother Stan's paper out of the red? Lew and Stan understand each other perfectly, but with Marcia, Stan's mother, and politics to in¬terfere, there could be some serious trou¬ble. CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Tragic is the story of Peter Ames and Jane Andrews. Together when, after the recent death of his wife, she became housekeeper to Peter and his three children. And tragedy of another kind may part them again as Jane discovers that because of her past there can be no future for her and Peter, though they have fallen in love. Is Jane rightly suspicious of the sudden friendship of Peter's sister-in-law? CBS-TV.

THE SEEKING HEART Dr. Robin McKay is drawn more deeply than she likes into the increasingly complicated plot surrounding young Lorna and her money. Will Lawson Ware and his sister Cynthia manage to discredit Robin in their effort to get control of Lorna's estate? Will they accomplish what Robin fears even more—the wrecking of Dr. John Adams' career? Or will Robin find a way to use wily Orrin Vail in a way he never intended? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Her daughter Lau¬rel's happiness is the most important thing to Stella. But now it is her desperate need to preserve it against two strong adversaries. Aristocratic Mrs. Gross¬venor, Laurel's mother-in-law, would like to have the marriage broken by her new son-in-law, who has been considered good enough for him. And in¬sane Ada Dexter wants Laurel for her own son. How can Stella defeat their combined strength? NBC Radio.

TOMORROW'S TIMES This is Nora Drake's story. The Syndicate does not realize that Nora, whom he believes to be his friend, is the bait in the Syndicate's trap. And although she has been assigned by the Syndicate to love Fred's love for her, she cannot help won¬dering about Nora's place in his life. Will she find out too late? CBS Radio.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Captured and caged, and on the edge of death, vicious Vince Bannister nevertheless shows no sign of bowing down to safety and his associate Ernie, only his hatred for the Syndicate冷却 does not yield the Syndicate's plan. With success, they drive him into the Syndicate's clutches, putting him behind bars. But when Patti Barron, who has been instrumental in putting him behind bars, it is evident that the Syndicate has overplayed the hand. Will they ever uncover the sinister network by which Vince managed his hideous revenge? NBC-TV.

A TIME TO LIVE Reporter Kathy By¬ going goes out after Paul Cheney for more than a story, when Miles Dow is bounced for the police force for following a framed lead which Kathy, victimized by Cheney, innocently gave him. Is Cheney too well-organized and ingenious for Kathy, or will she break him down? And meanwhile, how does Miles stand in his wife's eyes? Will he now that Sick Buchanan's place as good neighbor is so subtly chang¬ing? NBC-TV.

VALLIANT LADY Emotional problems beset the recently widowed Helen Emerson as she tries to convince her son Mickey that he cannot waste his life searching for a girl who may not be as right for him as he believes. She is also worried about her handpicked daughter, Diane, who may—or may not—patch up her marriage to Hal Soames. Is this the time for Helen herself to have to decide what pilot Chris Kendall really means to her? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy's absorbing newspaper career takes second place in her thoughts as her husband's turbulent emotional upset shakes the very foundations of their life together. Will Mark's dependence on Magnus turn out to be the beginning of the end of his struggle for adjustment and un¬derstanding? Or will it lead to the peace Mark was once so certain he saw ahead on the horizon? Will Mark fulfill his promise to show her? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan Davis finds herself tested in a new way as she comes to grips with the unexpected change in her life that has been forced upon her by circumstances. Will Dr. Davon be able to guide her past the worst dangers she will encounter, or will her association with him lead her into a situation where she must make a decision she never expected to have to make—a decision that will affect her future? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE As a family grows, the elders grow in wisdom—but not James. As his life is drawn more and more into their web, his understanding of his wife and Jessie Carter have learned that merely raising their children from babylhood to adulthood does not give them the right to exploit them, but that is what they have done—not even when the oldest child is as old as her son Jeff, as Jessie learns to her surprise. Will Jeff, self-sufficient as he is, accept help? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Young Jill Ma¬ lone looks on bitterly and resentfully as her father, Dr. Jerry Malone, plans to marry turtle-race winner Patti Barron. While the younger sister is dead¬ly sure that her other woman will ever take her dead mother's place, Jill refuses to soften toward Tracy, who is oversensitive and uncertain of his own affection for her, and is even¬ though she knows in her heart that Jerry loves her. Is happiness to be snatched from Jerry Malone once more? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown finds herself the victim of a death¬bed promise made by her fiancé, Michael Forsyth, who died an old widower, his mother, Michael's old friend Gerald coming to Simpsonsville and proceeds to behave in a way that can only bring new unhappiness to Ellen. Why did Michael make his mother the promise that prevents him from doing anything now to protect Ellen? Will he break his word to save her—or will he find another way? NBC Radio.
Ted Steele

(Continued from page 41)

New England background, in a suburban community near Boston. His mother is one of those perfect homemakers, dedicated to home and family. Everything revolved around Ted's father, the breadwinner and the family head. As long as he lived, he made all the decisions. The boys, Ted and his brother, were satisfied with this until they got out on their own.

My background was quite different. Down in Montgomery, Alabama, where I come from, I got the idea that women always ran the home and made all the plans concerning it—probably because my mother was widowed when I was three and my sister only six months. Mother had been the "man" of our family as far back as I could remember. In our house, if the sink got stopped up, she fixed it. If the electric iron wouldn't work, she repaired it. She knew exactly what was in the family budget and how it could be spent. She ran the house, supervised our studies, our movie-going, our companions and all our activities. She inspected our fingernails and ears and told us what we could do and what we must not do.

It was something of a shock, therefore, to realize after our marriage that—while Ted was always deferring4 flattering to my business judgment (largely because of my agency background of good, solid experience and the managerial ability he seemed to have faith in from the outset)—he expected to make the home decisions, certainly the major ones and even what I considered minor ones. It seemed like a complete switch from the usual husband-and-wife arrangement, although I have since met many men like Ted who are literally the head of the house—and many wives like myself who are satisfied to have it that way.

While our girls are each as much individuals in their own right as their daddy and myself, they also have the greatest respect for him. Because he has always wanted the best for the children—which in his opinion includes country living—and because we also love the country, in the summer of 1947 we bought a farm near the little town of New Hope, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Buying that farm is something I am proud of having strongly influenced, even though it was Ted, of course, who made the final decision. We had been staying nearby with some friends, temporarily, and Ted, as always, was haunting the cattle auctions. He couldn't resist buying a few calves and heifers, even though he had to board them out, and he was trying to rent the barn on our farm when the foreman suggested he take over the whole place.

Ted laughed off the idea, not feeling at all ready financially to assume the purchase of such a property, but he made the mistake of making a pithy remark, and we drove over just to look. Or so we thought! I got out of the car and walked toward the door of the fine old Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse and knew, before I went in, that this was for the Steeles.

"I might have known it," Ted said later. "I might have known you're a girl who always believes you can make a deal for anything you think is important to us." It was important, and with Ted's help I did make a deal that was satisfactory to everyone. And one that I think of as the beginning of the most wonderful years we've had in the new house—ever since we moved in—with one lamp and some borrowed beds—was to tack up my favorite motto: You can do anything you want to do.

That's how we started Celebrity Farms, 100 acres now, with 400 more which Ted rents for growing feed and other crops. Stocked with 180 head of pure-bred....

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...now I am the most popular woman in town

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NAME.................................

STREET............................... 

CITY.......................... STATE....
I had told Ted I was sure I could ship away a part of the inside wall to hollow out a niche for an aviary. He seemed satisfied, but I was not. I blithely started to rip out old wood and plaster, and came to a second inside wall—the original one, I was sure. When Ted came home and saw how far along I was, he was aghast. He pointed out that it was all false work on his part. I was a little scared myself at what I was doing, but I kept chipping away with a screw driver and hammer and finally got down the wonderful old stone. By this time, I was convinced I could take out some of the smaller stones on the inside of the thick wall and at last have it nice. Ted looked worried all over again at this point, but he began to tap the wall and decided I might be right. He wasn't completely convinced, but he carried along on my enthusiasm—knowing perfectly well I was in for it, if I made any mistake. (What man would ever let a wife hear of a thing like that?)

The Christmas holidays were, of course, beautiful. I got out just enough of the crumbly old mortar and the smaller stones to make a sort of picture-window effect—about eight feet by five. I now arranged a frames and arrangement of plants, because we decided the birds belonged outside. During the holiday season we fill the niche with evergreens and holy and mistletoe.

The Christmas holidays are very special at our house, anyhow. For the first time since the girls have been old enough to appreciate it, we decided to give a Christmas party for us this year. When it doesn't fall on a Saturday or Sunday, Ted and I always have to work, so in previous years we have celebrated Christmas Eve. Ted and I decided Christmas and had an extra celebration on the day itself, during whatever free time we could manage. Usually, on the Sunday before the big festivities only, we have our big leisurely breakfast, with everybody dropping in and the coffee pot bubbling constantly and the orders of ham and eggs and bacon and pancakes and toast and jam coming along constantly. Later in the day we have had our big turkey dinner with all the trimmings, just as other people do on Christmas Day. On the Saturdays, we work as usual—we have all been up early to open the rest of the presents, from relatives and friends, to have breakfast together, and then decided to avoid this all this a drawback, our girls have always felt especially privileged to have two Christmases, instead of the usual one. Yet it's nice for the family to be at home and to feel the spirit of the season. Day this year. Ted's mother comes for Christmas, but my mother has a plant nursery in Alabama and that's her busy time, so I'll be eighteen the day she gets home. We have a big tree, and the children also adore the small one set up for the dogs.

If you have gathered that we have a happy family, you are certainly right. I certainly agree with you. Ted and I have our differences, as most couples do. But neither of us likes an argument which gets out of hand, and one of us always gives in before the point where things are said that will hurt and go on hurting. Perhaps this is the result of having known, always, that we intended to live together, that whatever might happen, and therefore trying to understand the other's point of view.

We are really inter-dependent, and that's my view of any marriage. It is unthinkable to either of us that one could get along well as well without the other, at home or at the studio. The man who runs a business (or any business) and whose wife stacks the merchandise on the shelves and helps wait on customers will know what I mean, and so will the wife. Any couple who are closely related in their work, or in any program of activities, in which they both do, knows something of what the other is going through, day after day. The wife who works alongside her husband, for instance, doesn't have to be told when business is falling off or what it will cost him to go easy on expenditures. In our case, whenever Ted lost a show in the past, he never had to come home and break the news. I was already figuring it out. I'm sure, by the face on the housekeeper, or by deciding to forget the new chair or the new coat I had been thinking about, until he got another show to replace it. I feel this kind of close cooperation helps keep a marriage secure.

Before Ted packed and owned his own shows, we always had to ask the powers-that-be at a station or the agency whether we could do certain things on the programs. But, a little more than a year ago, I finally prevailed upon my husband to become his own manager, and that's the way his contract is now framed. It was part of Ted's faith in my judgment that he saw the light and came home one day and said so. The idea is that he'll pay us up to go out and sell the package!

As soon as word got around that Ted was leaving his former station, our telephone began to ring like a tele-emergency. One call came from WOR-TV, a new station, and I drove out to where Ted was working in the field and told him we should talk it over and call them back. He got off the track and the phone rang and I hopped back on, saying he would discuss it at lunch, being very much Farmer Steele instead of Performer Steele. I went back to his house and typed up the list of things I knew we both wanted in any contract and, when WOR met our terms, we both felt his programs had found a fine home. He has a five-year contract which we hope will be renewed many times.

You have probably noticed that Ted always closes his radio and television shows with a hymn, something we have always wanted to do. We ourselves love hymns and feel sure there are many other people who find comfort and inspiration in them, as in Ted. Ted always get satisfaction also in taking only the sponsors whose products we believe in and are proud to be advertising.

Perhaps if I tell you what a lucky he is, but I know he has made most of his own good luck by working enormously hard, by fighting discouragement whenever it has got in his way, and by never being afraid to take some chances. He gives me credit for always being willing to take chances along with him. I have always felt that a wife who is worth her salt will help her husband, give her husband's joy in him. We have a big tree, and the children also adore the small one set up for the dogs.

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Peter Donald

(Continued from page 50)

otherwise see or hear themselves in one of his after-dinner or TV performances.

Actually the sandy-haired Scotch-Irishman would never dream of doing an unkind or cruel characterization. His respect for people is too great. Peter Don-ald's fondness for the human race stems from the fact that he has met so many different types and nationalities. From the age of ten months, he travelled all over the world with his parents, who were music hall performers.

"I had a Zulu warrior for a nursemaid in South Africa," he recalls, "lived through a tidal wave in the Indian Ocean, survived a plague of locusts in Australia, and tried to learn the Indian rope trick in Calcutta. I find people very much the same everywhere. But if you have to learn to understand them. Never make the mistake of trying to make them conform to your ideas."

Like a great many humorists and comedians, Peter Donald is basically a serious and thoughtful person. There's not a bit of the "laugh, clown, laugh" pose about him and life and people are not to be taken lightly in his book. For instance, when he is scheduled to make an after-dinner speech (he does almost as many banquets as George Jessel), he will go to the town or city a day or two ahead of time to get the feel of the place and to know the people. He learns what their interests are, what their prejudices may be. "In this way," he declares seriously, "I avoid stepping on toes or probing sore spots. It makes no difference whether I'm talking to a group of twenty or 8,000. They are people—not numbers—and it's my business to please them, to make them laugh. If I succeed, he continues, "that makes me happy."

Peter Donald takes to the stage like a duck to a pond. It's in his blood, his heritage from his parents. His father was born in the same Scottish village as the late steel magnate Andrew Carnegie—who financed his trip to America—and was "discovered" aboard ship by George Primrose, whose minstrel show was as famous in its day as any name band or top TV or movie star today. Peter's father was a tenor and sang his way around the world. He was with the famous Weber and Fields Company at the turn of the century and had supper with Lillian Russell. He also played with the Lew Dockstader Minstrels, the last of the large "Blackface" groups to tour the big time. Peter's mother played the piano and sang a bit, so it was inevitable that some of the greasepaint should rub off on the younger.

"When I was ten," Peter recalls, "I was living an almost normal life going to the Professional Children's School. But, one day, Noel Coward—who was looking for his famous operetta, 'Bitter Sweet'—came by the school and picked me to play a busboy in one of the scenes. That was twenty-six years ago, and I've been far off stage since. It was impossible that his gift for dialect should remain undiscovered for long, and while he was still in his teens, he got into radio playing such parts as Ethel Barrymore's husband or Helen Hayes' father.

"What those distinguished ladies of the theater thought when they were confronted with a Caribbean boy, whose only talent was the ability to imitate any voice heard, I cannot imagine," he laughs. "But anyway, they were very kind and probably put it down to just another eccentricity of radio—that upstart of the theatrical profession. However, I went right along imitating the voices of statesmen and other celebrities on The March

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Of Time, and found time to do a radio show called Light Up And Listen—which I wrote and emceed for the magnificum sum of twenty-five bucks a week. But," he roars, "that's not the half of it. On this show we had Dinah Shore, Dennis Day and, hold your breath—Hildegarde—for eighteen dollars a week!"

In spite of the fact that Peter always loved a joke and has an enormous sense of humor, he never thought of himself as a funny man until, in 1946, he became emcee of the popular Ford-Harry Hershfield radio show, Can You Top This? Here the pan-ellists vied with each other in telling funny stories, and Donald's job was to set the pace. He usually built up to what he went along. But it was as Ajax Cassidy, the irascible Irishman in "Allen's Alley," on the Fred Allen show, that he really came into his own as a comedian.

His present show is fun. "It's really a giant gag," he explains. "Our panel—made up of Ogden Nash, Ilya Chase and Buff Cobb, with a guest panelist—attempts to unmask our contestants, who are famous people dressed up in masquerade costumes. The costumes usually reflect either their name or their occupation and there is a verbal clue. For instance, Pee Wee Reese, captain of the Dodgers, appeared as Napoleon. You know, he's called 'the little Napoleon.' That's the way it goes. Herbert Wolf, our producer, is a genius at thinking up the disguises. The costume department does such a good job that sometimes I'm just as startled as the panelists are.

Peter's humor is never turned off long and he roars with laughter at the recollection of the time that Broadway columnist Leonard Brown was away from the set. Peter said, "TheThat's the way it goes. Herbert Wolf, our producer, is a genius at thinking up the disguises. The costume department does such a good job that sometimes I'm just as startled as the panelists are.

Peter's humor is never turned off long and he roars with laughter at the recollection of the time that Broadway columnist Leonard Brown was away from the set. Peter said, "The

(Continued from page 25)

Warren's thoughts ranged ahead to the changes these things would make in the lives of the contestants. He said, "None of the contestants seem to have any idea how much they're going to find that the money they've won is less important than the fresh outlook 'striking it rich' has given them."

I think it is possible for people to 'strike it rich' even though they never set foot in the studio nor answer a call from the Heart Line To America. Drawing on what we've found about the program, I believe we've discovered some things which can help anyone—men or women—to live a fuller, richer life.

There is conviction in his tone as he warned to his subject. "I say this because I truly believe that the greatest need in America today is to strike it rich spiritually. So many people close themselves in, concerned only with their own immediate, material needs and dull themselves to what is happening around them. In losing a sense of purpose to others, they also dimmed our concept of the dignity of man. We forget that such indifference, such refusal to stand up for the right, on the part of people in general, let Hitler rise to power. The same thing happens here.

He returned to the Strike It Rich program to illustrate his point "You'd be surprised how many times our contestants are told by others that it is really too bad that they won the money. They say, 'This is the first time we knew anyone cared what happened to us.'"

The best way to strike it rich spiritually is to try to strike it rich for someone else. Fully twenty-five per cent of the people who come to our program seek to help someone else—and, do you know, it makes a difference in the way they answer the questions? Time after time, I've heard people say, 'I've got to do this, I've got to do that.'

Peter recalled with appreciation a few of the persons who had done this. "There was a Forty-niner who went to Strike It Rich for a church where he had found a lasting religious experience. A nurse in Los Angeles turned up asking for a TV set for the patients in the ward she served. A baseball scout wanted money to help a promising young pitcher, who, if he had some corrective surgery, had a good chance to achieve the big leagues.

What happens after such contestants do "strike it rich?" Warren had a story for that, too.

"You'd be surprised at some of the things which occur. At the time of our seventh anniversary last March, I heard again from Mrs. Kathleen Scanlon of Paterson, New Jersey. Originally in 1952, she had come to us asking for a chance to buy a bathtub. Her five-year-old daughter, Candy, had had polio and needed whirlpool treatment. She won three hundred and twenty-five dollars and there were numerous Heart Line calls."

What happened next was enough to thrill any giver who had a part in it. Warren said, "I had told her, 'You don't want to buy a bathtub.' She and her family decided to give the money to buy a home, and they have a new home with a big back yard where there are numerous Heart Line calls."

That should be the beginning but not the end of one's reaching out, he indicated. "There isn't a church or a synagogue in this country where there are fifty or a few extra members who are willing to put their religion to work," he said. "That's the easiest way to strike it rich spiritually. Your own worship and all the charities want to reach out into the whole realm of new, enriching experiences. Church organizations, because they can operate informally, on the basis of need rather than red tape, have always been a community's first line of defense against the kind of sudden dis-"
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new baby sister or brother in her tummy.” With that report, they begin to feel that their discovery is somehow responsible for the fact that she immediately becomes as much theirs as yours.

But, one day after our explanations, two dozen new diapers came in from the depart- ment store. We discovered proudly thinking that our preparing her this way was a good idea. Then I asked her, “Georgie, what would you rather have—a baby sister or a baby brother?” She paused a moment—paying no at- tention to the diapers—then said: “I’d like a baby crocodile!”

I’ll admit I was thrown. I didn’t know how to get her past this! Of course, we carefully prepared Georgie for the first day that little Benita Lee (Benny) and I came home from the hos- pital. We didn’t want Georgie to think that Benny was displacing her in our affections. At the same time, we wanted Georgie to feel that Benny, though she was unable to show her love by the older sister very much. We made sure Georgie under- stood that Benny was glad to see her. When we brought Benny in, we also brought in a shiny new bike—from Georgie to Benny.

Was there rivalry between the two chil- dren? Of course. Every new baby takes up time. The attention Benny now re- ceives was the past gone to Georgie—she had been the queen bee for some time. We tried to get around this by not break- ing into Georgie’s schedule. Today we would do this, that and the other. Georgie stands up on the bed and we hold hands and sway back and forth. When we get to the part, “Down we go, Georgie. I give you the reins. Georgie, when it’s time, so she bounces up and down on the bed three or four times—which she just loves. All of this, of course, takes time. But you have to make this time, in order to fully love the two children instead of only one.

But, of course, Georgie wants extra recog- nition and attention when she finds me devoting time to Benny. I’ll never forget the time she caught me feeding the baby. “What are you doing?” she said. “I’m feeding Benny.”

“Well, what’s Krupp?” (Krupp is the baby’s nurse.)

“Krupp is off today,” I said. “Everybody has a day off. Mary, our housekeeper, has a day off; Krupp has a day off; and today is Krupp’s day off.”

She thought about this for a minute, then right out of the blue exclaimed, “Did I ever show you my rock or my rocking chair?” And, with much commotion, she proceeded to drag the chair in and started to rock back and forth. She wanted to at- tract attention. Needless to say, this is one of the most surprising things.

In every way possible, we try to re- assure Georgie that she’s not left out. One way we’ve found to include her in the family is to give her some responsibility with Benny. When Benny cries and Georgie hears it, we are to get a full report from her. This makes Georgie the “baby and

Georgie, going on five, the “big girl” now. It’s become a big thing whenever Benny cries. “Ugh!” says Georgie. “Benny’s crying, I never cried when I was a baby!” I replied, “Daddy cried, I cried, we all cried when we were babies.”

“Oh, no,” she insists. “I never cried. . . .” By this time, we’re repeating Benny’s cries, we’ve made it into a first step in teaching her responsibility. However, since Benny cries every time she’s hungry, Georgie’s attitude has almost become: “If I weren’t for me, that baby would never eat!”

My husband George and I have found that children take younger brothers and sisters one of two ways: They either re- vert back to their childhood, getting down on all fours and demanding a bottle, or they take it as Georgie does—so grown-up.

In fact, Georgie’s such a big girl now that she sometimes makes a few days ago, “May I have your furs and your jewels when I go out on my dates?”

“Where are you going?” I asked. “Oh! she said, “I’m going with Jimmy (our neighbor’s son) to Romanoﬀ’s and then to a movie. You don’t have to come along to chaperon, you know, because Jimmy’s mother will drive us!”

I was quite surprised; I always forget how we felt at that age. I remember that my older brother Billy was always kind to his younger sister (me). In fact, he was responsible for getting me my first job. Billy had a wonderful singing voice, so friends suggested that our mother take him to a radio station in New York. She didn’t, and before long, Billy had a spot on Nila Mack’s show, “Let’s Pretend.” Since no- bod y was left to “mind” me, Mom used to drag me along, too.

By practicing on my dad’s law books, I learned to read at a very early age. One day at Billy’s show, a young girl failed to show up. Billy said, “My sister is here—she can read.”

And that’s how I got started.

When Billy came to Hollywood to do the movie version of “Dead End,” I came along, working first in radio and then in pictures, which really is surprising. At that time, Georgie was a few days old. Later I made some pictures at Universal—International. Then I quit show business and started studying law.

Ever since I was a little girl, I’d wanted to be either an actress or a judge. My mother kept reminding me of that fact, so I finally quit acting to give the law a crack. I stayed in law school two years and a half. But, when Billy went into service, I started entertaining at camp shows, with Kate Smith, Kay Kyser, and others—and soon found myself back in show business.

George, who is now an execu- tive with the William Morris Agency, He asked me for a date over the phone, dur- ing a rehearsal with a director who hated independent women. George said, "Oh, uh . . . uh . . ." for so long it sounded like a busy signal. But he finally got it out: “Miss Halop, would you care to go to the beach?” A year later, George proposed and we were married.

George—Georgiana Duffy Gruskin—was born February 6, 1950. Ed “Archie” Gardner is her godfather and Joan Davis is her godmother. Georgie is to be a cousin of Ed’s sister, Edie. Seriously, we don’t have any plans for her. I don’t believe in that. If she wants a show-business career, it’s up to her. I do want Georgie—and Benny, too—to grow up and have fun and learn to work with children. So often, youngsters are forced into theatrical careers and they don’t really like it—it makes old folks of them before their time. It’s certainly not sadner than a child who’s missed his child- hood. Billy and I were never forced into acting. We were never forced into any- thing but wanted to perform—we were both hams from the word go!

In fact, I loved acting so much that I worked right up to the day before Georgie was born. At that time I was doing “Miss Duffy’s” “Daddy-and-George” days, and also playing a character called “Hot Breath Hullihan”—a real wild gal—one the Jimmy Durante show. No one knew I was pregnant. I bor- rowed all my girl friends’ mink jackets, which covered me like a blanket.

I had a wonderful time carrying Georgie. Never had a minute’s ache or worry. I always felt as if I were moving too fast. I remember the day of our wedding, I supposed to be at an eleven o’clock re- hearsal of the Durante show, but I had Georgie at nine-forty-eight, instead. It was all very wonderful—and surprising.

We moved to Hollywood for all the week before. But I didn’t have any problems on Millie—because, as “Mama,” I wear padding. As the final months went by, all I could talk about was the stuffing. To get back to the children, my hus- band George is a great help—especially in regard to Georgie and keeping up our B.B. "Before I Began," we have "Daddy-and-George" days—that’s Sunday, when I study my lines and they trot off to the park or zoo. And Saturdays, after two hours of "family day," when we all go out to the beach. Then, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, I have my nurse’s day off, so those two days we’re together at home.

I really don’t feel I take too much time away from Georgie. In fact, I go to bridge clubs or out to luncheons. I spend every spare minute with Georgie and Benny. I admit, I have to work at it. But it’s worth it. It means a lot more to me to spend the love of two children by the hours on the clock—or any other mathematical sys- tem in this world.
Every Girl a Fashion Queen

(Continued from page 48) ask me: "Miss Cagney, you're the fashion expert—tell me, how can I make myself beautiful? How do I know what fashions are for me?"

My answer always sounds like three-part harmony: First know yourself; second, know what you'd like to be; and third, take steps toward that goal.

But the first step is the most important: Know yourself. Who are you? What are you capable of? It is your personality—like a contributive, agreeable, understanding, introspective, active, feminine? What are your beautiful points? For to be in fashion is to be yourself! It is not a matter of expensive fashions. No one can always know what best was for me. The reason was because I hadn't looked deeply enough into fashion. I didn't know the significance of line, of color, or the meanings attached to ribbons, frills, and bows.

My difficulty was not confusion, it was over-purposefulness. I was, by gosh, going to be an actress! As an actress, I was interested in costumes, but for on-stage purposes only. When I was in Hunter College High School and Hunter College, I did plays all the time; I was busy and I thought I didn't have time to experiment with costumes.

Costumes, on the other hand, were another matter completely! When I was on Broadway doing plays, there were always wonderful designers doing the costumes (Robert Edmond Jones, incidentally, did the ones for "The Man Cometh"). And, when I was an ingénue in pictures at Paramount, Edith Head was supervisor of costumes.

My goal was to be a dramatic actress, and I was busy pursuing this goal: I planned to go on a diet during the summer; played leads in pictures like "Time of Your Life" and "Quick Sand." No time for clothes—or so I thought. My brothers, Jim and Bill, tried to straighten me out on this. Jim and Bill, a producer, tried to give me the proper slant on clothes—he tried to drive home the fact that they were a reflection of the inner person.

So, in trying to apply what Bill told me, I began taking a course under Edith Head. Then, as I studied in the class, I realized while I always wore fancy clothes, they were not right for me.

I learned from Edith what 'dressing the personality' meant. When you have a costume, it is for character. Rather than overlaying it on the top, she works from the heart.

Before meeting Edith, I hadn't looked deeply enough into fashion. I'd get lost in a bow or a pretty ribbon, instead of looking at the over-all line of the dress and what it meant: A short high line, for example, suggests a young ingenue; a tailored line suggests a character.

In designing for motion pictures, it was Edith's job to bring individuality to her characters with clothes. The fact that she does it consistently is proof you can do it, too—with practice. I can never remember one particular film in which she achieved seven different personality effects with the one leading character. It was "Affairs of Susan," with Joan Fontaine, in which Susan dressed up for the mental picture of herself which she thought each of her seven different beaux held. It was a tour-de-force in design. She was a prim school-teacherish gal, a siren, an ingenue, a débutante, a chic woman of the big city. And she did it all with clothes and accessories—the prim character, for example, seldom wore jewelry, but the siren literally jungled!

In dressing our own characters, Edith taught us to plan. One exercise we used illustrated how we could make five costumes from one basic dress (this is especially good practice for the career girl). The basic dress then took the girl to the office in the morning to work, to lunch at the Ambassador, to tea in the afternoon with Mrs. Fontaine, to see Moulin Rouge and, finally, to the theater.

There's no magic to it—all the changes can be carried in a hat box: Collar and cuffs for the morning at work; sweater at lunch—take off the sweater, add a jacket, carry a muff!

It's a challenge to make the entire ensemble portable—an essential challenge, for a career girl. I didn't always benefit from the planning, too. Try making your grocery shopping, downtown department-store trip, luncheon, bridge party and tea, all in one basic dress—with hat-box changes.

You'll also be surprised how much money you can save by planning your wardrobe. Edith Head made the following suggestion: Make a little "match stick" sketch of every dress in your wardrobe and make every possible costume change with it. Then plan your purchases around some basic color and combination of outfits that will give you a maximum number of changes.

You may not wish to go to the trouble of making the stick drawings (believe me, it's not hard, I've had artistic training either). But, if you have a basic gray outfit, for instance, that may save you time and money: Do some window shopping. Pick out the "hot" colors for the season, then get a scarf in this color, or a nape of flowers, or a pair of bright shoes. This year, the colors are orange and purple. I don't generally suggest using three colors at once—though some designers do—but gray and orange are nice together, and so are gray and purple.

Don't let the shopping for accessories be "random." This is where people waste money. They go into a store, pick a striped sweater, a gay string of beads, and just buy. Don't buy on impulse! Make your plan and stick to it. Otherwise, when you get home, you'll find there's absolutely nothing in your wardrobe to wear with your pretty new sweater!

In your planning, think of color. It has a lot to do with your personality. The darker shades speak for a more introspective individual. Or there may be a special reason for a dress—a wedding, for example: Of course, the bride will be in white, but her Mother will look best in a soft, subdued shade, perhaps dusty rose.

The lines of a dress can also help you with your apparent size. Vertical lines tend to make you smoother; horizontal lines help you look wider. Colors, too, change your apparent size: Light, bright colors make you appear larger; dark colors make you appear smaller.

One last note about dressing for your own individual personality: Have patience. Every season, there's a new line of clothes. Some manufacturers carry a wide range of lines, others specialize. You may not find the particular item for you at first look, but patience—somewhere along the way you will find a manufacturer whose dress or suit is best adapted to you.

You know, recognizing the individuality in the personality of others, is an important part of living, too. In fact, I think it is one of the most important attributes of personality—accepting other people for what they are, not being critical, but being understanding of them as individuals. I think this was one thing that began to develop...
respect and affection between my step children, Patience and Charlie, and me. I treated them as individuals. They responded, in turn, with their love and understanding.

But let me go back to the beginning: Toward the end of 1951, I was working every day at the Assistance League with a group of preschool children. In order to understand them better, I was taking some child development courses in the Education Department at UCLA. I was, by gosh, going to become a children’s librarian! I was a woman in charge of the League thought I should have a kindergarten credential—and I therefore purposely avoided the Arts Department.

Then, one night, I just happened to drop in, with a friend, at a meeting of the ANTA (American National Theater Academy). I had no idea I was about to meet my future husband. We were introduced as "Jeanne Cagney, this is Jack Morrison—Jack teaches in the Theater Arts Department."

He invited me to a production of "Midsummer Night’s Dream"—and that was the start. Jack had two children who spent weekends and summers with him. His daughter Patience was ten when Jack and I met, and his son Charlie was five.

Patience was then going to the University Elementary School at UCLA, where she was surrounded with student training teachers from the University, and she very definitely knew the meaning of a fraternity pin. After eight months, Patience—losing patience—got awfully tired of the fact that we took so long making up our minds to get married. About a month before we set the date, Patience got hold of Jack’s fraternity pin and pinch-pinched it! Then she said: "All right, Daddy, the rest is up to you."

Of course, we were pleased to see that the children were in favor of our marriage. But being a stepmother presents some unique problems—the greatest being the development of the love and affection of the children. After much consultation and much happiness in a weekend, summer-holiday family, I feel that a key to this harmony is treating youngsters as individuals.

Okay—I was wrong (and...)

I went shopping for some clothes for Charlie. But, when I brought them home, he didn't turn up his nose. I was crushed. I didn't think he'd like me—or my selection. The next day, I asked Jack:

"What's the matter with Charlie, Jack? Do you know?"

Jack said, "Maybe he'd like to pick out his own clothes."

So he did! Charlie marched up to the pants rack, pulling out a brown cord two shades darker than the ones I'd picked out for him—I have to admit, the darker shade was more practical. Then he galloped over to the shirt counter, put his finger on a plaid flannel—which he later outgrew, but it went out—and it matched the brown cords.

I've never tried to impose my choice on Charlie since. Needless to say, Patience also does all of her own shopping—and is a very good spinner.

In conclusion, let me repeat that, if you want to be in fashion, be yourself. This means, of course, that you must know yourself. You must know what you want to be—then, by planning, you must take steps in that direction. Finally, recognizing the individuality of the personalities of others will make you live in harmony and peace, too. (If I may say so, an important part of fashion, too). For understanding others, accepting them, not being critical, will, I'm sure you'll find, fill your days with smiles. And a smile is always in fashion.

(Continued from page 22)

New York is her adopted city, and she loves it, too—but for quite a while there had been this feeling of being tied to one place, and to a routine which was certainly pleasant enough, but which she longed to change just a little.

Then, quite suddenly, she found herself a regular commuter by air across the 3,000 miles of ocean between her two homes, if that were the most usual and ordinary thing to do. Spending one week out of every three on the West Coast; the other two in the East. Traveling constantly between the cold and snows and storms of the Eastern seaboard to the contrasting summer temperatures and sunshine which prevail in Southern California made a bit of a burden on each time at leaving her husband, Guy Sorel, and exchanging their cozy home for a lonely hotel room. And sacrificing several other good running Four Seasons for radio because of the new commuting schedule.

"It was a difficult decision," she says now, looking back on it. "It seemed un-thinkable to think that I should give up playing Joan, being Joan, after all these years. And yet, there is this philosophy we share as women—the conviction that when you have a happy marriage you should cherish it, putting it first always, above everything else. Joan Davis has always done this. So have I. So has my husband, for that matter. Several times in our married life, Guy has turned down wonderful opportunities in his work as an actor on the stage, in films and on radio and television, because they might have separated us long enough to make the commuting give me to stop off occasionally at Flagstaff, Arizona, to visit my mother and sister who live there, and how much they enjoy it. I have no time to visit them, to go there, so I have no time to be there, and get to know my children. And therefore, I am sad about the problem that had not loomed so large in Mary Jane’s mind, because of Camille Martin. Camille came to this country from Paris with Guy's family. She is a French woman, who was 18 years old, and she has taken care of him and cooked for him all his life. There is no one quite like her for either of us now.' Mary Jane says. "She is part of our family, a superb cook, a devoted worker. Besides, my husband is efficient around a house, more so than I am, and a much better housekeeper than I have ever been. But not much of a dishwasher—Dadie always leaves that part to me!"

Mary Jane got some wise advice, too, from Ethel Wilson, who plays her mother in When A Girl Marries. Ethel was one of the first in whom Mary Jane confided back in 1935, when she and Guy were planning to be married. Ethel had said to her then, that while you will not have as many children as I do, you will have the same family experience. "Decisions that King (her husband, King Calder) and I have had to make many times."

Mary Jane never told my about their rule never to be separated for too long a time, no matter how good the professional opportunity was that presented itself. How each of them times had taken minor roles, in order to be near the other. How she had left some excellent radio programs in order to go on tour with her husband, rather than hold him back or stay alone in New York while he traveled the country. "Because Ethel and King are one of the happiest couples I have ever known," Mary Jane recalls, "I decided then that this was the way it would be with Guy and me."

"We agreed upon making a decision that all women will understand—whether or not they have careers of their own which might sometimes conflict with a wife’s work, or to have no children, or interests at all outside the home. Many home women who read this may have had to make similar decisions which involved setting aside the needs of the family to move to another city because of better schooling or better opportunities for the children, or because the husband was transferred to different work, or some such thing. The family always comes first, anyway."

For myself, I made my personal sacrifice in order to do something that is close to our hearts—whether it’s playing a beloved role, as in my case, or making a change for the family good—can never upset us too much, if only it does not bring hardship to anyone we love.

Once I had settled that in my own mind, there were only such practical considerations as the kind of wardrobe I would need for my shuttling back and forth to two cities from winter to summer climates and back again. She smiles and adds, "I did worry a little about who would shush Lettie, my Cairn terrier, when she got to barking noisily while Guy was trying to concentrate on a script. But be assured me he would quiet her down and take her for the daily walks which are usually my special job."

I had settled the clothes problem by deciding to get some thin suits, warm enough to combine with a sweater and sturdy top coat for boarding a plane in the coldest city, yet comfortable enough to arrive in Hollywood on a warm, sunlit day. And some comfortable light-weight dresses for the days when even a thin suit is too much. It is a carry on. I have left one bag there and it’s still a struggle to decide what to take and what to leave of my two-season wardrobe!

"Who am I, however, to make a fuss about such small inconveniences? I am really having my cake and eating it, too. I have had wonderful visits with old friends. My family had moved to Holly-
wood from St. Louis when I was five, because my father had new opportunities there as a leading man—my mother was a singer, and managed a theater, and Holly-
wood then was a mecca for theatrical fam-
ilies such as ours. I had been in motion pic-
tures as a youngster and had left them to
concentrate on being a schoolgirl—then, af-
after graduation from Hollywood high school, had started in radio. It was
because of radio that I had gone to New
York in the first place, with my family's
blessing, ambitious to do just what I finally achieved—to play the star role in a
daily dramatic serial.

"I remind myself frequently of the bless-
ings this commuting has brought me—the
joy of renewing these cherished friend-
ships, of seeing the changing seasons and
desert I love, while still enjoying the
thrill of the changing seasons of the East,
the new green and pastel flowering trees
and shrub in the springtime, and the fall
foliage of the fall. I remind myself that
I still have my boat, always waiting in Long
Island Sound, a 32-foot cruiser which
sleeps four people and is really our 'sum-
er home.' Guy and I first met, you know,
when a mutual friend brought him to visit
on the boat, and I sometimes marvel that,
not caring too much for being on the water,
he was willing to marry me—boat and all—and
try to work up some of my enthusiasm for
a sea-faring life!

"There have already been times when,
alone in Hollywood, I have been home-
sick for my husband, and I have come
away from talking to him on the phone
and wanted to catch the first plane back.
This will be other times, that I know. Then
I remind myself how lucky I really am.
There will always be our special holi-
days together, New Year's Eve—and Jan-
uary 13, which is our wedding anniversary
day. Our birthdays, or a day very close to
them which we can celebrate.

Kit Carson Finds His Mate

(Continued from page 58)

"I've heard that song before," said Bill.
"I'll bet you a dinner you're back together
in three weeks!"

Barbara started into the coach's office,
saying over her shoulder, "I'll take that bet,
but I think I should warn you, I'm a bit
worried!"

Three weeks later, Bill, a happy loser,
took Barbara to dinner. For a period of
seven months, the dinners became a week-
ly event, and both pleaded dis-
interested in one another.

Barbara's letters home illustrated her
"disinterest." She had been in the habit of
writing her mother, and the boys she went out
with. Many times her letters began: "This is it! I've met the
man for me!"

But, in Bill's case, she wrote: "Don't
worry, Mother, this isn't it! He's just a
good fellow."

And Bill told all of his friends, "Oh, no—
we're not interested in each other that
way. She's just my number one!"

Then Barbara made a brief trip home
to Rockford, Illinois, to visit her parents.

Wednesday, their usual dinner date, was
Barbara's first since she left the family house
she was staying at the pasting telephone
poles, they seemed like a giant picket fence
racing to separate her from Bill. The
longer she waited, the more impatient she
became. A passing porter asked, "Anything
wrong, ma'am?"

"Oh, no-o-o," said Barbara, sad-eyed,
gazing back at the cars. It was the first
time she realized she was in love, how
much in love with Bill.

Bill missed Barbara too. When she re-
turned home from Rockford, he was wait-
ing for her on the station platform.

"Oh, Bill!" she cried, falling happily
into his arms. With this, the first chapter of
their life, "Courtship," was under way.

The second chapter began a year later
with their decision to marry. One day after
work, Barbara and Bill were sitting in Bill's car
in front of the Hollywood Studio Club, where
Barbara lived, discussing wedding plans.

"I'd like to go home to Rockford," said
Barbara, looking at Bill. "Eight days
ago we were in this same car, and—and
the same time—" her voice broke, "the
abiding peace and joy of loving wife.

"I remind myself also how lucky I am to
be on doing a role I love, that of Joan
Davis—remembering how close I came to
muffling my first chance to play her. I had
been in New York about two years, doing
well in radio, but still waiting for a star-
ring role in a dramatic serial. The great
day came, and I felt completely ready for
—although, of course, a little scared now
that the moment had arrived. I came into
the studio and sat quietly in one of those
metal folding chairs, unbuttoning my jacket
because the room was warm. Outwardly
calm, I was alert for my cue, and I got
ready to stand up at the microphone and
speak my first line—when I realized that
the buckle of my jacket was caught firmly
in the metal frame of the chair.

Instead of waiting to try the buckle loose
—and to help me to my feet. In the excite-
ment I dropped my script, and retrieved it
just as I had to speak my first word.

Did I say it was lucky? I am sure it was
more than that—it was my guardian angel
watching out for me.

"Perhaps. You got the impression, how-
ever, that Mary Jane Higby is a girl who
may meet any situation with courage and
resourcefulness and that, somehow or
other, she would have pulled herself loose
from the fortunate buckle and faced that
microphone at the right moment, no mat-
ter what. You get the impression that, like
Joan Davis, the girl she portrays, she is
serious and understanding enough to meet
any unexpected change in life—such as this
newest one, which

includes the fun and adventure of being a
"commuting actress," and—at the same
time—the abiding peace and joy of loving wife.
every inch of that trip just as we planned." And they did: 6,000 miles in eight days!

Barbara wanted to highlight her honey-
moon with pictures. She took a camera and
twenty-five rolls of film. During the jack-rabbit runs across the country, they made a hundred additional stops for snap-
shots of the places they had planned to see and
things they had hoped to do. At each picture-
taking stop, Barbara and Bill didn't
hand, each popped in and out of their
Car much like a jack-in-the-box.

At the end of the eighth day, they ar-
ived in San Francisco. Barbara and Bill proudly
trailing their camera behind them.

"Well," said Barbara, "at least we have
pictures to remind us of the honeymoon we
missed!"

"Yes," said Bill, "three hundred of
them."

But the best-planned plans of Barbara and
Bill Williams sometimes went wrong. The
camera had a leak in the shutter—not one
of the pictures came out. Says Barbara, "It was
one of the biggest disappointments of
my life."

The third chapter in the Williamses' life
should be entitled "Houses." When they
returned from their hasty honeymoon, they
moved into a small two-bedroom house in the
South Bronx. Like all newly-marrieds, Bar-
bara and Bill dreamed of a
home they wanted to build themselves.

But it takes money to build, and at that
time (1946) Bill's future was uncertain. As
young, poor couples, Barbara and Bill didn't
want to start their life together in debt.

Then Barbara learned she was pregnant.
With the expense of a baby facing them,
their plans for a home changed.

Jody was born in July, 1947. The three
of them lived in comparative comfort in
their two-bedroom home for the next three
years. During this time, Barbara and Bill
took free-lanced, working and saving as
much money as possible toward their
dreamed-of new home. When Barbara
learned that she was expecting again, she
and Bill knew they had to have
more room.

They took their courage in their hands and
bought a lot, a half-acre on a corner near
a public school. By the time young
Jody arrived, the house was completed—but
their funds were depleted. When the four
of them moved in, there was no front lawn,
no back yard, and very little furniture.

But the ingenuity of the Williamses
almost surpasses even their good looks.
Barbara took charge of the interior, while
Bill tackled the exteriors. From that first
home they brought with them an eight-
dollar chair and a ten-dollar couch which
Barbara re-covered. She also made gray
and yellow curtains, beige drapes and
chartreuse bedspreads. Bill, in turn, put in
lawns front and back, leaving room for
a future pool and the wing they hoped to
add when their bank book was better
padded.

Barbara and Bill's house and Bill's ca-
terer as Kit Carson developed about
the same time. "It was one of the longest chap-
ters in our life," says Barbara, "the kind
you think you'll never get through. We
knew what we wanted in our house, but
at first the living room looked so bare! In
my mind's eye, I imagined what it would
be like when filled with furniture. But it was
hard to learn that you can't sit on a
mirror."

For a few brief months when Bill first
started The Adventures Of Kit Carson for Coca-Cola, he and Barbara felt as bare at
heart as their living room was bare of
furniture. One of Bill's friends says, "Kit
Carson was a gamble for Bill. He'd rarely
played cowboy parts. TV was new to him.
And he had to compete with such already
established stars as Roy Rogers and Gene
Aury."

But the Williamses were not apprehen-
sive for long. Kit Carson was an immedi-
ate success. Because of a minimum of vi-
olence and a devotion to historical fact, the
program has been recommended by church
groups and the PTA.

Bill is pleased with this support. Ever
since he was a kid living in the heart of
Brooklyn, he remembers competing deli-
quency and juvenile problems. As plain
"Bill Williams," he's just another voice.
But, as TV's clean-living Kit Carson, he's
the voice of an army of 10,000,000. On tele-
vision, he can reach more kids in a week
than he could in a year—and they are in-
fluenced by what he has to say.

As an example of Bill's influence with
youngsters, take a recent junior high school
contest. The local board of educa-
tion wanted to name a new school. The
winner—the name the children mentioned
most frequently—was Kit
Carson.

Bill loves children, and an entire book
could be written about his and Barbara's.
As Barbara has said, "When children ar-
rive, the plot grows. You could devote a
chapter just to the selection of their
names."

With Jody, their first-born, they had
agreed to name her Johanna (after Bill's
mother) and Willa (after Barbara's mother).
Then, at the hospital, just before signing
the certificate, Bill insisted they add
"Barbara."

"We've got two names already!" said
Barbara. "What's she need a third one for?"

"For you," said Bill, and signed, "Bar-
bara Johanna Willa Katt" (Katt is the
Williamses' legal surname).

Before the children were born, Barbara
swore she would never resort to baby talk.
She and Bill were happy when their sec-
ond child was born, of course, and
they named him William Junior after his father.
William is a nice adult-sounding name and I
was pleased. Resolutions, I suppose, were
made to be broken. Today I find myself
calling him Billy Boy and Daddy Bill!"

When Barbara was in the hospital with
their third child, she determined they were
not going to name this baby after anyone.
The night before she signed the birth certi-
icate, she lay awake thinking of a name.
When Bill came to visit, she had one ready.

"By the way," she said, "is it okay if I
fill in my first name?"

There was a brief silence during which
Bill blinked his eyes in surprise. Then he
said, "Well . . . yes."

"Is it called Bill?" asked Barbara, ready
to bulldoze through her nomination.

"No . . . no, it's okay, I guess," said Bill,
not too enthusiastically.

"Well," said Barbara, wanting to be
fair, "what do you want to call her?"

"Juanita—after your sister," said Bill
with a hopeful look.

That's what Barbara had vowed she
wouldn't do. Then she said, "But her
name is Laura-
lee."

Barbara swears Jody's reply was, "Ugh."

Upset with this reaction, Barbara spent
another night writing names. The next
morning she still wanted Laura Lee and she
knew Bill wasn't about to change his vote
for Juanita; so she signed the certificate,
"Juanita Laurelee."

My faithful old friend I told all of our
friends that the baby's name was Laura Lee.
I heard Bill on the phone telling others it
was Juanita. When the two names first got
around, our friends must have thought we'd
had twins!"

Barbara thought a nickname would solve
the problem. She listened to the children,
hoping she could pick one up. But they re-
ferred to the baby as "Boo," "Kitten," and
"It," never repeating themselves.

Barbara, in turn, called the infant her
"doll baby." Her visiting nephew couldn't
say it, but she only said, "Da'by." "Da'by is
the name that's stayed."

"Da'by" was born December 22, 1953.
Barbara visited Barbara in the hospital on Christmas Eve. After he left, Barbara
was feeling lonely and sorry for herself. She
clutched the little baby to her breast, say-
ing, "Well, there's no tree and no presents.
But I've got you and you've got me, and we
can celebrate Christmas together."

When Barbara went home a few days
later, she found the tree and gifts waiting for
her. She felt happy that the children had
agreed to share Christmas with her.

"So we had a second Christmas," she says.
Then, looking at "Da'by," she continues, "I
only hope the children don't expect this
every year!"

Today Barbara and Bill's life still reads
like a happy novel. Before "Da'by" arrived,
Bill added the wing he'd left room for. Now
Barbara says about the house, "As far as I'm
concerned, the children and the rest of
our lives!" That closes the chapter on
houses.

The chapter on children, though, has just
begun. "We have a wonderful father," says
Barbara. "He's so gentle. Of course, we
won't know how successful we've been as
parents until the youngsters are grown.
It's a long wait before you get no more.
"

Until then there's only one thing missing
to complete Barbara and Bill's book of
"happy-moons," says Barbara. "Some day soon,
we'll go back and do that one up right!"

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We're Really Living!

(Continued from page 28)

And every night I was bathed in the glow of the footlights, had my ego buoyed up as it rode the crowd's warm wave of applause.

But what was there to look forward to when the theater lights went off? What did I do then? For months at a time I was a stranger to my own children, children, and home; after the show, I had nothing except bare hotel room walls, a lonely dinner in a restaurant—and, the next night, another show.

That was the routine for years. There was Reno, New Orleans, Washington, New York; each a lonely carbon copy of the other city. True, every so many months, I'd have grown up; and, if I lived, I might be living all over again. I might have gotten better grades. He's even in the Naval ROTC—a decision he made.

Fortunately for our younger children—Susie, 16, and Johnny, 12—we learned about our mistakes through our older boy, Kenny, Jr. We have discovered, for instance, that, while both youngsters enjoy music, they don't have the inclinations toward it that I had at their age. So there has been no urging on our part for one of them to 'carry on the family name' in music.

They like music, yes. But they like other things better. Johnny, for example, has already shown the same aptitude and abilities toward structural engineering, in which Kenyon, Jr. had won his success. Sure, he plays the accordion and he studies it, too. But this is more of a joyful escape for him, a hobby for a short while. It's not the thing he wants for a vocation, and we are not foolish enough to push him in that direction.

We learn from experience, and both Geraldyne and I learned from Kenyon, Jr. that children can't be pushed. This has helped us with Susie and Johnny. As a result, Johnny is a happy twelve-year-old who sometimes looks like a young man. It's a pleasure to watch him grow, to develop. He has his studies, and they are at such a level that I can help him with them. As for Susie, we go to his duets together, we fish and travel in the trailer. In short, we have a close father-son relationship—again, this is really living!

And Susie, the young lady now. She enjoys music, too, plays the piano well, but she has no wish to become an entertainer. Her main ambition is to be a successful homemaker. She's learning to cook and keep house. She and Geraldyne are like two sisters with the chores around this place, and Susie is doing a good job learning the household skills.

So this is the family I came home to, six years ago. In that time I've watched the boys grow into young manhood, and my girls into young women.

Every summer of those six years we spent traveling together in our trailer to the national parks on our West Coast. Believe me, the mechanics, work, living on the football field or in the swimming pool, that was something else again.

So what did we do with Kenny, Jr.'s problem? We just let him be, you know: We waited and we prayed—no pressure, nothing. We simply recognized that Kenny was a capable boy, that we weren't anything superior in the way of parents and that, if we gave him the chance, he'd come through. The Power from which all intelligence stems, the answer would be forthcoming.

And the answer did come: Somehow, someone suggested that Kenny take a series of aptitude and interest tests. I'd never heard of them but, in our experience, they have proven themselves both scientific and worthwhile. The tests give a series of scores in different learning areas—for example, in language, mechanical, mathematical and reasoning abilities. We learned that Kenney was a capable boy. As we had confidently expected all along, but his best area was the mechanical-engineering field, not in languages!

We decided to force our young man into an area that didn't fit him. As a result, this force was destructive to his happiness—it made him feel like one of the rebellious.

But, as a result of the abilities tests, today he is doing well as an engineering student at the University of Southern California. He has been selecting his own courses, has been doing it himself. He might have been getting good grades. He's even in the Naval ROTC—a decision he made.


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College together; she sat across the aisle from me in class. I went on a blind date one night with a pal of mine, and Geraldine, the pretty girl I’d been watching for weeks, showed up as my date. I remember that first date: My pal and I were in a school minstrel show, and our girls were to come along to help us put on makeup. Geraldine spent the early part of the evening putting black corn on my face, so I could go out and sing, “Look down, look down, that lonesome road...” which I’ve performed down to now for twenty-one years—not all of them “lonesome”!

Those audition years were finally topped with my first big break around 1932. I won a contest sponsored by Texaco which gave me a guest spot with Eddie Duchin at the Coconut Grove. This led to the Jack Benny Jello show (I still have a box with the schedule and I’ll be holding on to it). Then, the Texaco Star Theater and more radio shows, then motion pictures—“The Mikado,” “Hit Parade,” “The Harvey Girls” and a few of Broadway’s production of “One Touch of Venus,” with Mary Martin and John Boles.

For some time, while doing my shows, I had been harboring the desire to record an album of sacred music—hymns that people loved. So, when I came back to Hollywood, this was the first thing I turned to.

The results of these recordings were beyond all expectations: I heard from people all over the world—Saudi Arabia, New Guinea, Africa, and Iceland. One woman sent me a picture of her husband, a deaf deaf friend of hers in Indonesia. Later, that woman came to this country and visited us here at home. She hadn’t heard a sound in years; but when she touched the record to the record machine, and nodding her head she said, “Beautiful—most beautiful music I’ve ever heard.”

That was one of the most satisfying experiences I’ve ever had.

(Editor’s note: It is only fair to mention that eight albums of sacred songs have been made under Kenny Baker’s Ken-Art label. In addition, we have now turned over to the Christian Science Publishing Society for distribution. It was most rewarding to Kenny to hear that Army generals, ship captains, Armed Services, and hospitals all over, have requested records of his sacred songs. And it is gratifying, too, for him to hear—as he does daily—from these organizations expressing their appreciation for having Kenny Baker as their church soloist, in cases where groups could not afford to have a soloist as part of their church services.)

My experience with the sacred records had a sobering influence on my thinking—especially in regard to the field of entertainment. You know, with as much practice as we had, it was easy to go out on a stage, to put on a show that would make people laugh. And this is definitely one important aspect of entertainment. But the religious film, if made, is something more than mere entertainment. It’s from this idea that our Mutual radio program, The Kenny Baker Show, arose. Besides the songs, the wit, wisdom, and helpful hints, we’ve hoped that there would also be something to encourage and inspire you, our listeners. That’s the “little something” that we’ve been working on.

Leaving the roadshow footlights, I can’t help but wonder if I can like to think now I’ve been a successful father in those six years. I know I’ve been a much happier man. I’d also like to think I’ve been in the beginning stage of my career. So, if you find you enjoy our program whenever you hear it, we hope you’ll let us know. Your reply will certainly assure us that we are really living!

Laughter across the Seas

It was an unheard-of action for Bob, of all people. But, for the first time in his career, he arranged for someone—Jack Paar—to replace him for a month. He called a steamship agency. Next day, he said, they had found a man.

The crossing was uneventful, though restful. Bob sat for hours in his deck chair and contemplated the vast reaches of the Atlantic and the reason behind it. Or in his own mind, either. And Paris was so gay as he’d remembered it—but too light-handed to promise any solution of his personal puzzle. He went to Rome.

There was once he had registered at the Excelsior and investigated a cafe or two—or that, apparently, half the people he’d ever met or known were in there, with little jaunt to the city. Or they were negotiating contracts, or they were awaiting an audience at the Vatican, or they were merely there because Rome was there, the center of the world. And here, in the old yet ever-new Eternal City, Bob Lewis began to find the answer that he sought. It all happened so naturally, so nearly had time to realize his discovery. Then suddenly, as people—first, the colorful crowds of complete strangers, then old friends unexpectedly met and new friends made on the spur of the moment. He began to relax and, at the same time, find new energy for greater activity.

In the beginning of, of course, there were the phone calls from people he hoped to—know—and people who hoped to know him. There were notes and invitations—specifically, one asking him to appear on a TV show. He was besieged by the Italian equivalent of our Welcome Travelers program. Bob made the most of it, truly “having a wonderful time.”

While he got the confusion on the American TV screen,” he says, “you should see what happens on an Italian one! The Latin temperament doesn’t lend itself to relaxed, routine procedures. And the young ladies who are charming and so, Bongiorno, does as many shows in Italy as Godfrey does here.”

Bob entered the melee with all his new-found confidence and spirit. When Bongiorno asked him what he thought of Italian women, Bob said: “Italian women make Jane Russell look like a boy!”

And that comment, in a flash, did it! The newspapers had a field-day with that one. By the next morning, all Rome knew who Bob was. To his astonishment, not only people he already knew—such as Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn and Sir Cedric Hardwicke—had never met before—greeted him as “Bob.”

“It always startled me,” he admits. “I was shy with them because they were famous names and I figured they wouldn’t know me. But they told me they read my column and that they felt they knew me from TV—Boy, what that did for my morale!”

But the topper came a few days later, when the minute Bob arrived at the Carlton Hotel where he was going to stay, a beautiful young woman came up to Bob and, even though he had to get up at six a.m., after only two hours’ sleep, he was still rarin’ to go. The entire company proceeded to the flower market in Nett, set up their equipment, and spent five hours shooting a sequence which will not run more than a few minutes on the screen—and which, Bob is convinced, will be cut out. But no, he doesn’t know what he’s got to do,” Bob remembers. “As Grace Kelly is leaving a flower stall, I am walking down the street, and I sort of give her the eye when she walks past me. That’s the extent of my work in the picture, and I never got such a kick out of doing anything in my life...”

He was back in Rome a few days later.

Laughter across the Seas

(Continued from page 54)

Ask him that question today, and the answer is a story in itself.

They say that, behind every achievement, there lies a dream. And, no matter how small the achievement, the dream is even greater—deeper and more meaningful—for, behind the dream, is the man. . . .

Robert Q. Lewis paused outside CBS-TV’s new building. To his right, in the lobby, signed autographs and kiddied with the waiting crowd. A car drew up, manned by his valet-chaffer, Jack. Bob’s briefcase and extra clothes were tossed in, helter-skelter. He was surrounded by his friends, slid behind the wheel, and the crowd surged forward, calling their goodbyes.

One moment, everything was chaos. Sixty seconds later, as the months of planning, the long hours of auditioning a supporting cast, the excitement of rehearsals, actual showtime and the eagerly awaited audience reactions. They had all paid off.

He was in it.

It was time to relax, to enjoy the rewards of the long, steady struggle. Instead, a great realization dawned upon Robert Q. Lewis. He paced from rumpus room to bedroom, went downstairs, paced from living room to terrace, and back again. As he paced, he felt the game wearing thin.

Robert Q. Lewis was sitting on top of the world. But what had he really been seeing of that world recently, with his own working world bounded by Madison Avenue, the studios and offices? Where was the full, deeper meaning of the dream which had started it all? Who, indeed, was Robert Q. Lewis, the man behind that dream?...
Little Girl Lonely

(Continued from page 27) grade-school teacher and her father was a businessman who traveled most of the time. Jean remembers her early years as quiet. She liked to swim, she enoted in back porch theatricals, and she was a natural singer. As she matured, she discovered that she was a very fine soprano, and she began to consider a career in music. She sang in church choirs and at school concerts, and her talent quickly became known to music critics and educators.

Jean was determined to pursue her musical career, but her family was unsure. They were concerned about the financial stability of such a career, and Jean was torn between her passion for music and her duty to her family. She struggled with these conflicting emotions for many years, but ultimately decided to follow her heart and pursue her dream.

Jean's journey to success was not easy. She faced many challenges along the way, including financial difficulties and the pressure to conform to societal norms. However, she remained resilient and dedicated to her craft, and her hard work paid off. She eventually became a successful singer, and her music touched the hearts of millions of listeners around the world.

Jean's story is a testament to the power of determination and sacrifice. She faced many obstacles, but she never gave up on her dream. Her success is a inspiration to us all, and her legacy continues to inspire and inspire future generations of musicians.
Season's Greetings from Godfrey

(Continued from page 21) so they'd think Santa Claus brought it.”

He reminisces in his office, which, although handsomely furnished, is toned down for quiet comfort. There are many pictures hung on the walls, books on the shelves, and the desk is covered with trinkets and personal mementos. 

When he was five or so that there was no Santa Claus. But there was this December when he was past ten—maybe eleven or twelve—and his mother took him aside.

"Arthur, I want to talk to you privately, she said.

The way she said it made him squirm. He thought she was going to tell him about birds and bees. Arthur knew about that, having run away from one of his mother's lectures on the subject. 

"I was looking every which way, and getting redder and redder," he recalls, "and then she says, 'Son, I want you to know that there really isn't a Santa Claus.'

He was surprised that he just giggled and walked away.

In a grim, literal sense, there wasn't any Santa Claus around in those years. At the time of the [break], there was no Santa Claus—and that, he says, "reminds me of my mother and her telling me.

Arthur figures he learned from playmates—"not in a very profound sense, but still,

"I meant I'd cook them myself."

And, from that day, Jean has taken a small chunk of business away from New York caterers. Of course, she has problems. You can't cater in a turkey and a ham, two electric burners. So, for the Secret Storm party, she got the use of the kitchen of Kay Campbell, a sister actress who plays Effie on Ma Perkins, and the kitchen of the Secret Storm. Fortunately, Kay and Dick lived in the same building, although they were seven floors apart. The turkey went over Kay's balcony, and Jean rode the elevator up and down to do her checking.

"Then something went wrong with Kay's oven. She couldn't get Kay's home, so I had to ask the neighbor what to do about it."

The neighbor kindly suggested that Jean use her kitchen. Everything, turkey and ham, turned out fine, but that wasn't the end of it. The neighbor was so impressed that she asked if Jean wouldn't help plan a menu for a party she was giving. Jean agreed, came back, planned the menu and, in the end, decided she might as well cook it, too—which she did.

"I've never collected a penny for any of the catering jobs," she says, "but that's not the end of it."

Jean's mother had wanted that she was properly installed in proper quarters befitting her princely lady. But, Jean had a chance to make her first million, she was invited to come down to New York and audition for the part of Susan Petes, widow and pivotal figure in The Secret Storm. New York is the ultimate goal of most actors, so Jean—even though she had made many dear friends in Chicago—eagerly accepted the new opportunity. It was almost a year ago, February of 1954, that she found herself with a new role in Manhattan—and she was happy about the role, but not so pleased with Manhattan.

She had left a comfortable apartment in Chicago and hopefully looked for a similar one in New York. But, her husband, they called it—for $35 a month. Jean took it. It has one window that looks over a courtyard and in summer the courtyard boasted grass and a tree. While the size is in itself disconcerting, it is the lack of a kitchen that most disturbs Jean. True, she has a two-burner hotplate and the “super-allotyping” of her small kitchen, but that isn't living for a gal who bakes a few cakes with as little effort as most women scramble eggs. So Jean has taken to cooking on the skillet.

For example, the cast of The Secret Storm was planning a little party and, as usual, expected to get food from a delicatessen. Jean, "We should have a turkey and a ham," someone suggested.

"I'll take care of that," Jean said.

"No, we'll buy everything at the same place.

"But that was easy," she says. "I had the whole day for that."

One of the bright features of living in Chicago was having her own kitchen. She misses that very much now, in New York.

"Now I just chew my nails when I'm restless," she says.

New Yorkers are friendly enough. The problem is that most of her friends are married.

"Married and tired," she says. "I've never known a more exhausting city than this."

It doesn't surprise me that Jean and her husband, New Yorkers just go home and crawl into bed.

Jean keeps herself active. The Secret Storm is on a five-day-a-week schedule, but she studies drama, and she studies dance with Martha Graham, and she continues to practice the piano.

CBS has video studios in the Liederkrantz Hall, which is under slight conversion modern. In the basement storage room is a grand piano. Many evenings each week, about six, Jean goes down to the basement and digs the piano but from under some props and plays for an hour.

Her audience may be someone from the engineering department, or perhaps an eleven-year-old Jada Rowland, who plays Amy on the serial. Jean and Jada are good friends. They frequently take walks together. The studio isn't far from Central Park, and the two of them go for walks. Jean gets along easily with most children.

"Of course, it's wrong to call Jada a child. Conversationally, she holds her own with the adults."

There isn't anyone connected with The Secret Storm, whether technician, actor or advertiser, who doesn't consider Jean Mowry a friend. She is quite thoughtful, and the gal who remembers birthdays and collects the cast's signatures on a card. She is very considerate and always on time for rehearsals.

"Of course, it's refreshing to know that people is easy," Jean says, "but I do make a special effort in my work. I work very hard and try very hard. I want to be a successful actress. It's simple enough.

This winter, Jean is making her New York stage debut at the Cherry Lane Theater with an off-Broadway, professional production. It should keep her even busier than she is now, but may keep her from being as lonely as she is.

"That isn't the answer, and I know it," she says. "My first ambition, over and over, was to have a big kitchen of my own, with a cake in the oven, a chicken in the skillet, and a husband at the table."

She smiles and adds, "And, after a while, maybe a baby in a high chair."
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MANKLE'S INC., Dept. 59-A PROVIDENCE 15, R. I.
The Youngest Pioneer

who went along as entertainers with the RCA jeep unit—the television demonstration outfit—which my brother, Lou Sposa, who is a director, took out on tour. The apartment was a fifth-floor walk-up, fifty dollars rent a month, at 35 West Fifty-second Street.

Fifty-second was then Swing Street, blazing with signs and blaring with the jazz, jive and hop of the hot combos. As Dennis recalled, "New York can be a kind of lonesome town, even when you think you know it. I was then chasing down every announcing job, commercial, or serial acting role I could find, trying to get re-established. Between times, I'd sit out on the stoop and look up and down that street. To the right were the swing joints. To the left was the fabulous and expensive Twenty-One Club. I'd wonder what New York held for me—which direction I'd be going."

He went neither direction, at the moment. Television lights, not neon, marked his path. For, with the sale of the first post-war television sets, people discovered the magic of seeing beyond their own horizon, of bringing the world into their own living rooms. The family owning a set found themselves playing host to the entire neighborhood, to strangers as well as friends. Rapidly, crowds sat in the dark, staring at the small screens.

Advertisers, however, were slow to succumb to its fascination. TV stations, fractionally building new studios and transmitter, had little money left over for programs. Every program director looked for the inexpensive, ready-made show. Wrestling filled that requirement and, because it could not compete for gate receipts against the more popular and sports-commission-recognized boxing, wrestling welcomed the television remote unit, however small the fee it offered.

With a camera, a truck to carry the control equipment and a short-wave relay back to the station, you were in business. But televised wrestling, for all its graphic, contorted drama, also required someone to say a few words—just so people wouldn't think that the audio of their temperamental sets had gone on the blink again. Dennis, already television's Man Friday, was called upon.

"I'd never even seen a wrestling match," said Dennis. "I bought a book. It was written by Steve Gotch, the Jack Dempsey of wrestling and, think bravely, it was bushy bones." He illustrated! Dennis was well illustrated! I'd sit at ringside, thumbing through the pages. When I found a hold on the mat which matched the picture in the book, I named it."

But his own skill in other athletics made him realize how amateurish such comment must sound to the real fan. He found that his own ignorance.

"I figured the only ones who knew less than I did about wrestling were the television writers. So I talked to them. I'd say, 'How did you like that, Mother? Did you see that half Nelson, Mother? Okay, Mother?'"

The women, delighted at being told what this inescapable and strange commotion was, usually seemed to accept him in their hearts. As he won himself an enthusiastic, letter-writing audience, he added personal innovations. One was a particularly grisly, crude joke: "Literally, Dennis from New York, "grunts, groans and cracking bones" became a catch phrase. Another was his interviews with the colorful, Damon Runyon-type habitues at ringside. A still-remembered principal in this cast of characters was Hatpin Mary, a short, vigorous woman with a shock of bushy gray hair. When wrestlers bounced close, or if anything fell on her, she'd go for them with the weapon which gave her her name—a long hatpin.

There also were the fancy dressers whose admiration of James natty attire proved rather more than an imitation. Dennis said he liked my tie, I'd whip it off and give it to him," Dennis recalled. "I can't even guess how many thousands I gave away, I'm sure."

His first daytime show was a wrestling derivative. James Hill, president of Sterling Drug Company, called him in and stated, "You've turned my wife into a wrestling fan. She's crazy about you—and, if she is, other women must feel the same way. Plan a show for me. Something to break up the monotony of housekeeping chores."

Appropriately, the show was called Okay Mother. On it, Dennis dispensed questions, gifts and kisses. When it left the air, he estimated he had kissed sixty thousand mothers in the study audience. His show, Cash and Carry, was one of the first daytimers to be piped out on the new coaxial cable—and it was devoted largely to Dennis and Michael. Dennis was often the victim. He recalled, "It started on a day when I pretended to be late and the camera discovered me in a bubble bath. Then that fiendishly ingenious crew started to ad-lib. Every time I went on set, I knew I was due for a horror. One day they equipped a cash register with a spring strong enough to raise a bridge. When I needed money, they gave me a hatch that opened across the stage. Another time, when I was sure I was safe, they used their electronic skill to wire a barber chair. The electric shock gave me a jump almost into the camera. But, the day the sandbags dropped within two inches of me, I laid down the law. I said, 'Sure your aim was good. Sure you missed me. But how did you know I wasn't going to move?'

High jinks and air hours added up to fifteen television firsts and, in 1948, brought seven national awards. Shortly thereafter, they also brought a quinny throat, an operation, silence—and a bride.

That story has often been told. But, as Dennis and Mickey—the former Miss Marjorie Crawford—went back over the early days, they recalled highlights of their courtship.

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T N R
Said Dennis, "I had the Old Gold shows and I had just been given the contract to do the Pabst Blue Ribbon fights when my voice went bad. To recover from the throat operation, Eric and I spent time in a grand business manager of mine, Vincent Andrews, went along as nurse, companion and watchdog. Very soon, Vinee was also giving advice that Roberta, a radio station owner I'd once worked for invited us to his home. I did not know he had planned a party for me. If I had, I would sure as the dickens have objected, for I couldn't speak a word! I had to carry a pad and write everything out."

"This time, because friends asked to bring Mother and me. We had moved to New York, and our home there in New Castle, Pennsylvania seemed lonely. I met some people through my job as a commercial artist at an advertising agency, but a lot of those at the party were strangers. Many of them were from up north, and I just couldn't understand why they were all making such a fuss over this Dennis James. We didn't then have television in Miami, and I'd neither seen him nor heard of him. I heard people speak to him about Old Golds. Finally I whispered to Mother, 'I think he has something to do with cigarettes.'"

Speechless though Dennis was, he persuaded Mickey, through a scrawled message, to let him take her home. He was even happy to learn that home was twenty-five miles away.

"But," he recalled, "she sure gave me some anxious moments. Since Mickey and her mother were going to have a baby, it was arranged that Vinee and I were to come up with them at a church in a certain area. There were two churches. I was a nervous wreck by the time we got there. Just before we left me, I lost no more time shoving Vinee into her mother's car so that I could drive through the moonlight with Mickey."

With the excuse of giving a birthday party for her, Mickey really wanted to visit New York. As she stepped off the plane, he greeted her, "Let's get married." They chose December 5, 1951, as the date—and, of course, selected Vinee, that business manager turned matchmaker, as best man.

Mickey had already had her introduction to the demands made on a celebrity. She said, "It fused me the first time people moved in on us when we were out to dinner, but I learned. By the time we were married, I liked to having a million mothers-in-law. But I didn't quite expect the taxi driver."

Dennis took up the thread of the story. "We planned things happen. The newspapers published stories when we were married, but no one bothered us at the plush hotel to which we went. Then, one morning, so we got into a cab, the driver turned around and leer ed. 'Did you have a good time?' Well, Mickey blushed and all I ask our him. My disposition was not improved by the fact that we hadn't made it back between our windows, every restaurant and hotel in the block was loading its garbage. The clatter of cans and the grinding of trucks went on all the day."

Equally inauspicious was their introduction to their New Rochelle home. Dennis, having spotted it while sailing, had been overjoyed with its sale. During their inspection tour, as Mickey investigated the kitchen, he explored the garage. Being thorough, he tested the over-sized fan on him, turned the heat on him and knocked him cold. "I fixed that," he reported with satisfaction. "Now both door and gates operate electronically from remote control from the car."

Despite so painful a beginning, the house has brought them all they hoped for. Trees and shrubbery shield it from the windsing road. The curve of the shoreline gives it privacy, and from every room there is a view of the ever-changing waters of the bay.

In the gracious, white-carpeted, uncluttered living room, furnishings are modern, Mickey has combined light colors, dark colors and accenting bright colors with an artist's eye. It's a room which would function as well for a formal party as it does for a serene evening. The lower level, a game room, also used for entertaining, holds Dennis' sports trophies and pictures. The bedrooms, also done in modern taste, are done to order.

The large dining room also serves to display the most cherished of the paintings they have collected, and for family-meals, there's a wondrous dining area with wrought-iron table and chairs.

Heart of the house, for Dennis and Mickey James—a couple with varied interests—is the upstairs workroom. In it are their desks, a film projector, a film cutting table, a phonograph, their record collection and a unique artist's easel built for two.

Said Dennis, "I designed the easel and it had it made after Mickey taught me to paint. I learned on a dare. She was taking forever to complete a portrait. I'd tried it around it around, so I said if she didn't finish it, I would. She replied, 'Start one yourself, smarty.' So I did."

Completing the tour of their house, Dennis proudly explained, "You can see that here's where we work, play and live. When I'm through with a show, I come home and relax, or take the boat out to the Sound or pick up a brush and start to paint. When I must go out of town, Mickey goes with me and we have a good time. Sure, television can get tough, but another business would give me the time and daylight hours to enjoy the things I like best!"

Yet, much as he enjoys television, inevitably it also holds some abominations. While he is the kind of entertainer who will gladly stop to sign autographs, realizing that the interest people take in him has been responsible for bringing him the good things of his life, he has also run the gauntlet of inconsiderate fans and hates it. His pet candidate for obscurity is the wise boy who schemes to catch him smoking a cigarette other than his sponsor's Old Golds. If he's not gladdened, Dennis only once, he recalled, "and this guy must really have been plotting it. We were at a big party, there was a lot going on, it was getting late, and I was smoke out of cigarettes. This fellow offered me one, and automatically, I took it. You'd thought I tipped the burglar alarm of the house! Mickey and I had just been, there were flash bulbs popping, people shouting, and this guy laughing like a hyena. He really figured he had put one over on me."

Another unfavorable is the man who says accusingly, "You don't remember me, do you?"

"I panned one of those fellows down once, said Dennis with satisfaction. "He claimed he knew me as a kid. He couldn't have, he was next mine during luncheon at the Waldorf, two years earlier. Well, I had him. I had never eaten lunch at the Waldorf."

"Well, as a matter of fact, in Dennis' estimation, was the woman waiting in line to enter a studio. As Dennis passed, she said, "Good gracious, you've gotten fat." Dennis was in despair."

"Since people have to look at an entertainer, they have a right to expect him not to get sloppy. I went home, started a diet and took off twenty-five pounds."

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There's Only One Bing!

(Continued from page 36)

"with the chauffeur?" I said. And then I mounted my bicycle and pedalled off toward the seat of the show. Once I got around the corner before I was awash with the sinking sensation that comes over me occasionally after talking with Bing. That fast ex-champion of our clique, whose rooms was typical of our friendship, yet I couldn't help feeling I was a pretty brush character to be even talking to him, much less trying to sell him a half-fare view from the upstart from Maysville, to stand face to face with Bing Crosby?"  

Maybe it would be a good idea if I tried to explain this worship that other singers have for Bing, even if it's idealized by a jillion of people who can't even carry a tune, I know—but to somebody who earns a living by singing in show business, he is the absolute end. Show people can talk all night about singers, Perry and Frank and the whole lot—and then there is Bing. The man is an institution all by himself, and he has a way of spinning out a melody that no other singer can touch. He stands alone, and I know I speak for all of us whose pipes earn our bread and butter, when I say we, individually and as a group, bow low to Mr. Crosby. And be happy to do it.

Now that you know why I can't help getting down on my knees and then speaking up whenever I see a Bing Crosby fan, you should know Joe. That man's Crosby crazy. After he'd finished "Moulin Rouge" and boarded the Ile de France at Le Havre to return to his wife and home in Hollywood from the boat. "Guess what?" he said. "I hear Bing's going to get on the ship tonight when we stop off at Southampton."

"Wonderful," I said. "Tell him hello for me."  

"You know him. I don't," I really think Joe was afraid to speak to him. It was as if the King of the Voice was going to board the ship—except that Joe wouldn't be half as uneasy with a king as he would with Bing Crosby. The following day, Joe called me up, said he'd come on the ship, and the next day he was happy on the phone as a kid who's had Santa Claus over for dinner. It seems they'd finally found each other and had face was sagging, as in a jet take-off. In short, I reacted like a knobbyhead. They told me afterward that Bing had made a stab at conversation (one of us had to). He said something about the way we were to do together, and asked if I knew when it would take place. And I, with all the savoir-faire of the Missing Link, had managed to impress him with my special nature and make him believe that we did a lot of shows together. I apologized to him, and to myself I said, "Watch yourself, mother. Don't let him know even if I were to turn water to wine, or after that we did a lot of shows together."

It was a great little sermon and, except for infrequent lapses, I stuck to my guns. It's been easier since I've come to know Bing better, and I think I've had this opportunity of helping to make known formally as Joe Ferrer. Joe says it's the other way around. He says he married me because I had the distinction of knowing Bing Crosby. To a Bing Crosby fan, you should know Joe. That man's Crosby crazy. After he'd finished "Moulin Rouge" and boarded the Ile de France at Le Havre to return to his wife and home in Hollywood from the boat. "Guess what?" he said. "I hear Bing's going to get on the ship tonight when we stop off at Southampton."

"Wonderful," I said. "Tell him hello for me."  

"You know him. I don't," I really think Joe was afraid to speak to him. It was as if the King of the Voice was going to board the ship—except that Joe wouldn't be half as uneasy with a king as he would with Bing Crosby. The following day, Joe called me up, said he'd come on the ship, and the next day he was happy on the phone as a kid who's had Santa Claus over for dinner. It seems they'd finally found each other and had

spent half the night discussing jazz. Bing couldn't have been too surprised at Ferrer's fund of knowledge on the subject—I'd already told him how much Joe admires Bing, but I never expected them to get into a jazzy discussion among three thousand other things. This kind of profuse introduction could have served to break the ice between them, but with Bing and Joe, as with any two people you can't break. Joe has Crosby records in his collection that Bing has long forgotten, and the talks they had on board ship have developed into a collaboration with Somerset Maugham on a novel. The mere thought can harden your arteries. My own were well on the way by the time I stood next to Bing with the music in my hand, but it was not without his cooperation which helped me get back to normal.

And, with singing with him, I found a new experience. This is "shop talk" and per-

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TULLIO MUCCELLI
Notary Public, State of New York

QUALIFIED IN BRONX COUNTY

COMMISSION EXPIRES MARCH 30, 1956
happs difficult to put over, but I'm going to try. I've recorded with almost every other singer in the business, and I never get the feeling I have when I sing with Bing. It's a strange sort of a communion. With other singers, you wonder how they're going to phrase the next line, and their faces for some communication that will let you know. With Bing, I stand across from him, in front of the mike, and I don't even have to look at the music. Bing's a director. He'll handle the next line of the lyrics and I sail right in with him. I don't know how I know. I just know.

"Rosie works the same way I do," he told somebody once, "as if there wasn't enough to put me into a size-26 hat, he has told others that he likes the way I sing. He's never told me so to my face—Bing doesn't do that sort of thing. In fact, the compliment via others has meant more to me. It's made working with him pure pleasure, and fun. Once we were to sing a duet, and he offered a choice of two songs, and he "threw" me during rehearsals with the lines, "You can laugh like a goon by yourself. You can be a Rosie Cloon by yourself."

Luckily, I married a clever fellow, so Joe supplied me with the lines to follow: "Be like Bing, learn to sing and to groan. There are lots of things that you can do alone."

When I came out with that, Bing hit me over the head with the script. "White Christmas" was a wonderful picture to make, in company with people like Bing and Vera-Ellen, Ray Kays and director Mike Curtiz, who called Bing "Binkie" and made the set merry with his Curtiz-isms. (Such as the day he walked around and "roasted" me, implying I was careless. "Binkie," he said, "before this scene you should have a haircut. It's struggling in the back.") We had a lot of fun jokes on the set and off. My kid sister Betty visited me while we were making the picture, and Bing took us to a football game. The local Rams were playing the Detroit Lions and, inasmuch as Betty lives in Detroit, her sentiments were in direct opposition to ours. She screamed her head off and Bing teased her, and for a moment I had the crushing brainstorm that this boy was going to be our and we'd have Bing in the family. But the nearest we ever got to that was Betty's heart-to-heart talk with Bing about the horses she's been called Kentucky. After their conversation left the stable, I nodded brightly at Bing.

"Nice girl, huh?" I said.

"Nice girl," he said, and grinned. "Too young."

"It was a thought," I said lamely. Bing's fun is wonderful, but his serious side is even better. Take what he did for Vera-Ellen. Vera-Ellen and director Jean Negulesco were making "White Christmas" at a time when the lot was jammed with contract players as well as visiting stars. The only available dressing room was big enough to turn around in. Bing noticed this and phoned the producer. He wanted to know why Vera had been squeezed into the smallest dressing room.

"It's the only one we have," the producer said. "It's too bad, but we're awfully crowded right now."

"Okay," said Mr. Crosby. "The least we can do is re-cast it for her."

Nobody said anything about the pitch from Bing, but within a few days Vera had a newly papered and painted room, brightened up in a whole new way—but not even Vera knew what caused it, and for all I know she may learn it for the first time when she reads it here. Bing's like that. He's unaware of what goes on around him, but in reality there isn't a happy or unhappy wave that goes through a room without his being conscious of it. Shortly before Joe and I were married, I appeared as a guest on Bing's radio show and, although there had been no announcement of the forthcoming wedding, it was a foregone conclusion among friends that someday I would become Mrs. Ferrer. One of the writers on the show had made some reference to this in a gag—something about tin cans on a string. After they'd once been introduced to Bing, he never forgot their names, and you could see the kids faces light up with pleasure when he addressed them by name.

He has working kids, which is evident when you meet his own. Lindsay's the only one I know so far, but if he is any example of the other three, Bing is the best father a boy could have. Linny was about fourteen, I guess, when I first met him on one of Bing's radio shows, and later, when the show was taped at Pebble Beach while the Bing was there for the golf tournament, the whole gang stayed up there.

It was then I got to know Bing, and how kids stole his thunder. He's polite but not inhibited. He's fun to be with, like his dad, and has the same mannerisms, the same sharp wit, the same way of making the furthest distance on the blue. You don't see Bing laddying out any discipline but you can tell it's there, for Linny adores his father.

I don't suppose it's easy to be Bing Crosby. Wherever he goes, he's the center of attention, and yet I've never seen him taut. I've never seen him moody, never seen him lose his temper, never see any sign of strain. I've never heard say an unkink thing about anybody. He seems to float along without effort despite the sensation.

I'd say that Bing Crosby is a happy man, simply because he is kind and good to other people. All he asks is privacy, and you can't blame him in whose confidence. I like to think I'm one of those friends, although I seem to insist on "goofing" in minor matters. I know, for instance, at Bing's house in Pebble Beach, if I should come off on a soprano and—having been doubled into hysterics a few times by listening to this bit—I suggested one day that he do it for a writer who was talking to us. Bing begged off, and I think I remember the way was turned, because I'd named myself because I'd let him down.

Another time, I showed him a letter which embarrassed him pink. But I couldn't help it. The letter was from my father, written not long after he had visited Hollywood. While he was there, Pop had met Bing and, because Mr. Crosby isn't one to talk, some conversation centered around Pop and what he was doing. I didn't realize what an impression Bing had made until I got the letter. He wrote: "I heard Bing sing. And then when I met him, I felt wonderful again. He's quite a guy."

I don't have the sense I was born with, of course, and I was so struck that I showed it to Bing. It might have embarrassed him, but at least that was one time I forgot he is my idol and remembered instead that he is my friend. Because when anybody likes my friend, I want my friend to know it.
New Designs for Living

7242—She's a doll—she's a "Jama Bag! Teach youngsters the neatness habit. They can stuff their P. J's into the slit in back. Embroidery transfer, directions. 25¢

7282—Add luxury to your living room with this chair set in spider-web with pineapple design. Chairback 11" x 17", arm rest 5" x 11", in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

666—Just two main pattern parts to cut out, stitch up. Use quilted scraps—bind with colorful cotton, velvet, wool. Pattern pieces for Sizes Small, Medium, Large. Extra-Large included. 25¢

746—Inspired by authentic old-time cars. Embroider them in outline and quick cross-stitch. Frame a set for your living room, or use them on "conversation" towels. Six transfers, about 5" x 6½". 25¢

7140—Dress up your home with this doily in pineapple design and spider-web stitch combined in a graceful arrangement. Doily 16" x 21", in No. 30 cotton; 24" x 32", in heavy cotton. 25¢

689—Baskets of color—daisies, roses and petunias in combination of green, pink, blue—to iron on linens. No embroidery, washable. Transfer for six motifs; four 6" x 3½", two 8" x 4½". 25¢

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New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
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4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.

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Cover portrait of Betty White courtesy of NBC

buy your March copy early • on sale February 8
When other girls of her age were out with their boy friends of a Saturday night, Marilyn sat home with Rover. Good, old faithful Rover... he didn’t mind the trouble* that put Marilyn in wrong wherever she went.

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Listerine clinically proved
4 times better than tooth paste
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Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath
4 times better than any tooth paste

Look for Listerine Antiseptic in the "FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST TIME" display at your favorite store.
Life for Ed Kallay,
WAVE's all-around performer,
is, in a nutshell . . .

HECTIC BUT HAPPY

News, panel shows, play-by-play sports, children's shows, music shows—you name 'em, Ed Kallay does 'em, on both WAVE Radio and WAVE-TV, in Louisville, Kentucky. As a young boy growing up in Cleveland, Ohio, Ed hadn't the faintest notion that he'd someday be one of the busiest announcers in the business. After high school, he attended business school, did some little-theater work and spent one summer playing stock. Then the Army got hold of him and eventually sent him with the 2nd Armored Division to Africa, England and Europe. After the war, Ed decided to go into radio because, as he explains it, "My mother-in-law said she thought I had a nice voice and why didn't I try radio." Which is precisely what Ed did at Station WINN in Louisville for two and a half years, before coming to WAVE in 1948.

Of all the shows happy-go-lucky Ed does, he prefers his play-by-play broadcasts and his six-days-a-week children's show, Funny Flickers, on WAVE-TV at noon. The highlight of Ed's sportscasting career came last year when he announced the televising of the Kentucky-Tennessee football game—the first televised from the University of Kentucky. As for his role as Uncle Ed on Funny Flickers, genial Ed says the show is "built around old-time slapstick comedy films. Between films, which I narrate, Sylvester (the talking duck) flies around and we shoot the breeze about things in general." Ed's mail is very flattering and he is particularly pleased when parents write him that their youngsters do what he suggests. Particularly surprising to Ed is that many grownups watch Funny Flickers . . . "even the soldiers at Fort Knox."

Ed has received his share of awards for his outstanding youth leadership and for helping to teach good sportsmanship to young people. As for spare-time interests, Ed says, "My hobby is my job . . . trying new ways to do things—and finding time to prepare my shows!" All of which is very good reason why Ed and his wide and varied audience make such a happy, contented "couple."

Uncle Ed and Sylvester Duck tell junior viewers to mind their folks. Below, versatile Mr. Kallay covers an exciting sports event in Louisville.

The happy, hearty Kallay family: Ed and his wife Jane with (left to right) Paul, 6; Kaelin, 2; Mike, 8; and Tom, 7.
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DAVID WAYNE’S television series, Norby, finally made its debut January 5 on NBC-TV. It’s a half-hour situation-comedy, which has been filmed in the East, and the advance reports on it are excellent. Pat Marshall, the new singing lass on Steve Allen’s Tonight show, has a featured acting role in Norby. As soon as Wayne completed his TV chores, the busy actor hastened to return to Broadway to resume his star status in the hit show, “Teahouse of the August Moon.”

January 17 is the starting date for another new half-hour show, TV Reader’s Digest, to be seen Monday nights over ABC-TV. The show will consist of dramatizations and condensations of leading articles and stories in “Reader’s Digest.”

If you’ve been following CBS-TV’s fine educational show, The Search, be sure to see the January 16 program, which will be presented by the English Language Institute of the University of Michigan. On January 30, The Search will tell the camera story of a paraplegic Korean War veteran. This show will originate from the Institute for Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at New York University.

For the first time, NBC-TV has opened up its network early Saturday mornings with a full two-hour entertainment schedule for children. The program will be broken up into half-hour segments. One feature will be Happy Felton’s Spotlight Gang, with a variety format including contests for youngsters in the studio as well as for those at home. Comedy and songs with Paul Winchell and his wooden sidekick, Jerry Mahoney, will follow. Milton De Lugg will handle the music on this portion, along with fourteen-year-old Beverly Wright as the songstress. Also to be seen are the Funny Boners, with Jimmy Weldon, the young ventriloquist, assisted by his “dummy,” Webster Webfoot. NBC-TV plans to add other features to this Saturday morning small-fry session from time to time.

The Best Of Broadway show, on CBS-TV, has arranged for Jackie Gleason to star in the February 2 production. The play they’ve picked should be right up Gleason’s alley. It’s “The Show-Off” and will be done live, and in color, as well as black and white.

Oops! There’s another panel show in our midst, and ABC-TV has it. It’s called What’s Going On? and it was thought up by those clever panel-quiz boys, Mark Goodson and Bill Todman. Lee Bowman emcees the Sunday-night half-hour proceedings, and the six panelist-players are Kitty Carlisle, Hy Gardner, Gene Raymond, Audrey Meadows, Cliff Norton and Susan Oakland. During the show, the panel is separated into two groups, the “ins” and the “outs.” The “ins,” in the studio, will try to guess what the “outs,” outside the studio, are doing. The program involves two remote camera pickups and a filmed episode.

Horace Heidt is back on television and NBC has him every Saturday night, with a brand-new half-hour show. In addition to the Heidt musical aggregation, Horace will present current entertainment headliners and hopeful stars of the future. The Heidt show takes over the time formerly occupied by Ethel And Albert, who were cancelled, unfortunately, because of a sponsor bow-
COAST TO COAST

Robin Morgan lends a hand to the School Savings Program—and pins a Savings Stamp corsage on Treasury Secretary George Humphreys.

Jack Webb steps out of his Sgt. Friday role to take romantic interest in lovely Dorothy Towne.

out. However, NBC-TV is trying to find a new time for this popular program.

It’s anniversary time for Martin Block—his twentieth year as “Dean of Disc Jockeys” and his first year with ABC Radio. In celebration of the event, the network is planning a big four-and-a-half-hour show on February 3 with many of the biggest recording and musical stars on hand to fete Martin. Congratulations from us, too, Mr. B.

NBC-TV has lined up a solid two hours of dramatized serials which they have titled Daydrama, and which will be seen throughout the country, Monday through Friday afternoons. Greatest Gift leads off, then Golden Windows, One Man’s Family, Concerning Miss Marlowe, Hawkins Falls, First Love, The World Of Mr. Sweeney, and ending with Modern Romances.

Lots of to-do over Ruthie “Max” Gilbert leaving her role as Milton Berle’s devoted, love-sick secretary. Ruthie claims the Berle people knew she was expecting a baby when the show started this past season, and if they didn’t want to give her time off to welcome the stork they should have told her so many weeks ago. The Berle faction says they simply couldn’t use her in “her condition,” and even though her contract with the program runs till June of this year, they have given her no assurance that she can come back to “Miltie” after the birth of her baby.

On a happier note, Marion Lorne, who plays Mrs. Gurney on the popular Mr. Peepers show, will be absent for another month or so, but with the blessings of the producers. Marion is in Hollywood playing a part in Rosalind Russell’s new movie, “The Girl Rush.” Mrs. Gurney has simply been “written out” of the weekly proceedings until her picture chores are finished, at which time she will be back with Peepers and Company.

This ‘n’ That:

Petite songstress Teresa Brewer and her husband, Bill Monahan, welcomed a new baby to their family—a third daughter. They named her Megan Colleen, and she weighed in at seven pounds, five ounces.

Actress Joan Alexander will take time off from The Name’s The Same some time in February, when her baby is due. Joan and her spouse, Arthur Stanton, are hoping for a boy.

And Peter Lawford and his recent bride, Pat Kennedy, are rumored to be expecting their first visit from Sir Stork.

A few months ago Tennessee Ernie decided to use his last name—Ford—in all his professional billings. Everyone thought it was a good idea, but now Ernie is not so sure. He almost landed a sponsor for his radio show, but he didn’t get it because of the Ford name. The sponsor? Chevrolet.

Sad about the passing of radio and television actress Joy Hathaway, who died suddenly from pneumonia a few hours after her three-week-old daughter died of the same illness. At one time, Joy played the lead in the popular radio serial, Amanda Of Honeymoon Hill, and was often heard on such shows as Young Widder Brown, Mrs. Behind The Badge and Stella Dallas. She is survived by her husband, Charles (Continued on page 20)
WGAR's audiences at home and on the road hail genial Tom Armstrong as their favorite

**Man of the Morning**

Tom Armstrong speaks softly, carries a big smile, and does things by threes. He's been named the Number One studio announcer in three Cleveland Press polls, and the very good reasons for this popularity are made out in triplicate. A ten-year veteran at Station WGAR, Tom is northern Ohio's favorite all-morning man. For the audience-in-motion or at-home, Tom is mike-side from 6 to 9:30 A.M. with a listener-service program of popular music, time signals, weather reports and road-condition information, with assists from the other members of the show's trio—news by Jim Martin and comments by engineer Al Keiselbach... At 9:30, Tom airs his second program, teaming up with Women's Director Ruth Allen for Ladies' Day. Then, as WGAR's automotive authority, he presents Calling All Cars, heard Tuesday and Thursday at 5:40 P.M. and Saturday at 5:10 P.M. The Cleveland Automobile Dealers Association has cited Tom for his contributions to highway safety... But Tom's favorite threesome are his lively offspring: Bill, 14 and a candidate for the Shaker Heights Junior High football team; Debbie, 6; and three-year-old Tom III. Completing the Armstrong household is Tom's lovely wife Katie. An avid sports enthusiast, Tom shoots his way around the fairways in the 70's, maintains a 185 average on the bowling alleys, is a good swimmer and was Michigan University billiards champion... While still at school, Tom worked as chief announcer at Michigan University of the Air and on Station WJR's Hermit's Cave. He followed this up with a mike stint in Hollywood, a tour of duty with the U. S. Army, and more radio work in Youngstown. His enthusiastic following in Cleveland has, in the past, been won when he appeared on such WGAR programs as Norm Knuth And His Starliters and The Range Rider. While conducting Polka Party, Tom collected 13 tons of Christmas cards for cerebral palsy victims during a five-day campaign. The response was overwhelming—as well as the only one possible—to the easygoing, warm-hearted personality of Tom Armstrong, Cleveland's man of the morning.
Molds you
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with kitten-soft fabric inside

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Slimming because there’s latex outside ... comfortable because there’s fabric inside!

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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—Darotol—is found only in "ENNDS" tablets.

Darotol 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 "ENNDS", 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 "ENNDS". Ask for "ENNDS" at drug counters everywhere. Trial size only 49 cents. Larger sizes even more economical. Also available in Canada.

For free booklet, "What You Should Know About a Woman’s Problem of Odor Offense" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS", Dept. TS-B, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

New Patterns for You

4735—Daughter will look like a princess in this sew easy dress and capelet. Girls' Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10 dress takes 2 ½ yards of 35-inch fabric, ¾ yard contrast. Cape, 2 yards of 54-inch fabric, 35¢

4759—So smart, so comfortable. Note the dashing cut of the collar, bloused back, front-pleat skirt. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 takes 4 ½ yards of 39-inch fabric, 35¢


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Oh, lady, you need SUAVE! No other hairdressing turns dry hair shimmery-soft so quickly... or gives it such healthy-looking glow—thanks to SUAVE's amazing new greaseless lanolin.

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SUAVE hairdressing makes hair comb instantly into just the arrangement you want. Leaves hair so silky, so free of oily film—for SUAVE is truly greaseless. Nothing works like Helene Curtis SUAVE!

Won't stay in place?
No other hairdressing keeps hair in place so softly and naturally. No stickiness, no oiliness... no "hard" look. No wispy ends, floppy curls. With Helene Curtis SUAVE, hair obeys new soft way.

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A kiss of SUAVE, and right away you have glowing, lovely hair. It's sparkly as it ought to be—and all without oily look or feel. Your hair has highlights to be proud of!

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SUAVE conditions sorry-looking hair new non-greasy way, protects against hair woes. Gives hair satiny softness... helps hair take a better wave.

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SUAVE
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER
NEW—WITH AMAZING GREASELESS LANOLIN

Solves hair problems instantly!
New, Improved SUAVE brings you a revolutionary Helene Curtis discovery—greaseless lanolin! Now—in SUAVE—get the famous benefits of lanolin without oily look and feel!
Let New, Improved SUAVE solve your hair problem... today! 59¢ and $1 plus tax!
Hello, once more. If you're all settled down after the holidays, we can get on with the first calendar business of 1955—such as getting some good single releases and many new albums this month, so let's be off.

I'll start with Bing Crosby, always a good man to head any platter list. Bing has recorded two pretty ballads with the Alfred Newman orchestra and the Judd Conlon Choir—"The Song from Desire," from the Marlon Brando movie, "Desire," and "Who Gave You Roses?" This is one of the Groaner's best in a long time.

(Decca)

Ella Mae Morse, who has a way with a beat tune, does a bouncy vocal duo, "Bring Back My Baby to Me" and "Lovely, Dovey," with solid backing by "Big Dave" and his orchestra. Missy Morse has been hankering for a hit, and this could be the one. (Capitol)

RCA Victor is honoring Eddy Arnold this month with a big celebration of his ten years with the label. They've done up a fine album called "An American Institution," highlighting the top hillbilly tunes of the last decade. Eddy, with his own guitar accompaniment, does them all, of course, including such well-remembered hits as "You Can't Be True, Dear," "Tennessee Waltz," "I Don't Hurt Any More," and "Cold, Cold Heart."

Eddy has also done a kiddie thing called "The Horse with the Striped Pajamas" sharing the lyrics with his eight-year-old daughter, Jo Ann. This is Jo Ann's first professional effort, but it shouldn't be her last—she shows real vocal promise. (VICTOR)

And, while we're on the subject, Columbia is releasing an album for children, sung by Mary Stuart, who stars as Joanne Burron in the business, I mean. Search For Tomorrow. It's called "Joanne Sings to Patti" (Mary's daughter in the show), and features eight new songs adapted from old folk songs. It's a sure bet growns will enjoy the album just as much as the youngsters.

For a while time Cole Porter writes a new musical comedy, all the singers and musical artists knock each other down to be the first to record the tunes from the score. Porter's Broadway show, "Silk Stockings," has some wonderful songs, and you can just about have your pick of vocalists. On the Coral label there's Eileen Barton doing "Without Love," Buddy Greco doing "Paris the whole score as "All of You" with Mel Torme rendition.

... Decca assigned four numbers from the Porter score to Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and Tony Gray recorded "Without Love," and Jack Pleis' orchestra, with a mixed vocal chorus, did a lush treatment of "Paris Loves Lovers." Over at Victor, Tony Martin waxed an enticing version of "All of You," with Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra, and Victor's Number One Boy, Perry Como, does the title song of the show, a ballad, "Silk Stockings," with Mitchell Ayres and orchestra and Ray Charles Singers. On the backing Ol' Per sings a rhythm tune, "Home for the Holidays." Yes, I know Christmas is over, but this one is good for all year round.

Fred Norman and his orchestra have recorded a couple of pretty sides for M-G-M. The first is "Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday-Friday," a cute love song vocalized by The Normenaires. The second, a ballad, has Malcolm Williams on the lyrics to "My Love for Dorothy." Incidentally, the latter tune was written by Laurence Mathematics, as a musical fan letter to Dorothy Dandridge.

Also on the M-G-M label we find two excellent instrumentalists by Tony Mottola and his orchestra, both sparked by Tony's good guitar work. "The Eleventh Hour" is a moody, romantic theme you'll recognize, possibly, from hearing it just before the late movie on many TV stations. The coupling, a novelty, written by Tony, called "Toy Guitar."

Truman Capote, the literary fellow, has come up with a Broadway musical show called "The House of Flowers," and Columbia has recorded the score by the original cast, headed by Pearl Bailey, Juanita Hall and Diahann Carroll. Harold Arlen wrote the music, lyrics are by Capote and the orchestra is conducted by Jerry Arlen.

Don Cornel should have been able to buy his wife a mighty nice Christmas present with his royalties from his 1954 smash, "Hold My Hand." He's starting 1955 with a new release that could very well tip it: "No Man Is an Island," a ballad with a terrific lyric, and Don really sings it out. On the reverse he does another ballad, "All at Once." (Coral)

Also in the crooner department we find Frank Sinatra, front and center with "You, My Love," and a new treatment of the old Gershwin lovely, "Someone to Watch Over Me," with Nelson Riddle's orchestra. The Sinatra baritone sounds great. (Capitol)

The new movie stars in their big special album, "Deep in My Heart," which is taken right from the soundtrack of the Metro musical movie of the same name and is the biography of one of America's greatest composers, the late Sigmund Romberg. There are fifteen selections in all, including such classics as "Lover, Come Back to Me," "Deep in My Heart," "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," and what a vocal cast: Helen Traubel, Gene Kelly, Tony Martin, Howard Keel, Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Rosemary Clooney, Jose Ferrer, and William Vause, Adolph Deutsch conducts the M-G-M Studio orchestra and chorus.

Capitol Records is trying a new gimmick in the album department, having their people record tunes which have recently been hits for other artists on other labels. They're starting with two, the first being Nat King Cole singing in his style "If I Give My Heart to You," "Hold My Hand," "Fapa Loves Mambo," and "Teach Me Tonight." The second set has Les Paul and Mary Ford giving their interpretation to "Mr. Sandman," "That's What I Like," "I Need You Now," and "The Things I Didn't Do."

Eddy Gorme and Steve Lawrence, two of the talented youngsters from my Tonight television show, have made their first record together, a duet called "Make Yourself Comfortable," which the kids do up in dreamy style. On the backing Eddy solos on "I've Got a Crush," one of the tunes from the new musical version of "Peter Pan." Dick Jacobs' orchestra and chorus provide good backing. (Coral)

Decca must be out to sign up all the big stars and a couple of recording contracts. First they nabbed Jeff Chandler and Tony Curtis, now they've got Kirk Douglas—who, by the way, makes a good impression on his first wax effort. Kirk comes through with "A Whale of a Tale," the tune he sings in his movie, "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," and "The Moon Grew Brighter and Brighter," from the picture, "Man Without a Star," where he helped out by The Mellow Men vocal group.

And, for a final note, RCA Victor is bringing out a brand-new Henri Rene album, "Pillows in Vain," and a most unusual one it is. Maestro Rene has taken twelve famous paintings as his inspiration and written original mood music to fit each one. The recordings are all instrumental, and are given the lush treatment by Henri and his orchestra. Included are such famous works of art as Leonardo da Vinci's "The Mona Lisa," and Toulouse Lautrec's "At the Moulin Rouge."

Well, art lovers—I mean music lovers, or both, if you will—I must be going. Happy record-listening, and I'll meet you back here next month.
SCRAMBLE FANS! CROSSWORD PUZZLERS!
Here are 400 chances to win

$2000

SEND $2 DONATION
With Puzzle Answer
and Qualify to Win
$3000

GRAND AWARD

ENTER NOW!
HERE'S HOW!
To solve this easy puzzle, fill in all the blank white squares on the puzzle chart with individual letters to spell 30 different interlocking words. Use only words selected from the 50-word Master List. Spell from top to bottom (left for horizontal words). The 18 Key Letters spotted on the chart must remain in the positions shown. No word to be used more than once. Selecting the letter horizontal word section at the top left corner, select a 4-letter word with "A" as fourth letter. Next, choose a 4-letter vertical word that begins with the last letter of your top-left word. To help you get a good start, it's easy to see that "ALADDIN" is the 6-letter word to use in this position. Proceed in the same manner until all the blank letter squares are filled.

Each letter used is given a definite point value (see letter chart), and all interlocking letters are allowed triple (3 stars) value. It is not necessary to show separate values in each letter square. Note—Triple-value letter spaces have all been circled. To compute each of the subtotals in the longudder-like columns at the right, add together the letter values in each horizontal path or row. (Study example chart to see how these totals are obtained.) The GRAND TOTAL is the total of the horizontal line totals. MUST be added together and shown at the bottom in the space marked "GRAND TOTAL." In other words, the GRAND TOTAL is simply the total value, added together, of all the letters used in the entire puzzle, forgetting the triple values where such occur. The object of the puzzle, when ALL the blanks have been filled, is to obtain the highest possible Grand Total when these horizontal subtotals have been added together. Pen, pencil or typewriter may be used. Residents of the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico are eligible to enter this contest.

TIEBREAKER MAILED IMMEDIATELY
Each and every person who submits a solution with a score within 2 points of the Correct High Grand Total, accompanied by a donation of $2 for the Hospital Fund, will be eligible to proceed at once to the Main Event Tiebreaker without a further donation. The Tiebreaker will be the same style as this Initial Puzzle, but will be larger and will require more words. To break the ties, consecutive puzzles—nor to exceed two more—will be employed.

The same day your puzzle solution is received, we will send back by first class mail your Main Event Tiebreaker, accompanied by complete rules and instructions.

In this same letter, you will also receive a full explanation as to the Special Options available whereby you have the opportunity to increase your total to the maximum Grand Total of $10,000. Remember no additional donation beyond your initial $2 will be necessary at any time to participate right to the end of the contest.

Start working the Puzzle now. When completed send your solution with $2 donation to the Northwest Memorial Hospital Association, Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Washington. In a few weeks you may have the thrill of winning a big CASH AWARD up to $10,000.

G. F. GEMEROY HAS GIVEN $276,000 TO PUZZLE HOBBYISTS IN PAST 6 YEARS!

A FORTUNE FOR SOMEONE!
We're giving away $40,000.00, and soon! Besides the Grand Award of $10,000.00, there will be 399 other cash awards. 2nd Prize is $6,000.00, 3rd Prize is $5,000.00, 4th Prize is $2,500.00, 5th Prize is $2,000.00. If you have never "hit the jackpot," here's a puzzle made for you. It's exciting; it's thrilling; and the rules are crystal-clear. ACT NOW, for here's your opportunity to win a grand fortune which can be as much as $10,000.

HELP BUILD THIS URGENTLY NEEDED HOSPITAL IN SEATTLE
In our previous Hospital contests, thousands of generous persons contributed over $520,000.00, and $50,000.00 in cash awards was paid back to 400 lucky winners. The Hospital now owns a 35-acre site, and has in it present in the bank sufficient cash to justify immediate plans for the building of the first 200-bed unit of the Hospital. Our Trustees are now faced with the gigantic task of raising an additional $6 million dollars in the next few months.

The Northwest Memorial Hospital invites the support of our friends and well-wishers everywhere. Your donation will provide you with the satisfaction of having supported this Hospital which is so urgently needed by the people of Seattle, with the added opportunity to win a small fortune which can be as much as $10,000.

A BRAND-NEW FUN PUZZLE CONTEST
No dictionaries or reference books needed. Everything is right here. You know exactly what words to use and how to spell them. There is no worry or uncertainty about it. MAKE YOUR SPELL IN THE THRILLING "BATTLE OF WITS" WITH PUZZLERS EVERYWHERE!
DAYTIME DIARY

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

AUNT JENNY On the surface Littleton is a small, quiet town, where very little happens. But for Aunt Jenny the town is seething with human activities, problems, and emotions, and it is on this knowledge that she draws for her stories about the lives of her neighbors... stories that happen to have taken place in Littleton, but might be just as true to life in any part of the world where people try to live in happiness. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE The wife of a successful Broadway actor learns not to take her happiness for granted, and Mary Noble was not unused to the lengths to which predatory women would go to win the attention of her handsome husband, Larry. But never before has she encountered a plot as relentless as that organized by Elise Sheppard. Driven for help to an unexpected source. Mary finds herself involved in a strange dilemma. NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Bert Ralston believes his smooth exterior and open-handedness in good causes are making real headway for him into New Hope's inner councils, and in some circles he has been received with open arms. But Reverend Dennis, using both his instincts and his sharp eyes and ears, has quietly built up another picture of Bert Ralston—a picture so grim that he cannot act upon it without absolute proof. Can he get it? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Actress Maggie Marlowe thought the happiest day of her life had come when she was reunited with the daughter she lost fourteen years ago. But Kit isn’t the daughter Maggie hoped for—at least not on the surface. Defiant, vindictive, strangely whimsical... will Kit respond to Maggie’s devotion? Or will the day come when Maggie bitterly regrets that her long search was successful? NBC-TV.

FIRST LOVE Laurie married Zach with her eyes open to the fact that it wouldn’t be easy. His hard independence, formed during years of lonely childhood, freezes overtures from those who have no way of knowing how good a friend he can be. Laurie’s love and loyalty have guided her so far, but what will happen if Zach, hurt by misunderstanding, turns from her to someone else who is receptive? NBC-TV.

GOLDEN WINDOWS New York is unsettling enough for a girl like Julie, who has known only a small lonely island off the coast of Maine. But to be told that she has come there on a wild goose chase might be enough to send her back home in a hurry—if she were any girl but Julie. Trusting her own instinct, she will not believe Tom Anderson is less in love with her than she is with him. Would she be wiser to go home again? NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT No stranger to small town gossip, Dr. Eve Allen knows what she faces in defying one of the most powerful men in town. But it is more important to her not to be frightened or coerced into a lie. Power is important to a lot of people around Eve, but she learns as she continues to defy it that there are many others who, like herself, refuse to be cowed by it. Will they be the ones who win? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Jim Kelly and Kathy Grant started dating each other on a “just-friends” basis, and Kathy finds she cannot go along when Jim wants to change the relationship. Her ex-husband, Dr. Dick Grant, is also disturbed about his future, for Dr. Thompson’s systematic campaign to demoralize him is so effective that Dick really begins to doubt himself. By the time he realizes that he must fight back, Thompson has done his work. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS In Hawkins Falls, people live so close together that even if they want to they cannot avoid knowing a lot about another’s affairs. Knowing, however, isn’t necessarily the same as interfering, and Lona and Floyd Corey have occasion to wonder just when it’s wise to step over the line. Are there times when even the most helpful of neighbors is wrong to stretch out a managing hand? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE In trying to help the young child of Carl Burnett’s broken marriage, Julie knows she cannot avoid antagonizing one or both of his parents. But (Continued on page 22)
9500 Skin Tests Prove

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest!
Better for Complexion Care!

Better than any leading toilet soap...
Floating soap... Even Cold Cream

Palmolive's gentle complexion care
cleans thoroughly without irritation!

There's nothing women envy more... or men admire so much...
as that lovely "schoolgirl complexion look." And you too can
have a younger looking, far lovelier complexion just by changing to
proper care with gentle Palmolive. It does so much to help you
have a cleaner, fresher skin—leaves it so wonderfully soft!

Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irrita-
tion, more gentle cleansing. Milder Palmolive brings you these
benefits—so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. You'll
find no other leading soap gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as
Palmolive Soap. Yes, Palmolive is mildest of them all!

Skin Specialists Say: "Milder Cleansing is Better for Your Complexion!"

Palmolive is Proved
Milder than any other leading
Beauty Soap or Castile Soap!

Palmolive is Proved
Milder than leading white
Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!

Palmolive is Proved
Even milder than America's leading
Cold Creams!

Palmolive Soap Helps You Guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look!
June, a star herself now, started the first Como fan club.

Howard is proud of the show's two orchestras—one strings, the other rhythm—both conducted by Joseph Gallicchio.

June Valli and Howard Miller are having the time of their lives as partners in love and work

Preparing a new TV show is a frenzied business. But back in December, 1953, when Close Up was preparing to make its debut as Station WNBQ's daily 5:30 offering, the ordinary chaos was compounded. The show's hazel-eyed, five-foot singing star was distracted. Instead of singing to the cameras, June Valli directed her love songs to wherever emcee Howard Miller happened to be standing. June and Howard—Chicago's acknowledged number one disc jockey—had been secretly engaged for a year, and now June had left family, friends and a radio-TV-recording career in New York to come to Chicago and co-star with Howard in career and in private life. Everything went off as electronically scheduled, including the Christmas Eve wedding in the candle-lit chapel at the Little Country Church. Windy City fans warmly welcomed the new TV twosome and the show's format: Songs by June and a guest male singer, words and hosting by Howard. Six weeks after its debut, Close Up won an award as the best local variety show, Howard was named Chicago's favorite emcee and, to balance the mantel in their eight-
June and Howard first met at a New York luncheon. Howard presented orchids and marriage-talk at dinner that same night.

room apartment, June was presented with a trophy as the best girl vocalist on Chicago TV.

Bronx-born June not only was engaged and wed on Christmas, she started her career on December 25 as well. This was in 1950 and June, whose father had been a street singer in his native Italy, was persuaded by the other guests to sing at a wedding. Among those in attendance was Abe Burrows' uncle, who was so impressed he arranged a TV talent-show audition. June gulped down her stage fright, sang "Stormy Weather," and won the contest. Musical Director Harry Salter heard June's radio debut, hired her for his show and took her under his professional wing. Next came night clubs, recording (her best seller so far is "Crying in the Chapel"), and such TV programs as Cavalcade Of Stars, Cavalcade Of Bands, Ezio Pinza Show, Songs For Sale, and, finally, a year's star billing on Your Hit Parade.

Howard was the youngest man on record to apply, but the F.C.C. granted him a license to build and operate his own station in Galesburg, Illinois. He discovered he preferred mike-side to executive-side of radio when he pinch-hit at a basketball game. Listeners demanded "more Miller" and were trying to persuade Howard to run for Congress when war broke out and he enlisted in the Navy. In 1945, he was again wearing well-tailored civvies in his home town of Chicago and again working behind-the-radio-scenes. But mike-fever plagued him and he soon quit to free-lance around the studios. His knack for knowing what type of music the people want, for spotting the gold among the gilt, for putting guests at their ease and making interviews sparkle—plus the basic Miller charm—soon made him a favorite and his schedule now averages 60 radio and TV shows weekly!

Today Howard, a graduate of Knox College and Kent Law School, joins June in relaxing among the modern decor of their Lake Shore Drive apartment or aboard their cabin cruiser, "Disc Jockey." Both share an avid interest in music and the theater, and June adds such hobbies as sewing and cooking Italian dishes. On or off camera, June Valli and Howard Miller are two in love, and Chicagoans continue to delight in the wonderful fare the happy-in-work-and-love Millers provide.
It's Elastic
and Nylon!

Introducing
Playtex Living Bra

Exclusive cross-cross sides self-adjust for Fabulous Fit!

Cross-cross elastic front dips low, dines divinely!
Elastic back sets lower and stays lower!

"Custom contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!

See it—you'll want it! Wear it—you'll love it! The Playtex Living Bra uses elastic and nylon in a new way, to g-i-v-e with your every motion... to b-i-v-e as you live. Exclusive criss-cross design lifts your loveliness, contours your curves, rounds and raises as no bra ever before. For the first time in bra history, you can enjoy upmost uplift in utmost comfort. You'll see the beautiful difference... feel the comfortable difference!

Look for Playtex Living Bra
in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming WHITE, wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A-40C—$3.95* U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

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New
BEAT THE CLOCK
Contest Winners

Announcing the lucky winners of Beat The Clock's exciting big contest for November...

1st Prize,
Sylvania Chairside Theater:

Mrs. Rosanne Ferrante
28 Lookover Lane
Yardley, Pennsylvania

Four runners-up, Sylvania radio clock:

Mrs. Duard Duncan
506 South Pearl Street
Salem, Illinois

Gerald E. Kooley
1401 East 54th Street
Tacoma 4, Washington

Mrs. Eva Henry
129 Outer Drive
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

Robert N. Brengle
2041/2 West Elm Street
Urbana, Illinois

Next month: Another five winners will be announced from Beat The Clock's December contest. Keep an eye on these pages—you may find your name printed here as a winner!

Beat The Clock, emceed by Bud Collyer, is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

Winners were chosen on the basis of accuracy in rearranging the pictures of three radio and TV stars, and originality of last line for a limerick. Stars in November's picture puzzle were: Gale Storm, Lucille Ball, and Eve Arden.
NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS,
OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

Billows of Fleecy Foam
Leave Hair Shimmering,
Obedient, “Lanolin-Lovely”

You’ll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has any shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy lanolin lather—lather that actually POLISHES hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No old-fashioned “lazy-lather” shampoo can shine your hair like this—til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

The radiance of your hair shampooed this new way will be instantly visible to everyone—but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. So after you’ve brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampooed hair, take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You’ll see how much more brilliance dances in your hair!

And this shampoo is so good for hair...for there’s twice the lanolin in it! It can’t dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, tempting, soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in your hair! All the vibrant, glowing tone...the natural softness. Treat your hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢ or $1. On sale everywhere!

Double Lanolin Is The Reason

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty
Instead of Drying It!

Lanolin Lotion was purposely formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness...double the lanolin polish and beauty for your hair. For even problem hair—hair that’s had its beauty oils dried away...washed away...bleached away...benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only feels twice as rich—it actually is twice as rich. Don’t confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called “lotion” or “lanolin” shampoo you’ve ever tried before.

*PROOF THAT NEW SHAMPOO OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS

OCEANS OF LATHER EVEN IN HARD WATER!

An amazing built-in water softener in this Lanolin Lotion Shampoo gives you piles of lather that rinses quick, leaves hair bright—even in the hardest water!
Who'd believe pimples almost ruined my career

says BARBARA BRESLIN,
successful New York model

"When I found out most of my friends were using Clearasil to solve their pimple problems, I decided to try it. Clearasil really saved the day for me!"

New Scientific Medication... Clearasil

'STARVES' PIMPLES

'SKIN-COLORED... hides pimples while it works

Doctors prove this new-type medication especially for pimples really works!

In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL. And when 3002 nurses tested CLEARASIL, 91 out of every 100 nurses reporting said they preferred it to any other pimple medication.

Amazing starving action, CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL's antiseptic action stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

Instant relief from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples while it helps dry them up. Greaseless, stainless. Pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America's largest-selling specific pimple medication... because CLEARASIL has helped so many young people and adults. CLEARASIL is GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' and nurses' tests or money back. Only 59¢. Economy size 98¢. At all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today.

Clearasil
The specific medication for pimples

WHAT'S NEW FROM
(Continued from page 7)

Jerry Mahoney and Paul Winchell adding gaiety to Saturday-morn TV.

Kenny, assistant radio and TV editor of the N. Y. Daily Mirror, and three sons.

Elena Meet Millie Verdugo and her writer husband, Charles Marion, have separated and are planning to divorce. However, close friends of the couple, unhappy about the breakup, are urging them to have a try at a reconciliation.

Conductor Archie Bleyer and "Chordette" Janet Ertel tied the knot a few weeks ago in Weehawken, New Jersey. It was a second marriage for both. Janet and Archie originally met on the Arthur Godfrey shows.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. L. S., Jacksonville, Fla., and many others who wrote about Carl Swenson: Yes, Carl did leave the cast of Our Gal Sunday, in order to take over the male lead on the television version of Portia Faces Life. Alastair Duncan is the new Lord Henry. . . Miss L. C., Squantum, Mass.: I don't know of any definite future television plans right now for Ted Mack and Fred Waring. . . Mr. D. P., Peoria, Ill.: The Fontane Sisters went off the Perry Como show simply because the producers decided to make a change and use the mixed voices of the Ray Charles Singers. The girls are doing fine, however, on personal appearances and recordings. . . H. W. E., Louisville, Ky.: Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker are not married, not even secretly, to the best of anyone's knowledge, so I can't give you a time, place or a date. . . Mrs. C. J. H., Freeville, N. Y. and all who wrote about Kate Smith: Kate has been off both radio and television for several months now, and at the moment is not scheduled to return. Whenever she does go back to work, we'll have news of it, you may be
COAST TO COAST

sure. . . . Mr. K. Y., Kansas City, Mo.: There was a big rumor in the radio world that Ed Murrow was going to leave CBS and move to NBC. But Ed himself has said he has no intention of leaving his network "unless the Air Force develops their rocket to the moon." . . . Mrs. S. F., Baltimore, Md.: Laraine Day was formerly married to singer Ray Hendricks, and they had two adopted children. . . . To all the ladies who have written asking about Arlene Francis' diamond heart which she always wears on her TV shows: It was given to her by her husband, actor Martin Gabel, on their first wedding anniversary, and she never takes it off. The tiny heart inside is a recent addition, also a gift from Gabel. Hearts are Arlene's lucky symbol, and she uses them for decorations whenever she can.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?
Jimmy Carroll, the Irish tenor who used to sing on various radio shows, and often subbed for Morton Downey and James Melton a few seasons back? Outside of a few TV guest shots now and then Jimmy hasn't done much radio work of late, preferring to perform in night clubs instead.

Dan Seymour, who was the announcer for so many years on the Aunt Jenny daytime radio show on CBS? Dan has retired from active broadcasting because his duties as vice-president of the Young and Rubicam advertising agency have kept him too busy. He previously gave up all his microphone jobs except Aunt Jenny—which show he had done since its start back in 1937.

Bill Hayes, who was a familiar face and voice on Your Show Of Shows for several seasons? Since leaving his regular berth on the show a year or so ago, Bill did a few things in TV, played a few clubs and starred in "Me and Juliet" on Broadway. About a month back, he started a new radio program on ABC, called Take Thirty, which originates in New York. On it Bill sings, has interviews, and does a bit of platter-spinning.

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 we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.
as the supervisor of an orphanage, a woman dedicated to helping children, Julie would have taken that risk even if she had known how far-reaching its results would be. Will her own marriage suffer through Mildred Burnett's desire for revenge? CBS Radio.

**JUST PLAIN BILL** Bill Davidson is uncertain about the growing friendship between his daughter Nancy and the young lawyer, Peter Dyke Hampton. The grounds for gratitude are deep, since Hampton saved Nancy from suffering for the murder of Thelma Nelson. But Nancy is beautiful and Peter is lonely — and Nancy's husband, Perry, is becoming very jealous. Can Bill honestly persuade him he has no cause for jealousy? Are Perry's instincts sound? NBC Radio.

**LORENZO JONES** Belle's long struggle to reestablish her marriage to Lorenzo faces new problems as the visitors to the Queen Charlotte Mines seem determined to separate them once and for all. What can Gail Maddox do to save her own chance to marry Lorenzo — the plan that was on the point of success when Belle appeared? Will Belle be able to counter Gail's scheme as quickly and determinedly as may be necessary? NBC Radio.

**LOVE OF LIFE** It is no secret to Vanessa Raven that her new husband's past holds a host of dark, sordid crimes. She firmly refuses to see it as a threat until her sister Meg makes Paul's mysterious reticence impossible to ignore. Can Paul's former wife really be such a poor judge of men or is she so clearly determined to do? Will she find that Vanessa has too much spirit and resourcefulness to allow herself to be made a helpless victim? CBS-TV.

**MA PERKINS** None of the younger folks trusted Billy Pierce's wife Laura, even back when Shuffle and Ma believed she was the most honest young woman she appeared to be. And even when Ma is forced to face the sordid facts about just why Laura really married Billy she cannot imagine his wife as she was. Who can? It's clear that Laura hopes to achieve her aim. The death of her own brother doesn't stop Laura. What will it take? CBS Radio.

**ONE MAN'S FAMILY** Claudia Barbour feels that she is entitled to some happiness after the fiasco of her marriage to Johnny Roberts. Happiness is the one thing Father Barbour wants for his children, but he has his own ideas about how they may achieve it. Fighting for independence, both Hazel and Claudia stop to wonder if they might not be better off without it. Would it be wiser to follow their father's dictates? NBC-TV.

**OUR GAL SUNDAY** The new threat to the marriage of Sunday and Lord Henry Brimthorpe is the most frightening one Sunday has ever faced, because she feels herself unable to defeat it without help. Not knowing how he can be helped, she turns for this help to the one person she should have shunned, and plunges into a situation that grows increasingly difficult to explain. Will Lord Henry ever believe the truth? CBS Radio.

**PELLER YOUNG'S FAMILY** Slowly and carefully, Pepper pieces together the events that led up to the death of Curt Bradley. But will he learn about Grant Wilson's lie in time to save Carter from the terrible reaction to what he believes to be his own guilt? Can he find proof that Bradley's death was the result of Carter's carelessness but of somebody else's very careful planning—planning that all along has guided events? NBC Radio.

**PERRY MASON** To the layman, one of the most frustrating legal tie-ups is the one Perry Mason faces as he must carefully collect legal proof before action can be taken against the man he knows perfectly well to be a multi-murderer. But Perry, as an experienced lawyer, knows that even the desperate situation is one he must be caught with a completely legal trap. His only concern, he says, will be enough to save Kate Beekman? CBS Radio.

**PORTIA FACES LIFE** Walter Manning's ego suffers when his paper nears bankruptcy and he is in no shape to stand up under the pressure. But Portia's own plan is in the works. Potential interest on regaining her happiness, quickly gives up her friend's case, but Walter's bitterness seems to be growing nevertheless. Can quick thinking and Portia's courage save Walter? Photo is of young man's mind, who will it ever be time for? CBS-TV.

**THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS** In an effort to help a friend, Carolyn becomes involved in a situation that at first she can not quite handle. Wealthy Sherry Wayne has all the glamor and status Portia and Carolyn, and although Carolyn assures her that she is impractical Sherry is determined to make some repayment for Carolyn's kindness. Will her impulse of gratitude do something very bad for Portia or intended — place Carolyn in NBC Radio.

**THE ROAD OF LIFE** If Sybil Overton had never met Dr. Jim Brent, some years ago, many lives might have been different. But they did meet, and Sybil is still seeking full revenge for Jim's rejection of her route. Would anything bring her back to him? What kind of tragedy will result before it reaches an end? CBS Radio and CBS-TV.

**THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** Faced with the necessity of forgetting the man she really loves, Helen Trent was very close to finding consolation with wealthy Brett Chapman. But the machinations of her clever young assistant put an end to that hope, and now Helen once again faces unhappiness as her love for Gil Whitney revives. Can Gil ever free himself from his unhappy marriage? What of Helen's son, John, and his return to Helen for comfort? CBS Radio.

**ROSEMARY** Monie has convinced Lonnie that he has a right to live his own life, but the knowledge that he is betraying his best friends accompanies the confused boy as he and Monica absorb with the Boys Club money. Rosemary and Bill Roby, stunned by the tragedy that follows Lonnie's disappearance, wonder if it was not the boy's conscience that caused the crash which may take his life? CBS Radio.

**SEARCH FOR TOMORROW** The sinister plot in which little Mr. Bigbee has so ingeniously trapped Joanne Barron begins to show a few holes as the moment of Jo's greatest danger comes close. Higbee's own cohorts weaken when they realize what Jo's trial for murder is doing to her little daughter. A number of people are working for Jo—but a lot of power has been marshalled against her as well. Can her life ever be the same after this crisis? CBS-TV.

**THE SECOND MRS. BURTON** Stan Burton has been married to Terry for years, and Marcia Burton seems at last to have achieved happiness in her marriage to Lew Archer, but their wealthy mother has never relinquished her belief that nothing will ever be right until their children are back under the roof of Burton Towers — with or without their families. What must happen before she realizes they are no longer children? CBS Radio.

**THE SECRET STORM** Fearful that Jane Edwards may vanish from his life, Peter Ames takes decisive action to force her to stay in spite of her conviction that she will bring trouble to him and his children. But as Peter's plans are determined, when young Jerry Ames does get into trouble, Peter knows he is on the verge of losing the only happiness he has known since the death of Helen. He has now only one chance — for Peter and Jane? CBS-TV.

**THE SEEKING HEART** The reaction from a tense scene with Lorna forces Dr. Robin McKay to face something she might otherwise have avoided — the knowledge that her admiration of her chief, Dr. Adams, falls very little short of love. Will Dr. Adams' wife Grace take advantage of what she suspects about Robin to force certain concessions from her husband? Will Robin's desire to help Lorna lead her into an indefensible position? CBS-TV.

**STELLA DALLAS** Stella watches, heartbroken, as her daughter Laurel unconsciously embraces Ada Dexters' insurance plan. Determined to make Laurel the wife of her son, Stanley Warrick, Ada maneuvers to break up Laurel's marriage to Dick Grosvenor. With the help of Dick's mother the plan is close to fulfillment, but Stella is still fighting to save her child from a tragic mistake. Will Stella win out over her enemies? NBC Radio.

**THIS IS NORA DRAKE** For some time after Nora's marriage to Fred Molina, Wyn Robinson was able to pose as their friend. But Nora never fully trusted the wealthy woman who was once in love with Fred, and as the Syndicate becomes an increasing threat to her happiness, she feels more and more that her son has a lot to do with the threats against Fred. What happens when Fred's former secretary comes up with terrifying news? CBS Radio.

**THERE STEPS TO HEAVEN** There are some women who never give up, and Jennifer Alden apparently is one of them. Though Bill Morgan made it plain enough that his heart belongs to his wife, Mary Clare, Jennifer comes back into his life with new plans and new support in the
person of Cliff Jenkins, who has his own reason for not wishing Bill well. Is it hatred or love that motivates Jennifer—and will she become her own victim? NBC-TV.

**A TIME TO LIVE** Several men have wanted to marry Kathy Byron, but none of them have successfully competed with the excitement of her reporting career—none until she and Chick Buchanan suddenly realized their perfect friendship had turned into love. Will Kathy remember that as Chick’s fiancée she must be more—and less—than a sharp girl reporter? If Chick owes a narrow escape to her alertness, will he be grateful—or resentful? NBC-TV.

**VALIANT LADY** When Helen Emerson first became a widow, Bill Fraser found himself wondering if the future held anything more than friendship for both of them. Now he knows he waited too long, for the entrance of pilot Chris Kennedy into Helen’s life changes things in more ways than one. How would Helen’s children feel if their mother showed signs of wanting a new life of her own? Is she ready for such a change? CBS Radio.

**WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS** The contribution that writer Mark Douglas might make to the world is obscured by the strange mental confusion which periodically besets him. His wife Wendy already knows that Mark resents and fears her efforts to help, but despite this she reaches out instinctively when he is heading for trouble. Will her love prompt her to do something that will strain the relationship between them beyond mending? CBS Radio.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** Although Harry Davis knows that nothing could make Joan stop loving him, he cannot help feeling something in their marriage will change if he remains crippled and dependent on Joan for so much help and support. Will he do something rash, perhaps permanently damaging, in his impatience to be well again? How will Joan weather the test of her new responsibilities and occupation? ABC Radio.

**THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE** Plans for Carolyn’s marriage seem to leave Jeff Carter completely unconcerned. Even to himself he confesses no special concern that this girl in whom he was most interested... but not to the point of marriage... will be lost to him. Only his mother wonders, more strongly as the days go by, if Jeff isn’t piling up unhappiness for the future by the solitary path he has chosen. Will he regret it? NBC Radio.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** When Dr. Jerry Malone fell in love with Tracey Adams his good friend Dr. Paul Brownie almost forfeited his friendship by ominous predictions about the future. Paul ate his words when Tracey agreed to marry Jerry and shared in the happiness felt by Jerry’s mother. But will the future justify his original doubts? How will the ambitious and ruthless Dr. Ted Mason affect both Jerry and the Dineen Clinic? CBS Radio.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** In her struggle to forget Anthony Loring, Ellen Brown turned to Michael Forsyth, and finally began to hope once again for the happiness that had eluded her. But with the postponement of her marriage to Michael and the mystery surrounding him, Ellen was plunged once again into sorrow. She does not suspect that her stubborn refusal to give up faith in Michael has become a challenge to her enemies. NBC Radio.

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NOW! to hold your hair softly in place...all day!

**a hair spray with NO LACQUER**

never, never stiffens your hair

If you like what a hair fixative does, but not the way it does it, here, at last, is a hair spray “made to order” for you.

There’s not a drop of lacquer in Helene Curtis Super Soft spray NET. It’s a miracle of almost-nothingness that holds your hair in place so softly you won’t know you’ve used a fixative. Yet your hair was never so perfectly behaved!

And during the day, you can freshen your hairdo with just a damp comb. No need to re-spray... Super Soft spray NET renews itself! It brushes out instantly, rinses out in plain water.

Try this soft answer to the problem of wandering waves, wispy curls. It never stiffens your hair, never dries it. And it really works!

**NEW**

Helene Curtis

SUPER SOFT spray net for all you women who’ve turned up your pretty noses at a hair spray

---

**no lacquer!**

Just a damp comb freshens your wave...even hours later. No need to re-spray!

---

**no lacquer!**

SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET "sets" pin curls in minutes. You’ll love the new fragrance!

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Regular SPRAY NET is wonderful, too...but for different reasons

If your hair is thick and hard to manage, or you wear elaborate hairdos, you’ll bless the more persuasive control of Regular SPRAY NET. The finest of its kind...favorite of millions!

*T. V. R.

Now there are two SPRAY NETS... Regular and Super Soft. Both wonderful... both with Spray-on Lanolin Lotion.
Junior fans jammed the WTVN-TV studio when ringmaster Spook Beckman held a Circus masquerade party.

Spook, who is everybody’s favorite clown, once offered himself as a “gentleman’s gentleman” in a Circus stunt.

**a SPOOK named Beckman**

Spook Beckman is unfair to organized ghosts, gremlins and other sundry spirits... he just won’t take his haunting seriously. Instead, he turns it into a three-ring, TV fun-for-all during which the laughter is anything but eerie. Spook, more formally known as the Clown Prince of Columbus, Ohio, is ringmaster of the Circus show, an audience-participation hour of prize-winning antics, zany stunts and party games that erupts every weekday afternoon at 2:30 over Station WTVN-TV.

Other acts along the Circus midway feature singer Carolyn Ellis, the program’s Gal Monday-through-Friday, music by Bill Palmer, songs by Mark Anthony Knolls, and more songs by Marilyn Daye. . . . Born in Illinois, Spook came by his name one evening while he was doing guard duty at Roosevelt Military Academy. His light-blond hair against the evening shadows produced a “spook”-like effect, Cadet Beckman’s buddies said, and the name has stuck. After graduation and service in the Marine Corps, Spook alighted in Sarasota, Florida, where he became one of the outstanding talents at Station WSPB—and walked 14 miles to and from work each day for a full year. Other adventures followed—including one in which Spook almost became mayor of a Canadian town—and then he turned up in Columbus. . . . Here, he has proved himself a clown with a sense of civic duty. Last year, he spent a week waiting on tables at the Floor Inn, then donated his total of $475 in tips to the Polio Foundation.

Spook Beckman Day for the Red Cross Blood Bank ended up as the biggest blood-donor day in Columbus. When the Franklin County Tuberculosis Hospital needed funds, Spook had his hospital’s officials appear on his show. . . . There are antics a-plenty with Spook Beckman and as much as 52,000 fan letters a week in praise of them and him. Once Spook auctioned himself off as a valet for people who have always wanted a “gentleman’s gentleman” but could never afford one. . . . Spook lives in a small efficiency apartment, claims his office is his inside coat pocket. One thing is sure: Gloom doesn’t have a ghost of a chance since Spook Beckman came to Columbus.
Kotex now comes in this soft grey package

Selected by thousands of women as first choice of many designs — this new Kotex* package reflects the quality you’ve learned to trust. For Kotex gives you the complete absorbency you need . . . the softness you’re sure of.

Kotex holds its shape, keeps its comfortable fit. Moreover, this is the only leading napkin with flat pressed ends to prevent revealing outlines. So look for the new Kotex package—soft grey, with a graceful K. symbol of highest quality.

MorE WOMEN CHOOSE KOTEx THAN ALL OTHER SANITARY NAPKINS
Caliph on TV

Dear Editor:

I'd like to know a little about Richard Kiley, one of my favorites on TV dramatic shows.


One of the most exciting moments in the stage, movie, radio and TV career of Chicago-born Richard Kiley was playing the caliph and introducing the song, "Stranger in Paradise," in the hit musical "Kismet." But there have been other big moments for this popular actor—winning a scholarship to the Barnum Dramatic School in Chicago; touring with Judith Evelyn in the national company of "A Streetcar Named Desire"; co-starring on Broadway in George Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance"; and, this fall, playing a lead in the off-Broadway production, "Sing Me No Lullaby." Richard started his career by acting in daytime dramas while still in school, then went on to appear in such films as "Pickup on South Street," "The Mob," "Eight Iron Men," and "The Sniper." Today, he appears frequently in such top TV dramatic shows as Studio One, Suspense, Danger, Schlitz Playhouse, The Web, Kraft Theater, Robert Montgomery Presents (on which he first attracted attention on TV), and Lux Video Theater.

Richard is married and has two sons and a daughter. His hobbies are carpentry and athletics, and he plays handball and swims practically every day.

Theme Songs

Dear Editor:

Would you tell me the name of the beautiful theme music of The Golden Windows and Concerning Miss Marlowe, both on NBC-TV?

J.P.J., Clifton Forge, Va.

Charita Bauer

The theme music of The Golden Windows is "Julie's Song," an original composition by Clarke Morgan. The music for Concerning Miss Marlowe is taken from the main cello theme of the second movement of Brahms' Second Symphony.

Name's the Same

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me something about Charita Bauer who plays Bert on The Guiding Light? Where can I write to her?

A.B., Saxonville, Mass.

Pert, pretty Charita Bauer is in the peculiar position of being the mother of two seven-year-old Michael Bauers. In The Guiding Light on CBS Radio and CBS-TV, Charita plays Bertie "Bert" Bauer, a typical housewife—with the same family name as Charita bears in private life—and the mother of young "Michael Bauer." The petite brunette, who is scarcely taller than either of her sons, is the real-life mother of her own seven-year-old Michael, who sometimes asks, "Mommy, which Michael do you love most?" As to the similarity in her on- and off-stage lives, Charita laughs: "I practically spend my days in The Guiding Light washing dishes, making beds, cooking, and putting 'Michael' to bed, and then go right home and do the same thing. However, she is quick to admit, "doing these household chores on radio and TV is more exciting."

He's From Missouri

Dear Editor:

I would like to know about Jim Bannon, who plays Mitch Fredericks in NBC-TV's Hawkins Falls. Where can I write to him?

A.C.C., Baltimore, Md.

There was no trace of the fabled Mis-
Earl Wrightson, slim, blue-eyed man about music, was born thirty-seven years ago in Baltimore, Maryland, the youngest in a family of eight children. His father was a Methodist minister, and the man who first recognized and trained Earl's voice was the church choir master. After graduation from Baltimore Polytechnical and Baltimore City College, Earl launched his own radio program on a local station. Next he came to New York and hit the big-time music centers—as a page boy in Radio City and a student of Robert Weede of the Metropolitan Opera. His big break came when he was delivering some music to Walter Damrosch, who was rehearsing his orchestra and wanted to run through the music. "As there was no soloist around," Earl recalls, "I just sang the part. See, I was just standing around when the balloon went up."

Earl's been singing on radio, television and stage ever since—on Music In The Air, The Family Hour, Great Moments In Music, I Hear America Singing and as a guest with Andre Kostelanetz, Morton Gould. On TV, he's been star of his own show, Paul Whiteman Revue and now the Robert Q. Lewis Show. When not singing, Earl spends his time in Glen Head, New York, with his wife Marky and their nine-year-old daughter Wendy.

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Doris Day. 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.
Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering... no gauze... no chafe.
My Daughter, Betty White

Those would be proud words for any mother, but I’m especially proud—because of what I know about Betty!

My daughter, Betty White, has a philosophy of life which grew out of a series of hard knocks. In the ten years that she has been climbing up the slim rope of success in the entertainment industry, she has frequently slipped, but she has never given up trying. The philosophy which has sprung from these struggles? She says it in just five words: “I don’t believe in defeat.”

Betty learned this lesson very early in her career; she was only two when we moved from Oak Park, Illinois, to California. She went to Horace Mann Junior High School here in Los Angeles, and then to Beverly Hills...
High School—and in all these years she hoped some-
day to grow up to be an operatic singer.
Betty worked hard for what she called the "big
voice." Rather than go on to college when she finished
high school, she decided to continue her study of
music, concentrating on her singing career. She had
every reason to do so. She did have the raw material
of a good voice; it was developing well; and she had
the encouragement of her teacher, Felix Hughes, the
brother of the writer, Rupert Hughes, and himself
once a well-known opera singer. So, with all this be-
hind her, Betty looked forward to a lifetime dream
come true: a successful career on the opera stage.
Then fate stepped in. Betty was stricken with a
strep throat. It was no ordinary infection; rather, it
was very much like a siege, a six-weeks' battle for
Betty's life. She was bedridden for almost two months,
during which time the fever—fought with the then-
new sulfa drugs—gradually waned. But, when the
fever left her, it took the best part of her voice along
with it. During the weeks Betty was recouping her
strength, she was able only to smile and croak, "Hello."
Yes, she was a discouraged little girl. But I think
it was right then that she decided not to be beaten.
True, she had lost everything she had dreamed about,
worked toward for years, but she didn't give up. In
fact, she told me one day: "Mother," she said, "you
know, things aren't so black after all."
"What do you mean?" I asked.
"Well," she said, "it seems obvious to me. I've lost
my voice. Everything I've planned on is down the
drain. Now there's only one way for my luck to go.
It can't get any worse—that means it has to get better!"
And Betty really felt fortunate. She thought her
situation quite encouraging. She reasoned that there
was only one way she could go now—and that was up.
She decided that, if she couldn't do the "big" things,
she would do the best with the tools she had. Though
her father and I thought she was still spending her
afternoons rebuilding her voice with Mr. Hughes,
Life With Elizabeth is Betty's own brain-child. Del Moore is the young man who plays "Elizabeth's" husband, "Alvin."

when she was well enough to be up and about, we eventually found to our surprise that she was out pounding the pavements. She was going from agent to agent, trying to find a job suited to her talents.

Her perseverance paid off. She finally got a one-line bit in a radio commercial, through a Mr. Van Heidensfelt. He was with an agency, and Betty, I think, looked a little pathetic and desperate. She certainly didn't need the job, for she always had a home—but she did want the break she thought the commercial job would give her.

I forget what the exact payment was. Something like twenty-five dollars—and it cost her father thirty-nine-fifty to have her join the federation of radio and TV artists!

So Betty was never an opera singer. After the first disappointment of her illness, she marshaled her courage and reorganized her plan of life. If she couldn't sing, she'd talk. And that's how she launched her career—with that first radio commercial and with many others that followed. It wasn't long before Betty was doing a regular part on (Continued on page 77)

The Betty White Show is seen on NBC-TV, Mondays through Fridays, at 12 noon EST. Life With Elizabeth, distributed by Guild Films Co., Inc., is seen on TV stations throughout the U. S. and Canada; consult local papers for time and station.

She enjoys working with Del Sharbutt and Frank DeVol on The Betty White Show—then snatches a snack from my kitchen!
My Daughter, Betty White  
(Continued)

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Betty's idea of play is usually something constructive—whether she's at the piano or out in the workshop.

Life With Elizabeth is Betty's own brain-child. Dal Moora is the young man who plays "Elizabeth's" husband, "Alvin." When she was well enough to be up and about, we eventually found to our surprise that she was out pounding the pavements. She was going from agent to agent, trying to find a job suited to her talents.

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She enjoys working with Dal Shorbut and Frank DaVol on The Betty White Show—then snatchs a snack from my kitchen!
the HOST with

Relaxing in a big way on their farm: Sylvia and Ed Sullivan, with “Bojangles.”
Like his show, Toast Of The Town, Ed Sullivan's the biggest and best—in ideas, achievement, and heart

By LIZ NICHOLS

Tomorrow,” said Ed Sullivan grinning like a kid with a candy apple, “tomorrow they'll be putting up the fence I ordered to keep the cows off the lawn.”

“Yes,” said Sylvia, his spouse for twenty-four years, “but tomorrow is the day you're supposed to qualify for the Championship Tournament in Westchester.”

Ed shrugged unconcernedly, “Oh, I don’t think I can do that,” he said. “They may need a hand to help with the fence.” And, as Sylvia looked dubious, he added, “Anyway, the fence is more fun!”

Carmine Santullo, Ed's office major-domo and good right arm, joined Sylvia in a gasp of astonishment. Up to the advent of the farm in his life, golf was

To the MOST

Always on hand at the Sullivan office: Carmine Santullo (left), Jean Bombard (right), and "Bojangles"—who may act up, but not so his master notices it!

Toast Of The Town has presented many famous TV debuts—including those of Margaret Truman (above, with Ed, just before that first performance) and Jackie Gleason (below, with Ed and his co-producer, Marlo Lewis).
Daughter Betty was the center of Ed's and Sylvia's household, right up until her marriage to Ensign Robert H. Precht. Now there’s a completely furnished apartment awaiting the young couple’s visits at the Sullivans’ new farm.

Ed Sullivan’s reigning passion. Whenever he could beg, borrow or steal a second from his busy schedule, he rushed to the nearest fairway.

Surprising as it is, Ed’s indifference about a game of golf is nowhere near as amazing as is the fact that he has become a landowner at all. Ed and Sylvia Sullivan were considered, by everyone who knew them, as the world’s most confirmed “cliff-dwellers.” For all their married life, they have lived in two heart-of-the-city hotels in New York. And, aside from a few personal knickknacks, they seemed to regard possessions of any kind simply as things to be given away or otherwise disposed of as quickly as possible. Now, suddenly, Sylvia Sullivan finds herself shopping for linens and stowing away canned goods, while her ever-lovin’ mulls the merits of assorted tractors, harvesting machines and all manner of dairy implements.

Sullivan-like, Ed’s playing the squire to the hilt. Of course, he has never done anything by halves. It wasn’t in him—when he decided to acquire roots, one day last spring—simply to purchase a house and lot. He had to wind up with The Farm—five fully furnished structures, including a nine-room house, surrounded by 150 acres of grazing lands, and landscaped terraces. Plus a tenant farmer and his family and thirty head of fine dairy cows!

It’s the same with Toast Of The Town—everything about it has to be the biggest and best of its kind, and it garners the highest ratings . . . the same with his five-times-a-week column—that’s In the nation’s largest circulation papers. And Ed’s the same way about people. He goes all out. His friends’ triumphs are his, their sorrows make him unhappy. He’s a guy on whom other people have learned they can lean.

Ed Sullivan and his Toast Of The Town are seen over CBS-TV, Sun., from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers.
New center of interest in the Sullivan family today is baby Robert Edward Precht. Left to right, Sylvia and Ed, Betty, her son "Robbie" and husband Bob. (Of course, "Bojangles" had to get into the picture with Ed, too.)

Britisher Bea Lillie was in the U. S. when George VI passed away. This was an event of personal tragedy to the gentle monarch's subjects—of whom Miss Lillie ranks with the most loyal. So she turned for consolation to Irishman Ed Sullivan and saw nothing incongruous in the choice . . . because, as we've said, that's the kind of a guy he is. Ed helped her dry her tears, and treated her to a night on the town as an added measure of forgetfulness.

When Julius La Rosa was fired by Godfrey and the papers were making headlines of his romance with Dottie McGuire, it was Ed Sullivan—then only a very new acquaintance—to whom Julie turned . . . and Ed had the right answer for him. He took Julius to see and talk with a friend who is a Catholic priest, and he stayed with the troubled lad until, two hours later, Julie emerged from the interview calm and confident again.

The point has not been generally made, but—if Ed Sullivan weren't a truly "good guy"—he might not be a famous star in show business at all. It was through his work in staging benefit shows and emceeing them—for free—that he was first invited to appear as master of ceremonies with a professional revue at the New York Paramount Theater. He went (Continued on page 94)

Golf has been Ed's great hobby—with such noted players as Jimmy Fidler (left), Bing Crosby, and Bob Hope (right).

Always sports-minded: That's young Ed, first in middle row, with the Port Chester H. S. ball team.
IN HER HANDS

By JERRY ASHER

The year 1954 was quite an eventful one in the entertainment world. Frank Sinatra gained five pounds, Liberace bought a $25,000 Cadillac upholstered with black and white leather piano keys, Mr. Peepers got married—and Our Miss Brooks had a baby!

Of course, Mr. Peepers had nothing to do with glorious motherhood descending upon Our Miss Brooks. But, on the other hand, Sergeant Friday did. Sergeant Friday! Now how did he get in the act? Well, as everyone from San Diego to Saskatchewan knows, our lovable Miss Brooks is the most famous schoolteacher on television, she's also our lovable Eve Arden in professional life, and in private life she's the lovable Mrs. Brooks West. All of which brings us up to Sergeant Friday—in a round-about sort of way. Because a happy little "ham-ster" by the name of Douglas Brooks West was so eager to take his first bow, he kicked up quite a scene twenty-four hours (Continued on page 84)

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Our Miss Brooks is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M., sponsored by General Foods. Our Miss Brooks is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M., for The Toni Co. and Whitehall Pharmacal Co. (All EST)

36
Introducing Douglas Brooks West—whose mother Eve was the only person who took his arrival calmly.

With a baby of her own, Eve Arden—our Mrs. Brooks West—says: “I have everything a woman could want!”
Rosemary and Bill Roberts know that love is eternal—for all the world to share

COUNTLESS poets throughout the ages have penned endless verses about love . . . for every heart in love there is a song of joy to be sung . . . for every romancing couple, love opens the door to emotions beyond compare, to happiness that knows no bounds. Love is timeless, universal, indestructible; it can conquer fear, adversity, despair. The love of a man and woman, nurtured through the years, deepens and mellows—becomes richer and more satisfying with each passing day. . . . Such is the love of Rosemary and Bill Roberts. Through each crisis that has entered their lives—and there have been many—Rosemary and Bill have found the source of their strength and courage to conquer come-what-may in their mutual love. Bill, as editor of the Banner, has dedicated himself and his newspaper to fighting and overcoming the forces of crime and corruption which try to take root in Springdale. At the same time, Rosemary—with her instinctive faith in the goodness of mankind, her compassion for her fellow man—has worked tirelessly with the Boys Club in trying to combat delinquency among teenagers. Oftentimes, Rosemary and Bill have differed in their opinions about a particular person or project. Often, too, their happiness has been threatened, their lives fraught with tragedy. But, always, Rosemary has remained steadfast and unwavering in her love for Bill . . . “Rosemary” is the traditional symbol of remembrance, and Valentine’s Day is dedicated to lovers. It’s the perfect time for Bill Roberts to show with all his heart his true love and devotion to one who shall never forget it—Rosemary, herself.

Rosemary, on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Ivory Snow. Virginia Kaye and Casey Allen are pictured, at left, in their regular roles as Rosemary and her husband, Bill Roberts.
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LITTLE BLACK LAMB

Singing and early rising were part of my life on the farm. Now they’re mighty important in my wonderful job with Don McNeill (center) and Sam Cowling on Breakfast Club.

Always a tomboy—and I play a pretty good game of golf today. I chose my Chicago apartment because it’s near a nine-hole public course, and practice shots indoors, too.

A few days ago, I happened to be walking up North Michigan Avenue near my apartment in Chicago. The wind was blowing wisps of smoke like chilly rags, and I saw a little boy standing at the curbside, looking forlornly across the traffic. For some reason, he reminded me of something out of my childhood as a girl on a farm in Pennsylvania.

The “something” that he recalled was a fact about little black sheep, the four-legged kind, and only a one-time farm child would be likely to know it. We lived on a 600-acre farm near Fredonia on Route 19 on the way to Erie. Among other animals on the home place, we raised a few sheep and one of the facts I learned about them, as a child, was that a mother sheep doesn’t take very good care of any little black lambs that she bears. Perhaps they look strange to her. Whatever the reason, it is often the case that farm folks have to take over the care of feeding and tending a little black lamb.

Although we lived on a (Continued on page 93)


One of eleven children, I was always “different”—maybe that’s why I belong on
By EILEEN PARKER

Breakfast Club
BELIEVING

Helen had faith in Florian ZaBach and his violin—and helped them prove that nothing is impossible

By BUD GOODE

The phone rang in the hall of the modest New York apartment. Its ring set up a sympathetic vibration on the strings of a rare Guarnerius violin, interrupting the practice of the blond, blue-eyed young giant standing beside his music rack in the adjoining room. Gently placing the fiddle in its protective case, he strode to the phone.

"Florian ZaBach?" an unknown voice queried.
"Speaking."
"This is Mr. Reuben Kaufman of Guild Films."
"Yes, sir."
"Would you lunch with me tomorrow, Mr. ZaBach? I'd like to discuss (Continued on page 73)

The Florian ZaBach Show, a Guild Films production, can be seen on most major TV stations; consult local newspapers for time and day.

Talent Scouts gave ZaBach his first big break on TV and Florian has never ceased being grateful to Arthur Godfrey.

At home with his wife Helen and pets "Prince" and "Mac," ZaBach remembers some desperate days—when Helen never once complained. Now Florian can afford to indulge in his hobbies, but still spends long hours of practice with his violin.
Their duck pond in Princeton reminds Fred and Florence of their Indiana childhood.

The GREATEST Question

That's what Fred Van Deventer asked Florence Rinard. The answer grew up to be Nancy and Bobby and the quiz game, Twenty Questions!

By FRANCES KISH

Twenty Questions foursome: Florence Rinard, husband Fred Van Deventer, daughter Nancy, son Bobby McGuire.

The question was, that summer back in 1945: What could the Van Deventers (Fred, Florence and the kids, Nancy and Bobby) think up in the way of a quiz show which could be put on the air and be fun for everyone?

Fifteen-year-old Nancy came up with an idea: Why not do their own favorite family quiz, "Twenty Questions"—sometimes called "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral"? Why not play it on radio the same way they always played it at home?

So they did, and have been living happily ever after, having more fun than they had dreamed could be possible in the days when "Twenty Questions" was merely something to amuse the children—especially during the Depression years, when there was little money for movies or other outside entertainment.

This February, Twenty Questions is celebrating its ninth anniversary on the air—on television now, "still with the original cast." The "cast," of course, is that same family group which turned a so-called parlor game into a successful broadcast. And the cast still includes Herb Polesie, who was on that first program in February, 1946. (Someone had heard him on another program and decided he had just the right voice and the (Continued on page 75)
The Van Deventers (that's Bobby's legal name, too) like to spend their time at their New Jersey home—Twintegspel (Dutch for "a game of twenty")—where Florence and Fred often prove they can still "farm."
Janette has been a star since she was very young, but being discovered by Arthur Godfrey was "the greatest thing that ever happened!" Her success on his shows led to the house of her own she had always wanted, cars—and a dog named "Honey."
"It didn't matter whether they were two-room bungalows—or lovely old mansions—I'd get that possessive feeling every time I'd see a nice house. I couldn't look without studying every detail."

It started when Janette was nineteen and already getting along quite well, career-wise.

"People would ask why a song girl wanted a house. Maybe it's a good question, but it was always obvious to me." The way Jan reasons, she could have spent her money on minks, frequent changes of Paris originals, diamonds and other knickknacks that feed a woman's vanity. "But I like space and quiet. I love flowers. I enjoy privacy. And that's why I wanted a house."

She was raised in a house. She was one of eight children—and where else can you raise a family that size? Her career began early. She was fourteen when she won an amateur contest and a radio contract in Memphis, two hundred miles from her home in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. At the age of sixteen, she studied voice in Quincy, Illinois, and paid her tuition by singing at a local station. At eighteen, she returned South to start her own show at a Shreveport, Louisiana, station. She became a star there, then quit and went to powerful WLW in Cincy. She became a star there, and quit to go to WBBM in Chicago. She became a star there, and quit to go to New York. Arthur Godfrey heard her on a sustaining CBS show and asked to have her on his show. Nine years ago that was...

"I don't know exactly how many times I saved up to buy a house," Janette says, "and then something would come along and I'd start all over again."

The-gal is a loyal one who has never side-stepped the problems—financial or otherwise—of friends and family. She has helped when there was illness, and she has helped with tuition for her brothers and sisters. But, a little over three years ago, her piggy bank was loaded again... so she got in her car, drove

Janette loves to entertain, and Thomas Judon never seems to mind that the guest list keeps growing at the last minute!
Sister Carol is always close to Janette, at work and at play, preparing for dates—and discussing them afterward.

out to Long Island, and decided on the first house she saw.

"My business manager insisted that I had to look around. He said that I couldn't buy the first house I saw," Janette grins. "I explained to him that I'd been window-shopping for years. I knew what I wanted."

What she bought was a rambling, white-brick ranch house. It was on a lovely landscaped acre of land with a wooded tract to one side.

"I bought the house in August of 1951, and I set December as the deadline for it to be furnished."

That was a big order for a nine-room house. Jan, who can be as realistic as Mrs. Murphy's chowder, decided someone else would have to do the shopping—for Jan worked a five-day week.

"I asked a friend of mine, Dottie Kendrick, who had been an interior decorator before she married. I asked her to furnish the house and she said, 'I'm surprised, Jan. Why would you ask me?' And I said, 'I like your taste. I like the way you furnished your own home.'"

"Jan's Acre" has been furnished in massive but simple modern, with emphasis on space and free movement. And Jan insisted that everything not only look functional but be useful. Jan approved every item, down to ashtrays, before it entered the house.

"But Dottie gets all the (Continued on page 82)"

Janette Davis sings on the following programs: Arthur Godfrey Time, as heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 10 A.M., and seen over CBS-TV, M-Th, at 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—The Arthur Godfrey Digest, heard over CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship—Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, seen over CBS-TV, Wed., at 8 P.M., as sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Frigidaire, and The Toni Company. (All times given EST)

Music is the center of her existence. She lives for it, and it has made a living dream come true.
the FIRST little GODFREY

(Continued)

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Bill Cullen is a star with many, many points—most of them the rib-tickling kind

By GREGORY MERWIN

One hobby just naturally grows out of another for Bill—fish, for example.
Stop The Music: Bill really likes to hear Jill Corey and Jack Haskell sing—but if he didn’t stop ‘em, how could anyone win those big prizes?

The neighbors gathered, and one said, “That Cullen boy, he’ll never grow up to be President.”

“No, he gets to the point too fast.”

“Well, he’s clever and good with his hands. He might be a surgeon.”

“Young Bill? For every appendix he took out, he’d sew in a kitchen sink, a small convertible and a portable radio.”

“How about a lawyer?”

(Continued on page 98)
LOVE OF LIFE
Hidden resentments—and a hidden past—threaten the happiness Vanessa and Paul Raven have found together.

Happiness for Vanessa Dale is spelled by the name she now signs to her letters—Mrs. Paul Raven. The joy of loving and being loved, the day-by-day satisfactions of a truly sound marriage—these have been hers since the day of her wedding, and Van need look no farther than her own sister Meg to realize what a rare and wonderful thing it is she shares with Paul. . . . But a shadow flickers across the glow of this almost-perfect bliss. The mysterious secret of Paul's past remains just that, and Van is puzzled by Paul's strange behavior whenever a question arises which touches on his life before he came to Barrowsville. Her own basic honesty tells Van that it is unnatural for Paul to feel such a strong desire to blot out entirely—not only his first marriage to Judith Lodge—but his entire life in Marlton, the city in which he and Judith had lived. No matter how painful that past was and is, Van feels, Paul and I could face it together if it were brought out into the open. . . . However, when Paul asked Van to believe in him and in their life together, she agreed to let the past lie buried. She does, not question him or try to learn any more than he has willingly told her: That he has been married before; that the marriage was bitterly unhappy; and that it ended in divorce. . . . Van believes she has decided wisely and that her marriage will continue to be a truly happy one. Paul has settled down to being a promising young lawyer in Barrowsville, and Vanessa helps out financially with her work as reporter on the Barrowsville Times while he is establishing himself in his new profession. . . . But Vanessa has been puzzled by a recent meeting with her friend Ellie Crown and Meg. Both of them have warned Van that there is much she doesn't know about Paul. Van believes that love and trust are inseparable, and cannot understand why

1. As Dr. Brett pronounces them man and wife, Vanessa is sure the love she shares with Paul can overcome his bitter past.

2. Paul only tells Van his first marriage was unhappy and ended in divorce. Van doesn't question him further—but her sister Meg wants all the answers.
Although Van feels that Paul's strange reactions toward his former life are unnatural, she is puzzled when Meg—resentful of her sister's happiness—insists there are facts about Paul which must be brought into the open.

her sister Meg insists that Van must try to learn all the facts surrounding Paul's marriage to Judith. In the past, when Vanessa has tried to help her sister, Meg has accused her of interfering. Vanessa's ears still ring with Meg's bitter cry: "You live your life, Van, and I'll live mine!" Why is it, then, she wonders, that Meg now wants to interfere in Van's life? Resentment and jealousy—which even Meg can only half-admit to herself—drive Meg to want to know all that lies hidden in Paul's past. Actually, Meg is right to suspect that there are forces unknown to Van which can cause her deep hurt. . . . Van is unaware of the vindictive nature of Paul's first wife, and of Judith's determination that Paul shall never again experience happiness—especially that happiness he might find in his second marriage. Whatever it was that was so scarring an experience for Paul has similarly seared the character and memory of Judith. Unable to accept failure in marriage—or in any aspect of life—as her own responsibility, Judith blames Paul for the events which led to their divorce, as well as for her deep unhappiness since their marriage ended. She cannot bear to see Paul succeed in marriage with Vanessa, and she vows she will destroy their love. . . . Warped by her bitterness, Judith has come to Barrowsville to
Vowing to destroy Paul's new life, his first wife Judith demands information about the present whereabouts of her child, born after the divorce. Pursue her shameful aim. Although Paul tells her she cannot hope to accomplish anything by remaining here, Judith turns a deaf ear to his pleas that she return to Marlton. Paul has told her that Vanessa is aware of all the facts of his first marriage and its tragic ending—but Judith suspects that this is not so. . . . How right Judith is! Vanessa knows nothing of the child that was born to Judith shortly after her divorce from Paul. At that time, Judith had willingly allowed the child to be taken from her. Now, however, she professes that she wants the child returned to her and presses Paul for information as to the baby's whereabouts. But Paul grimly keeps his secret . . . So far, Paul has been successful in preventing a meeting between Judith and Vanessa. But Judith, determined to learn exactly how much Van really knows about the past, finds herself an unwilling ally: Judith's father is influential in Marlton and, through him, Judith controls the successful business career of Paul's brother Ben. Ben has reluctantly consented to help Judith in her schemes. The half-hidden resentment Meg holds against Van exists between Ben and Paul, too. There has long been friction between them, and Ben feels that Paul's sensational divorce has scandalized Marlton and jeopardized Ben's own standing in the community. . . . Meg has always felt that Van has kept her from being successful in her own life. Meg had married money, and won a large divorce settlement—then lost it, when a company she owned was mismanaged. After she had returned to Barrowsville—which never really accepted this proud, unconventional daughter of the Dale family—the townspeople had enjoyed the sight of the once-wealthy Meg now looking for a job. When no one else would hire her, Meg had gone to work for gambler, Hal Craig. For a time, fortune appeared to
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6. As Gloria entertains their supper-club patrons, Hal Craig tells Meg of the law suit Paul's client has brought against them.

7. Paul has told Vanessa little of his past, but he assures his mother and Judith that Van knows all—even about the child.

be on her side again, and she seemed to have found romance as well with the attractive, exciting Craig. She had been furious when it turned out to be Vanessa and her newspaper that revealed the illegal nature of Hal's business operation and brought about its ruin. . . . Now Hal has bought a club in Barrowsville and given it to Meg. But the club was acquired in an illegal way and the original owner has gone to Paul Raven's law firm for help. Paul—over his protests to the head of the firm—was assigned to the case, and the legal proceedings are sure to create further antagonisms between Van and Meg. . . . Meg's jealousy goes back as far as childhood days, and it is deepened as Vanessa protects Meg's son Beanie and offers him the love which Meg seems incapable of expressing for him. Young Beanie responds to this love, and his fondness for Van, in preference to his own mother, is another cause of Meg's resentment. Impulsive, angered by the turns her own life has taken, Meg feels that Paul Raven's secret will give her something to hold over Van and to protect herself from what she considers her sister's interference in her life. . . . If Meg succeeds in ferreting out Paul's secret, how might she use this information to hurt Vanessa? Can Van—now so happily unaware of Ben's resentment and Judith's revengefulness—find the added courage and understanding she may need when she learns the truth? How will Vanessa react when she is at last confronted with all the secrets in her husband's past? When that momentous time arrives, will she and Paul weather the storm together and be able to fulfill their true love of life?
Mother Sarah Dale well understands the resentment Meg feels toward the happy marriage of Van and Paul and her jealousy of the preference Meg's son Beanie seems to show for Van. But, as Meg looks bitterly on at the happy group, Mrs. Dale hopes her daughter will not pry too deeply for secrets to use against Van.
His Humor Just Happens

George Gobel can't help being funny, not with his beloved Alice and their friends so ready to cheer him on!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

The cold-eyed characters in the fifty-dollar sports shirts, those self-appointed connoisseurs of the fast horse and the fast gag, sat stony-faced as the spotlight's single shaft stabbed through the smoke-hazed darkness of the raucous Broadway night club and pinned to the stage the suffering young entertainer. In its relentless glare, George Gobel squirmed helplessly. His first joke had flopped.

He tried again. He had to try again. This was "the big time," in a place which had a reputation for "discovering" young comedians. This was the booking he had aimed for while playing hundreds of club dates, conventions and sales meetings across the Midwest. With his timing all off and his voice breaking badly, he croaked, "Now as I was saying to my wife, Alice . . ."

Blood-chilling (Continued on page 90)

The George Gobel Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored (on alternate weeks) by Armour and Company and the Pet Milk Co.

He'd "do anything" for his children—and does.

Guess who's happiest—Leslie or George?
"The common man" (as this most uncommon comic calls himself) has a rare family, far more precious to him than uranium: George Gobel with his schoolday sweetheart, Alice, and their children—Georgia, Gregg, and baby Leslie.

As he says to his wife Alice—when not reading the papers . . .

Home's a happy place, with children in it!
TIME TO LIVE

I'm Kathy Byron on a jet-propelled pinwheel—and I'm loving every minute of it

There aren't too many hours for light reading, phoning friends—or meeting them!—but I love getting immersed in my scripts and keeping up with Kathy.

By PAT SULLY

Life on the outer rim of a pinwheel has no more spin to it than the career of an actress in a television serial drama. Believe me, I know what I'm talking about. I can prove it to myself in every twinge of my young and aching bones. I can tell it by the joy with which I collapse into bed, and by the maniacal urge to hurl the alarm clock out of my apartment window at five o'clock every weekday morn. This may seem like paradoxical language from a girl who appears on your television screen—as Kathy Byron in A Time To Live—for something less than 75 minutes a week. But, by the strange alchemy of television, that 75 minutes (or less) represents a kind of condensation from something like 75 hours of hard, driving preparation.

From Sunday evening through Friday, I embrace a kind of monastic existence which is comprised of nervous energy, mental gymnastics and muscular effort. On Saturday, I emerge as some kind of butterfly into a strange world—consisting of normal human beings and their pursuits—and, for twenty-four hours or so, I mingle with them like a visitor from Mars before getting back on that jet-propelled pinwheel again. (Continued on page 88)

Pat Sully's Kathy Byron in A Time To Live, as seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 10:30 A.M. EST.
Ronald Long enjoys having guests, too, and loves to cook for them. He may not be as wealthy as Michael Forsyth, in the script, but he has many treasures of which he’s proud.

Young Widder Brown cast members enjoy visiting in Ronald’s skytop apartment. Here’s Ellen Brown herself (Wendy Drew, center) — and Mrs. Summers (Ethel Wilson).

By GLADYS HALL

On the sixteenth floor of a Horatio Street apartment building, in downtown New York, lives dark, attractive, English-born Ronald Long, the Michael Forsyth of Young Widder Brown, as heard over NBC Radio.

Mr. Long, like Mr. Forsyth, is a bachelor, lives alone and loves it. Loves New York. Loves America — and deeply, as you shall hear. Loves height. Loves the view, from his west windows, of the Hudson River (“I can see clear across to the Jersey shore”). Loves the view, from his south windows, of Wall Street — and, from all windows, the sky, the migratory birds, the panoramic clouds.

Once upon a time, although briefly, Mr. Long was a decorator and in his aerie, so high above the earth, there is the taste and discrimination of the decorator, the collector, the man who appreciates luxury. The living-room walls (Mr. Long painted them himself) are elephant gray. The wall-to-wall carpeting is cream-colored and thick-piled. The chairs and couches are done in cream damask. The draperies, watermelon-red, are brilliant yet subtle. (Continued on page 79)

Ronald is Michael Forsyth in Young Widder Brown, on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, for Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia, Prom Home Permanent and White Rain.

A dream comes true
Bachelor Ronald's Siamese cats, Alcibiades and Teufelchen, do their purry best to keep him from feeling lonely.

for Ronald Long, as Young Widder Brown's devoted Michael
Ronald Long enjoys having guests, too, and loves to cook for them. He may not be as wealthy as Michael Forsyth, in the script, but he has many treasures of which he's proud.

By GLADYS HALL

On the sixteenth floor of a Horatio Street apartment building, in downtown New York, lives dark, attractive, English-born Ronald Long, the Michael Forsyth of Young Widder Brown, as heard over NBC Radio.

Mr. Long, like Mr. Forsyth, is a bachelor, lives alone and loves it. Loves New York. Loves America—deeply, as you shall hear. Loves height. Loves the view, from his west windows, of the Hudson River ("I can see clear across to the Jersey shore"). Loves the view, from his south windows, of Wall Street—and, from all windows, the sky, the migratory birds, the panoramic clouds.

Once upon a time, although briefly, Mr. Long was a decorator and in his sojourns, so high above the earth, there is the taste and discrimination of the decorator, the collector, the man who appreciates luxury. The living-room walls (Mr. Long painted them himself) are elephant gray. The wall-to-wall carpeting is cream-colored and thick-piled. The chairs and couches are done in cream damask. The draperies, watermelon-red, are brilliant yet subtle. (Continued on page 79)

Ronald in Michael Forsyth in Young Widder Brown at NBC Radio, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, for Phillips Milk of Magnesia, Prom Home Permanent and White Rain.

A dream comes true for Ronald Long, as Young Widder Brown’s devoted Michael
Introducing the stars and show which have added new meaning and excitement to Western drama

Each Saturday, the familiar strains of “Old Trail” herald another chapter of Gunsmoke, the award-winning program which deals with Western life in the 1880’s and U.S. Marshal Matt Dillon’s struggle to maintain law and order in Dodge City, Kansas. Gunsmoke is not a typical Western, full of shooting, shouting and fighting. Instead, it combines suspense and excitement with realism and humanness to provide listeners with first-rate radio dramatic entertainment.

William Conrad, who has starred as Matt Dillon since Gunsmoke was first aired, was born in Louisville, Kentucky. When he was 7, his family moved to Los Angeles, where Bill received his secondary education before going on to Fullerton Junior College to major in literature and dramatics. Following his graduation, Bill became an announcer-director-writer at Station KMPC, Los Angeles, and remained there until 1942, when he joined the Air Force. Commissioned an officer on April 12, 1943, Bill made a double-day of it by taking lovely June Nelson as his bride. Soon after his discharge, in 1945, Bill began concentrating on acting in movies and radio—always playing the villain, in such film classics as “The Killers,” “Body and Soul,” and “Sorry, Wrong Number,” and in radio, on every top network series originating in Hollywood. Consequently, his role as a hero in Gunsmoke has been a new experience for Bill. The show has also helped to further one of his hobbies—cooking, for Gunsmoke’s researchers, in delving into the past, have unearthed old recipes which Bill has enjoyed testing. Concerning his other non-acting interests, Bill says, “Hobbies are my hobby.” This he has proved by trying them all—from stamp collecting to taxidermy. But, once he “masters” a hobby, he loses interest in it, as has happened with photography: Bill has $3000 worth of camera equipment and never even takes a picture! Befitting his role in Gunsmoke, Bill has an extensive collection of early Western firearms. His most prized gun is one which supposedly belonged to one of the West’s most notorious figures, Wyatt Earp. Another of Bill’s outstanding traits is his love for informal clothes (he insists they help him to relax while working). His favorite outfit combines dungeeves, T-shirt, sneakers and an old leather jacket. “My wife used to call me a poor man’s clothes horse,” says Bill. “But one day, I took her out to Santa Anita and she apologized—to the horses.” And, when he and June invite friends for dinner, Bill always adds—quite unnecessarily, it seems—“We’re not dressing.”
PARLEY BAER (Chester Proudfoot) launched his show-business career in Salt Lake City, Utah, when he was 11 years old and got a summer job at the amusement pier as “key boy”—opening lockers for people spending the day swimming. Four years later he became chief cashier of the pier and made his acting debut at the city’s Playhouse. Parley also made a point of working with the circus whenever it came to town—and, after leaving the University of Utah, he traveled with a circus until World War II, when he enlisted and served for four years. Upon his discharge in 1946, Parley married Ernestine Clarke, a circus performer and aerialist. They now have a daughter, Kathleen, 2... Parley got his radio start at KSL, Salt Lake City, before becoming tops in Los Angeles.

GEORGIA ELLIS, in her role as Kitty, is right at home, for she has played in Westerns—in movies and radio—for more than a decade. Although she had always wanted to be an actress, Georgia used music as the stepping stone to her goal. Her father, a cellist and music professor, and her mother, an opera singer, wanted her to become a music teacher, but Georgia couldn’t be swayed. After attending UCLA—during which time she won her first paying job as vocalist with Walter Schuman’s college band—Georgia forsook her studies to work at the Pasadena Playhouse. Her first acting role came in 1942, when she appeared in a “Hopalong Cassidy” movie. Georgia is married to radio script-writer Antony Ellis. She has a son, Jonathan, 6, enjoys painting, sketching and decorating.

HOWARD McNEAR has been in love with radio since 1933, when he first “aired” himself as an actor. Prior to his radio debut, Howard had specialized in stage roles. At 15, he enrolled at the Marta Oatman School of Theater, then he joined a San Diego stock company. For the next 12 years, he toured up and down the Pacific Coast. As a fitting tribute to his 20th year in radio Howard, in 1953, won an award as “best supporting actor.” Married to the former Helen Spatz, Howard has one son, Christopher. In his role as Doc in Gunsmoke, Howard says, “We don’t have the facilities of modern medicine and science... and sometimes, I guess, we make mistakes. But I think we’ve got a pretty good batting average.” As for Howard, he always bats one thousand as an actor.

Gunsmoke is heard over CBS Radio, Saturday at 12:30 P.M. and 8 P.M. (both EST) as sponsored by I. & M Filter Cigarettes.
Farewell to BACHELORHOOD
Wally Cox finds that marriage is the best cure for what's wrong with any man's world, even that of Mr. Peepers

By ED MEYERSON

To the devoted millions who watch Mr. Peepers every Sunday night, Jefferson City is as real as their own home town, and the gentle little science teacher of Jefferson Junior High is practically a member of the family. Last May twenty-third, when he married Nancy Remington, the school nurse, some thirty million "close friends and relatives" attended the formal church wedding over sixty-three stations of NBC-TV. The ceremony was so true-to-life that many in the audience cried. And many sent letters, telegrams, and presents—all addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Robinson J. Peepers."

But, two weeks later, announcement of another wedding appeared in the newspapers. It came as a shock, reminding the nation that Mr. Peepers exists only on TV. Jefferson City can't be found on any map; the gentle little science teacher is actually a TV star named Wally Cox, and Mr. Cox obviously has a life very much his own. On June 7, 1954, he married Marilyn Gennaro, Broadway musical-comedy dancer, in a ceremony as

Mr. and Mrs. Peepers on TV: Patricia Benoit as Nancy (right), Georgiann Johnson and Tony Randall as the Weskits.

Mr. and Mrs. Cox at home: Wally and the former Marilyn Gennaro (opposite page). They were wed on the Maryland estate of Donald Seawell (right, below)—and Wally wasn't a bit shy kissing his bride!

See Next Page
Farewell to BACHELORHOOD  
(Continued)

He's still Mr. Peepers to Mrs. Gurney (Marion Lorne) and Nancy (Patricia Benoit) but Wally feels like quite a different man as he keeps his very own home fires burning!

private as his make-believe wedding had been public.
Curiosity about the bride was matched by a sudden concern for the groom. For years, fans had accepted the legend that Mr. Peepers is just Mr. Cox playing himself on a TV soundstage. On camera and off, the two are supposed to be exactly alike—using the same inhibited mannerisms, speaking the same pedantic prose, sharing the same other-worldly enthusiasm for natural science. And if people feel as prototypical toward the one as the other, it's because—at first blush, anyway—Wally seems just as mild, helpless, and bookishly innocent as his TV characterization.

At least, when Mr. Peepers himself got married, he chose a sympathetic school nurse, as kind and guileless as he. And, despite the fact that the groom looked heartbreakingly young—as though attending his confirmation instead of his wedding—the bride appeared wise in the eternal way of woman, and understanding enough for both of them.

But when Mr. Cox married! Well, either the legend is wrong—and Peepers and Cox are as different as Jekyll and Hyde—or Wally is in for some surprises. A thorough knowledge of botany is not necessarily the best training for marriage, and the middle of Manhattan is not the best spot for setting up housekeeping. Wally might be an authority on "the psychology of the water shrew," but what did he know about women? . . .

Anyone, watching Mr. Peepers teach his class at Jefferson Junior High, can imagine what he was like when he himself was one of the students. There's one in every school. He's the little fellow with the stringy sideburns and the owl-like spectacles, who was never built for outdoor sports. Invariably, he carries a book under his arm and, when he sees the other kids at play, he smiles. A friendly smile, but it comes out wistful—kind of a hopeful grin that passes unnoticed. And so he goes loping off, perhaps for a long walk in the woods where he can study rocks, watch the birds, hunt wild flowers.

Wallace Maynard Cox's boyhood could not have been much different. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, on December 6, 1924, but his parents divorced when he was still quite young. Brought up by his mother, a free-lance writer whose assignments kept her on the move, Wally and his sister traveled with her about the country. In the course of twelve years, he attended nine different schools before they finally settled in New York City. And, like Peepers, he also escaped from the rough-and-tumble world of the school yard into a calmer world of books and nature study. Unlike Peepers, however, Wally never kept mice or butterflies.
"Pinning wings is a pastime I would not indulge in," he insists.

Unlike Peepers, who always intended to be a teacher when he grew up, Wally was going to be a writer. It was in his blood. His grandfather, Francis B. Atkinson, had contributed articles to Compton's Encyclopedias under the awe-inspiring pen name of A. Hallam Hawkesworth—which perhaps accounts for Wally's current hobby of collecting odd names. (Latest gems: Desire Van Huydunk, Arthur Imbembo, Marko Toich, Tui St. George Tucker.) His grandmother, Elinor Atkinson, had written Greyfriars (Continued on page 85)

Wally Cox is Mr. Peepers, on NBC-TV, three Sundays out of four, 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Reynolds Metals Company.
Presented by the National Biscuit Company
EVERY SUNDAY over the MUTUAL NETWORK

The most exciting new action show in radio. Adventures in the old West with Rin Tin Tin—the most famous canine hero of them all—and his pal, Rusty. Wards of a western cavalry company, Rin Tin Tin and Rusty fight Indians, cattle rustlers, and bank robbers, run the gamut of action and adventure.

Tune in Sundays at 5:00 PM EST on your Mutual station.

OTHER THRILLING MUTUAL SHOWS on Sunday
4:30* PM  The Shadow
5:30* PM  True Detective Mysteries
6:00* PM  Nick Carter

*All times given are Eastern Standard. For exact time in your locality, check your newspaper listings.

Mutual Broadcasting System
The Network for All America
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<td>John MacVane</td>
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<td>6:30 Betty Crocker*</td>
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<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>Strike It Rich</td>
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<td>Modern Romances Ever Since Eve</td>
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**Morning Programs**

**Afternoon Programs**

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**Evening Programs**

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**Tuesday**

**Wednesday**

**Thursday**

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### See Next Page
## Saturday

### Morning Programs

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<td>No School Today</td>
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<td>Serenade to Romance</td>
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### Afternoon Programs

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<td>Sam Levine, Kegler</td>
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<td>Magic Valley Jamboree</td>
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<td>Boston Symphony</td>
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<td>Grand Ole Opry</td>
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<td>Wings Of Healing</td>
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<td>Faith In Action</td>
<td>Art Of Living</td>
<td>Back To God</td>
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<td>National Radio Pulpit</td>
<td>Headlines In Perspective</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
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<td>Pan-American Union</td>
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<td>New York Philharmonic</td>
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### Evening Programs

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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>American Forum</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
<td>Monday Morning Headlines</td>
<td>Paul Harvey, Harvey World Church</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
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<td>A Radio Tribute</td>
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<td>Or. Six Gun</td>
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<td>Our Miss Brooks</td>
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## Note

- The schedule includes a variety of programs including news, music, and drama. Programs are broadcast on NBC, MBS, ABC, and CBS networks.
- The schedule also includes special events such as the Metropolitan Review and Oklahoma News.
- The programs are scheduled from morning to evening with breaks for lunch and dinner.
- The schedule is designed to provide a variety of content catering to different interests and preferences.
**Florian ZaBach**

(Continued from page 43)

syndicating a television show starring you"

Florian almost dropped the phone. For years, a network television show of his own had been a distant dream. After setting the lunch date, Florian called out the good news to his wife.

"Helen! We're going to have our own national television show!" Hearing the magic words, Helen ran in from the kitchen, fell into his arms, crying "I knew you would do it! I knew it! I knew it!"

Actually, Florian shared Helen's faith. Ever since he left the Army Medical Corps in 1944, he'd worked toward the day when he'd become a nationally recognized violin soloist.

But what must a man do to become a solo performer? As a musician, he must first play in an orchestra; then a good performer floats to the top as a leader; and, finally, if he's one of the best, he becomes a soloist.

Faith. It's the most important single element in any man's success. Besides his ability—no matter what his field—he must have faith, faith in himself, and faith in his dream. But when is a man's faith tested? When he's climbed the peak of success and all those about him acclaim his brilliance as a star? Or is it tested in the valley of trial where an unpredictable fate keeps smashing him down?

If Florian ZaBach's story is any measure, a man's faith is tested in his darkest hour: When you're ready to give up, when life looks black as a coal pit, that's the time to double your efforts, that's the time to work your hardest—and that's when your faith pays off.

Florian's story begins when he was nine years old, the day his father bought Florian his first violin. Musical dreams are contagious: Florian caught his dream from his father, a clarinet virtuoso. He remembers his father's words, when he handed him the fiddle: "God created music as a balm for troubled souls. Florian, melodies are like heavenly streams, cool and pure, bathing dust from wounded hearts."

The picture his father's words created for him excited the dream in Florian's heart: Someday, he would stand on a concert stage, would thrill hundreds, even thousands, with the magic of his magic fiddle. But, at that tender age, he never dreamed that he would become a musician—the marvel of the electronic age, television—would make his music touch the hearts of millions.

In spite of his musical heart, Florian's father was a hard taskmaster. Perhaps it was because his own musical ambitions had been frustrated. On the verge of his greatest recognition, he had suddenly met with an accident: He cut the tendons in one hand on a jagged piece of broken crockery.

As a result of his own disappointment, he drove Florian in his practice to limits beyond perfection. Perhaps he wanted to make sure that some part of his own musical dream lived in his son. Florian says, "We practiced from six to eight every night. Dad sat next to me, pounding out the tempo—one, two, three; one, two, three. But there were times in the beginning when I would lag.

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**Help Polio Patients!**

**Join the MARCH OF DIMES**

January 3-31

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**WHETHER YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH JUST ONCE, TWICE, OR 3 TIMES A DAY...**

**Colgate Dental Cream**

**Gives The Surest Protection ALL DAY LONG!**

**Because. Only New Colgate Dental Cream — Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains GARDOL**

**To Stop Bad Breath Instantly...Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!**

Your dentist will tell you how often you should brush your teeth. But whether that's once, twice, or three times a day, be sure you use New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Colgate's stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!

Gardol, Colgate's patented new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. That's why Colgate's only leading toothpaste to contain Gardol—gives the surest protection ever offered by any toothpaste!

---

**Every Time You Use It...New Colgate Dental Cream**

**Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth!**
"I could always tell from the hurt look in his eyes when Dad was unhappy. Then I would get a big lump in my throat because I felt I was letting him down. After two hours of that, I went up to bed barely able to breathe. I knew you were always there with love and affection. Tomorrow is another day," she said. "Tomorrow is another day, and I know you are going to be there, Dad."

"And I always went back to try again. I know this: My dad had the patience of Job. And, if it weren't for him, I wouldn't be here."

Florian's mother and father believed in him. They saw, early in his training, that he had great talent.

When he was only twelve years old, it seemed that Florian's destiny was soon to be realized: He played his first solo with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Two years later, he was starring at the famous Chicago World's Fair.

Florian was not a "mother's boy." Devoted to his daily violin practice as he was, he still found time for outside activities. At sixteen, he was a band giant, spending happy summer afternoons swimming in the lake near his home. In the winter, he swam indoors for Chicago's Senn High School. Reassembling the Chicago Symphony, he graded a stroke championship—a blue ribbon he prizes as much as his first concert audience's demand for a violin encore.

During this time, Florian studied with Samuel Adler at the Chicago Conservatory of Music. But with his success in the Chicago Symphony—and later at the World's Fair—his parents decided to broaden his training in Europe. Even then, he made a solo tour of the European capitals, later studying at the Prague Conservatory.

"I came back to the United States," says Florian, "I could be a galaxy.

The surprise made Florian aware of his position in America. His advantages: He was handsome, young, a more than competent musician, and he was good-looking. Was there anything wrong with him? After all, I had toured Europe, had been accepted on the Continent. What a surprise when I found no one in America had ever heard of Florian ZaBach.

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The Greatest Question

thought the program might last six months, maybe a year, if they were lucky. Van was a successful newscaster at this point—a logical step as a result of his solid experience as a newspaperman and reporter—and the hard years of the Depression were forgotten. To a large extent, Twenty Questions was started as a family show, simply for the fun of it. Just the same, they all had first-night fright, and Nancy—who felt responsible for it—was practically petrified. (The show went on television in the fall of 1949, practically a pioneer in the new medium, first as a simulcast and now exclusively TV.)

The Van Deventers use the word "deuce" instead of the word "guess," because—as Van says—"We don't guess. Even when the answer may seem to come to one of us in a flash, it is a logical deduction from what has been established by the previous questions."

When they are not in the New York studio for the show—it takes only a half-hour a week and, of course, no rehearsal time, since the whole thing starts spontaneously as the cameras begin to grind—they are apt to be somewhere close to home, which is an eight-room ranch-style house in Princeton, New Jersey. They call the place Twintegspel, which is Dutch for "a game of twenty." (At least, that's what Van found out in the Princeton University Library.)

"It's the home we dreamed about," Florence says. "The one we talked about during all those years when we barely had money enough to get by, when everybody was feeling the pinch and Fred was doing any kind of work he could—newspaper or otherwise—to keep the family going. We used to sit around and plan this house we were going to build someday."

"We designed it, and re-designed it," Van adds, "And, over the years, we had plenty of time to change our ideas before the dream came true. But when it did—as we knew it would someday—we had decided just about what we wanted, and could go right ahead."

The house is set on five acres, landscaped to look as much as possible like the Indiana farms where Van and Florence spent their childhood. (Van grew up in Tipton and Florence in Farmland. They didn't meet until they were both in Chicago—which is a later part of this story.) Reminiscent of their farm background is the old dinner bell, and the pond which, in season, is occupied by four ducks and hundreds of frogs. There are flowers everywhere—from early spring until late fall—vegetable gardens, spreading lawns and fine old trees.

Missing is an outdoor fireplace, although there is a grill where the youngsters can cook hamburgers for their own friends. Florence, who is the chef of the time, prefers cooking in her own compact, completely modern kitchen, and Van doesn't care much for steak, that staple of the outdoor cook's menu. He much prefers his wife's cream-baked chicken, a recipe he says only she understands. And he's willing to put up her pies against any pies baked anywhere, against all the State Fair champions and all the professional cooks in the country.

Van proposed to Florence in front of an oven ("to be assured of good meals for the rest of his life," she says). They had met when he was working as a reporter on the Chicago Hearst newspaper. Van's
redoing a room can be easy as pie...

just use your washer and good RIT dye

Using your washer as a "dyeing machine," you can RIT-dye draperies, bedsprads, slip covers ... even scatter rugs ... as easily as you suds them. Furthermore, you get even deep-toned hues ... vivid greens, brilliant blues, warm browns ... in just hot tap water. The extra fine dyes in RIT, plus the constant action of your washer, see to that. Start now—and you'll refresh the whole house with color ... RIT color!

All Purpose

The finest dye... the high concentrate dye... and only

25¢ per lb

Guaranteed for Nylon, All Rayons, Cotton, Silk, Linen, Wool—literally any fabric except glass or mineral fibers

All Purpose RIT TINTS and DYES

Also available in Canada
RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
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There's a rumor that Van is writing a book on re-enactment groups which includes high school supervisors—among whom was a married girl they both knew from his home town. "This girl telephoned me and said I had been elected to show the rest of the state, the big city. I said that was fine—mentally counting the change in my pockets—and immediately touched a few of my newspaper pals for some loans to finance the expeditions.

"This girl had asked if I wanted her to bring along a date chosen from among her sorority sisters. I said fine to that, too—but when she asked if I preferred brunettes or blondes, I said I was neutral. So she brought along two dates—an attractive brunet, and a little five-foot, blue-eyed blonde named Florence Mad Rinard.

They're just warm you'll even scatter them. "I guess those biscuits did the trick. She was taking them out of the oven when I proposed to her.

They were married the following June 21, in Muncie, Indiana. Van was so excited he forgot the flowers and the bride had to provide her own bouquet. The minister was up on the scaffolding inspecting his new church when they grabbed him off to perform the ceremony. (Florence's brother had driven them over to Muncie because their own minister was away at a conference. Florence had practiced organ in the Muncie church, however, and the minister there had often stopped to listen to her playing—and, by the merest chance, her organ player happened to come by just in time to play for the wedding)! Van had to get back to his job as a reporter, so there had been little chance to make formal plans.

"Our honeymoon trip was a slow train to Chicago," he recalls. "We stopped exactly twenty minutes at Peru, Indiana, where we had our wedding dinner, hamburgers and coffee. When we got off the train in Chicago, I kissed my bride and gave her the key to my apartment, where we would be going to live. I had to hurry to cover the fight that night. You might say I have been covering one ever since.

"You might," the whole family shouts at this, "except that it wouldn't be true."

It definitely wouldn't be. They're an arguing family, but without any rancor. They all have deepconvexing and them any more sticklers for facts. Nancy, for instance, is a demon defender of exact dates. If her father says that a certain program was in November and she thinks it was the last week in October, that can be good for five minutes of debate—until someone gets the facts and decides the argument.

It's this penchant for finding the right answers to everything that makes them such a dynamic quiz team. It makes them dynamic in everything they do. Florence is a serious pianist—she once taught both music and art in the Indiana schools. She still does watercolors and pastels, is a volunteer worker in the hospital at Prince-

ren, and does church work. Nancy has been taken to the high school independently outside the family circle and outside the family show. Bobby has written a book—a novel—but he doesn't like to talk of it and, when anybody asks what the book is about, he says casually, "Oh, about 250 pages." (At Duke, he was active in theatricals, and wrote a play, produced there, called "All's Fair in Love."

People often ask how a family has been used to their success. Unlike some such simple game, known to millions before it was put on the air. The children remind questioners that Van has been a working newspaperman and a news-caster of long experience, that he has a fine background of historical study and reading and a passion for keeping up with current events, and that Florence has a knowledge of classical music, art, and a lifelong acquaintance with the Bible. The kids, too, have become authorities on certain subjects. Bobby is a stickler for numbers, knowing about most sports, particularly baseball. Nancy has a wide knowledge of classical music and musicians (a subject Herb Polesie knows well, also, along with modern music and her organ music). Knowledge of the show business and all that pertains to it.

They are often asked: What are the easiest subjects to guess? "The ones we get," they chorus. (Actually, any subject which they can identify after fifteen questions, they count as reasonably easy.) One of the toughest ones they ever had to figure was "what's in the man's mailbox." They don't know why, but it was.

The very toughest subject they have ever encountered is "the weakest link in a chain." It pops up once or twice a year. Last year, it was "Van's says. "It's not readily identifiable, as other subjects are. For instance, it could be either animal, or vegetable, or mineral—leather, rope, or minerals. It comes out of nowhere and is like some other regular job.

The situation is quite the contrary, however. It's true they no longer have to do them for entertainment. But, if you ride in the family car with two or more Van Deventers, or wait with them for a meal to be served in a restaurant, your mind will always be filled and nothing special to do—it starts. Someone will suddenly get that quizical look. "It's vegetable, and mineral—some one (probably Nancy), and they're off."

"Does this thing exist?" Van may ask. "Can it be located geographically?"

Bobby will follow: "start to pin it down."

"Van Deventer manse, the Barn will be the next."

"It doesn't exist, is it in a saying, or in poetic fiction? Florence questions.

And so it goes, on and on. For the whole twenty questions, if need be.
Betty White

(Continued from page 31)

The Great Gildersleeve, then regular parts on several radio shows and, finally, television came into the picture.

Betty has won some personal bonuses from her philosophy of life. “I don’t believe in defeat” has taught her something of both courage and faith. There was the time, for example, even after she had started in radio, when her progress seemed stymied. She just wasn’t getting ahead.

But she felt inside of herself—rather, she knew deep inside of her—that making people happy with entertainment was for her, and in this she had faith. This faith carried her through a blak period which followed her original radio success. But, during this time, she didn’t complain. Instead, she told me one day how she felt: “Mom,” she said, “any time you keep going when the going is good, but the secret is to hang on when everything seems to be going against you.”

I think Betty’s first job in television illustrates how faith pays off. Because she knew in her heart that entertaining was for her, she was willing to do anything to keep herself going—even working for nothing. This she did, one day on Joe Landis’ early variety show. Where fate had previously stolen her voice, it stepped in again with this first job. Mr. Landis had a long list of singers and possibilities to call on for his show. But, by pure chance, not one of them was able to show up! Betty’s name was the last on the list—and, just one hour before showtime, she got the call. She went on, did the song and, on the strength of it, was signed to do a song spot on another show, Wes Battersea’s Grab Your Phone.

But this didn’t last long, either. I think that, psychologically, this was Betty’s low point. She had been trying desperately to break into TV—those two nibbles had encouraged and then disappointed her—and pounding the pavement from one agent’s door to another had resulted in only “no work” news. She came in, on the day we called “the very discouraged Thursday,” nearly defeated, saying: “Oh, Mom. I just don’t know, any more . . . am I beat or am I beat?”

“What do you think?” I said. “Have you forgotten so soon what you told me about hanging on?”

“No,” she said, “I haven’t forgotten!” She sat up and, proceeding to pull herself out of it, said: “Yup! I will just have to try again tomorrow. I still feel it: I just know there must be something!”

At that very instant, the phone rang. It was Al Jarvis. She had known him briefly on the KLAC lot—they had been introduced, but that’s all.

“I’ve seen you on the Grab Your Phone show,” he said, “how would you like to try out for a television show I’m starting?”

“Fine,” said Betty, thinking it was for one time only.

“Tell me,” asked Mr. Jarvis, “can you sing? Dance? Are you willing to do the commercials?”

Betty, stretching it a bit, bravely said “Yes” to everything. Then, hanging up the phone, she repeated to me, “I just thought I’ve got a job for Monday!”

Monday she went in to discover that her job was to run five hours a day, six days a week. That was Betty’s real beginning. At first, she was only to answer the phone on Mr. Jarvis’ show, as she had on Grab Your Phone. But the job grew to helping with the commercials, then “setting up” the commercials—then interviewing the guests.

I remember an incident that happened last year, which illustrates Betty’s en-
thousiasm, her optimism, her "don't believe in defeat" attitude. Betty and her orchestra leader, Frank DeVol, were both candidates in the race for Honorary Mayor of Hollywood. Selection of the Mayor was part of an annual Kwanian boy's network event, to raise money for underprivileged and needy children. All of Hollywood—in fact, everyone—can vote, the votes costing ten cents each, the money going into the Kwanian Children's Fund.

I remember that, at a luncheon honoring the "mayoral candidates" (Betty, Frank DeVol, Lawrence Welk, Tennessee Ernie, Jack Bailey, and others), there were a number of long Kwanian faces. Though it was early in the race, there had been such a scant number of ten-cent votes counted that their $3,000 goal looked mighty distant.

But Betty didn't lose her enthusiasm. In fact, knowing that things looked rough, she was more determined than ever to make the campaign a success. Then, at the luncheon, she and Frank DeVol were thrown into an ad-lib skit together—as one mind, they began making jokes of the financial situation. Before the luncheon was over, their enthusiasm had spread to all the club members.

No, neither Betty nor Frank DeVol won the title—at that time (though Betty did win this year's campaign), Jack Bailey, of Queen For A Day, was elected. But the enthusiasm with which all the "mayors" campaigned did make the usual $3,000 figure look pale and wan—all together, they raised $10,000!

And, the day after the luncheon, Betty went up to her producers, Don Fedderson and George Tibbles, saying: "That Frank DeVol is a funny man—if he can make the Kwanians laugh in such a situation, he should be able to make other folks laugh, too. And we work like a team together. We really ought to find a situation for him on Life With Elizabeth." And that's how Frank came to that show.

But I realize at this point of my story. We were still talking about Al Jarvis and Betty's first success. You know, Betty has always been first to give credit for this success to Mr. Jarvis. Al gave her a schooling she will never forget. And it's hard to believe, even me.

By now, it seems that everything in Betty's career since her first introduction to TV on the Jarvis show is almost anticlimactic. From that beginning, she just seemed to grow. The next big break came when Betty entered her own program on KLAC, here in Los Angeles. Mr. Don Fedderson, then station manager, had watched Betty take hold of the show, after Mr. Jarvis had gone to another station. When he saw that she was so at home, so successful, he just upped and told her one day: "Betty, from now on we're going to call this The Betty White Show!"

Then Betty did a little three-minute spot at night. It was Betty's brainchild, called Alvin And Elizabeth, and it, too, soon grew to five minutes—then more. Then came some little shows, helping things that Betty dreamed up. She finally ran out of ideas and hired George Tibbles to write material for it—but, by then, it was a weekly one-hour show. It was later chock full of a half-hour of live, half-hour of Life With Elizabeth. This was the show which won her the 1952 "Emmy" as the most outstanding personality in TV.

And this was the going rough. Betty Elizabeth won her Billboard magazine awards. She was so surprised! Last year, Lucy and Jack Webb were the two big winners, with Imogene Coca running a close second. It was something Betty always liked to read about as happening to others, but she never dreamed she was under consideration. So it came like a bolt from the blue, when she read that she had been voted two top awards: "the best actress in any syndicated program" and "best comedy actress"! Jack Webb won again this year, too, and Loretta Young and Kwanian boy's network actress.

But not all of Betty's life since television has been smooth as cream. She has had to work hard for her success. Her schedule is so full that she often feels physically tired at times that she was ready to drop. And we've had some emotional problems here in the house, in her private life, that has shocked the props out from under her, too.

You know, Betty's pets play such an important part in her life, and one night we had a tragedy—Betty's Pekingese was too old and sick and, in the middle of the night, she took him to the vet's. We had him for many years, but his time had come, and we lost him. Of course, Betty cried the rest of the night.

Well, some people may scoff. They may think you do not get attached to dogs. But I know better. They are just like children to us. They always become such an important part of our house. Betty, you know, is an only child. And, ever since she was a baby, we've had puppies for her to play with. We hoped they would help take the place of the and sisters she couldn't have—because an auto accident took that possibility away from me shortly after her birth. It's for this reason we've always had dogs to help fill the house. And that's why, when we lose one, it's such a great tragedy.

But Betty says that it's "a vacant place to fill." She has made it a policy always to fill that emptiness with a new puppy. She says it doesn't take the same place in your heart the other dog had, but it helps fill up the hurt—and then you get so preoccupied watching little puppy in its antics, you fall in love all over again.

The point is that, the night our little Peke died, Betty was prostrated. She cried all night—the very night before she was to make her first and most important film for Life With Elizabeth. Up until then, she had been a West Coast personality—but, the next morning, she was to make this appearance which would introduce her across the nation.

Believe me, that day she had to reach down into her faith to put on a smile, to be cheery in front of the camera. But she never, ever, asked: "Why did this happen to me?" She didn't complain. Rather, as she wiped the tears and went out the door, she said:

"It hurts, Mother. But I guess I'm not the only one in the world with a pain. There must be millions who are far worse off today than we are..."

And that statement illustrates the last point in Betty's philosophy of life: Courage and a little faith may be all the obstacles. She did not cover herself with self-pity; she did not take the attitude that she was in a situation in which nobody had ever been before. She never asked: "Why did this have to happen to me?" She didn't complain. Rather, as she wiped the tears and went out the door, she said:

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ROMANTIC ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 62)

There are book-lined shelves. Other shelves and occasional tables are decked with old and beautiful silver, including a pair of covered entree dishes which once belonged to the late, great George Bernard Shaw and bear his monogram. Against one wall is a old Florentine desk at which Mr. Long answers his fan mail. Here and there, too, is the gleam of copper, of which the most beautiful piece is an old Italian kettle.

Also ornamenting the apartment are Teufelchen (a German name meaning "little devil") and Alcibiades—Mr. Long's two Siamese cats, who make "living alone" a misstatement, according to their master. "They are very intelligent," he says. "You can talk to them and they answer back. Make little noises—which, since I understand them, is conversation."

In Mr. Long's airborne apartment, we sat and talked (with Teufelchen and Alcibiades making occasional contributions) about, first of all, Young Widder Brown and Mr. Long's fondness for Michael Forsyth, a part which he has been playing for more than a year now.

"If one of these days, Michael Forsyth should marry Ellen Brown," I asked the man who knows him best, "what kind of a husband do you think he'd make?"

"As a husband, Forsyth—described in the script as 'a young businessman from Chicago, about 35, wealthy, handsome, executive-type'—would doubtless be first-rate," Mr. Long laughed. "He's a nice chap, Forsyth, with many assets more important than looks and wealth to offer a woman—courtesy, for instance, consideration and a nature sensitive to the problems and pains of others.

I don't know, however, whether or not Michael Forsyth will marry the Widder Brown. Nevertheless, at present, there is a nice, romantic, very charming thing between him and Ellen.

"To have a nice, romantic, very charming feeling about Widder Brown is not, by the way, too difficult a job of acting." Mr. Long smiled his very nice smile. "For Wendy Drew, who plays Ellen, is a very charming girl. Blonde and small and dainty. Friendly, and fun. Very much the outdoor type, too, in spite of her seeming fragility. Lives here in New York, as I do—loves it, as I do—and, also as I do, loves to swim, to drive, to be in the sun, in the country. We are, in fact, very 'simpatico' off-mike, as well as on. So is everyone in the cast. Even Ethel Wilson—who plays Mrs. Summers, our bitter enemy on the show—is our good friend in real life, often comes here to dinner with Wendy and others of our group.

"I would not like to be typed," said Ronald Long, who is known as one of the most versatile actors on radio and TV, "I enjoy too much the variety of roles I've been fortunate enough to play. It's stimulating to go from one extreme to another, as I often do. On a TV series titled The Hunter, for instance, I recently played a Communist commissar, a particularly decadent sadist who—while making people wait, making them suffer—sits behind his desk, eating chocolate. The difference between this unpleasant fellow and the servile but hearty Mr. Pumblicook I played in Great Expectations, on Robert Montgomery's Black Cat, is what I mean by 'variety.' I enjoyed the role of Evans Baker, the sophisticated, brilliant lawyer I played on Love of Life for some fifteen months, over CBS-TV. And the many others—romantic leads and midas, weirdists and oldsters—I've done on Studio

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One, Luz Video Theater, Schlitz Playhouse and so on. 

If I had to be typed, I prefer it to be in the person and character of Michael Forsyth—who has become, in effect, my 'alter ego,' my other self. Besides, I like the fellow! Like him, and understand him.

He was born in Chicago, about thirty-five years ago, and I—born in London, England, January 30, 1911—am eight years his senior.

"He is in love and I, as of this instant, am not. He wants to marry Ellen Brown, and his wife; she is mugged to appear and understand, despite the fact that we have many dis-similarities in both character and experience. He was brought up in Chicago, about thirty-five years ago, and I—born in London, England, January 30, 1911—an eight years his senior.

"It could not be done. Or really another. Like him."

Please do as you may.
in a little back room: very small, very cold in winter, very hot in summer—I walked up out of the streets into the offices of agents and managers whose names and addresses I found in the classified directory. And, within two months, I had my first job—with Deborah Kerr and Martita Hunt on the Theater Guild On The Air production of Mary of Scotland. Then I did Cavalcade Of America, on which I played Benjamin Franklin. And thereafter played Benjamin Franklin several times. Whenever a producer needed Benjamin Franklin, he sent for me. To be wanted for the role of Benjamin Franklin, so deep in the history and in the heart of America, made me feel at home.

There were moments of very great stress, however, in that first year. Apart from the shows I’ve mentioned, I didn’t work very much. I’d put aside enough from my modest capital to get back to London, if need be. But, before the year was up, I’d get down to and gone my best—the reserve. I’d burned my bridges. I really didn’t mind. After the moment of terror I experienced on the day of my arrival, I was not afraid. At the age of seventeen, I had become a convert to Catholicism and I have found my religious fills—and will always and unfailingly fill—all my needs. Besides, the excitement of America, the sense of adventure in the very air I breathed, suited my personality.

“What didn’t suit my personality or nature was the waiting, the delay. . . . Unlike our friend Michael Foryth—who appears to be a man of admirable control and patience—my worst fault is, without a doubt, impatience. I can’t bear people who are not on time, people who don’t do things they say they’re going to do when they say they’re going to do them. The type of individual who says, ‘Be with you at 12 noon’—and arrives at 1 P.M. I want, above all, to get things done, want people and events to move quickly. Want—especially career-wise—to get there!

I am also (another fault) very extravagant. I like my surroundings to be comfortable, charming and, yes, luxurious. If I had the money, I’d buy a still more expensive car than the one I have. I’d buy still more expensive furniture. More rare books. More old rare silver and copper.

“The odd, and seemingly contradictory, thing is that I am not burningly ambitious. I’m not one of those who torture themselves because they are not among The Great. To give pleasure to other people is, I think, the great thing and, after that, the chips can fall as and where they will. But what I do, however modest it may be, I want to do well—and I want to do it now.

“Now I feel that I am doing it, that I am moving, that things are moving for me, that there is momentum. For, after that first year, one contact led to another, one job to another. Things fell into place, day by day, as things have a way of doing. For the part of Baker on Oscar’s Life, I didn’t raise my little finger. Nor for many of the roles I played on Mystery Theater, Stella Dallas, Mr. Keen, and the others I mentioned.

“At the end of that first year, in fact, I moved from my small little room to an apartment which was larger, pleasanter, higher up, then to another still larger, pleasanter and higher up, and so on. And Mr. Long with his eyes on the sky that looks in his windows, ‘now here!’

“I had a lunch—America’, he said. ‘I played the lunch, and won. I had a dream—America. The dream has come true. I believe that my future was in America, and that a man must follow his future. I followed mine—and, as I believed, it is here.”

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The First Little Godfrey

(Continued from page 49)

credit," Jan repeats. "That's an awful lot of work, getting a house completely furnished in only three months."

What was the rush? Well, Jan had invited her parents and four of her brothers and sisters to New York for Christmas and she wanted to be ready for them.

"You know my apartment is small," she says, "and it used to break my heart to have them come all the way in from Arkansas and then be put up at a hotel."

Although she has been working away from home since her teens, Jan has always been close to her family. The year before she bought the house, her sister Carolyn came to New York City for a visit. Carol liked New York and wanted to stay, so Jan sent her back to Pine Bluff just long enough to take a business course. Then Carol came back and has since acted as Jan's personal secretary.

"People ask me how it feels to be the sister of a celebrity," Carol says. "I tell them Jan has always been the star of our family, even though we all respect each other equally."

The two sisters have been living together for years now. They get along famously. They have learned to compensate for each other's moods, get problems talked out, and laugh at the right time. They still have long gab sessions profitably spent analyzing their dates. "For example," Jan says, grinning, "the subject might be, 'How independent can a woman afford to be?'"

From Sunday evening to Friday afternoon, they live in Manhattan. In the early morning, Carol gets breakfast going while Jan dresses. Jan allows herself a couple of hours to make ready for the cameras, for she always does her own grooming, hair-dressing and manicuring. About nine, she leaves the apartment and Carol takes over Jan's mail, does the shopping and relieves Jan of many housekeeping tasks. And, of course, Carol takes Honey out for her morning constitutional. (Honey is a handsome toy French poodle that Jan is extremely fond of. "I just looked and said, 'honey,' and the name stuck." Carol is equally fond of the pup and is in charge most of the time, because Jan is so often and so long at the studios.)

"Carol is too considerate," Jan says. "She may have a Saturday-night date that will keep her in Manhattan but, if she discovers that I'm going to be alone in the house, something always happens to cancel her date."

From Monday morning till Friday afternoon, Jan leads a disciplined life. She is up early, gets home at seven and starts work in the studio by nine-thirty. Except for Wednesday night, she is usually home about six in the evening. She and Carol have a meat-and-salad dinner, play some gin rummy, watch television, and by eleven Jan is in bed.

"There's no letting down for Jan until the weekend," Carol says, "and then it's like an altogether new life."

Friday afternoon, with Carol and Honey, Jan drives out to the house. Everything is ready for Jan when she gets there. She employs a couple, Thomas and Ina, to run the house. Their loyalty and interest, Jan feels, have helped to make her house a home.

"I don't do a lick of work," Jan says. "I get there and I just enjoy the house.

Jans's house contributes to a relaxed weekend. The living-dining room sets the mood for the house. The room is about fifty feet long and twenty feet wide. One wall is practically all glass, and there hangs a dramatic floor-to-ceiling drape consisting of some eighty-eight feet of material. It is a rich, heavy fabric with deep-red and black geometrical figures on green pastel.

"The squiggly lines kind of remind me of a television set out of focus," Jan laughs.

The two great chairs by the fireplace are white with deep coral stitching. The carpeting is deep-green. The fireplace, paneled by mirrors, is black tile. And then, although it has nothing to do with the color scheme, there is a fine Steinway. It's a fifty-year-old, imported concert grand.

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"I'm seasonal," she explains. "For the summer, it's light music. In the winter, I like my chorus lush."

Her bedroom is not exceptionally feminine. She can be just about anywhere in a large bed and so got herself one six by seven feet. Since Jan is exactly five feet, three and three-quarters inches tall, she gets a real spacious feeling. She has used woven-textured

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wallpaper, and there are three big chests of drawers with a mirrored wall above. Her windows face out on the woods.

Next to Jan’s room is the guest room with twin beds, papered in pale yellow, with drapes and bedspreads of orchid. There was once a third bedroom, but Jan converted it into a den. Here in a handsome, cozy paneled room, she has a TV receiver, floor-to-ceiling bookcases, her phonograph and desk.

“And, naturally, the smallest room in the house is the favorite of my friends.”

Her house guests have included her old Chicago friend, Fran Allison, and Haleloke and Bottie Kendrick and her husband Maxie. Jan’s parents and her brothers and sisters and her nephews and nieces have visited during vacations and holidays. Jan is a favorite with her four nephews and one niece. She always remembers them with gifts when she is traveling. She is the number-one volunteer baby-sitter when they are visiting her. And she’s fun, because she likes that game with the adult kind, too. Saturday evening, when she has guests, there is always something going on—bridge or gin rummy or charades.

“Trouble with Jan’s parties is that they are always twice as big as planned,” Carol says. “Jan will prepare for sixteen and then invite thirty.”

Jan is big-hearted and warm-hearted, and this often causes her inconveniences. For example, Jan gives her clothes a hard run, with so many television appearances, so she must shop frequently. And the only day she has free is Saturday.

“If she goes out on a Saturday afternoon, she’s got to accomplish something,” Carol explains, “for she can’t get the time to do it again for another week.”

But a stranger can stop Jan for ten minutes to an hour. A woman will come up to her and express admiration for the Godfrey show. Jan, instead of merely saying thank you and giving her a polite brush-off, will stand or sit for a visit.

“This happens constantly,” Carol says, “and then Jan complains that she doesn’t know where the time goes.”

There are little stories to be picked up around the Godfrey office of Jan’s unpublicized generosity. Jan cannot accept worship from fans and kindness from colleagues as her due. She must show her appreciation in word and often, deeds.

“Well, I lick my chin out,” she says. “I believe in people, and I’ll take a chance. Suppose they prove you’re wrong? Suppose they prove to be phonies? You haven’t lost anything, except for a little hurt.”

Jan has learned, in her association with Arthur Godfrey, the worth of trust. When Arthur first heard Jan, she was a CBS staff singer. She wasn’t a “nobody” by any means. She was a “little one” and had previously been earning as much as $500 a week in Chicago. But Arthur was to take her up the few remaining and high steps to national stardom.

“It was the greatest thing that ever happened to me,” she says. “Arthur believed in me.”

No one can doubt that Jan’s a trouper. She’s constantly proving it.

Recently, a woman met Jan for the first time and was moved to say, “You’re even prettier in person than on television.”

Jan, who should have been flattered, said, “If I had my way, it would be reversed.”

But the woman was right. Black-and-white television can’t do justice to the deep brown of her eyes and the coloring of her hair. Jan has warmth and radiance that is just too subtle for an electronic eye. But not for the understanding hearts of those who hear and see her—and who will always love the first Little Godfrey.

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Heaven in Her Hands

(continued from page 36)

ahead of his scheduled personal appearance. So, on the morning of September 10th, Eve, looking radiant and fine, was as well ease over to the hospital—if Eve didn't mind a long wait.

"I minded very much," muses Eve in intimate fashion. "You see, besides the dog, cat, ducks, chickens, horses and sheep on our ranch in Hidden Valley, we also have a pair of rabbits. Now this congenial twosome, not to be outdone by the main man, were the proud parents of nineteen little bundles of fur-bearing joy. And I was determined to find happy homes for them before settling down to increasing the population thereof!"

So Eve, the super-saleswoman, devoted the entire day to delivering bunny bundles to their new lords and masters. Tired but triumphant, she returned to their home in the Hollywood Outposts Estates.

"Now, dear, don't you think we'd better leave for the hospital?" Only an expectant father like Brooks West could have projected such anxiety into a human voice.

"Really, honey, there's plenty of time," answered Eve, with the quiet aplomb of a veteran. But she tucked her three-adopted adorables in bed, gave a few last-minute instructions to their nurse and cook. With a huge sigh of relief, Brooks started their car down the hill. Why he chose that particular street at this particular night, he will never know!

Suddenly they were passing a drive-in theater and, just as suddenly, Eve was tumbling out of their car.

"Oh, Brooks!" she exclaimed. "They're running Dragnet and I've been dying to see it. Let's go in—there really is plenty of time!"

So now you know how Sergeant Joe (Jack Webb) Friday played such an important part in the most important event of Eve Arden's exemplary life. Never in the history of broadcasting has any father-to-be so happy and relieved as Brooks West when you-know-who checked in! He stayed with Eve until eleven.

Then, having been legally adopted by Brooks, that the main event was still in the preliminary stage, Brooks went home for some sleep.

Promptly at five, the following morning, Douglas Brooks West weighed in at 9 pounds, 4 ounces. A few minutes later, Brooks—with that this-is-it look in his anxious eyes—called it off comfortably in the father's waiting room. Before he could even mouth an inquiry, a male attendant came beaming by.

"Mr. West," he announced, "Mrs. West has a beautiful baby!" Brooks felt his knees turning to jelly.

"How's my wife?" he quickly asked.

"I'm sorry, you'll have to talk to the doctor." "But is it a boy or a girl?"

"I'm sorry, you'll have to ask the doctor."

There followed thirty of the longest minutes in any man's life—and then a nurse came out carrying his son. Brooks took the usual inventory, but he still can't quite remember how he got to Eve's bedside. But there he was and, still in the vapors from his allowed excitement, announced majestically: "I had a baby!"

The birth of her first-born is the crowning event in Eve's personal life, a line that has both purpose and a central point of interest. For Brooks West arrived after an unsuccessful first marriage, Eve wondered what she really wanted. Until Brooks West came along, she continued to search for it.

"I've always loved children," says Eve. "While the other little girls in Mill Valley, where I lived, used to play with dolls, I rounded up the neighborhood kids, combed their hair, scrubbed them untireingly, and found it much more fascinating. My adopted children are a beloved comfort, but I've always hoped I would have a child of my own someday. It looked like it would never happen, but I must confess at moments like that I must have been true."

Speaking of truth, it's ironic that Eve was voted the best comedian in television last year, then criticized for not being on hand to accept her Emmy. She had been feeling rather ill for weeks. Finally, the day before the banquet, the doctor sent Eve to bed—after confirming that the baby was on the way! Such sacred news was much too precious to announce immediately. As a matter of fact, she and Brooks were still stunned, sitting there at home in front of the television, when the Emmy awards being distributed.

When her name was announced, Eve started to blubber while Brooks dashed to the bar for a small family conference at the breakfast table. While little Duncan was still too young to understand, Connie was seven, Liza was nine—all the children were so excited—and there was always a possibility of kids at school finding out and saying something. Fortunately, the Wes' had just bought the farm where they spend every weekend. It seemed like an ideal time to tell the children a new baby was on the way. Eyes wide with wonder, they all but suffocated their mother.

"A baby goat—or a baby horse?" they exclaimed breathlessly.

Facing the truth has always been one of Eve Arden's major accomplishments. Her children knew they were adored and adopted as soon as they were old enough to understand. Her friends and co-workers give loving loyalty to Eve because they always know how they stand with her. There is no time to be at hand for the truth about babies. Connie and Liza listened intently, but seemed singularly unimpressed—until they learned the new baby was actually carrying the new baby herself.

Finally, Connie could no longer retain her curiosity. Tell me, Mommy," she listened intently. "Do you ever doubt it?"

"From that moment on," says Eve, "no adjustment was needed. We stayed close to nature on the ranch all summer. The children saw animals being born and, by the beginning of fall, the idea of a new baby was old-hat to them. They just joyfully accepted him and Duncan poked a loving finger in Douglas' eye! I think the world is a more beautiful place if you explain things, remain tolerant and patient and give love. I love all of mine.
Wally Cox

(Continued from page 68)

Bobby and Johnny Appleseed, two children's classics that still bring in royalties after forty years. George Cox, his father, was a copywriter. Elinor Blake, his mother, wrote five novels and three mystery stories, in addition to her professional assignments. And Dorothy Blake, his aunt, was editor of Woman's Day.

But in 1924, when Wally Peppers himself enrolled in a botany course at the City College of New York. The draft intervened, however, and Wally was sent to Camp Wolters, Texas. His career in the Army lasted exactly three months and twenty-one days. On a March, he suffered a heat stroke and was given a discharge.

And, just as the Army separates the men from the boys, so does the包围Wally Peppers. A physical defeat might not matter to a future schoolteacher. As a scholar, Peppers would be more concerned about brain capacity than the size of muscles. But, to Wally, it was a challenge. He began to "indulge in vigorous exercise—rowing a boat or chopping wood." It was the triumph of will-power over an inherent lack of entry.

But what happened at Camp Wolters went deeper than muscles. As a boy, Wally had stood on the sidelines, watching the biggest adventures in human history. And, unlike most of other men, he had found reality more exciting than any books. Natural science had been a lonely business of watching other things grow. Now he himself wanted to grow. So as he rose on the ladder of success, he would watch the other men, but he had a mind. He could study the science of human relations.

WALLY COX

BOBBY AND JOHNNY APPLESSEED, two children's classics that still bring in royalties after forty years. George Cox, his father, was a copywriter. Elinor Blake, his mother, wrote five novels and three mystery stories, in addition to her professional assignments. And Dorothy Blake, his aunt, was editor of Woman's Day.
The first thing to do, he decided, was to get a job, so he could be self-supporting like other men. Nineteen and eager, the amateur botanist and would-be writer worked wherever he could—in factories, at odd jobs, anything he could find. He completely himself. Parthy, it was self-confidence. He had proven he was not inadequate to life but could meet it—on his own terms. And partly, it was the money. With the $36.70 he had saved, he could buy a one-way ticket home. Most of them were actors—including another young individualist named Marlon Brando, who had been a former schoolmate of Wally's, the somewhat effete, socially awkward creature who had been a member of the Chicago theater scene, but had decided to stay in New York.

Although the aptitude-testers had failed to find any trace of creative ability in Wally, his friends didn't fail. At a party one night, one of them asked Wally what he was doing and giving him a living. He was a piano player. And, of course, it was true; he was a good piano player. Quite well.
made Wally a policeman, but finally decided on a script. On April 2, 1953, Mr. Peepers debuted as a summer show.

When the series ended, ten thousand fans wrote to NBC urging them to bring back Peepers. The letters were gratifying but unnecessary. NBC had already signed Wally to a five-year contract and, three weeks later, on October twenty-sixth, Mr. Peepers returned to TV as a regular series of the week's program.

To his fans of all ages, Peepers is the eternal boy—as serious-minded as only the very young can be. Everything he does is new. Even the simplest thing seems to be happening to him for the first time—as though it had never happened to anyone else before. To teenagers, he is a contemporary, taking his first hesitant steps in a grown-up world. To oldsters, he is a blessed reminder of those awful, wonderful days when they were young.

As an actor, it is gratifying to Wally to have his work appreciated by these many fans. He is, however, being, it is a bit disconcerting to learn that no one thinks he's acting. Even a boy actor to be told that he's boisy—let alone a man of thirty! If there weren't something of Peepers in him, he admits, 'I couldn't play him.' But Peepers is the character Wally might have become. Why couldn't anyone see him as he really was?

Last September twenty-eighth, when The Martha Raye Show returned to the air, Wally appeared as a guest star, taking the role of 'Mr. Peepers.' For comic effect, the script writers relied upon the incongruity of anyone as gentle as he trying to murder anyone as bilyeth roughhouse as Martha. But Wally played the part with such relish that it seemed quite capable of mayhem, and the merry twinkle in his eyes seemed to indicate that what he really wanted was to keep forever the role he is now playing. It was useless. Even the press still insists that Cox is "a mild and shy little fellow who makes his own shoes and patches his pants with rubber cement." Shy? "To think that an actor can be a contradiction in terms," Wally says, mildly surprised that the record doesn't speak for itself. How could anyone who is genuine in a role be the competitive, extroverted world of show business? As for the "little fellow" people feel so sorry and protective about, he's now making more than $125,000 a year.

But money was never Wally's yardstick. He is a searching being, more concerned about inner realities than externals. What can money buy that really needs? A few more clothes? He was just as happy with one suit—an elegant sufficiency of all-purpose brown. Confessing to an "interest in women," he now owns two motorcycles. But he rents his green convertible, and he doesn't own the plane he is learning to fly. He bought a two- acre lot in the desert and started a build a house all by himself—a project he has long since abandoned.

To the world, he was a success. In his own terms, however, success was something that happened in September when Mr. Peepers returned to the air for its third season. It meant that Wally had been an actor for five years.

"Five years' professional employment in one field," he mused, thinking of the aptitude-testers. "The time has now come for me to write them a caustic letter."

He was partly serious. It meant he had proven himself, found his rightful place in a man's world—on his own terms, as an individual. But he still didn't have the things other men have.

He met Marilyn—his bride-to-be—four years ago, when she was sixteen. The daughter of Edward Gennaro, a pattern-maker in New York's garment industry, she studied dancing at the Performing Arts High School. A month before her graduation, she entered the cast of "Dance Me a Song," in which Wally also made his stage debut.

Marilyn is five feet, five inches, weighs a hundred and fifteen pounds (Wally is five feet, six inches, weighs one hundred and thirty), with poodle-cut reddish-brown hair and brown eyes. Backstage acquaintances describe her as "a quiet girl who can be vivacious on occasion."

About a year ago, when Marilyn was doing in "The King and I," she and Wally started going steady. Since both have quiet tastes, they steered clear of night clubs, and few knew of their romance. Except for a few friends, the wedding was also kept secret.

It was performed by a Methodist minister in a ceremony similar to Wally's TV wedding. A writer who was present reports: "Donald Seawell, a New York lawyer, gave the bride away. Peter Turgeon, an actor friend, was best man, but Wally carried the wedding ring which he had hammered out of gold and beveled in an Egyptian design. The ceremony was on the lawn of Seawell's farm, overlooking Chesapeake Bay near Bozman, Maryland. Warm sunshine glistined on the star ring of the bride's yellow-gold engagement ring. Wally had proposed more than a month before, but she got the engagement ring only three days before the wedding—telling him that long to make it. The minister's wife, with babe in arms, came along for the ceremony. Wally bussed the bride solidly on the mouth at ceremony's end—the other difference from his TV kisses, which are best described as pecks."

The Cooks honeymooned "somewhere in the Rockies," then toured the straw-hat circuit, for Wally was starring in a summer-theater production of "The Vegetable," F. Scott Fitzgerald's comedy of the Twenties. Marilyn, who last danced in the new Broadway hit, "The Pajama Game," has now given up her career to concentrate on their marriage. They now live in Wally's three-room bachelor apartment, in a high-ceilinged converted old brownstone in mid-Manhattan. He still has his workbench, and he's busy making a set of silverware and some extra chairs.

As for married life, Wally thinks "it's the cure for anything that's wrong with being a bachelor."

And what's wrong with being a bachelor? "Well, you waste a lot of time looking for a wife. It isn't wasted when you get married. And then, you're always wondering if she's going to be. When you're married, you don't wonder any more."

He was half-facetsious, but then he turned serious.

"I haven't any parents or close relatives within eight hundred miles. Now, when I come home at night, someone loves me. It's quite a new thing to me." He paused.

"It makes a difference in your work and everything. You don't realize how much is preying on your mind until you're married. It's a burden off your shoulders, and you can devote your mind to other things. It takes a long time to realize you're not a boy—a longer time for someone like me, with my boyish face and gestures. But now I'm in the category of a married man—the head of a family, so to speak. It's a little extra adulthood—a psychological graduation."

A psychological graduation to maturity! At last, Wally has taken his rightful place in the world—and in the whole scheme of things. But, even now that he has grown into full manhood, he still thinks of Peepers—for he has done so without losing any of the sweetness, the integrity, or the natural innocence of youth.
Time to Live

(Continued from page 60)
Would I trade it for something else?
No, nix, nenny—no way!
From childhood, I have had no other desire than to be an actress and, by the grace of God, I am doing my best to be one. I am eternally grateful to the good people who have watched and enjoyed our show. I am silently grateful, because those people have presented me with a gift that is priceless to any actress—the opportunity to act.

Now, an actress can act without an audience. There's always your bedroom mirror—or your audience in dreams. But, actually, there's no real substitute for a living audience, even if it's sitting out there at the end of what they call a microwave.

My first "important" audience consisted of just one person! This goes back to childhood times and the day I came out of my very own land of make-believe. The family had been indulgent about my childhood stage ambitions and never did anything to really discourage me. In time, there were to be a few barriers. But, at the outset, there was gentle toleration of the idea that I wanted to go on stage—just so long as nothing serious came of the idea. But there came a day. One particular day. The day I had an audience of one.

I was just a very little girl, playing at dreams in a back yard in Beverly Hills, California, and I had scissor-hack one of the family pillows to serve as the fancy dress. I was more in love scene. Alas for a real hero—the object of my affection was a tree trunk. I had embraced it fondly and was pouring love's young nest into a knot hole which served for the hero's ear. There I heard a chuckle from the back porch. There on the porch was my audience of one. He was a cousin, really—but something more than just a cousin. He was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the son of my Aunt Beth.

As any actor will tell you, a chuckle in the middle of a highly dramatic scene is almost akin to a kind of criticism. So far as the actor is concerned, it does one or the other of two things: It makes him decide to embrace chicken farming as a profession, or it makes him mad. In my case, it made me mad. I didn't speak to Douglas for something more than a week, and it was during that time that I decided that someday, somehow, I was going to play that kind of scene so well that the audience wouldn't laugh.

Of course, I know now that that couingly chuckle wasn't really criticism. I know that it was just a case of joy over watching a youngster trying to spread a set of adult wings, and not having too much success.

Once having made my mind up, I got downright stubborn about it. There are a lot of performers in my family—actors, dancers and the like. Almost without exception, they tried at one time or another to dissuade me from my chosen career. For sensible people, they filled me full of an uncommon batch of nonsense about the theatrical profession being no business for a nice girl! But, for a girl who was dedicated to the proposition of performing for the public, it went about it in a very strange way indeed. I don't think anybody who has classed me as a scholar during primary and secondary school. I moved around a lot, and there were frequent changes in school. Then, on top of that, some member of the family was always heading out on a trip and I was frequently carted along.

By the time I was twelve, I probably knew more about traveling to Europe than...
I knew about sixth-grade mathematics. I was in London for the coronation of George VI in 1937—but I don’t think this had any particular effect on my standing in the English courses in Oakland grade schools!

There came a time when I had managed to struggle through high school, and the family thought that I should go on to college. But I had something that can be described as the Bernhardt complex. So far as I was concerned, I knew what my career was going to be and there was no reason for me to change anything right then.

Of course, I considered myself to be a well-seasoned actress already. So far as my “seasoning” was concerned, what I probably needed was—well—the kind that you take a grain of. I had appeared in various children’s dramas at the San Francisco Exposition, and I had always been in some kind of theatrical effort, and I thought I knew enough to get by. There was a heavy family conference on the subject of school-versus-career, with the latter winning out.

But there was one drawback to it. I was informed that if I wanted to get into stage work in New York, I would have to earn enough money to float me through the try-out period. Revolting thought! I, a budding actress, condemned to slavish toil. Ugh!

I got a job selling classified advertising on the Oakland Tribune, and actually liked it. Strangely enough, that experience of working on a newspaper has stood me in good stead on A Time To Live. On TV these days, I’m Kathy Byron, a girl reporter—and while I was in a different branch of the paper in Oakland, at least I did get a good working knowledge about how newspaper people think, feel, and act.

Meanwhile, I had been playing various roles with one of the little-theater companies in San Francisco, and getting experience which was sorely needed. It doesn’t seem so long now, looking back, but there was a time when I thought it would never end. The day I came through, when I got out of “durance vile” and headed for New York. The family still was of one mind and didn’t take the venture too seriously. I think they fully expected to have Patty back in their laps after a couple of weeks or so. Or maybe they were just giving me a sort of indirect encouragement—prodding me on to greater effort by getting my tender up.

If I thought I was going to land smack dab in the middle of a Broadway stage, I was due for some unflattering comeuppance, now that I think of it.

It seemed that, as of that moment, Broadway producers were saying: “California sprouts with dramatic ambitions. I wore out a good deal of shoe leather before I convinced myself that the task was hopeless, for the time being, so I started looking elsewhere.”

Well, if you’ve got to have a job, and if you’re willing to temporize with ambition, you can usually find something profitable. I did. I modeled clothes at Saks Fifth Avenue. But hold on a moment—because here goes glamour: I was a model for “chubby teens”! Alice for lollipops, for myphlike shapes, for the lean, clean profile of willowy Patty was a fatty—or a little bit, at any rate. I earned a living at it for a while, and then.

The diet had two results—I lost my job at Saks, but almost at once I got a job in a theatrical stock company at Erie, Pennsylvania. The job lasted six months, and was very good for me. It gave me an opportunity to do all of the hundred and one acting chores you’re likely to encounter with a stock company, and the kind of apprenticeship you need to become a useful “journeyman” actor. Subsequently, I returned to Erie for two additional seasons of summer stock and found in it the kind of reward and spur that I had always hoped for.

I have never found the stage to be work in the toilsome sense, even though there have been times when I was ready to drop with exhaustion. I don’t know about other professions, but it has always seemed to me that the kind of work you’re doing is necessary for any job.

There are a lot of different ways of measuring success in the theater. Sometimes it depends on your point of view. What I think of as my first big success might not appear to the average person as being anything to brag about. The short of it is that I managed to get a “super” part in the Broadway presentation of “Diamond Lil.” Now, a “super” is anything but a lead. The word is literally short for “supernumerary,” and it means just that—one of the rank-and-file; some faceless, nameless nobody in a mob scene.

But any professional actor knows that very few people ever blaze up in a star part, the first time they hit Broadway—and that, even if a novice does blaze that way, the sudden glow is often followed by sudden extinction. A “super”’s role is a learner’s role; a part which can be played without having the weight of the whole show on one’s shoulders and, at the same time, being in an ideal position to observe experienced actors at work at close range. It wasn’t too long after that I got my first chance in television. Again, it was not a big role—they turned me into a telephone operator on The Aldrich Family. But, like getting a start on stage, you’ve got to be willing to make a start in any kind of role if you intend to make a career out of appearing before the TV cameras. One hard fact some people never seem to learn is that an actor usually starts getting the important roles when he’s ready for them, and not before. I had some inkling of this before I started, which was part of the good fortune of having been born into a family with a number of show people in it.

There’s something else about a family like that. They have a sympathetic understanding of the troubles you’re going through. It isn’t only a help, it’s got spurs on it.

For all the headaches and heartaches, and the climbing of ladders with sometimes broken rungs, there are moments of glory which make it all worth while. My special moment of glory came on the day they cast me in a role opposite the idol of my young stagstruck life—my first audience! As long as I live, I will thank the memory of Ken Murray and his production staff for casting me in a scene opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

I suppose if I live long enough, and learn enough, there may be other more important and critically acceptable roles for me. But, so far as I am concerned, it is unlikely that any other role will give me exactly the same kind of satisfaction. It was an important part, and I liked that. It was on a big network show, and that was great for me, too. It was opposite one of the best-known personalities in show business, and that was purely wonderful. But, perhaps most important of all, it was a chance to show a member of the family that Patty had come up a notch in the profession and might someday amount to something.

It seems to me that a lot of my life has been spent in going contrary to family wishes. I suppose I ought to be more dutiful, but I have admired them for things they have done on their own and I have wanted to do some of the same kind of...
things on my own. For instance, I decided about three years ago that I wanted to go to Europe. By that time, I was quite busy, and my family, plus everyone else, seemed to join in one loud yell: "Don’t go to Europe!"

So I went, anyway.

Together with the girl I was rooming with at the time—and $500—I went to Europe. We saw Paris and Munich, and had a wild and funny time doing it. And we saw England—particularly England—and all the stuff they could walk to, or drive to, or get to even if it took a pogo stick.

As matters turned out, I was right and the family was wrong—about that trip, anyhow—because when I got back to New York I found more and more work to do and, apparently, no damage done for having played truant. At least I like to tell myself that there wasn’t and that, after all, it was in the interest of my “art”—I can now muster up a pretty fair British accent if I ever need it again.

But—to bring this thing down to present considerations and my life in a bucket seat aboard the outer rim of a pinwheel—my work week starts on Sunday evening, and it begins up until Friday afternoon. Here’s about how the schedule works out: On Sunday, I have to get my chores pretty much in shape for the following workweek without being much time to do it in the daily schedule. Then I have to study my role for Monday’s show.

Eventually, I stagger off to sleep with an ear cocked for that (nine bad words) alarm clock. Like an electric shock all along the spinal column, it routs me out to stagger through all that which are described as “morning ablations” and all that make-up stuff. Somewhere between speeches read aloud, through mouthfuls of toast and coffee, I get in another private rehearsal. If I get caught up on the world’s events at all, it’s because the cabby was thoughtful enough to read the newspaper on the brief run to the studio.

Once arrived, all seems to be confusion. Everyone associated with the show is trying frantically to remember where things were when we left off Friday. Final rehearsal is strictly a dark horse out of Madness by Iconoscope. Then, for about a bunch of expert workmen, beginning to live the lives of other people, who must be believable and honest for the television audience.

Almost before we have had time to get off the stage we’re plunged into another rehearsal in preparation for the next day. Finally, I get a chance to eat a hurried lunch before other possible rehearsals or more study for the following day. Up until my bedtime, I am still immersed in the next day’s events, and then—it seems like five minutes—there’s that (14 bad words) alarm clock again.

If I were bored with my job, the life I lead would probably be pretty frustrating. But it is anything but boredom. The people who are around me, in this daily frenzy, are willing to overlook faults, as willing to make the final effort to produce something living for the television audience. It would be a dull world indeed without that kind of spirit.

I suppose there may come a time when all of this may seem like “just another job.” But there is no description to be something else. I think that a home and a family of my own could be pretty exciting, too. And I would like to think that George will have a come a day when another little Patte will play at a scene. Their humor has become a sort of spokesman for the average guy.

George himself, during a broadcast, expressed the same idea this way: “I am a common man and you can’t hardly get them no more.”

Gobel’s own background and experiences bear out this claim. He shares the same values, the same aims, as the people who have found new delight in his shows. The major influences during his youth were his parents, his church and his best girl. He has always felt a bond with his family and his friends, and his aim is to provide a secure future for Alice and their children: Gregg, 5; Georgia, 4; and Leslie, 1.

Gobel’s name has become synonymous with the phrase “one of the few top comedians” of TV. He is, in fact, the only comedian to have multiple bookings on both networks, which is an indication of the respect in which Gobel is held. He has been a regular on the networks since the early 1950s, and his shows have been a staple of television for over forty years.

One of the greatest moments of Gobel’s career was when he was selected to host a new comedy series on CBS. The show was called “The George Gobel Show,” and it ran from 1954 to 1956. Gobel’s dry wit and deadpan delivery made him a favorite with audiences, and he quickly became one of the most popular comedians on television.

In addition to his work as a comedian, Gobel has also had success as a writer and producer. He has written for many of the top names in television, including the writers of the popular comedy show “The Carol Burnett Show.” Gobel has also been a producer on several shows, including “The Dean Martin Show” and “The Tonight Show.”

Gobel’s success has never been limited to the small screen. He has also had success as a talk show host, appearing on programs such as “The Mike Douglas Show” and “The Merv Griffin Show.”

Despite his success, Gobel remains a down-to-earth, family guy. He still lives in the same house where he grew up, and he spends as much time as possible with his family. He has also maintained a active lifestyle, playing golf and tennis, and spending time with his wife and children.

In conclusion, George Gobel is a true American icon. His contributions to American television are immeasurable, and his legacy will live on for generations to come.
learned and then imitated them at home.

The church which played a key role in his career is, suitably enough, St. Stephen's, the smallest in the Episcopal Diocese of Chicago. Fortunately, a notably large number of George's fellow explorers of the wild blue yonder had the same notion. When Bill Helsing was unable to work George in as a pilot, he sent him to Frank at the night club.

In a recent TV sketch, viewers had intimation of what this man meant to the aspiring performer. The televised situation called for George to cope with the complications of an unemployed night club office. Intimates garnered an extra chuckle from the identification sign on the counselor's desk—"Franz Helsing." For a number of years, George's experience proved to be exactly that for George—his counselor. When other bookings failed to materialize, he could always go back to Helsing.

The Helsing's engagements also led to George's introduction to TV. Ted Mills—now an NBC producer in New York—was then at the Chicago Tribune's newly-opened station, WGN-TV. He recalls catching George's act and thought he was the only nightclub entertainer who could take his act, intact, into a family's home.

Gobel indeed fit into what Mills was the first to describe, Chicago's "nightclub school of television." But Mr. O's ability as a booker had already diverted George to more profitable fields.

Helsing's last claim for a couple of appearances on Club TV, which pretty much centered around the Honey Dreamers. And, after I moved to NBC, I planned a projected show around him. But, already, he was making night club dates that we couldn't afford him.

It was backstage during one of those Club TV telecasts that George first met the Honey Dreamers, the singer, Art Ward, and their arranger, Bob Davis, who is married to one of the singers, Marion Bye. The Davises and the Wards (Art and Sylvia) were destined to become the cross-country equivalents of next-door neighbors to the Gobel. When show-business bookings have separated them, they've been known to drive hundreds of miles just to spend an evening together.

Marion Bye Davis recalls how their friendship began. "Standing in the wings, waiting to go on, Bob and I started to talk to George. When we came off, after doing our own thing, our hands were trembling hands. He positively moaned, 'How can I follow anyone as good as you? I'll die out there.' Then he went on with that line of his, different from anything else we had ever heard. Right there I decided this guy was for us. We asked him out to dinner, then of course we had to meet Alice and we were crazy about her, too.

Marion adds, 'She always seems to be a half-step ahead of George. While P.C. is working, she's thinking of what ought to happen next. She knows what he's capable of doing before he himself knows. However, her way of letting me in on definite plans has got to be a bit unusual. Take Jaybell...''

Jaybell, it appears, was an Afghan hound, presented to George by a night club owner, so had four. George, who hadn't been home in a week, found the beast into the car and arrived in his own back yard at 6:00 A.M. With Jaybell at his heels, he sneaked upstairs. Opening the door, he found his new companion-in-law saying, "Hi, honey." Then she opened the other eye and saw the hound. She dove under the covers and lay still for several minutes. Then she peeked out, then glared at George. "That's all I needed—a mountain goat!"

But Jaybell proved useful in Alice's scheme of things. The next time George came home from engagement, Alice
meeting him at the airport, was driving a new Studebaker. "We needed it to show off the dog," she explained blandly. The truth was, George could well afford a new car at that time, for his star was rising, thanks both to Mr. O.'s guidance and the enthusiasm of the friends he made wherever he went.

Art Ward remarks, "Everyone did the same thing we did. Wherever we worked, we'd tell our bosses about this new comedian, George Gobel."

Says Dave Baumgarten, "That's the way MCA got interested in him, too. Jim Brayley—who then managed our Chicago office—and I were sort of bringing up a young feller, Jerry Shirley, whom we happened to discover at Northwestern, and who was headed for stardom until she quit and got married. Appearing on the same bill with Gobel was the Art Valley's office."

Having powerful MCA searching out bookings for him because he had marked the end of his club-date apprenticeship and was in the hot spots of the nation. Instead, his bookings seesawed, and the fiasco in the raucous New York club was a body blow.

Yet, in the depths of his discouragement, someone always turned up to appreciate his style. When, in Detroit, he played his first engagement for the Statler hotel chain, there were just sixteen people under the room. However, one of those people was William O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court and brother of Arthur Douglas, president of the Statler Hotels. And Douglas Gobel heard and said so.

George made his second approach to New York warily. Baumgarten and O'Malley chose to shoot him to the hotel. Pierre. With Alice standing nervous and wet-palmed in the wings, George worried himself on the stage. He was a self-taught and understanding. Here, at last, was a New York bookie to his liking.

The high remaining points of his see-saw career history are quickly outlined:

In the summer of 1952, he made his first New York TV appearance (for one hundred dollars) on Bill Stern's show at the Astor Roof. The Toast Of The Town appeared on the variety cast of a comic called Garry Moore's program. This brought him a "summer replacement" stint—seven shows—on Saturday Night Review. Because of this, he secured his New York contract and moved his family from Chicago to the West Coast. They did not, however, find air time for him.

With a regular NBC salary being paid him for doing nothing, George went back to the night clubs, worrying whether he would get a chance to show his face to a TV camera. Then, finally, NBC agreed to fulfill the ninety-nine-night contract being vacated by Your Show Of Shows. Since then, he has become NBC's biggest bargain.

While such incidents tell the Gobels's story, his friends will talk happily for hours, analyzing the human story of the Gobels' attitudes and actions.

The first division of their anecdotes contradicts the legend—on the wall. "Alice, I can't be funny all the time," Both Alice and George are just as witty off stage as he is on, say their friends, and cite instances to prove it.

Sure, Mr. O. might think no one could make a joke of having a flat tire on the Jersey Turnpike at two o'clock in the morning. But, the moment that happened to us, as we were all driving back from a Philadelphia show, George—trying to be helpful and standing around talking—put Bob into such stitches he couldn't change the tire!"
Little Black Lamb

(Continued from page 40)

farm, my father was not a farmer—he was a plumber. He moved there from DuBois, Pennsylvania, and Dad conducted his plumbing business right from the farm. The actual work of farming the place was handled by a man who also had his house there. We were a big family—there were eleven of us children—but, for all that, I had a somewhat lonely childhood. You see, I was the last of the line, and my brothers and sisters were all older. While they played with me and loved me nearly to death, it wasn’t quite the same thing as having someone near my own age around, of course. I had friends my own age, but it is not as handy for youngsters to get together in farm country as it is in town.

But there are some possessions in farm life, and there was certainly no lack of happiness in my family. One of my greatest friends was a Shetland pony named Jack. He had been around so long, he was almost a part of the family, and he was more faithful than any dog I’ve ever known.

The family itself was a happy one to be around. We were a singing family—not in a professional sense, but simply because we liked to sing. That's usually a good sign of people who are at peace with one another and enjoy being together. I think the singing seems to have rubbed off in a permanent way. I don’t remember this, because I was too young to recall it, but I suppose I got used to the popular songs my sisters were singing while I was still in a high-chair. They took me to make my “singing debut” at the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Fredonia when I was 21 months old. They got a lot of encouragement from my sister Edna, who was a music teacher, and by the time I was four years old she had me singing not only in English but in French.

Now that I look back on it, it seems to me that I am almost entirely a product of my childhood years. There's the singing, for one thing. There's also the reverence for God that comes from long years of choir singing. And—I suppose this is kind of an amusing offshoot—there's some proficiency in golf, traceable to the fact that I was a tomboy.

I must have been a burden to other girls in my grades at Orr School in Fredonia, because I couldn’t be bothered with the silly kind of baseball that girls play on the girls side of the school yard! I was always out fielding or batting on the boys’ side of the grounds! And, instead of always playing with dolls, I found a friend in the popular singing and hiking with me, JoAnn Marstellar. We would hike and go sledding and come back all frost-nipped and ready for hot cocoa.

I didn’t know it at the time, but I made my start along the roads to professional singing when I entered Fredonia High School. Aside from the scholastic pursuits, my life there seems to have been one long series of high schools and concerts. Together with Sevilia Kraemer and Doris Reichert, I helped form a trio and we became the belles of the banquets around that area. We even made it all the way to some of the state singing contests, but our singing was a little sharp and we finished in second place.

My sister Edna taught me to sing, and I could sing music generally, and during my senior year in high school I was taken under the particular wing of Carol Snider (now Berkley), who was a singing teacher and who eventually became a very close friend of mine. She taught me about breathing, phrasing, and all the other elements that a singer must know.

At the time of graduation from high school, some youngsters are undecided about a career. As for me, I had never wanted to do anything but sing, from my earliest days in grade school. It was almost automatic that, in a very short time, I should find myself singing professionally with Bob Collar’s combo. This was a five-piece “combo” that played the country clubs and high school proms around that part of the state. During the next four years, I was never far away from home. We were out on a date somewhere almost every night in the week. While it involved a very great deal of hard work and a lot of driving, I often think of it as being the most essential training of my life, from a professional standpoint.

Somewhere along about the middle of that early band experience, I got my own show at Stanton WPIC in Sharon. It was a 15-minute evening program and I sang all kinds of things. Meanwhile, I also sang at the dance dates with Bob and the band.

I guess I have been particularly lucky. Some performers always seem to go through long periods of unemployment, but it was my good fortune to go out of one job right into another. In radio, I went to WKSF in Newcastile to become one-half of a boy-girl combination, and from there I went to WFMJ in Youngstown. It was while singing on WFMJ that I got my first network radio appearance, when a Coast-to-Coast sustaining program from there, and I was on the air regularly with Jack Merrill and the Woodside Sisters.

Meanwhile, I had graduated. I graduated from Bob Collar’s combination working with Jerry Edwards’ band, and then to the Benny Jones Orchestra. This was an eighteen-piece dance band and was very popular around Youngstown.

The biggest break of my life is another illustration of just how lucky I have been. I went to New York for a CBS audition in the late spring of 1932. I suppose I could have gone on working as I had been for the rest of my life. But, for any performer, there’s always a challenge in the talent competition of a big production center. Along the way in the days of my band experience, I had met Clark Dennis, and this meeting was to have an important effect on my big chance.

Clark knew that I had been scheduled by CBS for an appearance on June 12, 1932. He also knew that his old boss, Don McNeil, was in touch with Don and told him to listen on the CBS show—and, the first thing I knew, there was a wire waiting for me at the hotel to come along to Chi- cago for an audition with the Breakfast Club! On July 27, 1952, a little over a month after my appearance on CBS in New York, I went on the Breakfast Club—and it has all been wonderful since.

From my individual standpoint, this has been probably the happiest period of my professional life, because it gives me a chance to practice my music. I did choir work for many years at home and I really love the sacred songs. But, for many years, I hadn’t had much chance to use my talent in public.

But as for the Breakfast Club, this show really points up the fact that any professional performer has need for an extensive “in-between” work, and if it hadn’t been for my work with the bands over all those years, I don’t believe that I would be able to satisfy Don McNeil or his audience.

Traditionally, farm folk are supposed to be early risers, and in my case the farm provided good training for my present work. Anybody who is associated with the Breakfast Club has to go to bed early. At the same time, we have to be wide awake around dawn to do breakfasts, my life would have been very drab indeed. Don McNeil is always there, and he is the most efficient man I’ve ever run across. He makes you feel as though you are a part of the show from start to finish.

I might say that being associated with breakfasts suits me very well. I always have a lot of work to do, and life is very busy. I think it’s the most exciting work I’ve ever done, and I don’t think there is any work more important than this.

I have been a very happy person all my life, and I think this is because I was taught to be satisfied with what I have. I always find something to like about any job, and I think this is why I have been so fortunate in my life. I have had many chances, and I think I have made the best of them all.

I hope you will enjoy this book as much as I have enjoyed writing it. I have tried to give you a true picture of my life, and I think you will find it interesting. I hope you will read it until the end, and I hope you will like it.
The Host with the Most

(Continued from page 35)

from there into radio in 1932, and it was in radio that he actually created the "soap opera" format with which he has been so successful in TV. Ed introduced Jack Benny to the airplanes, as well as the late George M. Cohan, for whom he was the "first" on TV have been the video debuts of Martin and Lewis, Bob Hope, Rita Hayworth, Audrey Hepburn, Moira Shearer, Janis Mason, Michael Redgrave, Ada and Alfred Lunt, and Jackie Gleason.

Perhaps his most publicized "first" was Margaret Truman. The way this came about illustrates some of the reasons why Ed has been so successful.

Ed had been trying without much luck to induce the then-President's daughter to appear on Toast. One Sunday he had Mimi Benzell as a guest. He didn't know it then, but Mimi is one of Margaret's close friends. After her appearance, she raved to Margaret about Ed's helpfulness and the pleasant manner with which he'd handled the show and the talent appearing on it. Not long after that, Margaret called Ed. If he could do so well for Mimi—well, she'd like to give it a whirl! And by the stage had an all-male cast, was reputed to be very successful, and did a lot of acting together. The show was a big hit.

In addition to his all-around duties on Toast, Ed writes his Coast-to-Coast syndicated column five days a week. He also does an extensive promotion job for his sponsor. All in all, there are sixteen hours of work a day and Ed operates with a very small staff: Jean Bond, who handles secretarial chores, and Carmine Santullo. These two young men are the ones who handle the little things with the man behind the intent, serious, businesslike host of The Toast. Along with millions of TV viewers, they like the guy . . . but—to his eternal credit—they're not afraid to talk to him foolishly, either.

In show business' inner circles, Carmine is almost as well-known as his boss. To illustrate the quality of their relationship, someone once gave him a hundred shares of stock in a Broadway show called "Crazy for the Heat." It was a dismal flop and Ed lost all the money he'd invested. Shortly after, Vic Moore arrived at Ed's office a belated bill, for some advertising material, amounting to $16.50. Carmine paid it out of his own pocket.

"I figured Mr. Sullivan had enough worries, so I gave him a text that he could use freely."

"Let me tell you how I happen to be working for him. Carmine goes on, "I was one of those New York kids who just can't seem to stay away from the bright lights. I began to haunt Broadway and its stage door almost as soon as I could get around by myself. Why not? My own street on the East Side wasn't particularly glamorous. I staked out a berth for myself at Loew's State, standing in a shoe shine stand by the stage door and I used my wits and try to make myself generally helpful, for a few pennies, to the people around the theater. Mr. Sullivan came in there with his 'Dawn Patrol.'"

"He didn't give me much. I had to go to his office, and I guess that's why he never made me feel small or insignificant even though I was just a bootblack. Quite the opposite, he seemed to have a faculty for detecting the little things that I did for him were important and that he appreciated them. And it wasn't only the..."
size of the tips, it was his whole attitude. He was always courteous, always took time to say thank you. 

"Well, when he offered me a steady job—that was eighteen years ago—I could hardly believe it was happening to me, but you can bet I didn't hesitate! I've been with him ever since, except for one month when the syndicate assigned him to the West Coast and he originated the column from there. I don't know what would have become of me if he hadn't been kind to an old man like me."

As it is—well, I love my work, through it. I've been able to help my parents and live happily and comfortably myself.

By now, Carmine is ac-
customed to contact with the famous, but he's still far from blâse. He tells with deep awe of the show he did with Ed at the White House some time ago—I'll never see him in the chair of the President of the United States!" But few things disturb Carmine's steady, stony calm. He does recall one particular moment of great embarrassment, though. That was the day he had to leave the office door one day to find four hulking Marines, grinning broadly.

"Says," the spokesman, "is Amelia around?" The only answer was blank.

"Amelia," it should be hastily explained, is an imaginary secretary whose name has been used by Ed in his column—and by Carmine, in answering "Amelia's" mail. Amelia's column has carried a large number of G.I. letters and they never questioned but that she was a real person. Carmine couldn't bear to let his visitors know she didn't exist.

He tried to think fast, and then he told them he was sorry but Amelia was on vacation right then. The boys were crestfallen. But Ed gave him a tip that he had something appearing in the office at that precise moment. He invited the Marines in, and then spent the afternoon entertaining them.

Neither Carmine nor Jean Lombard ever knows who it will be when they open Ed's door or answer his phone. His circle of acquaintances is one of the world's largest and most varied. On the walls of his paneled office are autographed photos of movie stars, golfer, statesmen, fighters, social figures, politicians, baseball players, generals—even financiers.

"I had a habit of getting used to being surrounded by all these impressive people," says wide-eyed Jean, indicating the walls around her desk. "But, if anyone could make you feel at ease anywhere, it's Mr. Sullivan. He's so busy that we don't have time to be impressed.

I came here to work three years ago. Mr. Sullivan was going to write a book and I was to transcribe it. But we've been so rushed we've yet to even get a start on that project, although Mr. Sullivan did write one book, but I'm afraid it'll never see the light of day.

An average day in the Sullivan office begins with what's that when Jean and Carmine arrive for work at the office, which is one large room adjoining Ed's apartment at the Hotel Delmonico, on Park Avenue in New York. The room is large enough to walk "Bojangles," the Sullivan's gray French poodle—named for the late Bill Robinson. Then Jean gets to the mail, while Carmine is on his rounds, which ring constantly. Ed's fan mail averages a thousand letters a week. There are a great many requests for photographs.

"Just filling these takes scores of hours and costs several thousands of dollars every year," says Jean.

Ed's day begins around one o'clock when, having breakfasted lightly on a boiled egg, toast and coffee, he comes to the office, which serves as office, gives his mail a quick check, takes "Bojangles" for another run, and then sits down to his solid-gold typewriter to pound out his column. The gold typewriter is no affectation. It is an honest-to-goodness working model—and a most handsome one—which Ed received from the Jewish War Veterans of Springfield, Massachusetts, as a token of their gratitude for his column. With benefit he staged to raise funds for them.

The typewriter is only one of scores of trophies which make the office an interesting spot to visit—or work in. Interspersed with the autographed pictures on the office walls are a dozen plaques which have been presented to Ed by all types of organizations representing various groups as tokens of appreciation and esteem. These souvenirs tell their own story of Ed's universal good will, because—although he is a proud student of his own faith—he is a tireless worker for inclusion of all religious groups.

One of the most striking mementos in Ed's extensive collection is a pair of brown "tap" shoes, neatly encased in their own glass box. These belonged to the famed "Bojangles" Robinson who had been a fine gentleman and one of the greatest performers of our day—died broke, Ed Sullivan arranged the mammoth funeral which was attended by every great star in New York and a good many equally famous in other professions. It was the most impressive funeral the Big Town had ever seen. Mrs. Robinson carried out the contract with Ed and gave Ed the dance as his most prized possession, his "lucky" tap shoes.

While Ed is writing his column, Carmine is busy trying to keep Bojangles quiet. The little pup, knowing his master is around, usually picks this particular time to make a major bid for attention. Ed works with such concentration that Carmine usually does so well with Bojangles—that the boss was completely unaware of the dog's deviltry until one day, when Carmine was out and Ed begun to call out. He ran back to the phone, he began to pester Ed.

"What in the world ails Boje?" Ed asked irritated. Jean told him—but the dog's condition did not improve. Ed's fish food of the little animal can scarcely bear to reprimand him.

Carmine began his journalistic career as a reporter of high school sports events for his hometown newspaper, the Fort Chester (N. Y.) Item. His great interest in all sorts of athletic events—he earned twelve letters during high school—made him a natural for this assignment and led him to set a goal as a sports columnist or editor. He realized this ambition on the N. Y. Evening Mail in 1920, and as sports editor of the now-defunct paper, was able to change his life. He was switched from the sports desk to the Broadway beat and asked to turn out a column of Broadway gossip. Ed didn't think much of this assignment at ten cents a word, but he was able to fight against a blast with a gossip—writing in general. This first column—plus other disagreements when Walter Winchell was also a rival columnist—led to his resignation.

A feud developed between the two, which was feeding feud. At the height of the Barry Gray—Winchell vendetta, this feud flared anew when Ed "tore Winchell's ear off" on two separate occasions on the Barry Gray radio show.

After Ed finishes his column, Carmine takes it down to the Daily News for setting and follows through with the "Dick Tracy" or "True Life at the有幸 and the city.

As Ed's column is one of the most syndicated in the country, it is not always sent out to other newspapers. Ed, meanwhile, turns to whatever other chores the day has brought. He writes the scripts used by the "Ed Sullivan Hour" on television, which requires considerable time and research, as in the case of one of his biographical shows. He also

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Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

Now this new healing substance is offered in ointment form under the name of Preparation H®. As a result, it protects the money back guarantee.

**Hair OFF**

Face

Lips...Arms...Legs


**Hair OFF**

Lips...Arms...Legs


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spends many hours looking at films and interviewing talent.

Until he and Mrs. Sullivan dine out, take in a new show, review a new nightclub act or go to Madison Square Garden for some sports event. In other words, they cover his beat.

When they were first married, Ed and the former Sylvia Weinstein lived at the Astor Hotel in Times Square. Later, when their daughter Betty was born, they moved to the East Side to their present abode at the Delmonico, because that part of town is quieter and less congested.

This three-room-plus-kitchenette apartment in the Delmonico is a handsome one. Up to a few months ago, it was comfortable but less distinguished, done simply in what Ed describes as “Early Delmonico” style (furniture and decor supplied by the hotel).

Just before Betty was graduated from UCLA—as a graduation present, in fact—Sylvia re-did Betty’s room in blond wood and a mixture of pink and pale gray colors. Ed liked it so much they decided to re-decorate the rest of the place. In contrast to the farm, which is done in chintz and Early American, the apartment is sleek and modern. Three of the walls in their bedroom are painted a pale blue, and on the fourth there’s a textured metallic paper. Among other things, their huge “Hollywood” bed has wood frame headboard upholstered in the same pale blue antique satin. The spread and draperies are identical fabric. The carpet is pale gray and there are overstuffed chairs and a set of matching armchairs in apricot. Their huge light modern dresser has a white marble top and brass legs, as have the small matching bedside chests.

In their large living room, the walls are papered white and the carpet is deep green. Along two of the walls are long brown-and-white tweed sofas, arranged at right angles and with a marble-top corner table between them. The room contains a set of white marble top stands in front of them. A blond desk with brass legs, a pair of interesting TV stools upholstered in blue-green shantung, a soft red overstuffed chair and a couple of occasional tables complete the furnishings. Personal mementos—some nice china figurines collected by Mrs. Sullivan and placed in the antique mirror-framed bookcase, a large portrait of her hanging on one wall, photograph albums, framed pictures and lots of books—give the place a lived-in look.

“The TV isn’t really there,” Jean explained, pointing to a blank wall space, “but one of the veterans’ hospitals, where Mrs. Sullivan does charity work, needed a set for a TV program. She contributed it off to them last week. The sixth one to go to a hospital this year,” Jean sighed.

Betty, now 23, and her husband Bob Precht and nine-month-old baby (Robert Edward Precht), spent most of their life together traveling, since Bob was a Navy officer up to last September, when he completed his hitch. Consequently, they have had little time for overnight visits with the Sullivans at either the apartment or the farm—where there’s a completely furnished apartment waiting for them whenever they can come “home” to it. But these extra facilities are wasted whenever Betty and Bob can’t use them. The Sullivans’ latchstring is always out for Betty’s young friends.

Ed reads over three or four pages before going to dinner. He always spends some time reading before he goes to sleep. His preferences run to biographies, and although he gives away more than a thousand books a year—largely to hospitals—his shelves are always overflowing. During the early hours of the morning, he gets many of his ideas for his column and the shows. Invariably, when Jean and Carmine arrive in the morning, they find notes on their desks “dated” with the hour and containing scribbled reminders from the boss.

Ed has an ulcer which kicks up when he gets overeaten, overtense, or when he overeats. He doesn’t drink at all—he usually wouldn’t permit it even if he liked it, which he doesn’t. But when he’s disturbed in the early morning, Jean and Carmine will go to almost any length to keep from disturbing them.

He usually works in sports clothes—slacks and a white polo shirt—but, when he ventures out of the hotel, he’s always the height of fashion in a nattily tailored suit of rich material, with blending shirt and tie and a pair of gold oxfords. He seldom wears a hat. He’s passionately neat and he likes the office to be kept uncluttered. It’s on this point that he and Carmine have their only differences. Ed throws things away. Carmine salvages them and carefully stores them. Ed complains chronically that Carmine’s collecting will run them out of home and office, but Carmine just can’t seem to help himself—and with some justification. One day recently, for some point of reference, Ed needed an old group photograph which had been taken in a banquet almost twenty years ago. He asked Carmine where it was, and in seconds Carmine had it. Ed had forgotten completely that the week before he’d insisted that Carmine throw away the photograph. Carmine, a model of self-restraint, didn’t remind him.

Because he truly likes people—individually, or in masse—Ed thoroughly enjoys personal appearances in the Midwest cities when he was approached for an autograph by a pair of teenagers. While he was signing her book, he noticed that one of the girls looked a little surprised.

“My gosh, Mr. Sullivan,” she exclaimed as he handed back her book. “I didn’t know you had gray hair!”

Ed—who does have a sprinkling at his temples—tells himself, with the broadest of grins. Sure, he’s fifty-two and he’s a grandfather. And now he’s a real country squire.

The other day, surveying his new acres in the waning light of the afternoon, it suddenly hit him that the beauty of his trees was entirely lost when darkness fell. Loving every needle and leaf, Ed opened his alarm to terrible waste. He wanted to share them with his frequent evening visitors or even just casual passers-by. What, he asked Nelson Baum— who had a column on trees in “Post”? Could be done to remedy the situation?

In record time, Nelson created a system of lamps, buttons and wires which could be worked from the house to light up the trees and pass on to their most dramatic advantage. When he had finished, Ed surveyed the scene.

“Why—why, it’s a fairyland,” he exclaimed. “Beautiful, a Toast set.”

“Which,” said Nelson promptly, “gives me an idea . . .”

“Yes,” said Ed shaking his head. “Me. Too. But no—I don’t think I should do a show about those trees. Who would be interested? No, to the viewers, this is just a place I live. The show’s the thing on Toast . . .”

But what’ll you bet? Say, along about next midsummer Ed will do one of his reviews from his home on a hill in Southbury, Connecticut. The Farm is too much fun. Ed’s going to have to share it.
New Designs for Living

503—Knit a shrug to toss over everything, keep you warm all winter. Fast 'n' easy pattern stitch trimmed with ribbing. Easy-to-follow directions. Misses' Sizes 32-34; 36-38 included. 25¢

7173—Use remnants of checks or plaid 'n' plain for this crisp school dress. Easy to sew, jiffy to embroider. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Pattern parts, embroidery transfer. State size. 25¢

7211—Rickrack combined with crochet—prettiest new chair-set. Make buffet set, too. Combine 2 colors. Chair back, 11" x 17"; arm rest 6" x 12". Use No. 30 cotton, gay rickrack. 25¢

832—Pleasure to crochet—treasure to own. Set an elegant table with this 60-inch square, crocheted in pineapple design and plain mesh. Tablecloth, 60" in string centerpiece, 40" in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

740—Glamorize your kitchen, keep your toaster shiny and dust-free. The dainty skirt of this old-fashioned girl gives protection. Use scraps for clothes. Pattern pieces, instructions, transfers. 25¢

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POMPEIAN

MASSAGE CREAM
Fun to Be With

(Continued from page 51)

"He's got too impish a sense of humor," "A garbage collector?"
"Too much responsibility," "How about a radio star?"

why not. We can always turn
him off." And so the neighbors, bless them
—having decided Bill's fate—went back to
their living rooms and tuned in Myrt
and Elroy called for yonder world, and Bill
Cullen to grow up and become a star.

They're still waiting," says Bill. "Every
time someone calls me a star, I feel like
asking for a short hand." The notion, however, had a
couple of good points. Bill's smart enough to be
a lawyer, studious enough to be a doctor,
friendly enough to be a politician, but he
discharged his obligations to them. He just
naturally fits in where he is, for
Bill is innately cheerful and happy-go
lucky. He's fun whether you're with him
in a studio on one of his other things. He's
good for the unexpected and a lot of
laughs. But, although he "horsey" around a
good bit, he also works like one.

For eight months, he commuted six
thousand miles a week to... The four
plastic phernalia, a flock of cameras, recording
equipment and a lot of other hard
stuff—including musical instruments and art
materials—all jammed into shelves and
closets. In one closet, there is a fine, sensi
tive altimeter which he once used in his
private airplane.

"It's a good thing to have around the
apartment," he says. "Every once in a
while, I plug in the altimeter and check our
altitude. It gives me confidence in the
building."

Although Bill at the moment owns no
plane, he hasn't by any means given up
flying. He's an excellent pilot and, for
a year or more, owned several planes and
ran a small airline of his own. However,
it got too expensive for even a high-rated
radio star, and Bill sold all the planes.
Now, when he gets a free day, he goes out
to the airport and rents one.

"I just sit and roam," he says. "It's
just a question of getting away from
everything in that big quiet."

While Bill goes up mostly for relaxation
and rest, he occasionally has gone sight-
seeing and has even flown around New England
during the summer. And there was that Friday
when he took his pretty brunette wife Carol to
dress for dinner and then proceeded to
noted ski resort in the kind of a plane, conscious
of their both having dressed nicely and
properly for dinner out, turned two eyes
curled with question marks at Bill, as he
described the plane.

"We're flying to Boston for dinner,
naturally," he said.

And they did. And, after dinner in
Boston, they came back to Manhattan to see
a play and some magic.

"It sounded like fun, going to Boston
just for dinner," Bill recalls, "and it was."

This is the one thing Bill's friends make
money by, and a trip out of town. One of them, Bill's
erve is as constant off the air as on. But
he's no freak. Bill can be upset.

"He can be disturbed about something,
but he swallows it and smiles, "'cause he
smiled at Holloway. "He just
doesn't like to give others a hard time."

Millicent and her husband have been
friends of the Cullens for years. She also
assists Bill with a lot of his work and no
wonders him well. She recalls riding across
town with them. Their cab stopped at a
traffic light and Bill's eyes suddenly
veiled with tears. He was staring at an
HAPPY VALENTINE

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"Henry's simple to take care of," Bill says, with a wry smile. "You have to keep him out of drafts but, again, the room can't be too warm for him. And, if he isn't too happy on schedule, he's in a bad humor. His moods are more complicated than a French chef's. Henry's bananas have to be mashed. I must peel his orange, then break it into small segments, then peel the skin off the segments and then pick out all the seeds. And he doesn't eat domestic bird seeds. Only the expensive, imported kind.

Bill got Henry mostly for professional reasons. He hoped to teach Henry some phrases and then use him on radio and TV.

"As you know," Bill explains, "someone always has to say with enthusiasm, 'And here's Bill Cullen.' Well, I feel sorry for the guy who has to say that, especially with enthusiasm.

So Bill decided to train Henry the mynah to say, "And here's Bill Cullen." He made a recording of it and instructed his maid to keep the record going all day. Henry was kept in the same room with the phonograph, and the maid would bring in her ironing or whatever it was, and she played the record over and over. This went on for a week.

"Bill says," Bill says, "I was ready to give up, but I figured I'd give the bird one more week."

The middle of the second week, Bill came in the front door, stopped suddenly and cocked his ear.

"I heard it over and over again, 'And here's Bill Cullen. And here's Bill Cullen.'"

Bill incidently explains, "It was the maid. She'd learned the line perfectly."

Now, in the interest of domestic science, Bill is trying to help the maid unlearn the line. But, every other time, she does and he does, you'll meet Henry on the air.

"Bill's imaginative," says Mert Koplin, "and he's very much alive. From Bill, you expect the unexpected."

And Bill's friends generally expect to be surprised. He is seldom routine. For birthdays and holidays, he makes plans. But, every other time, he is likely to phone after six in the evening and say, "Let's get together tonight."

And, no matter where they go or what they do, an evening with Bill is guaranteed to be fun. At home, he likes to get in the fireplace in business and roast weiners and toast marshmallows. He may call on his friends to act out in slow-motion a couple of scenes for a home movie. He tells a good story and he sings pretty well, with a warm, resonant voice.

"I've got five good notes," he says, "but I can't get above middle C."

If you want to talk seriously about politics or wars or people, you'll find Bill well-read and interested. If you want a sympathetic ear for your troubles, you can't do better than Bill. But one thing's sure: When it's all over, and you leave Bill—you'll be smiling. For Bill Cullen's fun. He just will not leave you with a frown.
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Given was still laughing when she hung up the receiver. Jane looked on incredulously. "But he has a car, good looks, a good job," she protested. "So what?" Gwen sneered. "He's got something else, too. Something that nullifies every charm."

Jane still looked blank. "I mean, honeybun," Gwen said seriously, "that his breath is that way."

You simply don't get by when you're guilty of halitosis (bad breath). Remember, too, that men are often the worst offenders. Isn't it just common sense to use the surest thing you know to overcome this condition? Listerine Antiseptic, of course—night and morning—and before any date. Listerine stops bad breath and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end...four times better than any tooth paste.

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Celebrities a la carte

WABC listeners are daily guests of a sparkling luncheon show, courtesy of genial Frank Farrell

NAME a "name"—a movie star, prince, national hero or ace sports figure—and you've named a personal friend of Frank Farrell's. And, just by tuning your radio dial to Station WABC daily at 12:35 P.M., you can be Frank's guest as he plays host to such fascinating celebrities during Luncheon At The Sheraton With Frank Farrell. Frank is well qualified for this role, for he has been keeping tabs on celebrities for years in his popular "New York—Day by Day" column in the New York World-Telegram & Sun and other papers throughout the country. Being a "nose-for-news man" explains why Frank's interviews on WABC are more than just informal chatter. With his reporter's instinct, his relaxed, cordial manner, he eases his guests into telling behind-the-scenes stories which have made them the notables they are. . . . Frank, a fabulous figure in himself, has led an adventurous life since he was sixteen and won his first newspaper job—at $3.50 a week. One of his most famous stories was "A Night Out with John Barrymore," which led to his winning the Editor and Publisher Award. Another highlight of his career occurred when Edgar Bergen's beloved Charlie McCarthy was kidnapped and held for ransom. The culprit? Frank—who still claims, "I only did it for a gag." . . . After working his way through college, Frank went on to receive his law degree from New York University. He spent five years in the Marines during World War II as a reconnaissance patrol chief, and rescued Allied prisoners of war in south China. Although he never practiced law, Frank made a name for himself when he uncovered a Nazi spy ring operating in the Far East and served as a special prosecutor and principal witness at the trial which sentenced 21 spies. . . . Frank is married to the former Nina Rownd, who was once voted "the most beautiful girl in Washington, D. C.," and they live in the heart of Manhattan. Since the arrival of his daughter Nina a few months ago, Frank says, "Being a brand-new daddy will probably keep me at home more hours, and that's okay by me." WABC listeners willingly second that motion—as long as Frank continues to be mileside at least once a day for his delightful and entertaining luncheon session.
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In addition, the Club frequently offers other very desirable books...useful homemakers...beautiful de-
Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* is all set to come back to television, on the old home network, NBC. There was such a holler from viewers, when the very popular show went off the air several months ago, that NBC has been trying to find a good time period for its return ever since. And now it looks as though Ted will be a regular Sunday-afternoon feature—might even be set to start by the time you read this. Looking to the future, Mack has also arranged with NBC-TV to take over Berle's Tuesday-night time this summer, when Uncle Millie goes on vacation.

CBS-TV has welcomed a new situation comedy to their schedule, a very amusing one at that—*Professional Father*, seen on Saturday nights. It's a half-hour of hilarious misadventures about a child psychologist, Dr. Thomas Wilson, who just can't do a thing with his own children. Steve Dunne (whom you'll remember from the Bob Crosby show) plays Dr. Wilson, Barbara Billingsley (no relation to Sherman) plays his wife, and their "problem" children are portrayed by Ted Mark and Beverly Washburn.

*The Millionaire* is another recent addition to the CBS television family, and it will be around every Wednesday night for a while, in the half-hour formerly occupied by *Strike It Rich*. *The Millionaire* is a comedy about an eccentric and exceedingly wealthy man who decides to give away his money, a million dollars at a time, to people who most need it and least expect it, and the resulting situations are most amusing. No stars on this one, just a narrator and a rotating cast of actors.

Two new situation comedies, television style, have been worked into NBC's winter schedule. The first is *The Bob Cummings Show*, done on film in Hollywood, and seen Sunday nights. Handsome Robert plays a commercial photographer who has a keen roving eye for beauty, which gets him involved in all kinds of things. The supporting cast includes Rosemary De Camp, of *Dr. Christian* fame, and Leigh Snowden. Incidentally, the sponsor has agreed to let Cummings write his own commercials for the show, he will have a free hand in determining the advertising matter on the program, and he will appear in some of the commercial segment. Quite a contrast to those stars who refuse to have...
TV RADIO MIRROR gets the royal treatment at unprecedented series of Hollywood parties given by CBS and NBC: Below, Mrs. Irving S. Manheimer, wife of one of our publishers, with Charles Farrell . . . at right, with Spring Byington and publisher Ernest O. Machlin . . . at lower right, with Joon Caulfield.

any personal contact with a product in front of a camera.

NBC-TV’s second new situation comedy, also filmed in movie town, is So This Is Hollywood, a humorous show about the adventures and experiences of two girls trying to make good in the glamour village. This is a Saturday-night half-hour, starring night-club comedienne Mitzi Green and songstress Virginia Gibson. Male comedy will be provided by Gordon Jones, the old football hero, as well as movie actor Jimmy Lydon.

Passport To Danger, a half-hour filmed dramatic series, is now being seen around the country on local stations of the ABC-TV network. To date, the show is seen on some thirty stations, with more being added each week Passport stars Cesar Romero in the role of a diplomatic courier, and is produced by Hal Roach, Jr., in Hollywood. The program uses mostly foreign locales and backgrounds, which look most authentic, thanks to movieland’s technical know-how.

NBC has added The Sheila Graham Show to its morning Monday-through-Friday television schedule. The well-known syndicated newspaper movie columnist presents clips from feature films, news and chit-chat, plus in-person interviews with name stars in her fifteen-minute segment.

Another addition to the NBC daytime TV schedule is a new show called Way Of The World. This is a series of dramatic stories, each of which will be completed in from six to fifteen episodes, with emphasis on emotional situations and distinct characterizations. Gloria Louis plays the role of Linda Porter, as hostess and narrator, and the cast will be a changing one composed of top dramatic radio and television actors.

Good news for the junior division is that Tom Corbett, Space Cadet is now a permanent part of NBC-TV’s two-hour line-up of Saturday morning programs especially designed for children. The show was on a few weeks ago on a sustaining basis but, now that Kraft Foods has assumed sponsorship, the small fry can be assured of following their space heroes for quite a while. Frankie Thomas plays Tom Corbett, and Al Markim is Astro.

This ‘n’ That:
Lots of (Continued on page 26)
Presenting Martha Manners

WKTV’s charming hostess finds endless enjoyment in everything she does

Utica’s delightful Martha Manners has a knack for taking inconspicuous beginnings and turning them into wonderfully successful aftermaths. Some two years and 600 programs ago, Martha debuted as producer and hostess of May I Present, seen on Station WKTV, weekdays at 2:30 P.M. At that time, she was director of drama and radio at Utica College of Syracuse University, and she recalls her first TV show with horror. Demonstrating the right way to wind a skein of yarn, Martha moved the yarn right up to the camera lens with a bright “See!” What viewers at home “saw” was a big blob of nothing. . . . But, with the help of cameraman John Dawson, Martha learned quickly and viewers have been seeing plenty ever since. Volunteers have donated blood on the program to show how easy and painless the process is; the same thing has been done with chest X-rays. Her WKTV viewers have also met more than 1000 guests, including foreign exchange students, visiting professors, and experts on playing the banjo, hooking rugs, and “decking the halls” at holly time. Twice a month, a panel of medical specialists discuss various illnesses and, once a month, Mrs. John Bilobrowka, the noted librarian, tells tales of historic Mohawk Valley . . . Last year, Martha inaugurated the first and, thus far, only formal non-credit college course in Central New York TV, “Shakespeare on Television.” The 15-week course, taught by Dr. Norman Nathan of Utica College, was taken by about 45,000 viewers and is being repeated this year. But the program Martha herself likes best of all is her Friday show, devoted to readings for youngsters. . . . Vivacious, dark-haired Martha made a conspicuous stage debut when she was seven and played a dancing butterfly. As she “fluttered” in from the wings, Martha fell flat on her face. Nothing daunted, she continued to appear in school plays and then spent ten years on the professional stage. . . . Martha lives in a historic old mansion that was used during the Civil War by the “underground railroad.” She loves to knit, garden and cook and, one Christmas, baked 51 one-pound fruit cakes as gifts for WKTV staffers. She gets a “kick” out of visiting antique shops and collecting china plates, and she cherishes the fact that she is the only woman member of the New York State Fire Fighters Association. But this unique honor doesn’t surprise her devoted fans. They know Martha Manners is one in a million.

Only female member of the N. Y. State Fire Fighters, Martha rides with Raymond Jecko, Gerald Darby, Paul Daniels, Elmer Walters and Alfred Jastab.

Martha and director Jack Fredericks usually have the unusual on their minds.
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. You can tell the minute you open the bottle... there's no strong ammonia odor. And a PIN-IT wave is 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!
Contest Winner

Dear Editor:
Would you tell us something about Jan Clayton, who plays Jeff's mother on CBS-TV's Lassie?

H.S., Intercourse, Pa.

When Jan Clayton graduated from college, she won a contest as “Miss Southwest.” The prize was a trip to New York where Jan was auditioned for the stage. She was told she was fine—for the movies. So Jan returned to New Mexico and proceeded to win a contest sponsored by M-G-M. The prize was a trip to Hollywood and a screen test. This time Jan was told she was terrific—for Broadway. She stayed in Hollywood anyway, got a one-week, night-club singing job with Maxie Rosenbloom, was spotted and promptly signed for the famous “Hopalong Cassidy” movies. During the war, Jan joined a U.S.O. unit, then returned to appear at the Hollywood Canteen and to play opposite Wallace Beery in “This Man's Navy.” Then she took off again for a one-woman touring show of our island bases. Next Jan took her talents to Broadway where she starred as Julie in Rodgers and Hammerstein’s “Carousel.” She closed in that show after nine months and, the very next day, opened as the lead in a revival of “Show Boat.”

Jan lives in Encino, California, with her husband, attorney Robert Lerner, and their four children: Sandra, 14; Robbie, 6; Karen, 5; and Joe, 4.

In addition to Lassie, Jan has appeared on TV as a Pantomime Quiz panel member, as a guest on the Danny Thomas and Ray Bolger shows, as Jenny Lind on Hallmark Theater, and re-created her original role in “Carousel” in last year’s Rodgers and Hammerstein anniversary show. Recently, she added a new title to her collection: Celebrity Mother of the Year for 1954.

Versatility Plus

Dear Editor:
Please use your Information Booth column to tell us something about Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., who has the male lead in NBC-TV’s serial, Concerning Miss Marlowe.

C.W., Reading, Pa.

Son of the famed violinist Efrem Zimbalist, and the equally famous opera singer, Alma Gluck—Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. has followed a dramatic and musical career that adds new lustre to his family’s tradition. Efrem, who studied at Yale and

Jean Gillespie

at New York’s Neighborhood Playhouse Dramatic School, got his first job as a page at NBC. Since then, he has played with the American Repertory Theater, in summer stock, and on Broadway opposite Spencer Tracy in “Rugged Path” and opposite Eva LeGallienne in “Hedda Gabler.” When not acting on stage, in movies and TV, Efrem is a producer and director. He made Broadway history as the producer of Gian-Carlo Menotti’s operas, “The Medium,” “The Telephone,” and “The Consul.” From 1952 to 1954, he was assistant to the director of Philadelphia’s Curtis Institute of Music, and he also studied composition and wrote music during this period.

Efrem married during the war, when he was an infantry lieutenant for five years. Efrem’s wife died recently, and he lives with his two children: Efrem Zimbalist, III, who is seven, and Nancy Alma Munroe, who is ten. Efrem lists tennis, painting, and especially writing music, as his hobbies.

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.

The Jolly Bennetts (Tony Bennett), c/o Grace Dingman, R.D. 2, Newark Valley, N.Y.


Speaking Of Ancestors

Dear Editor:
Please tell us about Jean Gillespie, who plays the young divorcee, Dottie Blake, on CBS-TV’s Portia Faces Life.

J.Z., Chicago, Ill.

Boston-born Jean Gillespie has an interesting genealogy—including a Puritan ancestor who was tried for witchcraft in Salem. But the blonde, petite star of radio and TV is proudest of her ancestor, Eva MacPherson, who, as heiress of the MacPherson clan, married the chief of the Macintosh clan. The love match united the two clans, and when Jean married actor Bill Thunhurst, Jr., who descends from the Macintosh clan, she was delighted to think that they had been destined for each other since ‘way back in the Middle Ages. Today, the Thunhurs and their one-year-old daughter, Deborah, live in a New York apartment decorated with tartans and Highland figures, their 18-foot sailboat is called the “Bonnie Jean,” their beagle puppy is dubbed “Baskerville”—but Jean’s culinary masterpiece is still Boston baked beans!

Jean’s stage career got underway when she was six and (Continued on page 13)
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Kotex now comes in this soft grey package

Selected by thousands of women as first choice of many designs - this new Kotex® package reflects the quality you've learned to trust. For Kotex gives you the complete absorbency you need . . . the softness you're sure of.

Kotex holds its shape, keeps its comfortable fit. Moreover, this is the only leading napkin with flat pressed ends to prevent revealing outlines. So look for the new Kotex package—soft grey, with a graceful K, symbol of highest quality.

Your choice of three sizes. Regular—blue panel; Junior—green panel; Super—rose panel. And with Kotex you'll want a new Kotex belt. They go together for perfect comfort.
began dancing in children's revues. At 15, she did summer stock, then studied in New York for two years. Jean has appeared in two Broadway plays and is due for her third very shortly. Her radio credits include 21st Precinct, City Hospital, My True Story, Aunt Jenny, Gangbusters and Cavalcade Of America. On TV, she's been seen on Kraft Theater, Studio One, Robert Montgomery Presents, and now, Portia Faces Life.

TV Twins

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me if the baby on CBS-TV's I Love Lucy is really Lucy and Desi's baby?  

S.H., Lincoln, Ill.

No, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV does not play Ricky Ricardo Jr. The baby on I Love Lucy is actually twins—played alternately by Joseph David Mayer and Michael Leo Mayer. The twins, who are only a few months older than Lucy's and Desi's own son, are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Max Mayer of Montrose, California. Mr. Mayer is a clerk in a chain grocery store in Montrose and Mrs. Mayer is a member of the Mothers of Twins Club in Sherman Oaks. It was a magazine article about this club that led Desi Arnaz and his staff to the Mayer twins.

Triple Play

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information on Steve Dunne, who appears on CBS-TV's Bob Crosby Show?  

L.G., Omaha, Neb.

Born Francis Michael Dunne in Northampton, Massachusetts, Steve was cast as an accountant by his father, though Steve himself sighed for a role in journalism. Eventually, however, he wound up in acting—because a radio manager thought his voice was a "natural." Today Steve is well known to TV viewers for his roles on CBS-TV's My Favorite Husband and the Bob Crosby Show, and this season has added the role of Dr. Wilson on Professional Father. His acting career began when Steve won a scholarship to study journalism at the University of Alabama, earned his expenses by working for a noted psychologist at Tuscaloosa Institute and then met up with that radio manager in Tuscaloosa. He began with a part-time radio job, then did a New York stint as an extra staff announcer and went on to a staff job at Worcester's WTAG, in Massachusetts. It was then Steve decided to marry his childhood sweetheart. There was money for a wedding but not a honeymoon until the day before the marriage. Mrs. Dunne-to-be won a $1,000 door prize at a charity bazaar. Steve has appeared in fourteen films, among them "Lady Possessed" and "Above and Beyond." The Dunnes live in Brentwood, California, with their two children, Steve, 10, and Christina, 7. For hobbies, Daddy Steve picks tennis and swimming.

Admiral's Lady

Dear Editor:

Can you tell us something about the girl who appears as announcer on Bishop Sheen's Life Is Worth Living program?  

A.L., Butte, Mont.

Murial Hart Williams is the stunning blonde who appears as "leading lady" in all of the Admiral commercials, notably on Bishop Sheen's program. She has also been seen on Studio One, Robert Montgomery Presents and Philco Theater. Murial also worked in radio at one time, broadcasting from Boston on the Ted Steele program. . . . While she is rapidly winning popularity on TV, the bulk of Murial's career, up to now, has been on the stage. She's appeared in thirty-five Broadway and touring productions and holds the all-time record for the greatest number of summer stock roles ever played by a woman at the noted Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Massachusetts. It was at Dennis that Murial met her husband, the late Francis Hart, then president of the Playhouse. Friends made at the Playhouse included such world-renowned stars as the late, beloved Gertrude Lawrence, who was married in the Hart home to Richard Aldrich, producer. Murial will star in a Richard Aldrich Broadway production this spring. . . . Murial lives in a Greenwich Village apartment with her dog John, "a personality himself," she says.

Nicknames

Dear Editor:

Can you tell us something about Buff Cobb, who appears as a panelist on ABC-TV's Masquerade Party?  

J.L., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Pert Buff Cobb—alias Patrizia Cobb Chapman Wallace—seems to inspire nicknames. Her writer-mother, Elizabeth Cobb, dubbed her "Rabbit Head" and "Miss Mouse." Her father, singer Frank Chapman, calls her both "Shrimp" and "Shrimpo." Husband Mike Wallace came up with "Duck Face" and "Pussycat." But the name that stuck was given her by her writer-grandfather, the late Irvin S. Cobb. Buff's mother had been raised by a maid who, unable to pronounce the name Elizabeth, called her "Lizzybuff." Irvin Cobb decided to call his daughter "Big Buff" and his granddaughter "Little Buff." Buff was born in Florence, Italy, where her father was studying voice. She was three when the family returned to the United States. Buff grew up in New York and California. After studying drama, speech and ballet, she played a season with the Laguna Beach Playhouse and then won a role as one of Rex Harrison's "wives in the movie version of "Anna and the King of Siam." Several stage roles followed, then Buff joined the company of "Private Lives" with Tallulah Bankhead. When the show played Chicago, she met Mike Wallace on the radio program Melody Lane. Buff remained in the Windy City to do a number of radio and TV shows and, two years later, in 1949, she and Mike were married. They're heard today on CBS Radio's Mike And Buff's Mailbag.

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.
Greetings, nice people. It's me again, as usual, with lots of tunes on my typewriter, so if the assemblage is ready, let us take "note" of what's what in the wax department.

And as a starter, here's a real special for you: A great album of "There's No Business Like Show Business." It's from the smash musical movie of the same name, of course, with all the Irving Berlin songs from the picture, done up vocally by the all-star cast—Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor and Johnnie Ray. The only one missing is Marilyn Monroe, which I admit is quite a loss, but Dolores Gray sings MM's numbers in excellent voice. Included in the album are Berlin's new songs, written especially for the picture, "Lazy," "If You Believe," plus several of his former hits, "Heat Wave," "Simple Melody," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and others. It's been pressed in three speeds, by the way. (Decca)

Columbia's young vocal hopeful, Jill Corey, has come up with her best record so far—at least in my opinion—"Edward," and "I'm Not At All In Love," with Jimmy Carroll's orchestra. "Edward" is a cute novelty, written by Bob Merrill, of "Doggie in the Window" fame, and will probably be the big side. The coupling is a pretty ballad from "Pajama Game." Lots of good piano albums this month, by a variety of keyboard artists. M-G-M offers "Dorothy Donegan at the Piano," "Van Smith at the Piano," "The Jose Melis Trio," with Jose on the keys, and a Jack Finn set called "Love in Bloom." Not a new tune in the bunch, incidentally, but all wonderful old standards. "Tonal Expressions" is the name of a fine piano set by Don Shirley, on the Columbia label, and he, too, has chosen old tunes. This boy is one of the most talented members of the eighty-eight-fraternity around, and has done some oldies a new-as-tomorrow treatment. His long-playing platter, "Randy Weston Plays Cole Porter in a Modern Mood," features Sam Greisman on bass and includes favorites like "I've Got You Under My Skin," "In the Still of the Night," "What Is This Thing Called Love," and "Night and Day."

Before closing the piano corner, we have, last but not least, Miss Barbara Carroll, a pretty lass who has a pretty way with the keys. Her album is called "Lullabies in Rhythm," and it, too, includes old standards, plus a couple of her own compositions. One is called "Garrow's Way," which she wrote for Dave Garaway. (Victor)

Les Paul and Mary Ford have done an interesting new record called "Song in Blue," with Les playing some rapid-tempo guitar to Mary's slow vocal. The backing is "Somewhere Sweetheart," done up as an instrumental in the Pauls' individual guitar style. (Capitol)

Another man-and-wife-in-real-life, Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer, are turning into a regular record team. This time they've done "Mr. and Mrs." the Sigmund Romberg selection from the movie, "Deep in My Heart," which they also did in the film, and they've backed it up with a cute waltz, "Marry the Man." The Ferrers get good musical assistance from Paul Weston's orchestra and the Norman Luboff Choir. (Columbia)

Victor has tied up the voices of Dinah Shore and Tony Martin into a pretty package called "The Melody of Love." You'll recognize this ballad as an old familiar piano piece, which has been adapted into a modern ballad. On the reverse, Dinah and Tony duet on the old cutie, "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me."

Frank Sinatra has also recorded "Melody of Love," which he sings in excellent voice. (Hasn't he been sounding great lately?) On the other side, Frank does a swing vocal on the oldie, "I'm Gonna Live Till I Die." Accompaniment by Ray Anthony and his orchestra. (Capitol)

Steve Lawrence, who has been bartoning on our Tonight show for quite a spell now, has done his second solo record for Coral, and he comes through fine with two pretty new ballads, "Kiss Me Now," and "How Do I Break away from You?" with Don Jacobs' orchestra. (Coral)

And another addition from our midnight TV clambake, Andy Williams, also of the baritone department, has waxed himself a couple of new ballads, too—"Now I Know," and "Here Comes that Dream Again," with Van Alexander's orchestra. ("X" label)

The Top Hatters, up-and-coming vocal-instrumental group, have a new novelty disc on Decca. It's a little thing called "Leva My Gal Alone," with an odd musical accompaniment gimmick, a bombardon (an Italian street horn) son played by Signor Archie Bleyer. The back side is a jumpy ditty, "Go, Baby, Go." (Cadence)

If jazz be your choice, give a listen to an album called "East Coast-West Coast," featuring jazz stars from both sides of the country. Al Cohn did the arranging and conducting for the East contingent, and Shorty Rogers dittoed for the West. The tunes, each a jazz classic, run seven minutes, allowing for extended arrangements and lengthy solos. (Victor)

Jack Teagarden, one of the all-time talents in the popular music world, has a new album on the Period label called "Meet Me Where They Play the Blues." All the tunes are blues, of course, such as "Davenport Blues," "Music to Love By," "Misery and the Blues," and others. Jack sings a couple of them, including the title side, "Meet Me," etc. I must confess I wrote the melody for this one, to Sammy Gallup's lyrics, and if it's a hit we won't be at all "blue."

Sammy Davis, Jr., has a new release, his first since his recent tragic automobile accident, in which he lost an eye. Sammy courageously told his doctors, I still have my voice and my legs, so let me get along. And we're all pulling for him to do that, and more. Sammy's new record should buoy up his spirits considerably, for it's a good one—he sings two favorites, "Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere," and "The Birth of the Blues," with Morty Stevens' orchestra. (Decca)

All you Chordette fans, gather 'round. This one is for you—an album called "Close Harmony," ten songs done strictly barber-shop style, highlighted by such well-known standards as "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," "Sweet and Low" and "Oh, How I Miss You Tonight." And the Edwin H. Morris Company has published a sheet music folio, sold separately from the album, with all the Chordettes' vocal arrangements. So, if you've been a-hankerin' to sing barber-shop stuff with your pals, here's your chance. (Cadence)

One of the great voices of our time belongs to Mahalia Jackson, the gospel singer, and Columbia Records has signed her to a contract. Miss Jackson has recorded four spirituals with the Falls-Jones Ensemble, who appear with her on her CBS Radio program. On one record she sings "A Rusty Old Halo" and "The Treasures of Love," and on the other she offers "Walk All Over God-Finger" and "Jesus Met the Woman at the Well."

Well, just like they say on quiz shows, "Time is up," so I'll pack my platters and be back next month. But hope you'll be back for the meeting next month.
9500 Skin Tests Prove

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest!
Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP...
FLOATING SOAP... EVEN COLD CREAM

Palmolive's gentle complexion care
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There's nothing women envy more . . . or men admire so much . . . as that lovely "schoolgirl complexion look." And you too, can have a younger looking, far lovelier complexion just by changing to proper care with gentle Palmolive. It does so much to help you have a cleaner, fresher skin—leaves it so wonderfully soft!

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New Designs for Living

654—Baby will make fast friends with these farm and circus pets. Use scraps for this zoo parade quilt! Embroidery transfers, applique pieces for quilt, 32"x44". 25¢.

7301—Just two main pattern parts to this gay, cool maternity top. Make two—trim one with embroidery, one with squaw-style rickrack. Maternity Misses' Sizes 12-20. Tissue pattern; transfer. State size. 25¢.

7191—Colorful rickrack and a few simple crochet stitches make the dress, earrings of this saucy toaster-cover doll. Pattern pieces, transfers, directions. Use No. 30 cotton, rickrack. 25¢.

571—Just a stroke of your iron—and fruits in red and green combination are transferred to linens. No embroidery. Transfer of 8 washable designs, 3¼" x 4½" to 4" x 4½". 25¢.

7213—Match a new handbag to a dress. This tote-bag is a jiffy style. Pop everything into it. Directions for two sizes, larger 10" x 12". 25¢.

7220—Easy pinafore or sundress she'll wear for play or parties. Frost it with embroidery, eyelet. Bow cinches waist. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Pattern pieces, transfer. State size. 25¢.

708—It's a 19-inch square—perfect for doily or mat. Star-shaped design set off by spider webs. Square, 19 inches in No. 30 cotton. Join 4 for bridge cloth; 9 for lunch cloth. 25¢.

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Sta., N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.

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You feel so very sure of yourself... after a **White Rain** Shampoo!

You're confident you look your loveliest... your hair soft as a cloud... sunshine bright... every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feeling you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

*Use New **White Rain** Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*
THE MANN IN

After a busy day, Claire relaxes—the correct way: Legs higher than the rest of the body, to relieve tension.

BY ELLEN TAUSSIG

ALTHOUGH there are some 30,000,000 overweight people in this country, it's quite certain that hardly one of them likes the thought—let alone the process—of dieting. Nor do non-dieters enjoy hearing the problems of those struggling to lose weight. However, this unhappy state of affairs need not—and does not—exist, if one follows the advice of beauty and health expert Claire Mann. Star and producer of The Claire Mann Show, seen daily at 1 P.M. over Station WABD, New York—and originator of Overweight Anonymous, Claire sponsors a common-sense approach to dieting which has known untold success.

The unusual and welcome aspects of The Claire Mann Show are its straightforwardness, its respect for and understanding of the basic problems—great or small—of people striving for self-improvement, and its emphasis on complete, but unpretentious, glamour. Claire is always frank and honest with her viewers, for she knows, and is pleased, that women can't be fooled about themselves—"at least not for very long." And, because of her extensive background in group therapy, she knows the necessary ingredients for encouraging and maintaining a person's desire for self-improvement. As for glamour, Claire contends, "You don't have to look like a Hollywood starlet to have glamour. Glamour owes as much to an inner glow of health as to cosmetics." That's why everyone who appears on her show—celebrity or housewife—must have something besides beauty to offer.

Another of Claire's helpful and highly successful ventures is Overweight Anonymous. This club had its beginnings three years ago when Claire decided to experiment with three overweight women. Giving each a not-too-rigid diet, she added three vital elements—pride, understanding and comfort. And she encouraged them to get together to discuss and follow each other's progress. The experiment was so successful, and the requests from others interested in doing the same was so great, a regular club was formed which today numbers over 50,000 members throughout the country. The club is divided into groups of five to ten members, each with a supervisor who encourages members and keeps a close check on their progress. Members discuss their common problems, their "delinquencies," and their improvements. Of prime consideration always is each member's mental outlook . . . their spirits must be kept up, so their weight will be kept down.
YOUR LIFE

Through the magic of television and the success of "Overweight Anonymous,"
Claire Mann shows thousands the way to a healthier, happier life

Slimnastics—Claire's own brand of exercises which she practices herself—were easy and effective. Also, they need to be done only about one minute a day.

In her home-office, Claire and her assistant, Eve Mayer, answer the thousands of letters Claire receives weekly. On her show, she interviews actor Jacques Bergerac.

Claire Mann's tremendous success in guiding others is only part of her story—for there is Claire's own personal achievement, her own triumph in overcoming tragedy. Previously, Claire had been a successful concert pianist and a ballet dancer with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. One night, while on tour in Europe with the ballet, she was in an automobile crash. The result: A broken back, complete paralysis, and the opinion of doctors that she would never dance, perhaps never walk, again. But the doctors had not taken into account Claire's great determination. Bit by bit, she began to restimulate her muscles and regain control of them. Within six months, she was well on her way to complete recovery. Eventually, she was able to walk, run—even dance—again, but by then her experience had directed her interests to a new field. After studying psychology and anatomy in Vienna, she returned to New York to open her own studio for the purpose of helping women rehabilitate themselves—physically, mentally and emotionally. Since that time, and the start of her television show, she has advised millions of women, from stage, screen and TV stars to housewives and teenagers.

So it is today that Claire's life is devoted to inspiring and guiding people to a healthier, happier way of life. She finds much gratification in seeing others so helped—which, in itself, is a wonderful stimulation for her to be busy all the time. Claire maintains her office in her Park Avenue apartment. There she interviews prospective guests for her show, keeps a file on every member of Overweight Anonymous, and reads and answers the thousands of letters she receives each week. There, too, she practices her own brand of exercises—Slimnastics. The wife of Dr. Stephen Nordlilt, a noted psychiatrist, Claire feels herself fortunate to have an authority on psychology right on hand. Claire has also devoted considerable time to writing. She publishes frequent articles and is the author of five books. But it is The Claire Mann Show and Overweight Anonymous which receive most of her expert attention. And it is because of these tremendous undertakings that millions owe their admiration and gratitude to her. Without a doubt, Claire Mann deserves every accolade bestowed upon her for, in giving so willingly of her extensive experience and knowledge, her personal magnetism and sincere dedication to her principles, she is achieving unparalleled success in helping others to help themselves.
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.

More women have had a Bobbi than any other pin-curl permanent. If you can make a simple pin-curl, you'll love a Bobbi.

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.
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These are the final winners of the Beat The Clock Contest.

Beat The Clock, emceed by Bud Collyer, is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

Winners were chosen on the basis of accuracy in rearranging the pictures of three radio and TV stars, and originality of last line for a limerick. Stars in December's picture puzzle were: Ralph Edwards, Arthur Godfrey, Perry Como.

Molds you
with miracle latex
outside

Holds you
with magic
"finger" panels

Pampers you
with kitten-soft fabric inside

Playtex Magic-Controller
Slimming because there's latex outside...
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Miracle latex slims and trims
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Hidden "finger" panels firm
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Washes, dries in a hurry, too.

Kitten-soft fabric inside—and a new
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Girdles, from $1.95. In the
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PERIODIC PAIN
Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take
a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings
faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases head-
ache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining masturbation
is yours. FREE. Write Dept B-35, Box 280, New York 16, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

AUNT JENNY No small town is com-
plete without its quota of unpretentious,
al-round doctors, and Littleton's Dr. Joe
is a sterling example of the breed. His en-
counter with a cynical younger doctor,
and what each of them learned from it,
was the basis for one of Aunt Jenny's
recent dramatizations of the sometimes
exciting, sometimes surprising, always true-
to-life stories about her Littleton neigh-
bors. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Goaded beyond
endurance by Larry's attentions to Elise
Shephard, his wife Mary finally accepts
Malcolm Devereux's offer to make her a
Hollywood star, hoping to find self-respect
and happiness in her own work now that
Larry appears to have rejected her. Will
Larry's immediate conclusion that she is
in love with Malcolm lead to the end of
what was once a happy marriage? Has
Mary made the most serious mistake of
her life in responding to Malcolm's in-
terest? NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Reverend Rich-
ard Dennis's conviction that Bert Ralston
meant trouble to New Hope is confirmed
when Ralston's murder sets off a grim
revelation of his real reasons for having
been in town. But for Sandra Talbot and
young Grayling Dennis, there can be no
shadows and no doubts at the moment, for
the climax of their troubled, stormy ro-
mance now seems to lead to a secure,
magnificently happy future together. CBS-TV
and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE
Not since her brief, youthful marriage has
Maggie Marlowe been so close to serious
involvement with a man, as Jim Gavin's
ardent, confident courtship sweeps aside
her doubts. But other, more fundamental
difficulties may arise out of the past that
Jim would like to think dead—difficulties
that could unite with Maggie's uncertainty
about her troubled and troublesome daugh-
ter to darken the days ahead. NBC-TV.

FIRST LOVE In a way, Laurie under-
stands why Zach has allowed the daring,
unusual Petey to get so mixed up in his
life, for they share a compelling love for
flying and they are both bound, in different
ways, to the ruthless Wally Grant. But

Petey is a fascinating woman, and Laurie
is a very young wife. How far can under-
standing go, when Zach seems bent on
hurting her because others have hurt
him? NBC-TV.

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS Love and
unhappiness make Julie feel she is growing
up fast, as she plans for a future that can-
not include Tom for some time. Working
hard for a musical scholarship, grateful
for the friendship of Tom's brother Paul,
Julie does not suspect that, out of the past
which conceals the fate of her parents, a
strange threat is taking shape—a threat to
more than her own security. NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT When Dr. Eve
Allen decided to testify against the son of
the town's most powerful citizen, she knew
she was piling up trouble for herself. But
she did not expect the vicious personal at-
tack made on her in court. Faced with the
destruction of her character as a woman
and a doctor, Eve really begins to fight.
Does romance come to her, together with
the assistance she so desperately needs?
NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Dick Grant's
breakdown stuns his family and shatters
quite a few plans for the future, even to
some extent those of Dr. Bart Thompson,
who was hoping for just such an outcome
in his planned campaign to undermine his
young associate. Will it force Dick's ex-
wife Kathy to reconsider her feelings about
him? Will it serve to clarify Dick's own
thoughts about the problems he faces?
CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS The peculiar cir-
cumstances of Mitch Frederick's engage-
ment make him the subject of much
curious gossip, and gossip in a town like
Hawkins Falls has few rivals as the fa-
vorite indoor and outdoor sport. Can Lona
and Floyd Corey help Mitch straighten
out his personal life and get himself on
the road toward the kind of happiness
they have found together? Or will he re-
sent their efforts in some serious way?
NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Almost from her
first meeting with Carl Burnett, Julie
Nixon found him a troubling person, and

All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult local
papers for time and station
her uneasiness was justified when her sincere attempt to help him and his wife straighten out their lives, for the sake of their little boy, met with such curious results. Dedicated to helping children, Julie will never regret her efforts on Tony's behalf, despite the strange, far-reaching effect on herself. CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL Nancy Donovan's trial for the murder of Thelma Nelson marks a deep crisis in her life as the clever Peter Dyke Hampton makes a brilliant legal fight to save her against the maneuvers of the man known as The Big Boss and his tricky, lying secretary. But Nancy's father, Bill Davidson, wonders how Nancy's marriage will withstand Peter's new importance in Nancy's life. Will her gratitude be mixed with something else? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle's long, anguish'd fight to prove her marriage to Lorenzo against Phoebe Larkins' false claim of being his wife gets new assistance from the fascinating novelist, Denis Scott. But Denis has his own reason for helping Belle, and as his interest in her grows he realizes that if he helps her establish herself as Lorenzo's wife he will be ruining his own happiness. What will be Denis' place in Belle's future? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Paul Raven's former wife, neurotic to the point of being de-raigned, plans to ruin Paul's new marriage and all his hard-won happiness and is completely careless of anything that might happen to his wife, Vanessa, in the process. What will happen when Judith is forced to realize that Van is far from being the negligible, colorless creature she has imagined—and has some plans and ideas of her own? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Even with the proof of Laura's perfidy staring her in the face, Ma might have tried to find some explanation for her behavior if the girl's greed had not threatened the Pierce milk company and the jobs of all the folks who work there. For them, Ma fights Laura, and fights hard. What will happen to Billy Pierce, who so misguidedly married Laura and was a long time discovering why she married him? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY Father Barbour's concern over his family, particularly over his daughters, seemed unjust and excessive when it restricted their liberty, but rebellious Hazel has come to understand that in many ways her father might have been more right than she could admit. Her new happiness makes Claudia's trouble all the darker, as she uncertainly faces a future in which she is neither wife nor widow. NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY A new threat to the happiness of Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, comes from an unexpected quarter as Leslie Northurst at-tacks Henry's right to the Brinthrope title and wealth. How will Sunday protect herself against this unscrupulous pretender, who has tried to persuade her that she should remain Lady Brinthrope as his wife after he succeeds in taking the title from Lord Henry? How far will Leslie go to win both his goals? CBS Radio.

PEPPERVOUNG'S FAMILY Sid Gray-son's evil plot begins to come apart as his (Continued on page 24)

Can your hair live up to the flattery of a giddy little hat?

Why be heartsick about dull, dry hair?
It can glow with youth because Helene Curtis brings you up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin!

Ever say to yourself: "I can't wear that hat today.
My hair looks horrible!" Of course, you know just wishing won't bring a sprightly look back to dull, dry hair.

But Helene Curtis LANOLIN DISCOVERY* makes it almost that simple. It brings you 100% absorbable lanolin which returns to your hair the same kind of natural oil that was lost by heat, wind or water.

Actually, it's up to 10 times more effective than any hair and scalp conditioner you've ever used before because it contains up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin.

There are no "filler" oils to grease your hair or make you lose your wave.
Just spray. Brush. Then watch. You'll see results in a twinkling!

Isn't it about time you let a little flattery go to your head?

Regular size $1.25 New large economy size $1.89

Helene Curtis lanolin discovery* the breath of life for lifeless looking Hair!

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T V R
accomplice’s confession makes it difficult for him to keep up his deception. But the Youngs are less interested in justice against him at the moment than they are in the frightening breakdown of Peggy Young’s husband, Carter Trent, who, believing himself guilty of a homicide, runs away. Will they find him before he dies or does at the someone else, great damage? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON So often has Perry Mason been more successful than the police in solving crime that many of his friends, and sometimes his clients, forget that actually he is not a detective but a lawyer, with all a lawyer’s responsibility for managing a case with strict attention to all the legal rules. Can he find a way of suspending those rules in time to save his present client? CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Walter Manning bitterly and unjustly decides that it is partly his wife Portia’s fault that he has had to lock horns with the town’s most influential villain. All Portia’s efforts seem only to intensify the gulf between them. Under the circumstances, young Dorrie Blake may find it easy for her to convince Walter that she is as attractive to him as he has always been to her. CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS A friendly gesture has involved Carolyn in one of the most complicated problems she has ever faced, as the development of the Wayne case makes it easier than ever for her enemies to attack her and to pile up more ammunition against her husband, Miles Nelson. Will the trial have a far-reaching effect on Miles’ future—not only on his political future but even perhaps on his personal one? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton’s unrelenting efforts to destroy Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn have never quite hit their mark, but have brought a great deal of heartache and misery to others who were not even her prime targets. Torn between family loyalty and a grim realization of what is happening to his sister’s mind, Hugh Overton faces a most difficult problem. And Jocelyn faces another, one she did not anticipate. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The shock of her broken romance with Brett Chapman has forced Helen Trent to admit what she was trying to forget—that she has never stopped loving Gil Whitney. But just as it seems dimly possible that Gil might free himself from his empty marriage to Cynthia, a new complication enters with Gwen Sewell, who is determined to annex Gil the moment Cynthia divorces him. Can Gwen win Helen’s only hope for true happiness? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Lonnie’s shocking epiphany and its tragic aftermath bring Rosemary and Bill to the edge of serious disagreement over the boy who had been their protege, for Bill’s bitter disillusionment prevents him from feeling, as Rosemary does, that they do not yet know the whole story. Gradually, however, Lonnie’s last-minute change of heart comes to light. Will Springdale permit him to live down his tragic mistake? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW The dreadful ordeal faced by Joanne Barron as she goes on trial for murder is made somewhat easier by the good friends working so unremittingly for her release. It becomes clear that Mr. Higbee finally exhausted his aces? CBS-TV.

THE SECRET STORM Pauline Tyrrell never forgave Peter Ames for marrying her sister, and with Ellen’s death found new fuel for hatred when Peter showed no sign of turning to her for comfort. Influenced by her, her wealthy father blacked Peter’s every effort to build a new life for himself and his children. But are the Tyrrells really so powerful that they can use Jane Edwards as a threat to Peter’s custody of his family? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Money always confers power, and the downgrading of Stanley Tyrrell to Mrs. Burton is a step back in the past to try to control the lives of her son Stan and her daughter Marcia. It is hard for her to realize that they are now adults, married and with families of their own, and no longer so willing to humor her. Is Stan really mature enough not only to stand up against her but to protect his wife as well? CBS Radio.

STELLA DALLAS Courage and persistence have always been Stella’s strength, but for once she stands ready to acknowledge defeat as her daughter Laurel’s marriage weakens under the assault of Ada Dexter, who is madly determined to make Laurel the wife of her own son, Stanley Warrick. Will Laurel’s husband Dick step aside, or will Ada pursue her intention to the point of murdering him in order to free Laurel? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Wyn Robinson’s hidden, sinister role in the fate that seems to be tracking Nora and her husband, Fred Molina, is finally revealed by Dorothy Gebert, who shocks Fred by telling him that Wyn is in league with Dan Welsh, head of the Syndicate, in his efforts to ruin and murder Fred. Will Wyn’s double game be stopped, or will she find some way to discredit Dorothy’s story, even though Nora believes it to be true? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson has admitted to herself how seriously she takes her Chris’s Kendal, and no longer hides the truth from her family. But the complications of Chris’s past multiply as he begins to realize what is being done to his young son by the in-laws who take care of him. Will his lack of frankness with Helen make her doubtful of the future? Will Bill Fraser turn that to his own advantage? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Stunned by grief over Mark, but not shattered, Wendy knows she must and will make something of the new life that now opens before her. Her sympathetic managing editor offers excitement and champ-
Overnight—this bra has become a startling success with America’s best dressed women... and here’s why!

The Playtex Living Bra uses elastic and nylon in a new way, to g-i-v-e with your every motion... to l-i-v-e with you! An exclusive design, rounds and raises as no bra ever before... no matter what size or in-between size you are! Now you can enjoy utmost uplift in utmost comfort. See the difference... feel the difference... on you!

New
Playtex \textit{living} Bra

“Custom-contoured” to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!

- Elastic cross-cross sides self-adjust for Fabulous Fit!
- Elastic cross-cross front dips low, divines divinely!
- Elastic back sets lower and stays lower!

\textbf{LOOK FOR PLAYTEX \textit{living} BRA*}

in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

In gleaming white. Wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A–40C—\$3.95

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WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

(Continued from page 7)

folks may think radio is on its way out, but certainly not CBS! They’ve just handed Patsy Campbell a three-year contract to continue in her role as Terry on The Second Mrs. Burton, the part she has been playing in the popular daytime serial since 1947. Under her new deal with CBS Radio, Patsy is also allowed to do an occasional television program.

Jack Barry, of the kiddie program, Winkie Dink And You, and his actress-wife, Marcia Van Dyke, have welcomed their second visit from the stork—a boy, whom they’ve named Jonathan. The Barrys have another son, Jeffrey, who is a year and a half old, and Jack now says the third tot—when and if—will just have to be a girl.

Bob Hope is all excited about his latest talent find, Mlle. Line Renaud, a French gal who made her American TV debut on the show Bob filmed in Paris. Line, one of the top recording artists in France today because of her French version of "Doggie in the Window," is due in the States any minute for another appearance with Hope, and he is convinced she should stay over here and pursue a night-club, movie and TV career.

It looks as though little Gall Clooney, nine-year-old younger sister of the singing Clooney girls, Rosemary and Betty, is also headed for a future in show business. She has that vocal spark, too, and is being coached by the elder members of the Clooney clan. Well-known actor Charles Dingle has taken over the role of Hugh Overton in the daytime serial, The Road Of Life, and will remain in the part permanently.

Complaining commuters have nothing on actress Anne Burr, star of NBC-TV’s day drama, The Greatest Gift. Anne lives in New York, but her daily program is telecast from Philadelphia, so she gets up at six-thirty every morning in time to catch an eight o’clock train to the Quaker City. She has her breakfast and studies her lines on the train, and at ten o’clock her rehearsals begin. The show goes on the air at three in the afternoon, then Anne catches the four o’clock choo-choo back to Manhattan, has an early dinner with her husband, watches a couple of television shows and hits the pillow early in order to make that six-thirty alarm call the next morning.

Ann Baker, who is television’s Corliss

Dave Garrovey now has two of ‘em on Today—J. Fred Muggs and the latter’s wee protegee (a baby-girl chimpanzee)! Patsy Campbell’s new contract makes sure she’ll continue in title role of CBS Radio’s The Second Mrs. Burton.

Archer, recently revealed that she has been the bride of Los Angeles construction man Earl Long for more than a year. Ann, who is twenty-two, confessed she had kept her marriage a secret because she feared her career might suffer. Ann was worried that the public wouldn’t accept her as a teenager on the show if they knew she was a married woman in real life.

Singer Marion Hutton and musical director Victor Schoen became Mr. and Mrs. in Santa Monica, California, a few weeks ago, with sister Betty as matron of honor. It was the third marriage for each. Betty, by the way, is still turning down television offers, insisting she has really given up her career for good. But those who know her best don’t believe it, and vow she’ll change her mind any day now.

On a sad note, Polly Bergen, the Pepsi-Cola girl, and her actor husband, Jerome Courtland, have agreed to divorce and, at the moment, are officially separated. Career trouble, it seems, and close friends are trying to dissuade the couple from a quick divorce in the hope they may be able to solve their problems.

Mulling the Mail:

Mr. B. B., Chevy Chase, Md.: Lucille Wall is not on any regular television show at the moment . . . Miss H. B., Hollister, Calif.: Sorry, I cannot send out pictures of stars, but suggest you write directly to the people in whom you are interested, in care of their programs. . . . Mr. G. W., Athens, Ohio: Lee Ann Meriwether, the current Miss America, has made a couple of television appearances and aspires to a serious acting career after she finishes her national tour, which is part of her duties. As to your other question, I suggest you write Miss Meriwether, or her mother, c/o The Miss America Contest Committee, Atlantic City, N. J. . . . Mrs. L. F., Burbank, Calif.: Yes, I would say you are right in assuming Pinky Lee is just about the most popular television personality with the youngsters right now, and his rating keeps going up and up. The book you asked about is Otto, the Bashful Pup, a book of verses Pinky wrote for children, and it will be pub-
TO COAST

lished this month by Dial press. . . Mrs. W.D.R., Detroit, Mich.: Sorry, I cannot give out home addresses, but the best place to write Eddie Fisher would be c/o Coke Time, NBC-TV, New York 20, N.Y. . . Mrs. J. B., Chicago, Ill., and others who wrote about Mary Stuart: Mary has recorded an album of the lullabies and folk songs she has been singing as Joanne, to her "daughter" Patti, on the show, Search For Tomorrow. It's on the Columbia label, and is called "Joanne Sings to Patti." . . Miss H. C., Brookhaven, Miss.: Alice Faye and Phil Harris haven't done a television show, mainly because of her refusal to do so. Most sponsors wanted them as a team. Phil has made many guest appearances from time to time, however. . . Miss J. J., Philadelphia, Pa., and others who asked about Julius La Rosa on Jack Paar's Morning Show: Julius is not signed to appear on the program regularly, but has a sort of on-and-off arrangement with Paar, and will be on from time to time. During February, Julius will make one or two definite appearances of three or four days each.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Joan Edwards, the singing pianist, who had her own program on WCBS every morning? Joan suffered a nervous breakdown not too long ago and her doctor ordered her to bed for a complete rest for several months. While she is recovering, Martha Wright has taken over her show.

Barry Wood, who was one of the top singers during the so-called "crooner era" in the thirties, and once starred on the Hit Parade radio show? Barry has long since given up active performing, and instead is very active behind the scenes of television. He had been in charge of the color division of NBC-TV and recently was made Director of Special Events for the network.

Julie Oshins, nightclub and stage comedian, who was on many of the early variety TV shows? Julie is another who has forsaken the footlights in favor of a control booth. He is now director-advisor for his old friend, Red Buttons, on the Red Buttons TV show.

Ralph J. Locke, veteran actor, who was best known for his heartwarming role as Papa David on the Life Can Be Beautiful daytime serial? I'm sorry to report that Locke passed away in December at the Parkchester Hospital, in New York, at the age of sixty-seven. He played Papa David the full fifteen years the program was broadcast until it left the air last June. His widow is Mrs. Nan Smith Locke, who formerly appeared on the legitimate stage with her husband.

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 Street, New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

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T V R
Ray Dorey, WHDH's man about music, has good reason for saying:

"Don't Call Me Deejay"

Boston, once characterized in a "New Faces" revue sketch as "the home of the free, home of the Braves ... home of the Red Sox," has a new claim to fame. It's Ray Dorey, to whom the Mayor gave the key to the city—for his "Freedom Train" recording—and to whom the rest of the city have given their hearts. Six days a week at 6 A.M., there's music, news, weather reports and just plain good talk on The Ray Dorey Show over Station WHDH. Much of the music is served up "live" by Ray and his partner, pert Pat Dale, and for this and other reasons, Ray says, with all the Yankee emphasis of a Vermont-born, Maine-bred denizen of Massachusetts: "Don't call me deejay." ... Ray's informal, relaxed song and speech are also aired daily at 1:35 P.M. when he joins organist-Ken Wilson and pianist Bill Green for Stumpus, a musical quiz on which listeners send in song titles to try to "stump us." If the trio can't play or sing the song, the listener wins a prize. ... Ray himself never collected the amateur contest prize he won when he was 12—a world tour with Henry Santry and his Soldiers of Fortune. Child labor laws kept Ray at home, but the contest launched his career that same year as he sang in knickers and long black stockings as the "Boy Blues Singer" with Leo Doucette's band. When he was a high school senior, an injury ended Ray's football playing days and turned him into a football "spotter" for Augusta's Station WRDO. He next talked the station into giving him a 15-minute singing program and from there he went to other New England stations as a disc jockey (oops!) and singer. Then Willard Alexander—who discovered Benny Goodman—discovered Ray, introduced him to Benny, and Ray became a singer with the famous Goodman band. Ray was about to make a movie when the draft board called him. After traveling across the continent to report, Ray was declared 4-F. But the Goodman band disbanded soon after that, so Ray came to Bean Town and, in 1949, to WHDH. ... Ray lives in Watertown, is married to a fellow Vermonter named Lorraine, and has four children: Carol, 14; Freddy, 12; Linda, 7; and Gail, 5. For a while, Carol appeared on Ray's Saturday show to talk about children's records but, when she decided the job took up too much of her playing time, she resigned. Today, she's "just a listener," one of the thousands of Bostonians who with all due respect don't call Ray Dorey "deejay." They call him "just wonderful."

Once a singer with Benny Goodman, Ray now leads his own band. At home, he leads Freddy, Carol, Lorraine, camera-shy Linda and Gail in a barbecue.
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
At last!

A LIQUID SHAMPOO
THAT’S
EXTRA RICH!

IT’S LIQUID
PRELL
FOR
Radiantly Alive Hair

Thrillingly new and different—
Procter & Gamble’s emerald-clear
Liquid Prell! No other shampoo has this
unique, extra-rich new formula.
It bursts instantly into mounds of lather
—rinses in a twinkling—is so mild
you could shampoo every day. And
Liquid Prell leaves hair so caressably soft
and easy to manage—glowing with that
‘Radiantly Alive’ look! Try it today!

JUST POUR IT...
and you’ll see the glorious difference!

Some liquid shampoos are too
thin and watery... some too
heavy, and contain an ingre-
dient 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 the whole family... won’t
spill, drip, or break. It’s concentrated
—ounce for ounce it goes further!
To Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, it's the great adventure of being parents—especially now that David and Ricky are in their teens

By BUD GOODE

Treat us like grownups! "When your children become teenagers," says Harriet Nelson, "that's what they'll say. And you'll have to have an answer ready for them."

Harriet, who's seen with the Nelson family on ABC-TV's Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, continues: "One problem is that some parents' only answer is, 'When you act like grownups, we'll treat you like grownups!' But they seldom try to help their youngsters find the common ground which teenagers and adults can share."

Ozzie and Harriet's boys, Ricky, fourteen, and David Nelson, eighteen, have been teenagers now for a combined total of seven years. In that time, the Nelsons have discovered a number of common areas that they, as adults, can share with their teenage boys.

The first has to do with entertaining: When teenagers entertain at home, the Nelsons and their boys agree, the party should have a chaperon. "The idea," says Harriet, "is for an adult to be available."

"When the boys were younger, for example," she continues, "we had parties more frequently than we do now. With these parties, I was always available, though not necessarily included in the gang."

"At these affairs, you can't put on a robe

See Next Page
and get comfortable, because somebody may fall in the punch bowl downstairs and need artificial respiration. So you get all dressed up (in your own house) as if you were preparing for a ball—in your room. Then you sit out the evening reading, trying to be comfortable in your best party clothes.

“But we haven’t had parties like that at our house for the last three or four years. One reason is we work so ’round-the-clock that there’s no time for the elegant preparations. The girls are another reason: The parties seem to have fallen into their domain.

“Now,” says Harriet, “in the place of parties, we have a constant round of gatherings: On a weekend, for example, our house will be filled with teenagers; they come and go as they please, so you can’t very well describe it as a party—rather, they just gather.

“We seldom enter into their activities. We let them strictly alone, except to be pleasant, say hello, and let them know they are welcome. But even now, with the boys in their late teens (or so they think), we feel it is important that some adult be available.”

The Nelsons’ second rule: Teenagers should tell their parents where they are going, whom they are going to be with, and when they expect to return.
"This," says Harriet, "is a family rule. When the boys were smaller, we did this automatically. We told them and the baby-sitter where we'd be and all essential information, and left the phone number. We felt much better, that way, because we knew they could get in touch with us, should anything go wrong.

"I didn't realize how much this had soaked in until one night recently, when David, having been out rather late, called to say: 'I'm down at so-and-so's house—we're having a bull session. Is it all right if I stay out till later?'

"I said, 'Yes, of course, it is . . . what time do you expect to be home?'

"'Oh, about two-thirtyish,' he said.

"Though that sounded rather late," smiles Harriet, "I said, 'Yes, it's perfectly all right.' Under the circumstances, it was better than saying, 'No, you had better come home right now.' That would have undone everything we'd built up over the years.

"Later we discussed the problem of the early morning hours and agreed that one or one-thirty was a more reasonable hour than two-thirty or three.

"But, generally speaking, we think it's simple adult behavior for us to tell the children where we are, when we'll be back, and so forth, and they do likewise. That way we can relax, have a good time—and if something comes up to change our plans, we simply call in and advise. That way, nobody worries unnecessarily."

Some teenagers think that smoking and drinking is grown-up behavior. Not so, in the Nelson household. "The boys don't drink and they don't smoke," says Harriet seriously. "And I think Ozzie is one good reason that they don't. Ozzie doesn't smoke; when he was in college he was an all-around athlete. The boys want to be like their father. They play football, basketball, and ice skate, and they know that smoking cuts their wind.

"When David was at Hollywood High School, he was on the varsity football team. He's now in his first year at USC, and Ricky, emulating his (Continued on page 95)"

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, seen on ABC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, is sponsored alternately by the Hotpoint Co. and Listerine.

At play or work, they're always a team. Here—after a swim at Juan Les Pins, France—Ricky, Ozzie and David rejoin Harriet.
He wishes the days were longer, so he could be as kind as he'd like to be, to all the people he'd like to know.

Offstage, Garry's an average commuter... doing his daily work with assistant Shirley Reeser... boating weekends.
This year Garry Moore celebrates his fortieth birthday, his twentieth year as "a can of beans," his fifteenth wedding anniversary, his fifth year in television and his first year in Bermuda shorts. Prior to last summer, he was merely reputed to be the nicest guy in the business. Since wearing the short pants he has earned title to "the most beautiful legs"—male, of course—in television.

Frivolous, it wasn't. There is much about Garry that he intends to be humorous, but nothing that is silly. The shorts represented something he was ready to take a stand on (or in) after many summers of panting in trousered discomfort. Garry is tough. Not "Dead End" tough. It's just that he's so nice, people tend to forget that, in order to be so nice, you have to be a person of conviction and strength. Garry is, also, a man of intelligence with a superior and well-functioning code of ethics. True, he is very funny but—like most men who perform funny—he is actually very serious. It's no (Continued on page 78)

The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship. He also emcees I've Got A Secret, over CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Cavalier Cigarettes.

In public life, Garry's still a quiet man, with serious ideas about those Bermuda shorts he wears (below, with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Reiss, on I've Got A Secret). He loves his audiences and will go far to meet them ... even in busy stores ... where he often envies those who sell staple products. "I'm my own product," he says, rather wistfully, "a can of beans."
"Together" is the word that spells "success" for Ethel Wilson and King Calder, in both marriage and acting careers.

Greater than Glamour
Scrapbooks record the plays they've done together.

By MARY TEMPLE

ONE OF THE STORIES Ethel Wilson enjoys telling on herself is about the time, some years ago, when she got into conversation with a nice looking man who sat next to her on a train in New York. After they had talked a while, he said, suddenly: "You know, I would be willing to bet you are a schoolteacher. And you are just the kind of teacher I wish I might have had."

As a highly successful professional actress, then well known on the stage (and now equally well known on radio in many roles, particularly as Mrs. Summers in Young Widder Brown) Ethel Wilson (Continued on page 98)

Ethel Wilson is Harriet Summers in Young Widder Brown, heard over NBC Radio, M-F, at 4:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Prom Home Permanent, White Rain, Haley's M-O and Bayer Aspirin.

Ethel Wilson—the Harriet Summers of Young Widder Brown—knows the real things that make for happiness

Years of touring have made home doubly precious to the Calders, and Ethel loves to handle the heirlooms which have come to them from both sides of the family.

Seth Thomas clock was King's first engagement gift to Ethel, a promise of the home to come. Silver service at left was his mother's most treasured wedding gift.
Magic Gift of Life

Burr Tillstrom gave Kukla and Ollie humor and tenderness, and they have repaid him with eternal youth

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Once upon a time, in the city of Chicago, on a spring evening in 1936, a high school boy came to a dancing star's dressing room bearing a parting gift for the ballerina who had become, to him, the personification of all loveliness.

Night after night, during that Ballet Russe engagement, Burr Tillstrom had watched Tamara Toumanova float through the enchanted "Swan Lake" or "Les Sylphides." Going backstage to meet her, he had found her more than gracious. As their acquaintance grew into friendship, he had told her of his dreams and ambitions.

"Certainly, I'd like a stage career," he had confided, "but, gosh—I want to eat regularly, too. Now that I've won a scholarship to the University of Chicago, I had better become a teacher," he said earnestly.

Yes, he had acted in school plays, he added, but somehow he always seemed to get the role of an old man, balding and querulous. He found marionettes and puppets more to his liking.

Intrigued by his description of the lively characters in his troupe, Toumanova had visited the Tillstrom home and tried her hand at making them perform. Because she enjoyed it, Burr decided to give her a puppet as a remembrance. It must, however, be a special kind of puppet—a companion to share her laughter, ease her sadness, and to talk to when she was lonely.

Burr had made one creature he thought would suit. It was a hand puppet with balding head, bulbous...
nose and a quizzical look—almost a self-portrait of Burr himself in one of his old-man roles. He had intended it for another puppeteer. But, when he had it packed, ready to ship, he had so hated to part with it that he sent another figure instead. Now, because it was his favorite, he would give it to his adored Toumanova.

From the first moment that she saw it, he wanted it to have animation—so, on meeting her, he directed, “Close your eyes. I’ve got a surprise.” In a moment, he was ready. “Now open them.”

As the ballerina turned and looked, the figure tilted its head flirtatiously. She laughed with delight. “Kukla!” she cried.

Burr liked the sound of the word. “What does it mean?” “It’s Russian for doll,” Toumanova explained. “It’s the Greek word, too. But there’s more meaning I just can’t express. It’s any precious little’thing.”

The puppet had found a name—and, instantly, he seemed to come alive. With an independence of his own, he danced and strutted. To Burr, it was strange, exciting and a little terrifying. He realized he could no more give Kukla away than he could give away the right hand on which Kukla rested. The creature had ceased to be a puppet and had become part of him.
That was the turning point in the life of Burr Tillstrom. Because of Kukla, the puppet who twice refused to leave, Burr's term at the University of Chicago was brief. Kukla so demanded to be seen that Burr gave up his plan to teach. The next time Toumanova met them—during their vacation in 1951—she was starred in the Paris opera, but Kukla had a whole company of his own and Burr Tillstrom, that erstwhile schoolboy, had become, thanks to television, the most famed puppeteer of our day.

He had changed little in the passing years. Time touches him lightly. Blond, gray-eyed, wiry in build, and now in his mid-thirties, Burr Tillstrom could still tuck a notebook under his arm and blend into a bunch of sophomores on any campus. More important to Kukla, Fran And Ollie is the fact that he also retains intact that youthful ability to wonder and to see everyday things as though he were discovering them for the first time.

Burr's imagination flows freely, his interests are wide, and he seeks new information wherever he goes. While spending summers at Nantucket, he gathered a fund of whaling lore to rival that of the oldest inhabitant. Going to Ohio State University to receive an award from its Institute for Education by Radio-TV, he surprised the educators by also attending their lectures. When accepting their trophy, he advised (via Oliver J. Dragon): "My suggestion to you kids is to dip (Continued on page 91)
A puppeteer's life is a never-ending adventure in discovery and creation. Burr Tillstrom, the creator of Kukla, Fran, and Ollie, has lived his life through the imagination of his puppet characters. His life has been marked by moments of inspiration, surprise, and innovation. The turning point in Burr's life came when he discovered the puppet Kukla, who, through his imagination, became an integral part of his life. Burr's passion for puppetry has been the driving force behind his success, allowing him to create a world of magic and wonder that has captivated audiences for decades.

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As with Laurie, it's her home and husband—plus a curly-headed little bit of dynamite

Patricia Barry was twenty-five on the day of this interview. As a birthday present from the folks who produce First Love, the TV daytime drama in which she stars as Laurie James, she had been written out of the script. This gave her time for a perfectly luxurious morning at the beauty parlor, having her burnished auburn hair shampooed and set, and her nails done, in preparation for the evening's celebration with Phil. Phil being husband Philip Barry, Jr., TV writer and producer.

It also gave Pat some extra hours at home with Miranda Robin, a curly-haired strawberry blonde, three years old, going on four, who was wearing bright blue pajamas which matched her eyes and, despite an overwhelming desire to get up and perform skips and hops, was (Continued on page 89)

Patricia Barry is Laurie James in First Love, NBC-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored (Mon.-Wed.-Fri.) by the Andrew Jergens Co.
Bill's faith in Nancy's innocence never wavers, even when her accusers discover her fingerprints on the gun.

Himself an honest and simple man, Bill Davidson has always felt he could trust his fellow man—or woman—and he has raised his daughter Nancy to believe that people are basically good. But now, Bill and Nancy find the calm of their lives in Hartville shattered because they have placed their faith in the wrong people. Nancy's very life is threatened as trust has been repaid by vicious trickery. . . Bill had believed in Thelma Nelson and in the happiness which he—long a widower—might find in marriage with her. It was beyond his wildest imaginings that Thelma was actually under orders from Mr. Sinclair—the "Big Boss" of the Syndicate—to marry Bill in order to obtain the uranium which he does not even know lies beneath his land. Nancy, sensing some unknown evil in Thelma, had gone to confront her. In the tussle that followed, Thelma was shot—by a gunman whom the Syndicate had assigned to follow Nancy! . . . To her horror, Nancy is accused of the murder. Bewildered, she accepts the friendship offered her by Rose Delmar, who has actually been sent by Mr. Sinclair to help convict her. Nancy even goes so far as to write a letter recommending Rose for a job, completely unaware of the Syndicate's schemes to use this sample of her handwriting against her. . . . Meanwhile, seemingly from out of nowhere, Peter Dyke Hampton arrives to defend Nancy. Once a brilliant trial lawyer, Peter retired several years ago and only Mrs. McTavish, his housekeeper, knows and understands the reason. Nancy's husband, lawyer Kerry Donovan, is hurt and angry at not being allowed to defend his own wife. With bitter jealousy, he imagines more than an attorney-client relationship between Nancy and the sophisticated Peter Hampton. . . . Bill Davidson has been duped by the Syndicate, yet he has an innate wisdom. Will he be able to draw from this wisdom to sort out the confused emotions of Nancy, Kerry and Peter? And will he find a way to break through the mesh of plots woven against them, to clear Nancy's name, and re-create for all of them the simple, calm life that has always been the dream of Just Plain Bill?
Jealous and angry, Kerry argues that he, and not Peter Hampton, should defend his wife Nancy in her trial for murder. Bill believes that only Peter Hampton can save Nancy, but he now sees a threat to her marriage, as well as her life.
Hard to catch the Rockwells in a quiet, "formal" pose, but there they are—on the opposite page—with Mama Betts in the center, flanked by Bobby, Jr. and Jeff, Greg on her lap, Susie and Papa Bob behind her.

Miss Brooks' Dreamboat

Bob kisses daughter Susie goodbye, waves to his wife and sons, then it's off to work—as "Bachelor" Boynton.

Teacher may think he's a bachelor, but he's happily wed—to Mrs. Bob Rockwell—and very much a father

By GORDON BUDGE

How many bachelors have four children? Here's one who does: He's brown-haired, blue-eyed, six-foot, two-inch Bob Rockwell, Eve Arden's bachelor boy friend on Our Miss Brooks. In real life, "Bachelor Bob"—as he's known on the set—is married to the lovely Betts Weiss, and their family of four (Susie, 10; Bob, Jr., 8; Jeff, 4; Gregory, 8 months) is a brood of happy, healthy children that would make any bachelor proud!

Bob's family life began with his meeting, courtship, and marriage to Betts in 1942. Bob was in his third year at the Pasadena Playhouse, Betts a freshman. (Continued on page 85)

Robert Rockell is Phillip Boynton on Our Miss Brooks—seen over CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by General Foods Corp.—and heard over CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Anacin and The Toni Company.
Every home should have one

A Herb Shriner we mean. But it takes a lot of house to hold Herb, his family—and all his collections!

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Movies are only one of Herb's many hobbies, for which his wife Pixie couldn't find storage room—until they moved to the country.

When you ask Herb Shriner how things are going, now that his twin baby boys are up and around—not to mention in full cry—he's apt to say, in that dubious, dry voice, "Well, no two ways about it, I'm a lot relieved now that I can tell 'em apart. I marked one of the cribs the other day, and it makes all the difference.

"They're a lot more fun, now that we've got the diaper service. Before, we just took care of that the way we did all our laundry—made up a parcel, you know, and mailed it home to the folks in Indiana. . . . Got so we had quite a bundle, with all those diapers in.

"Funny thing, it was the postman put us onto this diaper service. . . ."

That's the professional Mr. Shriner, humorist from Hoosierland, making the most of his opportunity. The at-home Mr. Shriner, father and husband, is the one we're going to tell about now.

The last time TV Radio Mirror printed a story about Herb, the twins had just happened to him and Pixie—and their little girl, "Indy" (short for "Indiana")—and he was still goggle-eyed. He said at the time that, when the doctor brought them out, he thought he was being offered his choice. That was the humorist talking. He also said, "Thank heaven, I was on Two For The Money and not We The People."

Since that story was published, the twins, Kin (named after the Indiana humorist, Kin Hubbard) and Will (named after Will Rogers), have changed not only the entire present life of the Shriners—professionally and privately—but their future as well.

It all began a few weeks after Pixie and the twins came home from the hospital, to the apartment off Central Park in New York which Herb and Pixie had decided would be just large enough (with some squeezing) for a second child. Although it was by any standards a large apartment, it must be remembered that Herb has many "babies" of his own besides the ones that bear his name—record collections, collections of miniature antique automobiles, collections of electronic gadgets. . . .

Continued
Growing family: Herb Shriner with twin sons Kin (named for Hoosier humorist Kin Hubbard) and Will (for Will Rogers), daughter "Indy" (for guess-what-state), and pretty Pixie (whose name fits like the charm she has).
Herb came home one afternoon, bringing with him four gentlemen and one young lady—all lugging briefcases and serious do-it-now expressions—with the purpose in mind of getting a little business done. The studio had been noisy and crowded, and Herb had suggested, "Let's go to my place. It's close to here and quiet, and we can clean all this up in an hour or two."

During this time he proposed to clear a new script, work out some sponsor problems, consider a press campaign, and outline a prospective tour. He used his key to his front door—and opened it to bedlam.

For various reasons, every room in the apartment except the back bathroom was occupied. His daughter Indy, blessed (or cursed, as the case may be) with her father’s own general inquisitiveness, had tampered with some of the electronic gadgets, including—and not for the first time—the inter-room phone system. Thus, electricians were swarming everywhere, trying to stop bells from ringing and sparks from flying.

The kitchen was busy with preparations for a dinner party scheduled by an optimistic Pixie for eight that night. One of the twins had chosen this time to burst into a rash and a fever, which meant the doctor was examining him in one room while the other baby boy and nurse were segregated in the living room.

Herb lined up his business guests on the edge of the bathtub, he himself took the only other seat available, and they had talked just five minutes—when a plumber arrived. He’d been called the day before, and wouldn’t be available for another three days.

Herb Shriner stars in Two For The Money, as simulcast over CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Sat., 9 P.M. EST. Program is sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.
Mr. Shriner arose, and departed with his associates for the nearest cafe, where they ordered Cokes and tried to work in the din of the cocktail hour. When he got home—just in time to change for dinner—the apartment was quiet and in seeming order. But now he knew. The Shriners had outgrown this house, in more ways than one.

Much later, in the early hours after all the guests had gone home, and Herb and Pixie were wandering around collecting ashtrays, he said, "Better have a talk. Scrambled eggs?"

"If you'll make them," Pixie responded. "Frankly, I've had it."

A few minutes later, they sat wearily opposite each other at the kitchen table. "It isn't just doing something about the situation for now," Herb said. "That's what we've always done—and, a year later, it had to be done all over again. It might be different if there had been just one baby, maybe another little girl. But with two boys—both of them probably grown up before we know it—and everything else expanding (Continued on page 87)

Remodeling, of course, found our Mr. Fixit in seventh heaven—a constructive activity of which Pixie very much approved. She also gets a kick out of Herb's enthusiasm for skin-diving, mainly because of the "simple" equipment.
Every home should have one

(Continued)

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Herb Skinner stars in "Two For The Money," as simulated over CBS TV and CBS Radio, Sat., 9 P.M. EST. Program is sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.

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SING AND BE HAPPY

Success on Your Hit Parade can't change Gisele MacKenzie, who is always a sweetheart—naturally

By ERNST JACOBI

The week "Vaya con Dios" jumped into the number-one spot on Your Hit Parade, about a year ago, the production called for Gisele MacKenzie to sing the ballad while holding a horse by its reins. Everything had gone fine during rehearsals, but at performance time the animal was experiencing a case of acute stagefright and proceeded to clobber Gisele with its muzzle against the side of her face. As viewed by the audience, it looked like a harmless display of equine affection and high spirits—especially since Miss MacKenzie didn't move a muscle or miss a beat—but it would be gross exaggeration to say that she enjoyed it.

"I was scared to death," she recalls. "The actor to whom I was singing was holding his sides, trying to keep from bursting out laughing, but that clobbering really hurt."

The incident, aside from serving to illustrate her poise and innate good nature, is notable for representing what is probably the only occasion in recent years when Miss MacKenzie was somewhat less than perfectly happy about any phase or circumstance of her career.

Endowed with a sparkling, sunny temperament on camera or off, she loves to (Continued on page 96)

The popular singer's best pals are long-haired—dachshunds: Wolfie at left; Bruna and Wolfie, below.

Canadian-born Gisele loves to cook, finds that preparing dinner's the best way to relax.

Bob Shuttleworth—now her manager—was the first to recognize Gisele’s gift for singing.

Gisele MacKenzie sings on Your Hit Parade, NBC-TV. Sat., 10:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Lucky Strike Cigarettes, Richard Hudnut Quick Home Permanent.
Tony Martin and sons are having a wonderful boyhood together, with Cyd Charisse as loving cheerleader

Tony, Jr. has vast admiration for Nicky’s school uniform and athletic skill. The Martin men-folk "play ball," every chance they get—and it's hard to tell which Tony enjoys it the most!

Cyd and Tony delight millions with their talents, but their own favorite roles are as parents of young Tony, Jr. and Nicky.

Being a Father is Fun

By BOB WELLES

Tony Martin and his boy, Nicky, were standing on the front porch preparing for a game of catch. Tony was teaching Nicky how to pitch a baseball.

"By the way," said Tony, "you're going to have a baby brother."

Nicky, Cyd Charisse's eight-year-old son by a former marriage, looked up at Tony with a that's-interesting-tell-me-more look in his eyes. "No kiddin'," he said. "When?"

"Oh, in a few months," said Tony.

"Well, gee!" said Nick. "You scared me. For a second there I thought we weren't going to have time for our game!"

The star of NBC-TV's Tony Martin Show is also the All-American Father. (Continued on page 83)
I. At first, Kathy was flattered when Dr. Jim Kelly showed his interest in her. After all, he was the roommate of her former husband, Dr. Dick Grant—and that should show Dick something! But, when Jim proposes and offers her a ring, Kathy refuses as gently as possible. How long can she go on playing with men's hearts, like an irresponsible child?
To Meta and Joe Roberts, love and trust have been a beacon leading to a haven all their own... a guiding light as sure and steady as the "beam" which brings an aviator safely through the stormiest weather, to a happy landing at home field. But Meta was saddened as she thought of those nearest and dearest to them, for whom there seemed to be no inner guiding light... two charming young people who had lost their way, knowing so little of their own hearts, uncertain whom to trust and where to turn for the abiding love which every man and woman needs. Kathy, Joe's lovely, impetuous daughter. Dick Grant, the youthful but brilliant doctor... At that moment, Meta thought despairingly, Dick Grant seemed lost indeed—Dick, who had always been so competent, so dependable, but who had now disappeared from Los Angeles without a trace!... Kathy herself was at home now with Meta and Joe, home with her little girl, Robin Lang. But still—Meta sighed—not at home with her own spirit. Young as Kathy was, there had been few credit entries in her ledger of life... and the sum of debits had been large. Two broken marriages. Two young men whose lives had been twisted and torn to make Kathy happy—without bringing any lasting happiness to Kathy. First, there had been Bob Lang, whom she had secretly wed on the rebound from her childhood infatuation for the boy next door... Bob Lang, who had died before their marriage was made public—and before anyone knew a child was on the way. Then there had been Dr. Dick Grant—the "boy next door," now grown up and on the threshold of a promising career in medicine. Kathy had married Dick without telling him of her previous elopement—or the baby to come—and, after a brief, stormy life together, Dick had had their marriage annulled. Now, Meta sighed

See Next Page

2. Jim's attentions to Kathy, combined with intrigues at the hospital, bring on a crisis for Dr. Dick Grant. He flees to New York, where he lives in lonely despair.
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2. Jim's attentions to Kathy, combined with intrigues of the hospital, bring on a crisis for Dr. Dick Grant. He flies to New York, where he lives in lonely despair.
3. Dick's disappearance fits into the plans of Dr. Bart Thompson, who calls a young doctor in whom he takes special interest—offering him Dick's place at the hospital.

to herself, there was a third man. But, this time, Meta suspected that Kathy had begun to learn her lesson, perhaps even to grow up a little. At first, out of pride and pique, Kathy had encouraged the attentions of Dick's roommate, Dr. Jim Kelly. Then Jim had proved how serious his intentions were, had even offered Kathy a ring and begged her to set the date for their wedding. Frightened—perhaps realizing how similar this situation was to the time when she had married Bob Lang without really loving him—Kathy had refused. . . . But how much, Meta wondered, did Jim's proposal, his obvious love for Kathy, have to do with Dick's subsequent disappearance? And how much had that disappearance been influenced by situations at the hospital? . . . Joe Roberts was even now trying to solve these problems, as he wrote the story for his paper, the City Times—working always to influence public opinion in Dick's favor, to show the world how much it needed doctors of this caliber, and to forestall the unfavorable publicity Dick's disappearance was bound to create. . . . But there

4. Joe Roberts—Kathy's father and an ace newspaperman—calls on Dr. Thompson, vainly seeking information which could explain why Dick fled or where he went.

was so much that neither Joe nor Meta could guess, with the little knowledge they already had. Few people knew—not even John himself—that Dr. John Brooks was the son of Dr. Bart Thompson of the Cedars Hospital . . . and that Dr. Thompson would stop at nothing to get John comfortably installed in Dick's place at the hospital! He had done his best to make Dick's situation intolerable . . . and Dick—torn between these pressures within the profession he loved and the knowledge that his best friend, Jim, hoped to marry the woman he himself had loved—had "frozen" at the operating table one fateful day. Sick with shame, depressed almost beyond endurance, he had fled. . . . Now Dick sits alone and despairing in a dingy hotel room in New York, a continent away from those who want so much to help him. Will they find Dick—before it is too late? Can his powers of healing be saved for the good of the world—and himself? And what of Kathy and Jim and their individual search for love and trust and happiness? How can these three young people find the guiding light which Joe and Meta Roberts know so well?
5. Joe and his wife Meta watch sympathetically as Kathy struggles with the problems she has never before been willing to face. Is there something she could do to help Dick? And what about Jim? If only she could find the "guiding light" which has always led Joe and Meta so unerringly to the happiness which comes when two people love and trust each other!
Peg's husband and daughter Astrid Elise make friends with "the other man" in Mother's TV life—Alan (Albert) Bunce.
As Ethel, Peg knows her scripts by heart. She writes them!

By ED MEYERSON

Once a week, in many an American living room, Mom and Pop try to beat the kids to the TV set so they can watch *Ethel And Albert*—a situation-comedy series about the typical married couple. This is often the signal for the children to leave the room. It isn’t that they don’t enjoy the program, too. It’s just the aggravating way their own parents sit there, laughing their heads off—as though it were all some private joke which no one else could possibly understand.

Actually, Mom and Pop are laughing at themselves, for the very same situation that Ethel and Albert are tangled up in—well, it happened to them once, too. Only, judging by the show’s popularity rating, the joke isn’t so private. It’s shared by millions of other “typical married couples,” all along the NBC-TV network. Which only goes to prove that, when it comes to comedy, the thing people most enjoy seeing on TV is—themselves. (Continued on page 75)

Of her three names, Peg’s favorite is Mrs. Odd Knut Rønning, real-life wife and mother.

The Rønning home in Connecticut is the heaven-on-earth which Peg always believed she’d find someday—if she tried.
Alastair Duncan traveled far before he fell in love with a girl named Sunday—and a city called New York

By ALICE FRANCIS

When a man falls in love, he begins to think about settling down,” Alastair Duncan was saying. “At last, this has happened to me. I—who, until now, have been content to roam the world with a suitcase and a stick of greasepaint—am now in love. But with a city, not a girl—at least not yet! Wanting to settle down for a long time, with New York.”

This is quite the way you would expect Lord Henry Brinthrope to feel about America. And Alastair is one-and-the-same with Lord Henry of the radio drama, Our Gal Sunday. A difference between the two men is that Lord Henry came to our shores and settled in a small Virginia community, while Alastair is enchanted with the excitements of the big city, the theaters and (Continued on page 80)

When English friends come to visit, Alastair guides them to unusual out-of-the-way art shops.
New York spells glamour for Alastair, who reads up on opera before an evening at the "Met."


Alastair's a foreign food fancier, and often returns to sample the Italian menu at Monte's.
Lord Henry discovers America

Alastair Duncan traveled far before he fell in love with a girl named Sunday—and a city called New York

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Alastair's a foreign food fancier, and often returns to sample the Italian menu at Monte's.
Listening to Harry Townes as he appears on any of the top TV dramatic shows, it's hard to believe he was raised in Alabama and once had a thick-as-cotton Southern accent. "I had to work awfully hard at getting rid of it," says Harry. In fact, he had to forsake his role in the record-breaking Broadway hit, "Tobacco Road," and move to Maine—where he spent four years at the famous Kennebunk Playhouse—before achieving the smooth, well-modulated accent he has today. Prior to launching his successful career as an actor, Harry had studied liberal arts at the University of Alabama; had taken five years out to serve with the Army Air Corps in the China-Burma-India Theater, then returned to studying and earned his B.A. at Columbia University. Having established himself firmly on the Broadway stage, in movies and TV, Harry points with pride and gratitude to his first big roles in each medium: He played the lovable leprechaun in "Finian's Rainbow"; his first major TV assignment was on "Studio One"; and in movies he is now starring in his first role in "Operation Manhunt." Because TV keeps him constantly in demand, Harry maintains a bachelor apartment in New York City, but adds, "I have to have a home in the country." This is a modern house on Long Island. There, also, lives his dearly loved cocker spaniel, Patrick. For relaxation, Harry enjoys a busman's holiday at the theater or puttering around his garden. Above all, says he, "My home is my hobby."

Harry Townes

Harry has had frequent leading roles on "Studio One." Here he portrays Secretary Hock in "Abraham Lincoln."
New York born and bred, Olive Deering has been in love with the theater and acting since she was eight years old. After attending the Professional Children's School in New York, she set out to make her mark on Broadway. Her first appearance was only as a walk-on, but three plays later she was starring in "Searching for the Sun." Then followed others such as "King Richard II," opposite Maurice Evans, "Winged Victory," and "Counselor-at-Law," opposite Paul Muni. In movies, Olive has had featured roles in "Samson and Delilah," "Caged," and in the forthcoming Cecil B. DeMille production, "The Ten Commandments." Television has claimed her for leading roles in every dramatic show from Robert Montgomery Presents and the Philco and Kraft theaters to Danger, Suspense and Tales Of Tomorrow. Although the majority of her roles have been serious ones, Olive enjoys doing comedy—in fact, says she, "You always enjoy any kind of part if you like it." Whether it's a role on the stage, in movies or TV, Olive says, "I enjoy them all in different ways; all of it is fun to me." Olive is married to actor Leo Penn, and they have an apartment in New York City. She, too, enjoys time off at the theater, letting other actors entertain her, and, when she can find the time, likes to paint landscapes. Music is another of Olive's pastime preferences, and she enjoys all forms, from the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms to jazz and blues recordings, of which she has an extensive collection.
Eric Dressler, whose voice—before the advent of television—was familiar to millions of radio listeners, became an actor as a result of a “reversal of family fortunes.” Eric’s family was in the process of providing him with a good school and social background when a sudden loss of finances cut short their plans. Since Eric, who was 18 at the time, had no business training, his father sought the help of a friend in show business who gave Eric his first part as juvenile lead in a vaudeville sketch. From there, Eric progressed to touring with stock companies and, finally, in 1924, to his first Broadway play, “The Goose Hangs High,” followed by “Young Blood,” with Helen Hayes, and a host of others, including “Excess Baggage,” with Miriam Hopkins, and “Three Sisters,” with Katharine Cornell. After working in radio for a number of years, Eric turned his charms to television. He has been featured, among others, on The Web, Robert Montgomery Presents, and currently plays the role of Charles Goodwin on NBC-TV’s Golden Windows. Married to a former actress, Patricia Calvert, Eric lives on a farm in Pennsylvania. There the Dresslers busy themselves with their common hobby, raising goats—which, besides making wonderful pets, provide the Dresslers with a goodly supply of milk and additional income.

When asked what TV shows he has appeared on, E. G. Marshall modestly replies, “Well, Kraft Television Theater in Macbeth and Rip Van Winkle . . . and about 348 others that were also enjoyable.” Which is about as little as could possibly be said in favor of Mr. Marshall’s expert and versatile performances. Born in Owatonna, Minnesota, Mr. Marshall gained his training in the theater through hard work and experience. In 1933, he joined a repertory company and for two years toured throughout the South and Southwest, playing Shakespearean and other classical roles. Mr. Marshall points to his starring role in Eugene O’Neill’s The Iceman Cometh as his greatest acting experience, and credits Mr. O’Neill’s careful guidance as contributing most to the formulation of his career. He can also look back on successful Broadway roles in such plays as The Skin of Our Teeth, Jacobowsky and the Colonel, and The Crucible . . . outstanding movie roles in The House on 92nd Street, The Caine Mutiny, and most recently The Silver Chalice and I Was a Prisoner in Korea—not to mention being one of the busiest performers in TV. When making movies in California, Mr. Marshall enjoys horseback riding in his free time. In New York, he and his wife Emlyn share an apartment with their beagle, Dusty. Mr. Marshall also has a lodge in Vermont, where he and Dusty go rabbit hunting, fishing or skiing. This year, Mr. Marshall is taking archery lessons and hopes, next year, “to bag me a buck with a bow.”
Although she is the daughter of the famous Gene and Kathleen Lockhart and made her stage debut when she was 8, June Lockhart is the first to banish any notions that she has led a "born backstage" kind of life. "I wasn't born in a theater trunk," says June, "and I've never lived out of a suitcase!" When she was 13, June played Belinda Cratchitt in the movie version of "A Christmas Carol"—with, logically enough, her father and mother cast as the parents, Bob and Mrs. Cratchitt. In 1943, after graduation from the Westlake School for Girls in Hollywood, June assumed an active movie career, appearing in such films as "Meet Me in St. Louis," "Son of Lassie," and "The Yearling." In 1948, she achieved overnight stardom with her Broadway debut in "For Love or Money." After three more years of movie-making, June returned to New York to launch her career in television and has since appeared in most of the leading dramatic programs such as *Studio One*, *Lux Video Theater*, *U. S. Steel Hour* and *Robert Montgomery Presents*. She has also proved herself an expert panelist on, among others, *Celebrity Time* and *Quick As A Flash*. June has been married to Dr. John F. Maloney since 1951 and they now share their New York home with one-year-old Anne Kathleen.

Paul Newman was destined to be an actor from the time he appeared as court jester in "The Travails of Robin Hood," a sixth-grade production at Malvern Grammar School in Shaker Heights, Ohio. Throughout high school and at Kenyon College, Paul attracted attention with his acting abilities, as well as his athletic prowess, excelling in football, basketball, boxing and swimming. After four years of war service with the Navy, Paul returned to get his degree in drama and economics at Kenyon College, in 1949, commenting, "I graduated magna cum kindness of their heart." Immediately after graduation, Paul plunged into summer stock, appearing in such plays as "The Glass Menagerie" and "Cyrano de Bergerac." After further study at the Yale School of Drama, he ventured to New York in 1951 and was soon appearing on TV in productions of *The Web*, *You Are There* and *The Mask*. Stage-wise, Paul was tapped for a feature role in the Broadway hit, "Picnic." His success in this brought offers from Hollywood and Paul was signed to play the romantic lead in "The Silver Chalice." Today, Paul takes double pleasure in his rising success in TV, movies and on the stage, and in his family—wife Jackie, whom he met and married in 1949, son Scott, 4, and daughter Susan, 2. At home, Paul relaxes in jeans, a T-shirt and loafers, and often enjoys taking over the cooking duties, considering himself an expert on salads. He also takes pleasure in long hikes and horseback riding and, in addition to his creative acting abilities, is a skillful sketch artist.
THANKS FOR THE LIFT!

Four of Jan's reasons why it's so nice to come home: His wife Toni, baby Diane, daughter Celia, son Howard.

Jan Murray owes a debt of gratitude and wishes he could repay it—
Goodbye kiss, then off to work—perhaps to encourage some young comedian as Jan himself was encouraged.

By HAROLD KEENE

Jan Murray, the handsome young emcee of Dollar A Second with the trip-hammer tongue, turned from his home phone the other day to find his wife looking at him questioningly from the doorway. After a moment, he shrugged.

"Oh, no!" she wailed. "Oh, yes. Miami, this time. Another convention one-shot."

"But I never see you any more," she said. "Do you realize that's nine one-evening shows in as many different cities just this one month?" She started counting them off on her fingers. "Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston—"

"I know them by heart," he said, taking her in his arms. While she put her nose against his shoulder and allowed herself a momentary burst of self-pity, he explained again for the umpteenth time why, for this year at least, they must sacrifice their family life while he spends his time in TV studios or in airplanes, traipsing about the country.

Of course, she could never go with him. In five years of marriage, they had had three children in rapid succession, the baby now only a few months old. They had a well-staffed house and a nurse, but the Murphys believe in the old-fashioned way of raising kids. If Pop had to be away most of the time, at least Mom should stay home and represent security to them.

The basic reason Pop had to be "that stranger," who turned up once in a while for dinner and a clean

at even more than a Dollar A Second
THANKS FOR THE LIFT!
(Continued)

shirt, was his new TV show, which nobody had dreamed would be so successful. Naturally, it had seemed like a good idea, at the time—a quiz show unlike any other, in which the contestant would be gambling against himself and Fate. As you know, Mr. Contestant has a choice: He can elect to quit at any time, taking with him whatever amount of money he's earned, or (if he's not retired with his earnings by making a "boo-boo") he may be struck off by some happening outside the studio—in which case he departs without a penny. The outside happening may be the birth of the first baby in a certain hospital, with time being called on the contestant the moment that blessed event takes place.

Jan works very fast, ad-libbing thousands of words a minute, keeping the excitement at a fever pitch, ever-growing until the suspense becomes unbearable. "You've got six hundred and twenty dollars now!" he says. "Wanna quit? You can quit, you know, and take the money. How about it?"

The guy elects to stay, and three seconds later the phone rings. He's finished, he's lost it all.

You'd think the watchers would hate the program for letting that happen, wouldn't you? Well, they don't. They sit around the TV set and scream, "Quit while the quitting's good! Waddaya want, uranium? Quit!" Quit or stay, the excitement keeps growing in intensity.

Up, up, up went the show's rating. Up, and higher than up, went Jan Murray's stock in trade. He'd been a headliner in show business around the country before. Now the offers came pouring in, prices doubled and tripled on his services. The demand was incredible.

Las Vegas wanted him. Seventy-five hundred dollars a week. The one-shot offers began turning up and, at first, he didn't like the idea. It meant flying to another city for two nights, interrupting his routine, and neither he nor Mary nor his business manager thought it was sound for him to fly so much alone when he had a wife and four children (one an older boy by a previous marriage).

But then it turned out that most of the conventions that were bidding for these one-night stands were con-

nected with his Sponsors. I capitalize the word advisedly. No one in Jan Murray's position turns down a bid from a Sponsor. . . .

Late that night, Mrs. Jan Murray reached over and touched her husband's shoulder. "Be home tomorrow evening for supper?" she asked sleepy.

"Philadelphia tomorrow, honey," he said. "Don't wait up."

People who have sat in nightclubs from Hollywood to Las Vegas to Miami to New York, off and on during the past four or five years—and laughed their heads off at Jan Murray's act—now find him a completely different personality, on television. Here is a comedian doing an emcee job on a quiz show. He is not being a comedian. Yet he is a fantastic success.

How does one do this thing? How is this accomplished, and with what magic? How does one start out as just a kid in the Catskills resort-hotel circuit—and end up at the very top, at $7500 a week?

Perhaps the answer can be found in Jan's dressing room. It's a dreary, bare, gray-painted cubicle (upstairs from the stage) which would be enough to kill any inspiration that ever got started, but Jan sparkles in it. It's his business, sparkling like that, and he does it easily and magnificently.

"Everybody always talks about the rivalry among comedians," he says. "How much we hate each other. How we feud all the time, and accuse one another of stealing gags and routines and girlfriends."

He warms up. "Actually, most of the time, there is no tighter fraternity in the world. Furthermore, no comedian ever got on top without the help of other comedians, even when they knew they were cutting their own throats. Listen . . . ."

And this is how he tells the tale:

I couldn't have been older than twenty (says Jan) when I played one of my first big dates at Kitty Davis' Airliner in Miami Beach. (Continued on page 81)
5 times a day...from New York...Washington...Chicago...Los Angeles, the Kraft Foods Company presents headline news, as it’s reported from Mutual and international wire service correspondents all over the world.

5 distinguished news commentators every day will broadcast national and world events to keep you up to the minute in these fast-moving times.

- Frank Singiser reports from New York
- Holland Engle reports world news from Chicago
- Les Higbie with Capital Commentary from Washington
- Sam Hayes, the West Coast’s best known newsman, reports from Los Angeles
- Cecil Brown presents the early evening round-up from Mutual’s New York newsroom

Keep on top of the news with Kraft Headline News every day.
## Saturday
### Morning Programs
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See Next Page →
NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8 – MARCH 7

**Monday through Friday**

**DAILY**

7:00 7 Morning Show—Get up to Poor 7 & 8 Today—Garrovary's great 7 & 8 Good Morning—Visit me with Hattie McNeill's gang 10:00 9 Garry Moore Show—Fun for all 10:30 10 Arthur Godfrey Time—Simulcast 11:00 11 Daddy Day Or The World—Drama 11:30 12 Bob Hope Big hour with Arlene Francis 12:30 13 & 14 Strike It Rich—Quiz for needy 12:00 15 Susan Adams—Way to a man's heart 12:00 15 Valley Lady—Flora Campbell stars 12:15 16 & 17 Love Of Life—Daytime Drama 12:30 18 & 19 Search For Tomorrow—Story 12:45 20 & 21 Feather Your Nest—Bud Collyer, quiz 8:00 22 11:15 23 8:00 23 10:00 24 8:00 24 12:00 25 8:00 25

**Tuesday**

7:30 7 Waterfront—Preston Foster stars 7 Cavalcade Of America—Dramas 8:00 1 8:30 2 9:00 3 9:30 4 10:00 5 10:30 6 11:00 7

**Wednesday**

7:00 7 Norby—Comedy, David Wayne stars 7 Life With Father—Bette White 7 Disneyland—A great video hour 8:00 8 & 9 Godfrey Show—Artful variety 8:30 10 & 11 My Little Margie 8:30 10 & 11 My Little Margie 9:00 12 9:30 13 & 14 The Millionaire—Stories 9:30 14 9:30 14 & 15 Red Skelton—Laff-time 10:30 15 10:30 15

**Thursday**

7:30 7 Finders Keeps—Quiz, Fred Robbins 7 Lone Ranger—Shoot-em-up 8:00 8 & 9 Meet Mr. McNulty—Roy Milland 8:00 8 & 9 You Bet Your Life—Groucho 8:30 8 & 9 They Stand Accused—Court drama 8:30 8 & 9 The Mail Story—Post office drama 8:30 8 & 9 Clymax—Hours of suspense, except Feb. 17, Shower Of Stars, colorful musical 8:30 8 & 9 Green Acres 9:00 9 & 10 T-Man In Action—Melodramas 9:00 9 & 10 Dagnell—Dum-da-da-dum 9:30 9 & 10 What's The Story?—Perl panel quiz 9:30 9 & 10 Star To Story—Drama series 9:30 9 & 10 FourStar Playhouse—Dramas 9:30 9 & 10 Star Theater—Filmed stories 10:00 10 & 11 Pond's Television Theater—Dramas 10:00 10 & 11 Public Defender—Reed Hadley stars 10:00 10 & 11 Lux Video Theater—Full hour 10:30 11 & 12 Name That Tune—Quiz, Bill Cullen

**Friday**

7:30 7 China Smith—Adventures 7 Tin Tin—Coninque melodrama 8:00 8 & 9 Mama—Beguiling comedy 8:00 8 & 9 Red Buttons—Funny? You bet! 8:00 8 & 9 Ozzie & Harriet—The most! 8:30 9 Toppers comedy 8:30 9 Life Of Riley—Hearty fun 8:30 9 & 10 Roy Bolger Show—Splendid 9:00 10 Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas 9:00 10 9:00 10 9:30 10 10:00 10 10:30 10 11:00 11

**Saturday**

5:30 5 Annie Oakley—Bong Bong! 6:30 6 There Behind The Badge—Whodunits 7:00 7 The Star And The Story—Henry Fonda, host to new TV theater 7:00 7 The Gloria Swanson Show 7:30 7 Beat The Clock—Abounds for prizes 8:00 8 Jackie Gleason Show—Sensational 8:30 8 & 9 Mickey Rooney—Comedy series 8:30 8 & 9 This Is Hollywood—Comedy 9:00 9 & 10 Two For The Money—Quiz, Shrinker 9:00 9 & 10 Imogene Coca Show—Wonderful skits; Max Liebman Presents, Feb. 12. 9:30 9 My Favorite Husband—Just great 9:30 9 & 10 Duane-O'Connor Show 10:00 10 Professional Father—Steve Dunne 10:30 11 Willy—June Havoc in title role 10:30 11 & 12 Your Hit Parade—Just fine

**Sunday**

4:30 4 The Search—Excellent documentaries 5:00 5 Omnibus—Always recommended 5:00 5 Hall Of Fame—Stirring dramas 5:30 5 We Love Dogs—A pet show 6:00 6 Meet The Press—Newsmaking panel 6:00 6 Corliss Hart—Talent show as Baker 6:30 6 Football And Art Bakar, even 7:30 6 & 7 Jack Benny—Alternating with Private Secretary, Ann Sothern comedy 7:30 7 Peepers—Wally Cox's tickler; Feb. 27, 90-minute Spectacular 7:30 8 Pepsi-Cola Playhouse—Dramas 8:00 8 & 9 Toast Of The Town—Variety 8:00 8 & 9 Colgate Comedy Hour—Top stars 9:00 9 & 10 The Kellys Reunion, host 9:30 9 & 10 TV Playhouse 9:45 9 & 10 Life Line—Medical drama 10:30 10 Your Favorite Playhouse 10:30 10 Life Begins At 80—Jack Barry, encore 10:30 10 Father Knows Best—Robert Young 10:30 10 & 11 Loretta Young Show—Dramas 10:30 11 Break The Bank—$55 jackpot 11:00 11 & 12 What's My Line?—Job game 11:00 11 & 12 The Stemmings—New comedy 11:30 12 Victory At Sea—Superb documentary
Luck’s Really a Lady

(Continued from page 61)

Women, in particular, find the show a handy, compact mirror for viewing their own marriages, and invariably see themselves in Ethel—that wifely miracle of good-naturedness. Thank heaven there is some exception, of course, but then—that one woman is frankly prejudiced. She does not only play the part on TV, she writes the script. And as Peg Lynch looks at Ethel, well—somehow she doesn’t see either of herself.

If this seems a bit complicated, it isn’t that she leads a double life. Actually, it’s a triple one. Five days every week, she’s Peg Lynch of New York City. Once a week, for one-half hour, she’s Mrs. Ethel Arbuckle of Sandy Harbor. On that day, off the air, she’s a member of the faculty of the State Teachers College, where she’s Mrs. O. D. Ronning of Stamford, Connecticut. And the only thing these three have in common is—they look alike. Otherwise, their personalities are as different as their names, their ways of life as separate as their addresses.

How it all came about is something that Peg can tell, but certainly never write. As a profession, writing is something that has a way of breaking all the rules of good writing, and her own life story is too unlikely even for fiction. Too many happy coincidences and fates to come by the other! Who’d believe it? Who’d ever believe one girl could have so much luck?

She was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lynch. “But I have thirty cousins,” Peg reminds you. She attended high school in Rochester, Minnesota—which she considers her home town. At college, she decided to study at the University of Minnesota. There she had a decision to make—an important one for her. What should she be? An actress or an author? Her mother thought she should be both. So she majored in writing, and dramatics and, just as characteristically, has stuck to her decision ever since.

Except in 1937, when she graduated. Then she went to work as a receptionist at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, where her mother was a nurse. It was only intended as a summer job, but she stayed eight months—until she heard the station KATE, the radio station in Albert Lea, Minnesota.

Peg got the job, which included mostly writing. She attended all the commercials, some two-hundred-and-fifty different at home and half-hour woman’s show, six days a week; and a half-hour dramatic show for Sundays, triumphantly billed as The KATE Little Theater. Soon Peg was writing the scripts that she did news, an occasional sportscast, encore contests, told fairy tales in a studio crammed with three hundred children at a time, and put the records for the early morning show.

Describing her life at the time, Peg says: “I got three hours’ sleep a night. In bed by one, up at four every morning. Curiously enough, I gained ten pounds. But then, I ate four dinners a day—steak dinners!” Except at night after work, when I’d end up at a Chinese restaurant for dinner.

Asked why she worked so hard, Peg looks surprised at the question. “I had a job,” she says, indicating all too clearly that, in those days, this was reason enough for anything. “Besides, I was 18. The name was attached to it. I wanted to do the best I could.”

Which reminds her of so many would-be writers who now keep asking her the secret of her success: ‘They come to me these young people—fresh out of college. And many of them, I’m ashamed to admit,
Use **RIT** for fashion’s latest whim
Dye slacks for you and also him!

The **Dickey** people, famous for their Peg Slacks, are now making them in white twill so you can dye them yourself in exactly the colors you want. *And the dye they recommend is All Purpose RIT!* We’re tickled a rosy RIT Pink with the idea, and think you will be, too. Peg Slacks are trim as can be (wide at the knee and tapered to a neat n’ narrow cuff), and when you dye them with RIT the color is exclusively yours.

The finest dye... the high concentrate dye... and only 25¢

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Peg has no desire to do any work. They want to start right at the top, being editor of Mademoiselle or writing for one of the better television shows.

Processors try to be understanding. She realizes that when she got out of school, the philosophy of the times was different. And yet, for herself, she wouldn’t have had it any other way. It was hard work, but it was fun, too. And she learned her craft through actual experience. It is significant, perhaps, that—if of the thousands of commercials she wrote at time I got to her, she only remembers one. It was for a local shoe store, and it went: *Don’t spend your life too feet away from happiness.*

After four months, however, it occurred to Peg that her salary of seventy dollars a month barely managed to cover all the steaks her work required. “It took me a week,” she recalls, “to get up the nerve to ask the station manager for a five-dollar raise. He refused. Well, in that case,” I said grandly, ‘I must give you one month’s notice.’ He accepted.

Peg laughs about this now, but, at the time, she “went home sick.” She had talked herself out of her first big break. But another one—or so she thought—soon turned up. A friend assured her she could get her a job in Chicago, writing for a new radio show.

“So I was off to Chicago to seek my fortune! They gave me a big send-off in Rochester, complete with banners and friends seeing me off at the station.”

But the promised job never materialized, and she couldn’t find any other work.

“At one point,” Peg says, “I had only twenty-five cents to my name, and I was too proud to write home to mother. I bought two peanut butter sandwiches (at ten cents each) and Collier’s (it was a nickel then). That and the magazine lasted me three days.”

And then, in the nick of time, she got a job in Gary, Indiana, directing a local group. In some half-dozen months she had written. She was supposed to get one hundred dollars for the job. They paid her fifteen. But, at least she was off her peanut butter diet. Soon she was back to work again, at Station WCHV in Charlottesville, Virginia, doing the same kind of work she had done in Albert Lea. A year later, she went to Station WTBO in Cumberland, Maryland, where she worked from 1940 to 1944, when a new management took over. Then she quit.

But she had saved five hundred dollars. “I thought ought to be enough to last me two years in New York,” she figured. So in March, 1944, she went there and, right off, she found a three-room apartment in Manhattan’s exclusive Gramercy Park.

“I was the only gambler I ever knew,” Peg says. “The rent was a hundred and one-a-month, and I was used to paying forty in Cumberland. But, when I saw that apartment, I had to have it.”

The landlord had already promised it to a married couple, but she finally gave it to Peg. “Because you love it so,” she said. “And you’re from Minnesota. You’ll keep it clean.”

So Peg parted with over a fifth of her five-hundred-dollar stake and moved in. The utilities had not yet been turned on. There was no phone, and nobody could control over.”

“But I’m here!” she said in the darkness. “I don’t have a job, but I’m here.”

“Oh, I was so thrilled!” she recalls.

The very next day, there was still no phone. But if community really wants to knock, it can usually find a messenger boy. This particular boy brought a telegram from ABC, asking if they could see Peg about that show of his relative, and she was going with someone else at the time. So Peg said, “OK.”

In 1944, when the show became a network radio serial, a young actor named Richard Widmark won the auditions for the role of Albert. But, he was not well received. However, he appeared in a Broadway play and soon deserted Ethel for Hollywood. More auditions were held, and another Albert was chosen. It was Alan Bunce, a Broadway actor who had been in Ethel and Albert. Some thirty plays and innumerable radio shows—including six years as Young Doctor Malone. He has been faithful to Ethel and Albert ever since. (In private life, he has married and has three children.)

In the fall of 1949, Ethel and Albert became a half-hour nighttime show—but this was cut in half because of lack of a sponsor. Peg tells the story: “It was Friday before the news—before the story had had time to make the rounds—an NBC executive called on her. They had (In private life, he has married and has three children.)

The next day, when the would-be writers came to the office, deciding how she became a success, Peg tells them: ‘It’s a matter of split-second timing. It depends on luck and things you’ve no control over. Naturally, you’ve got to be ready. If you haven’t prepared for it, you won’t stay on top. But getting to the top—that’s luck!’

In her own case, she had come to New York with only a vague hope of selling some writing that she had written for Claudia. Instead, a day after she rented the apartment she couldn’t afford, ABC contacted her. Because they “happened” to hear of Ethel and Albert. Because they “happened” to need a new daytime show at the moment. In the same way, out of nowhere, she received an offer to appear on NBC-TN. The very day she was to begin, she was called by ABC Radio.

In September, 1950, Ethel and Albert first appeared on TV as a ten-minute episode on The Kate Smith Hour. The following year, it was a regular feature of Kate’s nighttime show as well as her daytime show. And in April, 1953, it became the half-hour show which is seen on NBC-TV.

As if it had happened on luck and things you’ve no control over,” Peg cites the accidental story of her marriage. Odd (that’s his name!) Knut Ronning is her third cousin. In 1946, he left his home in Norway to take some additional courses at Syracuse University. Peg didn’t meet him until a year later, at a family dinner. And, even then, she didn’t pay much attention. He was going with someone else at the time. But one day, at a party, a girl friend
She gasped and said: "Peg, who's that man?"

Peg looked. "Oh, he's my cousin."

"What do you mean—he's your cousin? He's the handsomest man I've ever seen!"

Peg looked again. She saw that it was so. She married him on August 12, 1948, at New York's Little Church Around the Corner.

But it wasn't just looks. "He's one of the nicest people I've ever known," Peg says, "with the most remarkable disposition. In our six years of marriage, we've never had one disagreement." She smiles. "He's not at all like Albert. That probably helps."

She still remembers, almost with awe, the one time Odd claims he lost his temper. "He had come down from Syracuse to finish his thesis. I could hear him in the next room, swearing in Norwegian. Then he came into my room and announced: 'I'm going to take a walk.' When he returned, I said: 'Is anything wrong, dear?' He said no, and that was that."

Six months later, however, the Ronnings had the following conversation:

"I want to apologize to you," he said.
"I'm sorry I lost my temper."
"When was that, dear?" she asked.
"Why, that night I got so mad I went for a walk."

Silence—as Peg tries to remember when in creation that was.

"If I'm ever mad," he continues, "I want you to know: I'm mad at myself—for something I've done. I'm never mad at you."

Peg still can't believe her luck. Who's two feet away from happiness now? And on June 18, 1931, Astrid Elise was born. . .

Today, the Ronnings live in Stamford, one of those lovely Connecticut towns where successful New Yorkers go to plant their roots—once the first child comes. Their eight-room home was built in 1726, when people knew how to make the kitchen big enough to live in—and the fireplace big enough for a whole family to dream in front of. And the family now includes Peg's mother and aunt, who care for Astrid Elise when Peg is in New York working on the show.

She wishes she had more time to spend at home. It works no hardship on Odd, whose job as a consultant engineer for a machine-manufacturing firm keeps him traveling all week. But what about her daughter? Didn't she envy the girl next door whose mother was with her all the time?

The other day, Peg asked her outright. Astrid Elise, who speaks like an adult, for all her three-and-a-half years, considered the question carefully.

"Well, yes," she admitted. "I'm sorry you have to work. But as for the girl next door—"

She hugged Peg impulsively. "Her mother isn't on television!"

answer the call

join and serve

---

JUST OUT! THE MOST EXCITING EVENT OF THE YEAR!

The gorgeous new TV-Radio Annual is now available to you. This exciting 1955 yearbook is better than ever! It covers all the television and radio events of the year. You'll enjoy the hundreds of new illustrations and you'll be simply thrilled to read the behind-the-scenes stories of all your favorite stars. Below is a brief description of this really important Annual:

**NEWS EVENTS OF THE YEAR**—The behind-the-scenes stories of Eve Arden and Brooks West • Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling • Florence Halop • Bob Smith • Paul Dixon • Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows • Wally Cox • Jack Webb • Milton Berle.

**NEW SHOWS OF THE YEAR**—Stars new and old, who helped make recent history. Robert Q. Lewis • Sid Caesar • Imogene Coca • Florian ZaBach • Edgar Bergen • George Gobel • Jack Paar • Betty White • Michael O'Shea • James Dunn • William Bishop • Eddie Mayehoff • Gil Stratton, Jr.

**WHO'S WHO ON**—Breakfast Club • Father Knows Best • Beat The Clock • Two For The Money • The Garry Moore Show • Your Hit Parade • The Halls Of Ivy • Our Miss Brooks • Masquerade Party • My Favorite Husband • Fibber McGee And Molly • Lassie • The Big Payoff • The Jackie Gleason Show.

**ALL-TIME FAVORITES**—Arthur Godfrey • Ozzie and Harriet Nelson • Ralph Edwards • Bert Parks • Tennessee Ernie Ford • Warren Hull • Bill Cullen • Roy Rogers • Gene Autry • Red Buttons • Jack Bailey • Jack Barry • Ed Sullivan • Art Linkletter • Donald O'Connor • Jimmy Durante • Tom Moore.

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accident that he frequently philosophizes, for he gives much thought to the relationships between people. "But it's my great frustration that I can't fully practice what I preach," Garry says. "You know every program is closed with 'Goobie—and be kind to each other.' I can't be, I'd need twenty-eight nights in fund drives. He is thinking of the many young entertainers and parents of talented youngsters who ask for audits. He is remembering all of the benefits in which he is constantly being asked to work. He recalls specifically the woman who wanted him to adopt her child.

"It was heartbreaking." A woman had written in detail about her children—three of them. She couldn't support them. Would Garry adopt one? "What could I do about it? How could I accept the responsibility?" He shook his head and went Pen, "I don't know what I am. People have asked me what I do on television. I'm not a comedian. I'm not an emcee. I'm no singer. What kind of beans am I?"

"When the first hits of his party and show business, Garry was a writer, a comedian, a straight man, a quizmaster.

"Now I'm a I-don't-know—what in television. It's very comfortable. It fits—but what is it? It took me a long time to get here, but it seems like I've been here only a few days instead of five years."

Garry has a reputation for talking very little about Garry. It's not that he's secretive, bashful, or hiding a terrible past. It's just beans again.

"I'm the can of beans," he points out, "and that's the trouble. They got back into his makes and sells a can of beans. He thinks about how he can improve the taste, make a more attractive package. But me—I've got only myself. I got beans in my head. I'm saying things. That's why actors are hams. So what I do is try not to think about myself. I just try to put on a show by nice people and for nice people." Garry is phenomenal. He never loses his temper. He runs his rehearsals quietly and courteously. He is simply a practi-

Garry may be just a can of beans. But, like the average man, at eight every morning he is headed for work. And every evening at five, except those days he works late, he leaves his office to go home. Home is in Rye, New York, and home is populated with a wife, two sons, and Sam, his springer spaniel. And Garry in Rye is just another man in Rye.

"The people of Rye have been good to us," Garry says. "They have accepted us as neighbors and people—not show people. No one expects me to break into a comedy bit. To the grocer, I'm just a guy who buys beans.

Garry is home for dinner four or five nights a week. He and his wife Nell have been married fifteen years. They have two sons: Mason, fourteen, who is in prep school, and Rye, thirteen. Father and Mother act very ordinary at home—they think and talk about their children, the weather, politics, work.

If there's a little sun left in the yard when Garry gets home, he may go out and play ball with the boys. He stays away from their craft hobbies—claims he's too frumpy with his hands. Come evening, he likes to go to a jazz record—Erroll Garner or the old Goodman band or Mildred Bailey—and then pick up a book. Parties are usually small, and it is simply a neighborly gathering. It is the "busi-

The only work he consciously carries home is Nell's. He has a big extra envelope on the beginning of a weekend. That would be several hundred letters from his audience. Winter weekends are spent reading letters and books, playing a little bridge with the boys and, perhaps, going for a long walk.

In the summer, the whole country knows how Garry spends his weekends. He's married in his sailboat, usually with his family. Aboard the boat, he's just what he wants to be—merely a guy on a boat.

"You get caught out in a storm, no one cares what your rating is," he says. "You can't show your clipplings to a storm."

On his fifteenth wedding anniversary, his office staff gave him a bottle of champagne. Garry said, "I didn't take his wife night-clubbing. Garry took Nell out on the boat, he took the boat to a quiet cove, and dropped anchor. In the moonlight, in the company of some clams, they toasted each other with paper cups.

"If you got married or buried on Saturday and Sunday," he explained, "You have dressing up," a friend noted.

"No, I hate having people get married or buried on Saturday and Sunday," he explained, adding, "in the summer only, of course."

But last summer the Moores didn't spend their entire vacation on the boat. They went to Europe. They did all the tourist sites. They did only one unusual thing—they took no pictures. In Paris, son Mason proudly translated for them. In Rome, Garry tried to call his office and they didn't believe him. Would Garry change into a dinner jacket, aboard the boat, went to the wedding, passed through the reception line, returned to his boat and asked to have the charges reversed? In London, an American tourist walked up to Garry and said, "You wouldn't believe it, but at the reception line who looks just like you." Garry remained silent and very British.

"When we got back to New York," he recalled, "I found they had saved three fifteen-minute periods in the first week for me to talk about the trip. I had nothing to talk about. Nothing exciting had happened to me."

"How do you do it this way? What's the fun of being a celebrity if they treat you like one? It makes him uncomfortable. He got it, coming and going, when he and Mason went school-hunting. Garry used his legal name of Garrison Morfit, but inevitably there was the recogni-

One headmaster inferred young Mason would have special privileges—so Garry arranged with Garry to be a trustee of the school. He also did his best to assist Garry come in as his guest and then seated him in the loge. But just as Garry got into the picture, the manager produced the mayor to shake hands and then,
a few minutes later, the chief of police and then the mascot of the police. Garry would have been just as well off signing autographs on 42nd and Broadway.

The upsetting incident happened, however, revolved around a simple hamburger. Garry likes his "wimpies"—all of his life, he's liked them. There was the day he walked into a hamburger joint as usual and, logically enough, ordered a hamburger. A girl nudged her boyfriend and said, "There's Garry Moore."

The boyfriend sneered and said, "What's he trying to prove—that he's not afraid to eat with us poor people?"

That hamburger didn't taste very good. "That kind of people are the five per cent," Garry says. "I've always called them the lunatic fringe. I don't worry about them—but they make me unhappy. People as a whole, I trust. They do the right thing. You get the proof of it in our democracy."

There's proof in Garry's mail, too. Dian Jennings, who is one of Garry's secretaries and assists with production, works with Garry on his mail.

"People adore him. They feel close to him," she says.

They knock themselves out with homemade gifts. Some know he's fond of peanut butter and send in peanut butter cookies and candy. He's received China with paintings of sailboats. He's had mink bow ties and a rayon bow tie embroidered with seed pearls.

Garry doesn't take his responsibilities lightly. He reads criticisms from his audience. He is interested in their problems. He likes to talk about such things as loneliness and explain that it's a universal condition. He talks of the value of a smile. He is intolerant of intolerance.

"We're most of us too hard on each other—strangers, friends, wives, and children," he says. "You know how I feel about defects. Everyone has them. We don't persecute a cripple for a lame leg, so why should we harp on each other for our faults? It doesn't make sense."

"It's so much easier to be nice to people," says Garry. "And it's so much easier for them to get along with you. It makes sense."

Generally speaking, he is courteous and polite—the atmosphere at his rehearsal is as refined as a tea party. He is fair and honest. He gives generously. But he prefers not to be thought of as sanctimonious—so he tells stories on himself.

"There was my Boy Scout day," he recalls, "and I was on the elevator. A very young girl came on, and she was all dressed up and very pretty. I thought to myself: Now practice what you preach and make the little girl feel good—so I said, 'You do look beautiful.' Well, the girl thought I was the boogie-man and turned red. The elevator boy knew me and knew better, and he gagged holding in his laugh all the way down. I felt like two cents."

There was the day Garry was walking across town. He was following a well-dressed man who looked very neat except that his shirt tail was hanging out. Garry argued with himself as to whether he should catch up with the man and tell him. Finally, he and the man stopped next to each other at a corner waiting for a traffic light to change.

Garry whispered quickly, "Your shirt's hanging out."

The man, embarrassed, just mumbled, tucked his shirt in—then turned to Garry and said, "Why don't you mind your own business?"

Garry grins. "What could I have said to him? I'm just a can of beans."

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Lord Henry Discovers America

(Continued from page 62)

opera and ballet, the fabulous restaurants and the foods from all over the world, the museums and art galleries, the famous stores and shops along the equally famous avenues, and the chic, pretty girls.

There are many interests he shares with Lord Henry—outdoor interests, such as hunting and riding and fishing, Alastair, too, has followed the hidden trails and the splashing streams, not only in this country, but in places as widely separated as the Austrian Tyrol and the bush country of Australia. As you might guess from his name, he is of Scottish ancestry. The mark of the Celts is upon his jet-black hair and eyes and his ready wit. His accent is a toned-down mixture of all the Britons you have ever heard—and just different enough from them all to be intriguing. Something under thirty years ago he was born in London, of seafaring forebears who had known all the seven seas and all the lands they touch, and who would have thought of no other way of life. Alastair's father, following the pattern, is now master of a British liner.

Small wonder, then, that this young Briton wanted some sort of adventurous life of his own, even if not that of the sea, and was filled with the urge to go off to new places. Which is why, up to now—up to the time of this "Isle of Man" trip with New York-John had seemed a place to alight for a time, unencumbered by many possessions.

Somehow, one can't imagine this young Mr. Shaw ever having been the sort who wondered what his next move should be. In spite of a boyish manner which is completely lacking in any brashness, he seems so certain, so poised. This certainty began in school, in England, when he had already decided what he wanted to do with his life: To be an actor, and to see the whole world. His father had been impatient with the former and entirely in accord with the latter—he wanted his only child to become a civil servant and do his traveling on holidays or in the service of his country.

Alastair, however, had been in school plays and had received good notices; his mind was made up. It was only after he took a competitive examination for a Royal Academy of Dramatic Art Scholarship—and won it—that his father decided the boy might have talent enough to become a professional. So, at sixteen, Alastair's formal training as an actor began, followed by considerable stage experience and three and a half years of broadcasting over the BBC radio—chiefly in dramatic roles.

"My father was now quite satisfied," he says, "There was something very professional and proper about being on the BBC. For one thing, I had routine hours, very like those of the ordinary businessman or civil servant—and not like an actor's. My broadcasting career was interrupted, of course, by four years of army service, in the Near East, France and Germany, and then, on the last war, the BBC, that the life seemed altogether too routine for someone with itchy feet, I received an offer to go to Sydney, Australia, to work on radio. The years in the army, coupled with that old inherited urge to see the world, made the decision easy."

He went for one year, and stayed two. "But," he says, "it took a bit of doing to make first place from a base that was hard to come by in New York. Another stroke of luck. There are four rooms. A turquoise living room, a bed room in robin's-egg blue, a light-green guest room, and a clean-cut white kitchen. My few furniture possessions make the place seem homelike, but most of the things were brought recently, since—being so much of a traveler—he has not wished, until now, to be much else than unencumbered."

Recently, an English couple, old friends of his, came over for a visit. His mother will arrive a little later.

"I shall build a great log fire in the old brick fireplace, and we will do what I call our 'English bit' during the evenings, sip-
Thanks for the Lift

(Continued from page 70)

I was knocking myself out one night, getting a few laughs here and there, dressing on my feet but giving everything I had. A party of people came in and I didn’t recognize them, with the lights straight in my eyes.

When I was cleaning up that night after the last show, a note was delivered to me. It said, “Please come to see me tomorrow afternoon at my hotel.” It was signed Al Jolson. At that time, he was the greatest star in the world, making the most money and getting the biggest billing.

The next day, I woke up with hope and fear. I went to his suite. When I went in, I nodded, and suddenly all the other people faded away and we were alone.

He said, “Look, Sonny, I only asked you to come over here because I think you’ve got it.”

I had nothing to say, which was probably just as well.

He said, “You’ve got a big talent, Sonny. I wanna give you some advice. You wanna take it?”

“Are you kiddin’ me?” I said.

“Easy. First: Struggle. Work yourself to death, but, keep at it.”

“Yeah.”

“If you call me ’Sir’ again, I’ll clam up.”

I shut up.

“The only other thing,” Jolson said, settling comfortably back in his chair, “is that no comedian ever improved himself by just sitting around in his hotel room. What if you have to take a cut of a few bucks? You’re not working, you’re not teaching yourself anything, and you’re not making any gelt. Don’t worry about your pride, or figure you’re ruining your po-

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tential!” If you’ve really got it, you’ll get there, and then you’ll have to pay you thought I could save you having to learn that the hard way, like I did.”

That’s all Jolson said to me that night. Eventually, I learned what he meant. I couldn’t imagine why the biggest of all stars should bother to give advice to a kid comedian, who didn’t even understand him. Times came along after that, when I didn’t have a date and few prospects. I had my price fixed, maybe, at seventy-five bucks a week. I was offered sixty. I’d haggle and play hard to get until the last minute. Then I’d remember Jolson’s advice, and sign the contract. I kept working, and I kept learning. I worked in burlesque shows that were a big comedown for me, but I worked out my new routines there, polished them on the way home to catch the world. The routines were ready when a good spot came along.

Just this last year, Las Vegas offered me $7500 a week, but I’d have to share my billing with another act. I’d been billed on top for a long time everywhere else, and I balked. For ten days I argued with them. Then, suddenly, I could hear Jolie saying, “Don’t just sit around.” I signed, and as a result I have a contract with them, six weeks a year for three years, whenever I can get free.

The next time was in Boston. I’d been signed to play on the same bill as Ella Logan and Jack Haley at the Shangri La, and I was still too young, too unsure of myself, for such company as my long night audience was the toughest I’ve ever seen, noisy and raucous. I didn’t do well at all. After the last show, the owner of the place called me over. He wanted to buy me out of my engagement. I was losing my argument with him when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw George Jessel hanging around, watching us. He tipped me a wink, and came strolling over. The boss knew him and suddenly was very polite. Jessel put his arm around my shoulder and said, talking the way he does out of the corner of his mouth, “I’ve got one of the finest acts in the country here in this boy. Never saw a smarter lad. When the word gets around about what he does, they’ll want you.” I knew you’ve got him for a week. Tell you what—keep him for two weeks and, if he isn’t a sensation, I’ll pay his second week’s salary.

He said a lot more, and so did the boss, but nobody could afford to get in Jessel’s bad graces in the night-club circuit, so I was kept on. The grapevine, helped by Jessel, started humming, and I stayed thirty weeks at the Shangri La.

Seven years after Jolson called me in to see him, I returned to Miami Beach as the first top-class job of my career. I was headlined at the big, luxurious Copa—and guess what my opposition was at the Beachcomber across the street? The Ritz Brothers, always big favorites in Miami!

My act was dying in an empty house, while at the Beachcomber people were lined up waiting for tables. A course, days later, I was introduced to the Ritz Brothers at Mammy’s, and they asked me to lunch. When I got up to go, I said, “You’re swell fellows, but I wish I’d never heard of you.” When they insisted on knowing why, I told them the truth.

That night—or, rather, the following morning—I was just signing off my two-thirty show to a few diehards, when the door crashed open and the Ritz Brothers (who’d finished fifteen minutes before) came tumbling into the place. For the next hour they put on an ad-lib act with me that fractured everything and everybody in sight. It was the biggest ruckus in Miami Beach, and the handful of customers went out to spread the word.

For four straight nights the Ritz Brothers raced off from doing their own zany act, came over and killed themselves on my late show—until everyone knew about it, the Copa was packed, and people had had a chance to start liking me for myself, not just for the “on your own, kid,” and relaxed. Thank God, the people kept coming and my career was saved.

Just one more, and then I think you’ll see what I mean.

This is about Uncle Millic. I was booked at the Martinique in New York this time, followed by Danny Thomas. The roughest climate I’ve ever had to weather. Business was great at dinner and supper, but my 2:30 show was going in front of yawning acres of empty tables. That night Berle dropped by to catch the late show. He was starring at the time in “The Ziegfeld Follies,” so it was the only chance he had to see what was cooking.

As you may know, Berle never drinks and is strictly an early-evening man when he goes out. But he looked around, saw that there were only ten or twelve people in the place, and left. The next night he was back. He started heckling me, and I returned the “compliments.” It broke up the act and turned it into a free-for-all.

The next night he was back again. And the next night, and the next.

Imagine this guy, after a full night’s work of his own, giving up his rest to work again in a smelly night club so he could help a young comedian he’d never even met before! When I tried to thank him—because this kick brought the crowds to the show and kept them there—he brushed it off.

“We’re all in the business,” he said. “Who can help a comedian except another comedian?”

This was “Mr. Television” speaking, the guy who is popularly supposed to have stolen more gags, cut more throats and beat more rival comedians out of jobs than anybody in show business.

When this new TV show of mine was suggested to ABC for its present time, the management was a little dubious about placing my act, Berle, in their toughest slot, to create their strongest lineup for Friday evening; they had Ray Bolger and Ozzie and Harriet as starters, and a quiz show—“another quiz show,” they called it—didn’t sound very interesting.

It was Berle who went to the President of ABC, Bob Kentner, and spent an hour describing the show and its possibilities, and decided that if he could create his toughest problem each week is to figure out a new, interesting, workable “penalty gimmick”—the act of fate which fights the contestant and makes him lose the game—Berle sits up nights figuring these things out and phoning them to us when he gets a good one. What does he get out of it?

“The light. The ruckus. The good feeling of being helpful. Oh, yes, the Ritz Brothers are sending them in, too, and we get some from George Jessel. I have a few quizzes I’d be in the act, too, if he were still here.”

That’s how it works—and that’s why, when I have a few minutes free between shows when I can’t be at home, I spend my time hounding the clubs catching new acts with new, young, inexperienced comedians. Sometimes there’s one who’s “got it”—and that’s when I go backstage and say to him, “Boy, you’re the toughest of all, never improving by just sitting around. And sometimes, when I see the act is dying, I lean back in my chair and yell a nice crisp insult at the guy, one I know he can answer at his best. It always starts something—

Sometimes, I hope it, even starts a new comedian on his way.
Being a Father Is Fun

(Continued from page 55)

Forget, for a moment, about the good-looking guy with sculptured features, the dental-ad smile, and melody-making voice. Try to think of Tony as his family and neighbors see him—Mr. Martin, the All-American Father.

After their game of catch, Tony and Nicky sat on the lawn for half an hour while Tony told his foster-son about babies, in terms Nicky could understand: A new roommate, another player on the team, and someone he could someday teach how to pitch.

Tony's and Nicky's "you pitch, I'll catch" lessons continued as usual for the next four months—with sideline comments about babies and new team members introduced whenever feasible. When the big day arrived, Nicky was well prepared to accept the new player into the household: Tony and his wife, Cyd Charisse, in fact, had sent a new bat and ball to Nicky as a gift from Tony, Jr. They didn't want any jealousy to arise during the next few weeks when the new baby would demand more than a fifty-percent share of their time. The card on the gift read: "To Nicky: I'll be nice with you. With love, from your new brother, Tony, Jr."

Though Nicky was well prepared, Tony, Sr., admits he was in quite a stew: "I'm not a cigar-chewer. I'm not a floor-pacer," he says. "But, believe me, when the nurse brought in the baby, it was the biggest thrill of my life!

"Last week, I was reminded what a thrill it was," says Tony. "I was a contestant on Place The Face and the nurse who had brought our baby in was the face I had to place. The night the baby was born, I must have been in shock—because I didn't recognize her at all!"

In the four years—plus since Tony, Jr.'s arrival, Tony and Cyd have shown no favoritism to either boy. They try to devote an equal amount of time to each. It's tough on Tony—because the two boys are so far apart in age (Nick is now 12, Tony, Jr., 4)—but he thinks the double effort is worth the trouble. "We spend a lot of time on the merry-go-round with Tony, Jr.," he says. "And, when Tony is in bed, we go to ball games with Nicky. And, since Nicky's twelve, this gives us a chance to talk about the facts of life."

The kids are crazy about their dad. They think he's the greatest. Says Tony, "But next to their mother and me, they love Walt Disney the most. Mr. Disney and his animals have captured all our hearts."

The children's love for Tony is well illustrated every Christmas morning. The children know Christmas is Tony's birthday. Christmas morning, before they go downstairs to the tree and the presents, the children tiptoe into Tony's and Cyd's bedroom to wake him up with kisses, presents, and happy-birthday songs.

The children feel that the most important thing on Christmas morning is Tony's happiness. They make a big thing out of trying to find a special gift for him. Tony is sure to let them know that whatever they get is "just the greatest!"

With the time and attention that Tony and Cyd devote to the boys, no jealousy has arisen between them. In fact, the youngsters are a modern-day version of Damon and Pythias. Nicky, now in a military school uniform, is Tony, Jr.'s idol.

"When can I have a suit like Nicky's?" he asks.

And Tony, Jr. takes orders from his "military idol." Last week they were at a restaurant for dinner. Tony was about ready to have at his grapefruit cocktail

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When Nicky said, "Wait a second...you're not supposed to eat until everybody is served!"

Recently, the two Tony's were at a Rams-Redkinds professional football game. Between halves, baseball star Missy Military Academy's team played against another local team. When the public address system announced a player change, "Nick Charisse is in for me," Tony, Jr. shouted, "That's my brother!"

Because of the close relationship between the boys, discipline is not too much of a problem in the Martin household. Tony says, "I don't think of him as an example to Tony, Jr., he keeps a steady head. And, when Tony acts up, Nicky is there to sit on him, 'Tony, be quiet,'—you brother was a housewife and a wonderful woman. They wanted me to have a college education. I got lucky with the saxophone and, after high school, I enrolled at Saint Mary's College..."

But Tony was still not convinced that music was his career. It wasn't until his sophomore year that the final choice was made, and then, only by accident. One of the priests heard him playing jazz on the chapel organ, convinced Tony he had great musical talent and urged him to follow it up carefully.

Walter Winchell heard him sing while Tony was still a sophomore at St. Mary's, and asked him to do a solo on his program. From that, Tony went to the World's Fair in Chicago and to the Chicago night club, Chez Paree, where he proceeded to crack all records. His hit at the Chez was Tony's big step up. From that he went to the radio and TV, and then to the Chicago night club, Chez Paree, where he proceeded to crack all records. His hit at the Chez was Tony's big step up. From that he went to the radio and TV, and finally had a show of his own, Tune-Up Time. Tony Martin had arrived.

Television was the next natural step for Tony, and during this time making it is that Tony is a perfectionist. Since he was to do a live show, he wanted to make sure of having a quality production, and it didn't make sure that American audiences got the entertainment value they deserved.

"I had always been reluctant to go on television," says Tony. "But the agency kept asking..." I say, 'Okay... what's in it for me?'—providing I get the best producer. They arranged for Bud Yorkin to produce the show and here we are..."

Just as he loves sports, Tony loves the challenge of live TV. Bud Yorkin says, "Tony doesn't sing the 'easy' end of a song—he doesn't go down an octave for the last note, nor does he sing sharps or flats for effect. He does the note goes up, he goes up after it. It's a challenge to him. And he never tires. He says, 'It's a live show—if I fluff, the audience is entitled to my mistakes.'"

At present, Tony's goal is to continue his fifteen-minute--a-week show and then, once a month, do an hour musical with people like Dinah Shore, Gordon MacRae, and Tony. He has told his mother, "People in pictures do what they call 'little theater,' summer stock, and such, where they have fun playing at their work. Well, I'd like to do this on TV, but cut the public in on it, too..."

No matter where his career takes him, Tony always will be sure there's time for the family. When asked if the boys inherit his talents, Tony says, "Sure, they sing like their mother and dance like their father."

Nobody has to ask the children about Tony's fame. It's obvious—he's an All-American Father.
Bob Rockwell

(Continued from page 48)

"I was living in an apartment with a couple of other fellows," says Bob, "and we double-dated. At the time, Betts lived in a girls' dormitory—but we were so dia- terested in each other, I didn't even know which one!

"In our second semester, we moved into the same boarding-house. As neighbors, we couldn't help getting to know one another."

However, Betts herself reports that they almost didn't get together: "On a double-date, I saw a picture of another girl in his wallet," she says. "I asked him who it was. The apple of my eye," he reported.

"Well, all the girls were crazy about Bob, anyway, so I gave him up, and started going with his best friend. Then, during the six months in the boarding-house, I learned that the girl in the wallet was his sister. After that, he didn't have a chance!"

Bob says: "Our romance was a growing thing. Now lightning or earthquakes. During those six months, I didn't stop to analyze what was happening. I didn't say, for example, 'This is the gal for me'... or 'This gal has talent'... Nothing that I could think of. No sir, nothing like that. But suddenly, one day, it popped into my head: Boy, you're crazy if you let this gal get off the hook!"

"That night we took a walk up the tree-lined hill in back of the campus. We both loved the outdoors and walking, and we had been up there a few times before. I don't remember exactly what I said. But I remember the picture in my mind: The stars were shining down, and the lights of Pasadena were bouncing off the hills in back of us... I stumbled and slammed a bit, in time with the blinking neon signs... I said, 'I would—very—much—like—to-be—married—to-you, and what—do—you—think—of—that'!

"Her answer was yes.

"I wasn't prepared for marriage—but are bachelors ever prepared for marriage? At any rate, Betts seemed very happy with the situation. We intended to elope, but decided it wouldn't be fair to our families.

"Betts is an only child. Her parents were in Denver, and she had always wanted a big wedding... my mother—who was widowed when I was five—and my two sisters would all have been distraught if we hadn't had them at the ceremony... so we decided against the elopement.

"We decided to wait for the first opportunity. Since I had to go into the Navy then, the 'first opportunity' had to wait six months! We are glad we waited, for we were able to arrange the ceremony just as Betts had dreamed it."

Bob had been in the Navy as a yeoman—stationed in Washington, D.C.—for six months, before he got up enough nerve to ask his commanding officer for five days off to be married. (Continued on page 86)

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"I don't think we can do it," the commander said. "We're going to ship you out to Hawaii within the next few days."

Bob's heart sank as he realized that the trip to Hawaii would take him out of the States for a good many years. It looked as though their waiting hadn't been such a good idea, after all.

Then the commander came to him with the news that they had saved him for a second draft of men: He could have his five days' leave!

"I told Betts to get the wheels moving," says Bob, "and I flew to Denver. After we were married, we went back to Washington, where I found out where the war. I never was sent to Hawaii."

"We started our married life completely alone," says Bob. "We were thousands of miles from our nearest relative—completely our own—which we think is good. Not that we had any problems in our marriage. But, left to our own devices, we got to know each other so much better."

"Our feeling is that the best advice one can find is the worst advice. Young-marrieds should have a chance to work out their first problems alone. There will always be someone in their family who will say, 'We had the same problem that you have. Now what you ought to do is...'

"The best advice we think we can give is: Don't give advice! Sure, there will be problems. But let young-marrieds talk it out themselves. After all, their problems rightfully belong to them. They're the ones who will have to find the solutions."

Saidie—"Bacheller's and Betty's first child—was born in Bethesda, Maryland, while Bob was still in the Navy. I had left Betts at the hospital about eleven F.M."

Bob says, "and gone to work."

"I had the midnight to eight A.M. watch on shipboard, which always threw me: I could never accustom myself to those hours; you never knew whether to eat lunch or breakfast or dinner—a choice often to go to sleep. Consequently, I was in a continuous state of shock."

"But I wasn't too far gone to leave a message at the hospital that there needed be called when Betts went into the delivery room. The doctors guaranteed nothing would happen until morning, so I went off to work the night through. I called the next morning and was asked, 'They said, Nothing, until late afternoon. We'll give you a call.' So I went to bed."

"I slept like somebody's dead uncle. At four o'clock, our baby came across the hall, rapped on the door and called out: 'Get right over to the hospital, you've got a baby girl!' For crying out loud," I said, "why didn't they call me?" It turned out that they had, but I had been too sound asleep to hear the hall ring phone..."

Television and movies frequently make compulsive characters of men. Though Bob had been a bachelor for twenty-odd years before this first child was born, he insists that he kept his wits about him through the entire experience. "Bob's not a hanker after the complete unique experience in my life. I had all the normal reactions: I was most concerned with the welfare of my wife, baby..."

Disappointed that I wasn't available when the baby was born... But Betts and I were both happy with the result, and we had a great fun the first summer playing all the sounds and the first wigglings.

"I hope we are what could be called 'interested' parents. I know we want to know what makes things tick. Betts, as a result, is a great believer in natural childbirth,"

"This interesting stems, I think, from the fact that she hates not knowing what is going on! Bob, Jr., Jeff, and our baby, Gregory, were all born by that method."

"For example, Bob, Jr., our second child, illustrates how relaxed Betts is about the whole thing: We almost didn't get to the hospital—but that didn't upset her. We had been up most of the night, then everything seemed to have quieted down, so I went to work. This was after the Navy, and I was in between acting jobs, working as a hod carrier in Denver.

"I had primed the boys at work: I told them when the phone call came, I would be off. I was going to drop whatever I was doing, and start running. Well, when the call came at four o'clock, you never saw anybody run so fast in your life. I had to get back two or three blocks to where Betts' mother, driving the car, could pick me up on the way to the hospital."

"And we just made it: Thirty minutes after we arrived, Bobby was in the nursery! Betts' wheeled her back into her room, we sat and chatted, then she picked up the phone to inform all her friends that the Rockwell family was now four."

"The last two boys, Jeff and Greg, were born in St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. They were delivered by Dr. Herman Zander, a firm believer in natural childbirth, following that method only at his patients' request. Fortunately, I am allowed to remain with Betts in the labor room. After all, result, I feel as if I'm helping along a bit."

"When Betts' children are delivered, she gives them a minute inspection—she wants to make sure there are five fingers and toes. And, Bob, I've been really lucky to have one of her children until they've been looked over! But as a result, her mind is at ease right away."

Bob's own life began thirty-odd years ago in Lake Bluff, Illinois. "My mother was a schoolteacher," he says, "and my father, a patent attorney, lived in a small town, and I'm glad—it gives you down-to-earth philosophy."

"As children we had great freedom—didn't have to worry about riding our bicycles through traffic. We tramped in the woods, swam in the lake in the summer. I remember we had an old iron stove in the woods we cooked fish on and baked potatoes in. You've never heard food like that—very the dirt was good."

"I still love the outdoors. When the boys get old enough, I want them to spend their summers on a ranch in Colorado—that's what they'll be doing. And, by working for part of their schooling, they'll learn the value of a dollar."

"Bob wanted to be in the theater since high school: 'I had been in all the plays and, later, wanted to go to the Goodman School of Acting in Chicago, but Mother wanted me to spend at least two years at the University of Illinois. There I studied business administration. But the theater was still my first love."

"From the University I came out to the Pasadena Playhouse. There I was living, eating, breathing theater—that's what I wanted. But I wasn't a part of the theater as a business; I feel that you can work gradually and slowly up in this area, as in any enterprise—and you can stay in it for 15 years."

Bob's career has taken him from the stage ("Cyrano," with Jose Ferrer in New York) to movies to radio's and television's leading man: "I'm the Bache- lor Boynton in Our Miss Brooks. Today, it seems as though his wish to stay in the theater for years will be fulfilled, since it isn't likely that Bachelor Boynton will be maneuvered into marriage in the near future."

But that's quite all right with "Bachelor" Bob Rockwell—who'd perfectly happy with his wife Betts and their four lively children."
**Herb Shriner**

(Continued from page 51)

so fast . . . " His voice trailed off.

"I know," Pixie said. "You don’t have to spell it out. It means the country, and a house."

"A house on the water," Herb said, "because of the boat. A house once-and-for all big enough so we won't ever have to worry about moving again. It’s the works this time, honey."

Her eyes began to sparkle, the fatigue of the day and long evening forgotten. "I may have dreamed a responsibility like that before," she said, but "d’you know, all of a sudden it sounds exciting, like the biggest challenge in the world. Okay, let’s do it! Start hunting tomorrow!"

"You mean it?"

"Since when have I said anything to you I didn’t mean?"

"Let’s leave the dishes," Herb said happily. "Everything can wait until tomorrow."

It had to be done fast. Herb had commitments, a trip to California, shows in Las Vegas, a hundred other jobs all overlapping. But he had a week free. He called a friend who was also a business associate—Howard Weissman—and, next morning, the two of them took off. Herb driving, Howard trying to turn the "house for sale" pages of the newspapers against the wind and also find the addresses of real estate agents in little. They did this day after day, driving past addresses they’d read about, noting things that were impossibly wrong about house and/or grounds, and riding on.

Then, one late afternoon toward sunset, they came upon a hill in Sands Point, on Long Island where, stately in its own private park, a magnificent house stood—empty, and for sale. Howard heard with trepidation the sound of longing from behind the wheel as Herb drove up the long, winding drive and finally stopped his big car, like a jeep before the Taj Mahal.

The front doors seemed as tall as the gates of ancient Babylon as they entered the high, whispering main hall. "You could test a helicopter in here," Howard muttered to himself. Oddly enough, Herb was thinking the same thing. Only seriously. Or, at least, you could try miniature planes with real motors, or . . .

Howard said, "It’s coming over you. Don’t man, don’t! Think!"

"I am thinking," Herb said.

"It’s a white elephant," Howard cried.

"Wonderful name. On a small sign out front. . . Address: Shriner, White Elephant, Sands Point."

Howard used his final weapon. "She’d never stand still for it," said Howard, solemnly.

He meant Pixie, of course, and at this point we must pause to explain that Pixie is the businesswoman in the family, that she handles all the accounts, and that there is a limit beyond which they will not allow Herb to go, where money is concerned. This is the way he wants it; he or—

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But there must be a time when even Pixie must be adamant, not to be coaxed, with wheedling, "Please, Herb."

Herb was always grateful, a week later. But it must be admitted that this particular wifely duty is the one Pixie detests most.

"I suppose we're right," Herb said to Howard. "She'd let out one scream of anguish, and that would be it. No use wasting any more time here.

Finally, however. Eileen and Howard were out one afternoon in Westchester County, came to Larchmont, and passed a place—on the gate of which was affixed a small "See Realtor" sign. The realtor's agent was already waiting for them.

"Look," Herb said, as they drove up to the front porch. "A flagpole!"

"Saw it," Howard said, anxiously.

"Anywhere you buy, you can put in a flagpole—very cheap—"

The realtor's agent ushered them into the front hall, and once again there was the airy, whispering grand of a old house, again peopled with gracious people and echoing with the patter of little feet. no one was it was any longer in the empty stretches of hall. Weren't there a reed sound here, a bass tone there?

"An organ!" Herb beamed. And indeed there was. A complete pipe organ, console and all, ready to go at the touch of a switch.

"He's lost," Howard muttered to himself. "He always wanted a flagpole—and now he's going to get it!" He remembered times past when he and Herb had gone to Radio City Music Hall for some reason or other, and had been invited backstage to watch the great work of the organists in the world—and, as if to outdo everyone, the practice organ upstairs is also one of the finest of its kind in the world.

There, Howard, who had always thought of Betty as a harmonic virtuose and no mean slouch on the accordion, saw Herb sit down and bat out a Bach fugue with both hands and both feet, afterwards receiving a quarter from the local master of the organ downstairs.

"You never told me about that, Herb," Howard said plaintively. "I never knew you could play that stuff."

"You didn't know, did a thing," Herb said.

Now, they were talking about the house as they drove away from it, out along the parkway toward New York. "It won't work," Howard said. "You can't buy a house just because it's got a flagpole."

"But it's got an organ," Herb said.

"You didn't even check how many rooms it got."

"It's on the water. And look at it—there are rooms enough for a hundred people."

"Who needs a hundred people?"

"Who knows? We've got the twins."

Later that night, he talked to Pixie. "It could be for the future," he said. "There's room there for everything. All my collections, mooring for the boat, endless expanses of space."

"But how would we furnish it?"

His eyes twinkled, the way they do when he is especially amused on a TV program. "What about something for me, maybe, in California. Some of my folks' furniture, an antique or two. . . . And some collections."

"Collections!" she cried. "Oh, oh!"

The Shriners beat the delivery of Herb's "few things from storage" into the new house by just two days. They had barely settled themselves, Indy, the twins and a nurse into part of one wing—and Herb had hardly touched the organ—when the furniture and "collections" began to arrive from California.

He came home one day from the studio to find her frantic. Pixie was, for the first time in their marriage, near tears.

"Everything's wrong," she wailed. "The house is full of furniture, it's full of crates of stuff."

"Stuff?" said Mr. Shriner. "What do you mean, stuff?"

"Crates of harmonicas," Pixie almost yelled. "Crate of things! Spares! Things I can't understand at all—hideous, horrible things!"

"Why, honey," he said soothingly, "that's just some primitive stuff I picked up in Australia. Now don't you worry about it."

Pixie said. Suddenly she collapsed with laughter. "All right, Herb. You find a place for it."

"Glad to," he said, very dry, very Indiana—"only we're leaving tomorrow for Las Vegas."

"Well, what do you know?" said Pixie. "Saved by the bell."

Actually, it was no more than a postponement, but it gave them each a respite in which to make a few plans. It was obvious that you cannot just pile a collection of parts for 1910 cars in a corner on the floor and get any real good out of it. It was the sort of thing that requires love and trust, does not hesitate to be tough with Herb when he forgets appointments, and who bawls him out for a sloppy show just because he is his wife. Also, one had made up her mind that Herb was going to have to control those collections at last. It was just too much. Why, the man got to get past a war-surplus store without trying to have half the inventory shipped home.

Thank goodness, his current interests were skin-diving and helicopters, with the books about absorbing interest. The boat was anchored near the house, a skin-diver can wear just so much equipment—and, with her hand on the budget, she knew exactly how much would come from any talk about helicopters.

Herb was docile about his collections. Why not? At last he had a place where he could settle his stuff and spread them around in all their fascinating eye-appeal. "Why, honey," he told Pixie, "with this house to put them in, there's no limit to what he can pile up from now on."

"Well, that's that," Pixie said philosophically. "Just no more in our bedroom, please."

"Okay, okay," he said. "We can keep the harmonicas here, and maybe Kin and Will would like to have the spears in the nursery. Incidentally, Tex McCrary is arranging to pick me up here tomorrow in a helicopter and drop me at a benefit party in New York."

"And there we leave them, in their big new house amid a welter of partially unpacked furniture and hundreds of collections . . . with little Indy industriously tampering with the wiring system . . . and little Kin and Will, still unaware of what lies ahead, blissfully tinkling their toes."

What about those, Herb, he said, "told me about recently. I'm looking at everything I do now, in the light of their future," he explained. "Indy will get married, Will will probably come to California. The new harmonica's coming out under my name . . . the boat, the collections . . . I've got a million plans. Of course," he added ruefully, "they might not like a single thing that I do . . . maybe turn out to be lion-tamers . . . but, anyway, it will all be here for them." Then with a speculative gleam: "And I could probably collect a few lions, at that."
Patricia Barry's First Love

(Continued from page 42)
struggling mightily to be quiet and get over a case of smilies.

Even on her birthday, and with all the usual demand upon a mother-housekeeper-wife, Pat had to allot time for the interview, because being an actress, like being a wife and mother, knows no real "days off." Her interview turned out to be about—about family life, and work, and some play, too, and how busy people must organize their time to fit everything in.

"You can see I have had to put myself on a strict schedule," Pat began. "We all do, we mothers, if we want to get anything accomplished. And I have learned to use every odd moment for the things Phil and I want to accomplish." She laughed. "And it isn't nearly so grim as it sounds. In fact, it's quite wonderful."

Right now, along with everything else that interests them, they are re-doing their apartment on the East Side—re-papering some of the rooms (hanging the paper themselves); painting and refinishing some of the furniture and woodwork; laying wall-to-wall carpeting.

Robyn must be impressed, judging by Pat's and Phil's talk of things to be done and the constant bustling about, because she announced one day that she would like to add lamb to her evening sessions at nursery school. "Everybody around this house is so busy," she said earnestly, "and I want to be busy, too."

"We quite understood her point of view," Pat commented, "and promptly enrolled her. She now adores telling us all about the exciting things she does all day. It has helped her to understand why we, too, must go out and do classes away from the house, knowing that we will get together at home again and have wonderful discussions of the things that have happened. Robyn seems to understand my program and watches it every day. One afternoon, when she had to make up a dancing class she had missed, she was quite apologetic about missing in front of the television set as usual.

"Actually, I never thought I would be keeping an engagement pad with something crowded into almost every hour. But, no matter how much I hate the routine and the monotony, I do get the freedom. Twice a week I work with an actor's group to keep up in my work, and I, too, take dancing lessons, and singing. But I am home for dinner, and we usually Phil is, too, and we read to her and always hear her prayers before she goes to sleep."

"If it weren't for my excellent maid, Alleen, I wouldn't have much freedom. She not only helps me to organize and run the house, but I can leave Robin with her and never worry. I don't suppose any mother could be away from home with a free mind if she had to leave a person with whom to leave a child, and I am fortunate."

Fortunate also is Pat in her marriage. She is identified with, and wins for, Laurie James, whom she plays in First Love, which is written by Mayna Starr. But, unlike Laurie and Zach James, Pat and Phil have an understanding and happy relationship. Like Laurie, Pat is a domestic woman who, if there had to be a choice, would always put home and family first, but Laurie's love story has run turbulently of late.

Pat's own love story began in a way that would make a lovely sentimental sequence in any TV dramatic serial—or in any life, for that matter! Her home is Davenport, Iowa, but she had been in Hollywood a couple of years, making pictures for Warners and Columbia, when she was sent East to do a movie with a New York background. After the picture was finished, one of her friends said to her: "Now Pat, it's time you got married (She was all of about nineteen then!), and I'm going to introduce you to the man for you."

Meanwhile, the friend had said about the same thing to Phil, who was then stage-managing for the Theater Guild and not particularly interested in being married to anyone but his job. The busy friend made several dates for them to meet. Once Phil couldn't make it. Several times Pat couldn't. Then one day they did meet, at a backstage party.

"I was still doing publicity for the picture I had just finished," Pat said. "I was on my way to another party, where I had to make an appearance for the sake of the movie, and I was dressed in an outfit the studio had asked me to wear—Hollywood's idea of what I should look like. A pale yellow suit just dripping with fur, when I longed to wear something simple.

"When I was introduced to the nice-looking, crew-cut young man who looked as if he had stepped out of a Brooks Brothers' advertisement, I thought he was pretty stuffy. He thought (and told me later), 'Oh, the Hollywood starlet type. Pretty, with that auburn-red hair and the big brown eyes, but probably no talent.'"

"He didn't get in touch with me. I didn't expect him to, nor did I care. Then, three days later, I went to another party, feeling quite miserable. A wisdom tooth had been pulled, and I realized that gaping hole did ache! I had been rushing around all day, and now I was tired and didn't care how I looked. I sat way back in a corner and was sure my make-up was a mess, and my mood to match.

Phil came over to me. This time I was just myself, my least attractive self, I suppose, but Phil didn't seem to notice. I was dressed in something of my own choosing. Phil was sweet and kind and seemed to understand that I didn't feel like putting myself out even to be very friendly.

"On the dance floor, that night, he asked when he might see me again and I found myself answering, to my surprise, 'Oh, whenever you come home, he was just as surprised to hear himself asking me to marry him! That was the beginning, although at the time I thought it ridiculous of him to ask a girl he hardly knew."

"I had to go back to California, where I sold the house in which I had lived with my aunt (who chaperoned me during the Hollywood part of my career, because I was seventeen when I went into pictures). Then I came back to New York, and a little more than a year after our first meeting, Phil and I were married, on June 11, 1947.

Phil, who adapts many of his late father's plays for television ("The Philadelphia Story," "The Joyous Season," "The Animal Kingdom," to name just a few) is also a story editor, writer and assistant producer for ABC-TV. For a couple of seasons after marrying Pat, however, he ran the Palm Beach Theater in Florida during the winter and the one in East Hampton, Long Island.
PHOTOPLAY'S
learned play class, 90 March Gold
Thursday, engagement life
Debbie
Marlon
AT NEWSSTANDS
To Johnson's
Reynolds'
Hepburn's
year announced — consult 9:30 p.m. EST her home
She worked
assume people
sometimes around too— and run
It's a plan
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It's a play
in our Town and I can't imagine up, in Davenport, Iowa, she was Patricia White, whose father is a well-known doctor and heads a clinic there. Both of her parents were independent, mature little girl earlier than her friends did. (The fact that her brother was fifteen years older also threw her more upon her own resources.) When she was quite small, Pat's father used to take her along on some of his calls and many of his plays brought on and point she was quite sure she wanted to be a doctor, too.
"I learned an important thing from my father very early. I learned that a good doctor has to love people and must give his career real devotion. Oddly enough, I now feel that way about acting. I think this, too, requires great devotion and there is another kind of profession for the person who doesn't take it seriously."
Pat was a student at Stephens College, at Columbia, Missouri, during her high school and first college years, and studied because of the famous Maude Adams, not because she thought seriously of the stage but because she loved the course. As she listened to Miss Adams talk about producing, and how producers and the ways and means of getting into show business, the idea of acting professionally began to grow and grow. Her parents helped in this turn of events and insisted that first she finish her college education. So Pat enrolled at Barnard College in New York, knowing that at least half her interest would stray right off into the making of the Broadway way area in which the legitimate theaters were located. And especially to those streets where the great producers sat in white and glamorous and sumptuous suites of offices.
One day, after a class, she decided to brave an appearance at the office of producer John Golden. With her schoolbooks under her arm and wearing her schoolgirl clothes and saddle shoes, she sailed forth and, emerging from the subway, found herself looking for her heart doing the usual rat-a-tat that hearts reserve for such momentous occasions, she approached a girl at the desk and asked to see the producer.
At that particular time, Henry and Phoebe Ephron had a play in rehearsal and were replacing an ingenue who had also been rehearsing with Pat for five days. Mr. Ephron happened to put his head out of an office door at the moment Pat was presenting herself at the outer desk. "Are you an actress?" he called. She answered, "Yes!"
The place was jammed with young aspirants for the job, and for jobs in general, and the only clear spot was a little corner near the stage. Pat's acting presence, played out for the actor's paraphernalia. "In here," he motioned, and dutifully Pat entered and did her audition reading from a script he thrust into her hands. He was looking for someone to play the young woman with the voice of a child. She had read it, and she felt so rich that she would no longer need the family's allowance. Until three weeks later, when the play closed abruptly.

Also in PHOTOPLAY—
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AUDREY HEPBURN's life and marriage
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Although the play didn't get good notices, Pat did. Someone from Warners had seen her and, before she knew it, she had a motion picture contract, to play for $300 a week. Before leaving for the West Coast, Pat did one more play, with the studio's blessing. Now, she thought, the family will surely sit up and take notice. But the studio began to take cheesecake pictures of their new starlet and her father would see them printed in newspapers and would write letters of protest—to her, to the studio, to agents. Until the family quite a long time to get used to the idea of their little girl becoming a Holly-wood personality.

Pat sums her movie experience with a count of eighteen pictures—leads in B's, smaller roles in A's... and not much fun. "Because I was still a teenager, I had to be careful about what I wore, even to know very few young people. I bought a little house where I lived with my aunt and began to raise dogs, and I liked that. Evenings, I used to sit and do pretty well for the little chair on the porch. It was hardly the glamorous life usually associated with a movie career."

A professor whom Pat had known at Stephens went to a professional summer theater at Wellsley, and Columbia gave her permission to go East for six weeks to work with him. The experience was extremely valuable to her, and she did all types of parts—in "Accent on Youth" with Paul Lukas, "Holiday" with Bob Sterling, "First Lady" with Peggy Wood. She now plays a running character in the television drama, Mama, whenever the role of Nancy, Nels' girl friend, is in the script.

Then came the picture on location in New York, "The Tattooed Stranger," a "sleepy" in which Pat played leading role. She wanted to stay in the East and was wondering what her next move would be, when she met Philip. After that, she knew she wanted to cut her ties with the West Coast and come back to New York.

Last year, Pat realized one of the dreams she had nurtured back at Stephens, when she was still a student actress. She was in a Broadway play, "The Pink Elephant," starring Steve Allen. It has been described as "a sort of popular flop"—which means that Steve and Pat and some others got good notices although the play's were only so-so. Another play, "The Paradise Question," folded in Philadelphia, but Pat got good notices in that one too.

First Love began July 5, and she found that being on television fitted her to a T—or maybe we should say to a TV! Actually, Pat had done many TV shows among them Studio One, Suspense and Robert Montgomery Presents—but this was her first regular TV show. Anyhow, it is perfect for a girl with a great big schedule of career and home. It gives her time to keep the house shipshape—to run up new slipcovers or tidy up a battered piece of furniture. ("If I and Pat feel that when you love children and animals—we have a cooer now named J.J. and we used to have a huge cat—you can't be saying 'don't all the time, so there's no point in having fine damasks and expensive rugs and I keep making things that can be easily replaced." Television gives Pat time to spend with Robin. It gives her a show in which she plays the kind of woman she admires, although she is saddened by the fact that Laurie's life hasn't run smoothly. Maybe Pat's secret of having a busy life and a happy life is in the way she learned to organize her time. Maybe it's in the way she knows just when to toss a work schedule right out of the window and go off with Phil and Robin on some unexpected and delightful expedition. But part of her secret must surely be her enthusiasm for life, and her love of people. Two of them, in particular!

(Continued from page 41) into show business. Get a little bit of both humor and elegance—read these and you'll attract a bigger audience."

Having qualified for membership in Mystery Writers of America—thanks to Ollie's fondness for the detective—Pat once went to a party in honor of Anthony Boucher, who reviews mystery books for the New York Times and also edits a science-fiction magazine. Shortly, the two retired to a quiet corner, first, to swap Sherlock Holmes opinions, and second, to discuss learnedly plans for a space ship. Accounting for his technical knowledge of rocket propulsion, Burrell explained, "Buelah Witch has been studying up on outer space travel."

He has many skills. He can work a piece of wood as deftly as a carpenter. As a sculptor shapes clay, Burr can combine cloth, padding, buttons, a bit of hair and some paint to construct a puppet. He also can cook, sail a boat, and swim like a fish. He once rode a bicycle across Canada's rugged Gaspé Peninsula. During recent vacations he has divided his time between Nantucket and Europe. He's a fan of music, ballet, archeology and model railroads.

Because equipment and trophies relating to these varied pursuits long ago overflowed the house, he has built a new house with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Bert Tillstrom, Burr lives in two places. The family occupies a large apartment in a new cooperative building on Chicago's Near Northside. Also, as Burr says, "Kuke and Ollie have the coach house."

The coach house stands at the rear of what was once one of the city's great mansions. Aided by his backseate assistant, and Ollie, who is an interior decorator and designer, Burr planned the remodelling and did some of the work himself. The ground floor, which faces a small garden, is his workshop. A wide, wavy-legged stretch across one wall. Miniature stages cover another, and a large area is kept open for whatever project is under way.

The second floor was once the mansion's ballroom. Burr built a compact kitchen, complete with dishwasher, into one corner. Opposite it are two studio couches, set at right angles. A grand piano stands in the nook made by the staircase. Two sofas are placed in front of a huge fireplace and there is a wide, low table between them. Walls are white, rugs are off-white, and upholstered and woodwork are brown. It's a pleasant place for a large party, and it's a second home for most of the Kuklapoli- tan staff. There they often gather to work out songs, study the kinetics of the show, or just settle down to have a quiet dinner together.

Bachelor though he is, Burr has become, in effect, the head of a large family—for the association of the staff, off-stage, is as close-knit as that of the Kuklapolitans on-stage. Four of its key members—co-star Fran Allison, producer Buelah Zachary, director Lewis Symons and special effects director Joseph Lockwood—have worked with Burr ever since the show first went on the air at Station WBKB on Burr's birthday, October 15, 1947.

This close association permits Kukla, Fran And Ollie to remain a spontaneous program. Each person knows exactly what

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to expect from another. They also know how each of the Kuklapolitans can be expected to react under any given set of circumstances. Program planning starts with a huddle. Burr, Fran and Beulah get an idea. Gommy and Joe will suggest props. Carolyn Gilbert will think of music which fits in. Only the music is rehearsed. As informally as this, they go on the air.

Those unfamiliar with the show always ask, "How many people do the voices?" The direct answer is, "One—Burr Tillstrom." Those who work on the program do not think in those terms, however. They speak of "what Kukla does," "what Ollie will do"—though never forgetting for a moment that it is Burr who is solely responsible for getting them to do it at the right time.

There is no need for a script writer, for Fran ad-libbs better conversation than any the world's greatest writer can devise. The Kuklapolitans have created children's theater out of the air, and from the little children's fantasy that was founded in the mind of a pre-school child.

While still a toddler, Burr made his teddy bear and toy elephant act out songs his mother sang. At an age when others are building blocks, he built his first car.
Kukla set the pattern of working with people, and Ollie found his voice and character.

Kukla, it should be recalled, learned to talk to human beings as early as 1936. Says Burr, “It’s taken for granted now, for every puppet show has copied us, but it was then unorthodox to combine puppets and people. Playing those ten shows a day in the World’s Fair, we were always introduced by a pretty girl. Naturally, Kukla couldn’t be suppressed and so the girl-and-puppet combination became a definite routine in 1940. Later, during my short stints in vaudeville and a few night clubs, I continued to use a live person out in front. Now it seems natural—but, as an actual fact, we were the first to bring it into the world.”

It was the VIP visitors to that RCA exhibit who endowed Ollie with personality. Says Burr, “We did take-offs, kidding the press, visiting dignitaries and friends, through Ollie. One performance, he’d be a newspaper man, another an engineer, a famous singer or a big shot from the industry. That’s where he found out he could do anything and be anybody.”

Ollie’s first major triumph came at the end of that season. Burr recalls: “Two close friends were working at the Fair, wrote ‘St. George and the Dragon’ as a satire of the legend, with Ollie the hero. After that, there was no holding him. He has grown to be a master, Oliver J. Dragon, baritone, son of Mrs. Olivia Dragon of the Dragon Retreat, Vermont, first cousin and guardian of Doloras Dragon, and a great authority on all dragon lore.”

Fran joined WBBK. When, at the end of the war, commercial television came in, Burr was ready for it. Captain William Crawford Eddy, then head of the Balaban & Katz-Paramount Station in Chicago, offered Burr the first sponsored, hour-long, five-day-a-week program. For years, Burr had dreamed of this. This was his chance. But it also was his chance to fall flat on his face, for Eddy—entranced with the Kuklapolitans and impressed by Burr’s own great charm—suggested that Burr do everything, including coming out in front to interview child guests and to do the commercials. Burr, recalling that conference, grins. “I suppose it was our best compliment, for it indicated that the Kuklapolitans were so real to him he actually thought of them as being self-animated. I almost hated to explain that they, too, kind of needed me, backstage. Our producer, Beulah Zachary, and our director, Lewis Gomavitz, were sitting in on that huddle and, for a while, we hashed the problem back and forth. Then, rather than bring in an additional puppeteer or a fancy production staff, I suggested we revert to what I had already proven would work—we decided to have a live person out in front. Gommy suggested Fran Allison, and that suited me.”

Fran, who already was well known on the ABC Breakfast Club, proved to be gentle with Kukla and understanding with Ollie, but it was a tangle with Mme. Ooglepus—that character who deems herself an unfading beauty—which made the situation jell. The Madame, during one of the first telecasts, made some acid remark about Fran’s hair. Fran’s retort was quick. “Well, at least mine’s real.”

Burr defines her importance. “It’s Fran who gives the Kuklapolitans reality. Because she talks to Kukla, Ollie and the others exactly as she would to humans, the viewers, too, regard them as real.”

The Kuklapolitans have lived on zest with wit, as any industry. The troupe now includes Mme. Ooglepus, Buelah Witch (who borrowed her name from Producer Beulah Zachary and changed the spelling just to be different); Fletcher Rabbit, the mailman; Cecil Bill, the stagehand; Mercedes, the teenager; Col. Crackly, Southern gentleman; Doloras, Ollie’s niece; and occasionally, Olivia, the mother. Once in a blue moon, that trouble-maker, Clara Coo Coo, flies in from North Pole. It’s a tribute to Burr’s mastery of make-believe that everyone connected with the show regards it as a distinct breach of etiquette ever to refer to these well-developed characters as “puppets.” Collectively, they’re “the kids,” and, individually, you address them by name.

The Kuklapolitans could fill a book with the fabulous adventures they have had since that winter of 1947 when there were only three hundred fifty-three television sets in Chicago, five stations on the air in the entire United States, and no coaxial cable or networks at all. They have made friends with millions of viewers, acquainted celebrities as their fans, vacationed in Europe, appeared with the Boston Pops Orchestra to do their now-enhanced “St. George and the Dragon,” and staged a concert of their own in New York’s Town Hall.

The only experience they didn’t enjoy came when, after several seasons at NBC as a daily show, they ran into scheduling trouble and emerged with only a Sunday-afternoon program. Eventually, it led to their moving to the American Broadcasting Company, which now includes WBBK and is headed in Chicago by one of their first TV friends. Fran expressed it best when she told Burr, “It’s good to be home. I had been wondering what Kukla and Ollie had been doing all week.”

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The Best Reason for Living

(Continued from page 23)

older brothel, was on the 'B' team at Hollywood High. This was Ricky's first year on the team. One night recently, we had an old family friend in for dinner and he lit up an after-dinner smoke. Ricky was then in his high school practice and taking his training seriously. He said indignantly, 'Gee, John, what are ya trying to do—fumigate us all?'

The fourth rule of adult behavior which the Nelson boys have learned is to talk over family problems objectively. "If a problem comes up," says Harriet, "we have a war council. After the discussion, if we are not in agreement, we take a vote. Last week, I told one of the girls at the studio about this bit of family business. She asked me: 'What happens when there are ties or votes on your and Ozzie's side and two votes on the kids' side?' I told her: 'We talk it over some more.'

"But actually, there's a meeting of the minds. In our family relations, we don't bump into many brick walls...."

A fifth step the Nelson's have taken, which helps them understand one another better, has to do with their boys' friends: Ricky and David make sure Ozzie and Harriet are introduced to their pals, and the Nelsons make sure the boys' friends are welcome in the home whenever possible.

"Not only do we know all of the gang," says Harriet, "but they feel very comfortable with Ozzie and me—which we consider a great accomplishment.

"As for welcoming them into the house, it seems there is always one home in the group they pick out to land in. Since ours has the pool, we're it. But we're glad they come to us."

"Last week, for example, David came in late with Mike, one of his friends. They went upstairs to sleep, but Ricky already had two of his friends in David's bunk. So David and Mike went downstairs to the study.

"When I came in for breakfast, Mike and David made their way sleepily from the den, three kids came down from the upstairs bedrooms, and then five more walked in—four of them girls who had spent the night at one of the girls' houses down the street. They had all been together the night before and had been invited for breakfast!

"Well, everybody pitched in on the pancakes, and we all sat around the kitchen table gabbing. As far as they were concerned, I didn't exist, or was considered part of the gang—they were completely uninhibited. It is a very comfortable relationship."

And, you know, I have great admiration for the kids today. They have so much more sense, it seems, than I had when I was their age. They talk more sensibly; their attitudes toward one another are straight-forward; they have a keen sense of humor and all kinds of common sense—of course, because of it, we must learn to respect them as individuals.
Sing and Be Happy

(Continued from page 53)

singing and now that her voice isn’t bothered by nerves, temper or frustrations, considers her work fun, and her job as one of the four singing stars on Your Hit Parade just about the most desirable occupation she could wish to have.

This is her second year on the show and her popularity is climbing steadily. But Gisele’s had no cause for complaints since she made her debut as a singer on the Canadian radio network eight years ago, starring in her own weekly quarter-hour show, Meet Gisele. Still only a teenager, she’s an accomplished violiner and song stylist on Canadian audiences was so immediate that she was singing on three other, separate shows within a month after her debut. Meet Gisele became enormously popular.

The show stayed on the air for four years, earning Miss MacKenzie the title of “Canada’s First Lady of Song” and winning her many friends within range of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in this country as well.

It was inevitable that Gisele would eventually transfer her talents to the larger field of the U.S. The call came four years ago, when she became the featured singer on Bob Crosby’s Club Fifteen. Subsequently, the female vocalist landed on The Mario Lanza Show, accepted many bookings into swank supper clubs such as New York’s Copitton Room, made numerous guest appearances—and eventually landed on Your Hit Parade.

Success has come easily to Gisele. She’s got talent to burn, looks, charm, personality and a lovely voice. It seems she’s never missed her try. But it actually took twelve years of relative frustration as a violinist, a severe attack of boils—and a slight case of burglary—before Gisele quit struggling and accepted her fate as a singer.

Gisele MacKenzie—who was born in Winnipeg, Canada, and whose native tongue is French—has her life as a lesson in singing or voice training. She nevertheless comes by her superb musicianship honestly. Her mother was a noted concert singer and pianist by the name of Marion. Therefore, in her youth, her marriage to Gisele’s father, toured Canada successfully for a number of years. Her father, Dr. Georges MacKenzie Lay, is a medical student for music. Gisele herself started picking out tunes on the piano at the advanced age of three. When her mother began to coach the little girl, she discovered that Gisele had absolute pitch—the ability to identify any given note out of context—a rare and envied gift even among practiced musicians.

It was, therefore, pretty much of a foregone conclusion that Gisele was going to make her mark in music. It was decided that she was going to get a professional training. “Dad always had a special love for the violin,” says Gisele. “I guess it was kind of taken for granted that I had in- tended it all along,” she notes, and the fulfillment was a fiddler he didn’t have.”

At seven, Gisele was given a violin and started to take lessons. Talented, ambitious and hard-working, she made rapid progress. At the age of nine, she went recital at the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg when she was only twelve. When she was fourteen, her parents sent her to Toronto to study at the Royal Conservatory of Music there. She was good enough to win a scholarship at the graduate school and might conceivably have gone on to win fame as a serious violin virtuoso—if it hadn’t been for a number of incidents which changed the course of her life.

During her last years at the Conservatory, toward the end of the war, Gisele frequently entertained at service clubs just about the most desirable occupation she could wish to have.

At least one man who heard her at these shows thought differently, though. Bob Shuttleworth, a young bandleader seeking Canadian Navy, was impressed with the warmth of her personality and the versatility of her talent. Back in civvies and leading his own band again the following summer, he remembered Gisele when she applied for a summer job as a violinist at the Glenmont Hotel on the Lake of Bays in Ontario. Shuttleworth hired her, though he didn’t have a contract with her. He could always use a girl like Gisele as a triple-threat performer.

Shuttleworth soon became convinced, however, that Gisele’s future lay in her rich and beautiful contralto voice, rather than in playing an instrument, and he encouraged her to concentrate on her singing exclusively.

The suggestion didn’t sit well with Gisele at first. To think that she had slaved over the violin for years and years only to be asked to drop it altogether in favor of that’s she’d been able to do right along anyway! It didn’t make sense. “Singing was one of the things I’d never taken very seriously,” she says. “I’d done it all my life. It was as easy and natural to me as drawing a breath of air.”

The winter following her engagement with Shuttleworth’s band was Gisele’s last at the Conservatory, and he worked terribly hard for her graduation. She continued helping out Shuttleworth occasionally, in order to earn a little extra money, before she’d told herself out,” he says of that period. “Among other things—like losing weight and having a lot of colds—she developed a series of bad colds and couldn’t keep up with him.”

He kept telling her to relax, not to take music so seriously, and to sing instead, since that was what came to her so naturally. But she couldn’t let go.

One Saturday night, she was helping me out on short notice, and left her violin in my locked car. It was a beautiful Cervini, worth several thousand dollars. Her folks had given it to her at great sacrifice. Poor Gisele was broken in and stolen it. “Gisele was heartbroken at first, but then she actually told the police and made her decide to become a singer. She graduated on a borrowed violin and, though her folks got the money from the insurance company, the violin was only until several years later. I think Gisele took the theft as a hint from Providence. I suspect she was actually relieved that the struggle was over at last.”

Gisele herself readily admits today that the violin never was easy for her. “I formed a queer emotional relationship to it quite early,” she relates, “and I never
got over it or got it straightened out. 
Sure—I loved the instrument, and I still do; and I did achieve a certain mastery of it, but it's never been an easy, relaxed kind of a thing, always been a struggle of sorts. I remember how much I used to have to come home from school, have a glass of milk and my 'tartine' and then have exactly fifteen minutes for playing oudoors before I had to get back inside and start practicing. How I used to envy some of the other kids who didn't have a special talent and could romp all afternoon. And I didn't really start enjoying the instrument until quite a few years later, when I was fourteen or fifteen and became reasonably good at it. Of course, by that time the days of having my teacher were correspondingly greater.

Gisele has no regrets, though, over the sacrifices she made and the years she spent in preparation for something she isn't using now. "It taught me a lot about time as far as I'm concerned," she says. "It's given me confidence, discipline, and background. In addition to studying the violin, I learned the piano, counterpoint, composition, and harmony at the Conservatory. I'm sure all of it helps in some way."

And unlike her great friend, that noted American violinist, Jack Benny, Gisele feels not a bit frustrated over not being an acclaimed virtuoso. "Jack is really interested in the violin," she relates. "He practices from one to four hours each day, and if he feels he's not making big progress, he gets real frustrated. He means people think he is. Jack has told me he'd rather be a really fine fiddler than a comedian. Me—I can take it or leave it. I'm perfectly happy being what I am."

Her assay is usually refer to Gisele as a "natural." "I've never known anyone with quite so much facility," says Bill Colloran, director of Your Hit Parade. Bob Shuterlow, now her husband, adds: "Everything she does is effortless. She'll sight-read a new song and learn it in half the time it takes anybody else I know!"

As she looks back over the years of her teens and childhood, there's now very little doubt in Gisele's mind that—without acknowledging the role of her parents and wanted to be a singer. "The itch must have been pretty deep," she recalls. "I used to sing all the time. Even at the Conservatory, when Kathleen Kennedy, who was the violin teacher, asked me to repeat a certain phrase I'd played, I had a habit of singing it. 'Don't sing it—play it,' she used to scold me.

Another instance she remembers is the disappointment she felt when she was refused any of the solos in church. "Nowadays, when I go home for a visit, I'm always asked to sing in church. Ten or twelve years ago that would really have been a thrill!"

Gisele is very fond of her family, but she is too busy to get home to Winnipeg more than once or twice a year. She is the second oldest of four children, and her father, has two brothers and two sisters. Though Gisele is now the only professional musician among them, everybody in her family is musical and plays an instrument. "We form a small band of our own and always have a lot of music when I get home," she says.

She thinks her parents are a little disappointed that she is not as interested in the violin as she used to be. "They're very proud, of course, that I've had success in popular music. But I'm afraid that Dad, especially, would have preferred seeing me become a really fine technician.

As for herself, Gisele definitely no longer has any aspirations in "long hair" music. "I have just two ambitions," she says. "I'd like to do a musical on Broadway or Hollywood—and want to make a really successful record. I've never had one yet."

Although none of her records have as yet sold in the legendary million-plus class, Gisele isn't doing badly as a busy and popular recording artist for Capitol records. Besides popular hits, she also records folk songs in English and French, and recently released an album of French songs for children. She is completely bilingual and has no trace of an accent.

When Gisele first came to this country, she lived on the West Coast, but she has recently moved into a home in New York City for the past two years—since she started appearing on Your Hit Parade. She's undecided as to which part of the country she prefers. "New York is more exciting and stimulating. Out West, on the other hand, I liked the chance of being outdoors so much."

She doesn't go in for strenuous exercise but likes being outdoors and frequently can be seen walking through Central Park with her two long-haired dachshunds—Brunilde ("Bruna" for short) and Wolfie ("Wolfie"). Gisele is devoted to them, taking them wherever she goes. They're exceptionally well-behaved, quiet and obedient and, over the course of the years, have become excellent route pointers to a great many of friends and acquaintances who have never seen two, nearly ruined the show, not long ago when her mistress decided he should get into the act and start earning his keep.

She was singing her song and, as the camera turned on him, Wolfie began to growl. "It was the low, angry growl that usually precedes his bark," she recalls. "It was sure he'd start barking—and sure he'd come in off-beat. I still don't know what made him finally decide not to!"

Altogether, much as Gisele loves animals, they have a habit of not treating her well professionally. There was the horse mentioned before, who, after being another dog, a bloodhound, who—tied to a papier-mache trunk while she was singing "Wanted"—decided he had had enough and started to walk away dragging the stump with him. An alert camera man saved the situation that time by quickly swinging the camera away from him.

Gisele had Brunilde given to her as a pup when she was still living in Toronto. (Wolfie was a later—and American—acquisition to keep Bruna company.) The apartment house where she lived at the time didn't permit dogs, and Gisele secretly harbored Bruna for four months, sneaking the puppy in and out of the house under her coat. When Bruna got too big and gregarious, Gisele started to attract unwelcome attention by the gyrations she performed to keep the puppy out of sight, and decided to move to a new apartment.

This apartment, rented in order to accommodate her girlie life, turned out to be an expensive proposition. It was the first she'd rented herself, not as a "sublet." Well-paid and feeling secure in her next job, the CBC, Gisele rented an elegant duplex and proceeded to decorate it with abandon. Shortly after she moved in, the job in California with Bob Crosby and his band had to give up the apartment. The transaction cost her a good bit of money—she had to sell her furniture at a loss—and she hasn't dared to furnish another apartment since. At present she lives in a pleasant "sublet" off Central Park South.

Gisele has the wholesome prettiness of the girl next door. And this appearance certainly isn't deceiving! Despite her success in show business and the glamour of
Greater Than Glamour

(Continued from page 37) couldn't have been more pleased with his game. She has never minded that sports aren't her thing, neither theatrical nor especially glamorous. She's content to be herself, an attractive woman who can readily create the illusion of being someone quite different when she steps out to have a time. She is, for instance, a woman who could, in a pinch, light a nighttime cigarette, but not a woman who could ever be caught smoking in broad daylight. She was sixteen—and was then playing on Broadway with Jean Cowl in 'First Lady,' doing that wonderful part of a clubwoman. Later, when I asked her to meet some friends, they said they should have confessed if they were ever smoking, but they believed they would have been terribly disappointed to discover I was then in the theater. I am sure they thought all actresses wore glamorous gowns! It wasn't the first time a stranger had guessed Miss Wilson to be something other than what she is—a housewife perhaps (and she finds that guess a compliment, too). There was the time, for instance, when she was doing the lead, on tour, in "You Can't Take It With You," and she went to New York—alas, where they were currently playing. I had to explain who I was to restrain the operator from wanting to sell my hair in some fancy way unattached to my role. "Oh, she's a very nice girl," she said, "but I'm afraid she is disilluminatingly right at me in her voice and startled expression. I hope someone in my profession can come along later, who looked more like what she pictured an actress should be, to restore her faith!"

It's true that, if you are expecting to meet a performer who is "on" all the time—even when she is "off stage"—Ethel Wilson won't impress you, although she is pretty, and it is not strikingly tall (5'8''), has lovely brown eyes and soft brown hair (graying a little now as it falls away from a youthful face). She dresses simply but with chic, mostly in suits and casual clothing, but she is very comfortable without much adornment. Only when you listen to her fine voice would you get a hint of her profession, perhaps, and only then if your ear is attuned to a woman's voice which stirs its possessor either as a trained singer or actress—or both, as in Ethel Wilson's own case. That voice was a fool's people until they met her in person. Because of its fullness and resonance, they expect to find a large woman instead of a rather slender one. The man who mistook her for a schoolteacher, when she was playing in "First Lady," would probably never have recognized her on the stage, anyhow, because she had to wear terrific pads across her hips so she didn't look like the dowager-type female she played.

She is apt sometimes to wonder whether her life might have been quite different if she had been asked to take a role on the stage—though she can't imagine that it could have been any happier or more satisfying! Quite a time after she was married, she asked King Calder—the fine actor who has been her husband for twenty years—how he happened to fall in love with a girl who was so "average," in the course of his own career he had met a long procession of glamorous ladies of the theater. "Just when did you first decide you were in love with me?" she prodded. King then reminded her of a night when they were in the same stock company in
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Cleveland, and the cast had gathered in one of the hotel rooms after a rehearsal. "You had your ukulele with you, and were strumming it," he said. "You were dressed in something simple you had worn to rehearsals, and you probably didn't have a make-up on, and were tired and not trying to create an impression on anyone. Yet, when you began to sing quietly to your own accompaniment, I thought: 'There is the girl I want to marry.' And I never changed my mind about that.'" Florence Ethel Wilson—as she was christened—although always called Ethel—had never dreamed of being an actress, as so many girls do. She had shown great promise as a singer, and her mother had been able to enter her in the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, at fourteen. Two years before the age at which most pupils are accepted. Baltimore was not far from the Wilson farm in Howard County, Maryland, where Ethel's father was a country judge. Life was lovely for "Judge Wilson's daughters," as Ethel and her sisters were known. "We were only in fairly comfortable circumstances, but we all rode horses and were invited to all the parties and had everything we needed, including a good home, and I suppose I thought we were rich. We looked forward to our lives going on in the same manner, and had homes of our own. My grandmother was making each of us a patchwork quilt for our 'hope chests'—all the girls in our community had these collections of nice things for future homes. In my mind's eye, I can see my grandmother sewing out on our big porch, during the lazy summer afternoons. In the winter, we girls would make the little patches that Grandmother later put together into such beautiful designs.

"Then, when I was sixteen, my mother passed on—and overnight my whole world changed. Nothing had prepared me for this. When my father later re-married, I went to live with an aunt. It was the end of the first chapter of my life, and the beginning of my growing up to some of the harsh realities of living."

Ethel was not prepared to earn a livelihood, but felt she should become self-supporting as quickly as possible and not be a burden to anyone. She was the Wilson daughter who had always recited and had often been told she should become an actress, and at this point someone suggested her as the time to start. There was no great urge in her for the theater, but it did seem like something she might do. So, with courage born of complete ignorance of all the obstacles which might stand in her way, she asked the manager of a stock company playing Baltimore if he would hire her. He did, at fifteen dollars a week, because he happened at that moment to need someone just like her.

Her trained voice and stage presence were a great help, and the variety of roles she played turned her into an actress of some prominence in a short time.

Fired by the desire to conquer Broadway, she decided she was ready to go to New York. Shortly after she arrived, she met a Baltimore insurance man, Albert Lax. She was already well known to theater-goers and later to movie-goers. She confessed to Minna that her funds were extremely limited, and was advised by a producer who was casting for a road company. She needed only one good outfit, a tailored navy blue suit which she wore only for such occasions, and so she dressed herself up in this staple of her wardrobe and went to see the great man.

She couldn't have been more surprised when he hired her at the (to her) unheard-of sum of $65 a week, and she could hardly get to a telegraph office fast enough to re-

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one with as sweet a nature as Ethel Wilson has, shouldn’t be asked to play a woman like Mrs. Summers.” This tickled her very much. “Maybe some day I can reform her and make her a little kinder,” she says.

The Calders live in an apartment building overlooking the Hudson River and the New Jersey Palisades on the far shore. It has been their home for four years, and a visitor’s first impression is of a place that is well loved and well lived in. Ethel’s grand piano stands in a corner of the living room—a room in soft greens, around which are distributed many of the things King bought for their future home, when they were still engaged, and many treasures from his own childhood home.

The handsome hand-made red leather chairs are from the library of King’s grandfather. The silver service in the little dining room came from his home about which has a beehive plate hanging on the wall, picturing the church in Maryland where she was christened. There is a chinese dog who has sat patient and immobile for more than seventy-five years, a burnished brass teapot that came from Scotland, dishes which were wedding presents to King’s parents, a turkey platter he had seen on every holiday table during his years of growing up.

Some of the modern touches in the apartment are strictly King Calder, circa 1924–1955. They consist of such things as a gay red-and-white paint job in the kitchen and dining room. Ethel has provided some touches, too—in the stunning deep fuchsia drapes and spreads in their bedroom, in sideboards and kitchen cabinets King built the big fieldstone fireplace in what they call their “shack” facing the ocean on Long Island, a summer retreat from New York where they putter around the house and yard in old clothes and forget they are actors.

Ethel seizes every chance to putter around the apartment, too, especially the kitchen. King thinks nothing he eats away from home ever tastes as good as her cooking, and when she has time she loves to plan some special dish and serve it to a King’s taste.

“At heart, I suppose I am a home woman who got side-tracked into a career,” she says. “Just a girl from a farm home. I still laugh about something that happened to me quite a long time ago, when I was still on the stage. We were finishing a tour in San Francisco and I had been asked to address a women’s club, so I bought a particularly smart hat and dress for that occasion. Back in New York, I wore the same outfit to an audition for a role in a commercial film, adding a little fur piece which I believed would complete the impression of being a chic woman of the world.

“The room was filled with actresses when I arrived. A man emerged from an inside office, looked around a moment and, without hesitation, said, ‘Don’t you know you will not go to make you wait to be interviewed, because I know now which of you I want for the part.’ He motioned to me. Well, I thought ‘here is what an outfit likes this can do to open doors.’ When I found that the part was that of a farmer’s wife, I was so amused that I decided, once and for all time, that I must be stamped with my simple background and I might just as well give up any glamour aspirations, if I ever had any.”

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<td>Galen Drake</td>
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<td>Linkletter's House Party</td>
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<td>Hawkins Falls</td>
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<td>Robert Q. Lewis Show</td>
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<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
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<td>Betty White Show</td>
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<td>The Phrase That Pays</td>
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<td>The Big Payoff</td>
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<td>Garry Moore Show</td>
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<td>Love Of Life</td>
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<td>Search For Tomorrow</td>
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<td>Today</td>
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<td>Ding Dong School</td>
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<td>First Love</td>
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<td>Pinky Lee Show</td>
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<td>Concerning Miss Marlowe</td>
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<td>The Secret Storm</td>
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<td>On Your Account</td>
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<td>Make Up Your Mind</td>
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<td>Tom Moore</td>
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<td>The Golden Windows</td>
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Other favorite daytime shows:

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Which of the following night-time programs do you listen to or watch:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Always</th>
<th>Occasionally</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jackie Gleason Show</td>
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<td>Our Miss Brooks</td>
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<td>Jack Benny</td>
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<td>Toast Of The Town</td>
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<td>Milton Berle</td>
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<td>My Little Margie</td>
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<td>Ray Bolger</td>
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<td>Talent Scouts</td>
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<td>Love Lucy</td>
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<td>This Is Your Life</td>
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<td>Red Skelton</td>
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<td>People Are Funny</td>
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<td>Ray Milland</td>
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<td>Fibber McGee And Molly</td>
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<td>George Gobel</td>
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<td>My Favorite Husband</td>
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<td>Two For The Money</td>
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<td>Bob Hope</td>
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<td>What's My Line</td>
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<td>December Bride</td>
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<td>Sid Caesar</td>
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<td>Dragnet</td>
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<td>Meet Millie</td>
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<td>Father Knows Best</td>
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<td>Loretta Young</td>
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<td>Ozzie And Harriet</td>
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<td>Tapper</td>
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<td>Mr. Peepers</td>
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<td>Imogene Coca</td>
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<td>Danny Thomas</td>
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<td>Martha Raye</td>
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<td>Halls Of Ivy</td>
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<td>Willy</td>
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<td>Private Secretary</td>
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<td>Mr. And Mrs. North</td>
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<td>Mickey Rooney</td>
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<td>I Married Joan</td>
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<td>Burns And Allen</td>
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<tr>
<td>Red Buttons</td>
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</tbody>
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Other favorite night-time shows:

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What story did you like best in this issue:

What story did you like least in this issue:

What stars did you miss reading about in this issue:
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions.

It is important that you use a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet its gentle lather cleans the hair thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.
Now! A filter cigarette that's fun to smoke!

WINSTON

tastes good—like a cigarette should!

Smokers who go for flavor are sure going for Winston! This filter cigarette really tastes like a cigarette. It's the filter cigarette that's fun to smoke!

New, king-size Winstons are easy-drawing, too! Winston's finer filter works so effectively, yet doesn't flatten the flavor. The full, rich, tobacco flavor comes through to you easily and smoothly.

Try Winstons! They taste good—like a cigarette should!

Winston's finer filter works so effectively, yet doesn't flatten the flavor. The full, rich, tobacco flavor comes through to you easily and smoothly.

Winston's raison d'être is easy-drawing! There's no effort to puff! Winston's finer filter lets Winston's flavor come clean through to you. The full, rich flavor is all yours to enjoy!

Smoke WINSTON the easy-drawing filter cigarette!
AT LAST! A LIQUID SHAMPOO THAT'S EXTRA RICH!

IT'S LIQUID PRELL FOR Radiantly Alive Hair

Something new has happened to liquid shampoos—it's exciting, extra-rich Liquid Prell! No other shampoo has this unique, extra-rich new formula. It bursts instantly into luxurious, angel-mild lather... rinses in a flash. And the way your hair looks and feels after a luxurious Liquid Prell shampoo—so satins-soft—so brilliantly 'Radiantly Alive'—such a dream to manage! Try it today—you'll be enchanted!

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, never leaves a dulling film to hide radiance.

PRELL—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 the whole family. Won't spill, drip, or break. Concentrated—ounce for ounce it goes farther!
"What?...You haven't tasted NEW IPANA?"

(It's the best-tasting way to fight decay)

Chances are you'll be even more surprised than the wide-eyed girl above... once you do try new Ipana. Especially if you think all tooth pastes are more or less alike.

Because the wonderful minty flavor of new Ipana is so good it beat all three other leading tooth pastes hands down—after nationwide "hidden-name" home taste tests.

**Destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria with WD-9**

More good news is the way wonder-ingredient WD-9 in new-formula Ipana fights tooth decay—stops bad breath all day. It destroys most mouth bacteria with every single brushing, even bacteria your tooth brush can't reach.

So enjoy new Ipana... and trust your family's precious teeth to it.

New-Formula IPANA®

WITH BACTERIA-DESTROYER WD-9

Ipans A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate).

**MAKE YOUR OWN TASTE-TEST**

Send for generous sample tube. Mail coupon today for trial tube (enough for about 25 brushings).

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept.T-45, Hillside, N.J.

Please send me trial tube of new-formula Ipana. Enclosed is 3¢ stamp to cover part cost of handling.

Name

Street

City Zone State

(Offer good only in continental U.S.A. Expires August 1, 1955.)
people on the air

What's New from Coast to Coast ............................................ by Jill Warren  
Every Day is Father's Day .................................................. by Art Linkletter  
To the Heart's Desire (Elizabeth Lawrence) .......................... by Elizabeth Ball  
Mickey Emerson Looks at Marriage (James Kirkwood, Jr.) ......... by May Schupack  
Faith in Each Other (Gloria McMillan) ................................ by Bud Goode  
The Road of Life (short-short story from the popular daytime drama)  
To Helen Trent with Love (Julie Stevens) .............................. by Frances Kish  
How to be Happy (Red Buttons) ........................................... by Ed Meyerson  
Professional Father (Steve Dunne) ...................................... by Gordon Budge  
Ma Perkins (picture story from the beloved dramatic serial) ...... by Martin Cohen  
Make Up Your Mind (Art Hendley) ...................................... by Martin Cohen  
Who's Who in TV Dramas (Inger Stevens, William Redfield, Henry Jones, Eileen Heckart) ................................................. by Gordon Budge  
Six Fellows and a Dog (Jimmy Nelson) ................................. by Gwen Audis  

features in full color

"You Can't Put it into Words" (Dorothy Collins and Raymond Scott) by Gladys Hall  
Four Girls and a Dream (The Chordettes) ............................. by Jack Mahon  
Home with a Capital "H" ..................................................... by Mrs. Durward Kirby  
Feather Your Nest (win wonderful prizes in the exciting TV Radio  
Minton Home Edition of the new TV quiz program) ............. 52

your local station

Salute to John B. Gambling (WOR) ........................................ 6  
The Early Bird Wins (WIP) .................................................. 8  
A Time to Smile (WCBS) .................................................... 12  
Living Down East (WCSH-TV) ............................................. 26

your special services

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TV Program Highlights ...................................................... 74  
New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions) ............. 94  
Cover portrait of Art Linkletter and his family by Sid Avery  

buy your May copy early • on sale April 7
Most of the girls of her set were married ... but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly ... and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily ... so quickly.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions —stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved
Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.
Night and day team: Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy have added a Saturday-night show to their CBS Radio schedule.

Minetta Ellen—Mother Barbour on One Man's Family for 23 years—celebrates her 80th birthday in style.

What's New

• By Jill Warren

After every network, sponsor and agency had tried unsuccessfully to sign Bing Crosby for television, CBS finally won out and now happily has the Crosby signature safely on a contract. Bing, in an exclusive agreement, has agreed to do two one-hour programs a year, both on film. The first show is being produced this month in Hollywood, and the second probably will be made during June or July, with no definite showing date as yet. CBS would have liked Bing to do more than two shows a year but cautious Crosby said no, although he did agree to let the network do one re-broadcast of each program.

Jackie Gleason also made news with the fabulous contract he signed with CBS-TV—to the tune of some $11,-000,000. The contract covers a two-year period and will begin this fall, with Buick as the sponsor. Gleason will abandon his hour-long live show format in favor of a half-hour filmed series of his popular "Honeymooners." Jackie was supposed to star in a movie this summer in Holly...
From Coast to Coast

In his new hit NBC-TV show, Bob Cummings plays a photographer, Rosemary DeCamp his sister, Leigh Snowden, a model.

Happy vacationers: Milton Berle and his lovely wife Ruth get a much-needed rest in Palm Beach.

wood, but has canceled out on it in order to spend the time shooting his new fall TV show.

CBS Radio has assigned Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy a new show of their own on Saturday nights. It's a half-hour semi-variety format, with songs by Mary and comedy in Peter's sly style. This show will in no way affect Hayes' pact with CBS to serve as Arthur Godfrey's Number One stand-in, whenever Arthur takes time off.

Also on CBS Radio we find The Whistler back on a regular Thursday night schedule. This suspense mystery show was very popular until it went off the air several seasons ago. After that, it became the subject of a successful movie series. In its latest version, The Whistler will feature a rotating cast each week, instead of a regular star and cast.

Father Knows Best, the CBS-TV show which co-stars Robert Young and Jane Wyatt, is slated to go off the air around the end of this month, unless the sponsor should have a last-minute change of heart. For some reason, in spite of the popularity of the show, it has failed to rack up a high enough rating—which is too bad, because it was one of the most entertaining of all the family programs.

Rosemary Clooney's fifteen-minute song show, previously heard only on Thursdays over CBS Radio, is now also aired on Tuesdays, which should be good news to Clooney fans.

Johnny Desmond and Eileen Parker have said their adieus to Don McNeill's Breakfast Club show after many seasons, and McNeill plans to feature different guest singers for a while, changing each week. Johnny is all set with a radio program of his own called Phonorama Time, heard on the Mutual network every Saturday morning, and he'll continue to do guest appearances on television shows as well. Eileen Parker is busy whipping up a night-club act.

The Chicago Theater Of The Air has lined up an interesting schedule of productions for their spring series, on Mutual every Saturday night.

They'll do "Finian's Rainbow" on March 12, "Bittersweet" on March 19, "The Great Waltz" on March 26, and "Gypsy Baron" on April 2.

This 'n' That:

There is a chance that Grace Kelly may star in "The Rich Boy" for the Producers' Showcase, Monday night dramatic show on NBC-TV, in the near future. Grace is said to be anxious to do the F. Scott Fitzgerald play—which, incidentally, she did on television for the Philco Playhouse some three years ago, before she achieved movie stardom.

And there's more than a chance that Walter Winchell may head up a full-hour variety show on Sunday nights over ABC-TV, in addition to his fifteen-minute newscast. Meetings have been held on the proposed show, and from the little information that has leaked out, it looks like the program would start early next fall. ABC-TV is also after Frank Sinatra to sign with them for his own half-hour (Continued on page 20)
Salute to John B. Gambling

Now celebrating his 30th year of continuous broadcasting

On February 25, 1925, John B. Gambling took the two biggest steps of his life—he joined the staff of Station WOR in New York, and he married lovely Rita Graubart. Today, after thirty years of the happiest of marriages to Rita and his work at WOR, John B. remains one of the most pleasant and endearing personalities in the history of radio.

In recalling his 25,000-plus hours of broadcasting, John can weave a scrapbook of varied memories. How well he remembers his early days at WOR, when he had his first broadcasting stint—the 6:30 A.M. gym classes—and daily intoned: "Hands on hips, sides, straddle, hop, 1-2-3-4." . . . Nor will he ever forget the time his assignment was the dedication of a new carillon in one of New York's churches. With a half-hour allotted for the ceremonies, John was horrified to learn they would last only five minutes. What to do? John says, "I spent twenty-five minutes describing other churches in my native England." . . . Then came the morning when a Western Union messenger delivered a telegram. John asked the messenger if he'd like to say hello to the radio audience. Wordlessly, the messenger approached the mike and said: "Get up, you lazy bum!"

These are but a smattering of the warm, delightful experiences millions of Gambling listeners have shared with John through the years. And they continue to welcome him into their homes each day, starting at 6 A.M. with Rambling With Gambling, at 7:15 on Gambling's Musical Clock, at 9:15 on Gambling's Second Breakfast, and finishing up at 11:15 P.M. with the John Gambling Program.

Although often called radio's human alarm clock, John shows no signs of running down. In addition to his perpetual-motion radio schedule, he is devoted to his wonderful family: Rita, son John A. —who appears with John B. on his shows and will someday take Dad's place—John A.'s wife Sally, and their offspring, John R. (another one!) and Ann. John and Rita spend the winter months in their New York apartment. But, with the first breath of spring, they move out to their nine-room home on Long Island where John loves to garden, fish or sail his 23-foot cruiser.

When John is asked if radio has grown much in the three decades, his goaded reply is: "Yes, but not as much as my family." Whether he means his home or radio family makes no difference—for his words apply, fortunately, to both.
NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS,
OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!

Billows of Fleecy Foam
Leave Hair Shimmering,
Obedient, “Lanolin-Lovely”

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this
revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never
before has any shampoo burst into such mountains of
snowy lanolin lather—lather that actually POLISHES
hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin
Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No
old-fashioned “lazy-lather” shampoo can shine your
hair like this—’til it shimmers like satin in the moon
light!

The radiance of your hair shampooed this new way
will be instantly visible to everyone— but you, your
self, are the best judge of results. So after you've
brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampooed hair, take
your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll see
how much more brilliance occurs in your hair!

And this shampoo is so good for hair...for there's
twice the lanolin in it! It can't dry your hair or leave
it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves
your hair in superb condition—supple, temptingly
soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the
touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back
deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever
before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring
out the thrilling beauty hidden in your hair! All the
vibrant, glowing tone...the natural softness. Treat
your hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—
29¢, 59¢ or $1. On sale everywhere!

Double Lanolin Is The Reason

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty
Instead of Drying It!

Lanolin Lotion was pur-
posefully formulated with
twice as much lanolin as
ordinary shampoos. That
means double the lanolin
protection against dryness
...double the lanolin polish
and beauty for your hair.
For even problem hair—
hair that's had its beauty
oils dried away...washed
away...bleached away...
benefits astonishingly from
this double-lanolin lather.
It not only feels twice as
rich—it actually is twice as
rich. Don't confuse this
utterly new Helene Curtis
Lanolin Lotion Shampoo
with any so-called “lotion”
or “lanolin” shampoo you've
ever tried before.

*PROOF THAT NEW SHAMPOO
OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS

OCEANS OF LATHER
EVEN IN
HARD WATER!
An amazing built-in
water softener in this
Lanolin Lotion Shampoo
gives you piles of
lather that rinses quick,
leaves hair bright—even
in the hardest water!

Helene Curtis Lanolin
Lotion Shampoo—
DOUBLE RICH IN
LANOLIN

29¢, 59¢, $1

THE
Vogue
Review

Halley Curtis Lanolin
Lotion out-lathers four other brands given the
Cylinder-Foam Test.

Hair’s so satiny after a Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can’t always wear a satin dancing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair every day! You'll find that never before in your shampoo experience has your hair had so much shimmer, so much softness.

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty
Instead of Drying It!

Lanolin Lotion was purposefully formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness...double the lanolin polish and beauty for your hair. For even problem hair—hair that's had its beauty oils dried away...washed away...bleached away...benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only feels twice as rich—it actually is twice as rich. Don't confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called "lotion" or "lanolin" shampoo you've ever tried before.
The Early Bird Wins

Switching to the daytime track, Joe "trained" for two weeks at such morning jobs as collecting fares on the Route 23 trolley.

Joe McCauley has moved from the witching hours to the waking hours, but WIP listeners still welcome him at any time.

Joe McCauley has switched from being a Scotiaptex Nebulosa (night owl) to being a Gallus Gallus (rooster)—which, in short, has meant good news to Quaker City listeners. And which, more exactly, means that, after 12 years as the night owl pilot of Dawn Patrol on Station WIP, the whimsical, warm-hearted Mr. McCauley is now crowing as the wake-up man on WIP's early-morning program, Start The Day Right, heard at 6 A.M. This is good news for Joe, too, for instead of snoozing while the sun shines, he now rises in the morning like everyone else, only earlier. He's up at 4 A.M., with the help of two alarm clocks. It's also good news for his wife Roz, who sighed, one morning as her husband was about to go to bed, "wish you worked in the daytime," and started the chain reaction that led to putting the day right-side-up for the McCauley household. "Now, if the neighbors hear the radio blaring," she grins, "it will only be Roz McCauley getting twelve years of silence out of her system. . . ."

To familiarize himself with how the daytime half of the city lives, Joe went "in training" for two weeks. He delivered milk, went out on a farm, collected trolley fares, and visited the Dock Street produce market. . . . WIP's new man of the morning is thirty-five years old and has been in radio since 1937. His three children—Joey, 10; Lyn, 8; and a yearling daughter—are happy to have him on the air at hours they can tune in. They're especially delighted now that there's more time for the McCauley hobby of taping comic records by combining snatches of sound from different records. . . .

The biggest difference Joe notes is the formality of the day: He now shaves daily and wears a coat and tie. On his all-night show, Joe had developed a flair for the "casual"—unpressed slacks, vivid plaid sport shirts, a three-day beard. Since his radio time switch, Joe's met a lot of his old friends again—folks who listened to his Dawn Patrol when they were younger and dating and who are now married and part of the morning audience. And, rather than miss Joe's platter-spinning and breezy chatter, a great many WIP night-owl fans have switched to earlier to bed and earlier to rise to Start The Day Right with Joe McCauley.

A kiss from wife Roz, a wave from Joey and Lyn, and Joe's off to work—like everyone else, only earlier.
Perfect for new, shorter hair styles
... gives that softer, lovelier picture—pretty look!

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!
A playful pink ... but it's strictly for grown-ups! There's nothing little-girl about the kiss-me-quick look it gives your lips. This bright new shade of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick does its good work discreetly, too—Pink-A-Boo stays on you, stays off everyone else!

7 Cover-Girl Colors $0.49 plus tax

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

“Have a lipstick wardrobe: a blue-red, an orange-red and a definite pink. All three cost less than $2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet.”

Candy Jones

Indelible-Type Lipstick
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet
Hello, folks, that Allen man is here again, ready to chat about the same things—records. And, my good people, you can't go wrong with good music. Say, incidentally, most of the record companies have just recently reduced their prices, on both albums and singles, so it looks like we can all up our platter budget a bit. And, speaking of platters, let us adjourn to the next paragraph and see what's to be had.

First on our list is Perry Como, who is first on lots of lists. Old Per has done a real rock and roll rendition of the ditty called "Ko Ko Mo," and it should certainly be another Como hit. It's strictly rhythm and blues and Perry jumps right along with the tempo, ably assisted by Mitchell Ayres' orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers. On the reverse, Perry sings a new ballad, "You'll Always Be My Lifetime Sweetheart," in his more familiar, easy-does-it style. (Victor)

Joni James, that pretty miss with the pretty voice, has wrapped up a new album and tied it with the title, "Little Girl Blue." Joni sings eight songs, all old, pretty ones, and all ballads. Besides the title song, she has included such lyrical torchers as "I'm Through with Love," "These Foolish Things," "Talk of the Town," "In Love in Vain," and others. Joni has given the tunes the wistful touch, the sort of thing she does so well, and she has excellent musical accompaniment from David Terry and the orchestra. (M-G-M)

From the soft to the solid, we go to Stan Kenton and his orchestra—and a heap big album production called "The Kenton Era." Capitol has taken a tip from Decca, who did Bing Crosby's musical career with their fabulous "Bing" album, and they have put Kenton on wax, starting 'way back when, following through the various periods of his orchestral style. The album is done in eight parts: 1. "Prologue," in which Stan does a narration on the development of his music; 2. "Balboa Bandwagon;" 3. "Growing Pains;" 4. "Artistry in Rhythm;" 5. "Progressive Jazz;" 6. "Innovations;" 7. "Contemporary;" and 8. "Epilogue." There are thirty-two tunes in all, and any Kenton fan will recognize just about all of them. The album is done on EP and LP.

Sarah Vaughn's latest is a good ballad, "How Important Can It Be?" And this could be an important record for Sarah. The song has a meaning, by the way, lends itself well to her full, rich voice, and she also does a little harmonizing with herself. The backing is "Waltzing Down the Aisle." Hugo Peretti's orchestra supplies the music for both. (Mercury)

New vocal groups are still coming at us this year, all of them hoping to make it with that one hit record. Now we have some boys who call themselves The Four Coins, and they're hoping with a new Epic release, "My Anxious Heart" and "Oh, Mother Dear. Then there are The Tattle Tales, an all-girl, and a girl, who have their fingers crossed with "Vieni Qui" and a new novelty, "Who Put the Ugh in the Mambo?"—a good question, don't you think? (Columbia)

In spits of Jackie Gleason's fabulous new television deal (How many million is it, Jack?), he still finds the time to pursue his favorite hobby, that of being a maestro. His "Music, Martinis and Memories" album sold very well, and now he has a new offering. It's called "Music to Remember Her," and there are sixteen "hers," including "Ruby," "Dinah," "Lorraine," "Marilyn," "Greatest Sue," "Marie," and "Tangerine." The musical tributes to the girls are all instrumental, of course, magnificently arranged by Sidney Feller and Pete King and given the lush treatment by the big Gleason orchestra. And there are some wonderful trumpet solos by Bobby Hackett. (Capitol)

Sammy Davis, Jr., who sings rhythm things and ballads equally well, has waxed a ballad this time, "Six Bridges to Cross," from the Universal-International picture of the same name. Sammy sings it in the movie too. Jeff Chandler, by the way, helped write this one. On the backing, Sammy gives out with the Cole Porter tune, "All of You." Joseph Gershenson conducts the orchestra, as before (Decca).

Here's "Ko Ko Mo" again, given the feminine treatment by the Misses Betty and Marion Hutton, and belted out in beauty style—natch. On the flip-over, the gals harmonize with "Heart Throb." Vic Schoen's arrangements and orchestra. This is the first time Marion and Betty have ever made a record together and, if it goes, the sisters may continue as a platter team. (Capitol)

If you've watched any of the Disneyland TV shows, you may have been aware of some fine incidental music. And in "Davy Crockett," one of the Frontierland series, there were two songs, "The Ballad of Davy Crockett" and "Farewell," which have been put on record by baritone Bill Hayes. Bill (Remember him from Your Show Of Shows?) has done a fine job on both, with vocal and instrumental backgrounds conducted by Archie Bleyer. (Cadmene)

Coral has a little gal whose career is zooming along nicely, thank you—Eydie Gorme, whom you should know from my Town and Country television show, if you watch it. And if you don't, why don't you? Anyway, Eydie has a new record for our approval, "A Girl Can't Say," and "Give a Fool a Chance," with musical support by Dick Jacobs' chorus and orchestra.

"B.G. in Hi-Fi" is the name of a new Capitol album. Translated, it means Benny Goodman, of course, with his orchestra and his combos. Using his big band, his trio, sextet and quintet, Benny and his fine musicians have etched sixteen tunes in all, including such Goodman classics as "Stompin' at the Savoy," "Big John Special," "Jersey Bounce," "Get Happy," "Jumpin' at the Woodside" and, of course, his famous theme, "Let's Dance." If you're a Goodman fan like I am, this is for you. Eddy Howard has a new record of a tune which has been around for a while, "The Finger of Suspicion." The song has previously been recorded by many singers, with no world-shaking results, but the Howard treatment may just ring the bell. Eddy uses an echo-chamber, sound-effect gimmick, which makes for an interesting rendition. On the reverse he has done "Old Memories," with a little "reclata" along with the vocal. (Mercury)

If you saw Bing Crosby's fine movie, "Country Girl," you'll certainly want his newest two records, on which he has done four songs from the picture. As a matter of fact, you'll like the discs even if you haven't caught the movie yet. On the first, Bing sings "It's Mine, It's Yours," coupled with "Dissertation on the State of Bliss," which he duets with Patty Andrews, formerly of the Andrews Sisters. The second combines "The Search Is Through" and "The Land Around Us." (Decca)

Kay Starr is one vocal lady who is equally at home crooning a tear-jerker or belting out a rhythm tune, and for her first release under her new Victor contract she has chosen a sobber and a jumper. "Turn Right" is a rhythm ditty, fast and furious, with Kay singing like mad from start to finish. On the backing, Kay slows down to a walk with a slight wheeler called, "If Anyone Finds This, I Love You." It's the sad tale about a note written by an orphan and, incidentally, the little girl's voice on the record really is that of an orphan, to whom Kay is turning over part of the royalties. (Victor) Well, it's time for you to turn the page, I guess, on account of my space is up. I'll go quietly, but I'll be back at you next month with another record roundup.

Steve gets the word from Sarah Vaughn on her latest recording for Mercury.
With records, reveries and his magic-wand voice, Lanny Ross casts a delightful spell for WCBS listeners by making his daily shows:

A TIME TO

While he was a student at Yale University, Lanny Ross had the opportunity to tour Europe as leader of the famous Yale Glee Club. When the group sang for London audiences, Lanny's voice was heralded by the music editor of the London Observer as “the loveliest singing we've heard in a long while.” Today—after more than a score of years of Lanny's serenading millions the world over via the stage, movies, radio and television—WCBS listeners are finding those words still hold true as they lend an ear each day to Lanny Ross Showtime at 4:30 P.M. and Lanny Ross Presents at 6:30 P.M.

And yet, believe it or not, at one time there were grave doubts in Lanny's mind that he would ever become a top-ranking singer. So uncertain was he that he prepared himself to be a lawyer. After graduation from Yale—where he had studied dramatics, sung with the Whiffenpoofs as well as the Glee Club, and held the school record for the 300-yard dash—Lanny went to Columbia University and earned his law degree. Then he took and passed the New York State Bar examination ... but he never once practiced law. Instead, he saw his most ardent dream become a reality when, on Christmas morning, 1928, he made his radio debut over NBC. What followed is part of show business' most pleasant history: On radio, he was star of Show Boat, Mardi Gras, Your Lucky Strike Hit Parade ... in movies, he starred in "Melody in Spring," "College Rhythm," "The Lady Objects" ... and throughout the country he was acclaimed in night clubs and concert halls.

Then came the war and Lanny found himself in an entirely different theater—the South Pacific—where he served on General MacArthur's staff as liaison officer between the Army and USO camp tours. There, too—for 27 months—Lanny made history: He was responsible for organizing entertainment and sports programs in the Pacific Theater; he inaugurated the first soldier show in Japan; he won four battle stars, the Legion of Merit medal and the Philippines Liberation Ribbon.

As his wife Olive accompanies him on the piano, Lanny plays and sings one of the many enjoyable ballads he has composed.
On the air: Lanny and his accompanist Milton Kaye—who's never without a cigar—render a duet with gusto.

He collects stamps—and hats, some of which belonged to his actor-dad, others used by Lanny in night-club acts.

SMILE

When he returned to this country after the war, Lanny went right back to his singing and has continued to enchant audiences with his magic-wand voice that is at once gentle, pleasing and spirited—just as Lanny himself is. Currently, on his daily WCBS shows, Lanny provides a relaxing fare of songs old and new—sung by him, or recorded—sprinkled with pleasant, informative chatter. Those who have developed the enjoyable habit of listening to Lanny have found his shows welcome and refreshing interludes.

Although music has played the major role in Lanny's life, it has by no means been the only object of his interest. Until recently, he was an expert gentleman farmer of long standing. His "Melody Farm," as he called it, once boasted a herd of prize dairy cows, each of which Lanny named after a favorite song—such as "Moonlight and Roses," or "Dolores." This, laughs Lanny now, "probably set the cattle industry back a thousand years." He also enjoys fishing and hunting. However, since he doesn't believe in killing just for sport, Lanny says, "I only shoot what I will eat." His wife Olive confirms this, adding: "He's a good shot." So good, in fact, that Lanny formerly was a regular guest at the Annual One-Shot Antelope Contest held by the governors of Wyoming and Montana.

Nowadays, although he still has little time for pipe and slippers, Lanny no longer pursues farming, having found it too time-consuming. But he has other irons in the fire. There is his fine stamp collection which he keeps meaning to get at . . . there's the house in the city which he and Olive bought recently and are busy remodelling . . . and, he muses, he'd love to take another trip to Europe. But, above all, there is—and always will be—his music. And, as he sings each night on his shows: "Just give me music, in the evening, romance and moonlight . . ." everyone who hears him should know Lanny means that sincerely and is most content to make his shows a time to smile.

Lanny's apartment houses an extensive music file. On the walls of his den hang the many track medals he won while in college.
AUNT JENNY It is no secret to Aunt Jenny that just as many strange things happen in small towns as in big ones. But many of her Littleton neighbors would have been astounded at the predicament of young Ruth Garrison, whose patriotism involved her in a double play between a Communist group and the FBI. Ruth's engagement and her very life were threatened in her story, recently told by Aunt Jenny, CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE No matter how often Mary Noble exposes the lies and subterfuges of Elise Shephard, the young actress who is determined to break up Mary's home always manages to convince Larry Noble that she is the soul of honor. With Larry increasingly attached to Elise, Mary faces the grim possibility that Elise may win. Will Mary lose her handsome actor-husband to Elise? NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Too many people in New Hope are anxious to see the last of Bert Ralston, and finally someone arranges it by murder. His death appears to clear the way for Sandra and Grayling Dennis. But marriage doesn't solve all problems, as Grayling's father, the Reverend Richard Dennis, knows too well. Has Reverend Dennis the experience he will need to combat the problems Ralston raised in life and in death? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNSING MISS MARLOWE Wealthy Jim Gavin never doubts that money, charm or power—all of which he has in good supply—will get him anything he wants to happen. But Maggie Marlowe may become one of the few exceptions. The meaningless marriage of which Jim expected to dispose so easily, and the scrutinizing of his snobbish mother, combine to raise many questions in Maggie's mind. And her strange young daughter is a further complication. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE As a rising young doctor, Dan Palmer knows his wife can be a big help, or the opposite, and he has always been completely happy with his own choice. Julie is not only the girl he loves, but someone more than capable of helping him build a solid life in Stanton. Lately, however, Julie's zeal on behalf of the town's children is making Dan nervous. Is she trying to maneuver something a bit too big for her? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE More deeply hurt than she will admit even to herself, Laurie makes a strong effort to turn away from Zach to a steady, untemperamental, feet-on-the-ground man. She is nearly promoted by her father. Can another kind of love replace the wild, sweeping emotion she shared with Zach? Even if it can, is it possible that neither she nor Zach can be happy unless they are together? NBC-TV.

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS Almost all of Julie's young life and has been satisfied to call Charles Goodwin her father, never expecting to be reminded that long ago there were a real father and mother who died somewhere in Europe. The sudden revelation that perhaps they did not die turns Julie's life upside down. How is the man calling himself Fritz Lang concerned in Julie's story? Why is Julie, an unknown young singer, important to him? NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT The problem of the compulsive drinker is difficult enough for any doctor to handle, but Dr. Eve Allen faces more than she knows how to cope with, when the drinker is her own sister. Eve knows there will soon be further tragedies to add to the wrecked marriage unless she can get her sister to at least admit the extent of her danger. How will this affect Eve's promising new status at the hospital? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Though Dr. Dick Grant's friends at Cedars Hospital were all aware that Dr. Thompson was systematically persecuting him, not even Dr. Kelly was alert enough to prevent the shocking climax of Dick's breakdown. Will Dick's disturbed mind give way completely before he is found? Will his ex-wife Kathy at last face the truth about her feelings during the tense days of his disappearance? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

(Continued on page 22)
Only Bobbi is especially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Laura" hairstyle. No nightly settings. Soft, natural right from the start...that's the "Bobbi Swirl" hairstyle after a Bobbi. Bobbi is so easy...no help is needed.

Want a softly feminine hairdo?

That is the only kind a Bobbi knows how to give.

It's the special pin-curl permanent—never tight, never fussy.

All Bobbi girls have soft, carefree curls, because a Bobbi can't—simply can't—give you tight, fussy curls. From the very first day your Bobbi will have the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your waves last week after week. Curls and waves are where you want them. Bobbi is the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hair styles.

Just pin-curl your hair in your favorite style. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away you have soft, natural, flattering curls.

More women have had a Bobbi than any other pin-curl permanent. Why don't you try Bobbi, too?

Bobbi is made especially to give young, romantic hairstyles like this "Sapphire" hairdo. And the curl stays in—in any weather. Always soft and natural.

Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. $1.50 plus tax.
Person To Person

Dear Editor:

Can the people interviewed see Edward R. Murrow as they talk to him on CBS-TV's Person To Person?

V.L.T., Trumanburg, N. Y.

No, the people Ed Murrow visits with on TV cannot see him. The program is taking place as you see it, and the celebrities interviewed can hear Ed’s questions and comments over a special telephone arrangement.

First Love

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some information on Val Dufour, who plays Zachary James on NBC-TV's First Love? Where can I write to him?

C.B., Port Clinton, O.

Acting is Val Dufour's "first love." He's been in show business since he was seven and debuted in a minstrel show in his native New Orleans. It was a Knights of Columbus production and Val sang "Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll." . . . Born Albert Valery Dufour II on February 5, 1928, Val attended Louisiana State University and then, over his physician-father's objections, struck out for Broadway in 1949. Behind him were a series of song-and-dance night club appearances, minstrel shows, and straight leads in the New Orleans Civic Theater Company and the Petite Theatre Vieux Carré. Ahead of him was a job as an elevator operator at New York's Hotel Astor. The job lasted three months and was his last outside the theater. Val has appeared on Broadway in "High Button Shoes" and "The Grass Harp" and in the Chicago company of "Mr. Roberts." He turned down a supporting lead in the Chicago version of "Wonderful Town" to play the male lead in First Love . . . As to hobbies, Val says, "My life is acting; acting; acting." He teaches acting three nights a week at a Manhattan YMCA, goes frequently to movies and plays, and takes an occasional weekend jaunt to Jones Beach. He doesn't mind commuting from his Greenwich Village apartment to Philadelphia, where the show is telecast. "I learn my lines on the train," he says. Write to him c/o NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Famous Footsteps

Dear Editor:

Would you tell me something about Vivian Smolen, who plays Our Gal Sunday on CBS? Where can I write to her?

J.A.M., Stonington, Ill.

Five-feet-two with eyes of blue, Vivian

Vivian Smolen

Smolen was following in the footsteps of no less an actress than Ethel Barrymore when she began her role as Our Gal Sunday, a part created by Miss Barrymore on Broadway. Vivian was also keeping up a family tradition set by her father, a violinist and conductor, who had his own program on radio while she was still a baby. Vivian made her own microphone debut when she was 14. . . . Active in school dramatics at Brooklyn's James Madison High, Vivian then enrolled at Brooklyn College, only to leave after a few weeks to devote all her time to acting. Today, in addition to her role as Lord Henry Brinthrope's American wife, she is heard on NBC as Laurel, the daughter of Stella Dallas. . . . Vivian's New York apartment houses her ever-growing collection of music from Beethoven to Berlin, plus samples of her painting and needlepoint hobbies. She also likes to knit, window-shop and go to the theater and ballet. She mixes her reading of serious novels and biographies with murder mysteries. Write to her c/o Our Gal Sunday, CBS, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Can-Can

Dear Editor:

What is the title of the music that is played as Playhouse Of Stars goes on the air?

V.H., Gastonia, N. C.

The music is "Can-Can," from "La Boutique Fantastique," by Respighi, based on a theme by Rossini.

Road Show

Dear Editor:

I would like to know more about Hal Holbrook, who plays Grayling Dennis on The Brighter Day over CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

L.N., St. Paul, Minn.

(Continued on page 18)
Introducing the first girdle to give you That French Look and the Freedom you love

NEW PLAYTEX

High Style GIRDLE

1. Oo-la-lo ... that lean, line French look! Thanks to miracle latex outside that slims sleekly from waist to thigh—like magic!

2. Hip-hip-hooray ... what freedom! Not a seam, stitch or bone anywhere ... and inside, cloud-soft fabric for extra comfort.

3. C'est magnifique! A new non-roll top you'll adore. All this—for an amazingly low $5.95!

The chic lines of Paris—in carefree American comfort—are yours with this newest Playtex Girdle! We call it High Style ... you'll call it wonderful! World's only girdle to give all three: miracle-slimming latex outside, cloud-soft fabric inside—and a new non-roll top. Trims you sleekly, leaves you free ... no matter what your size! Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

Look for the Playtex High Style Girdle in the BUM tube ... $5.95

Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

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information booth
(Continued from page 16)

Before his "big break" in landing the permanent role of Graying Dennis on The Brighter Day, Hal Holbrook spent five years touring through 45 of the United States and throughout Canada in the husband-and-wife acting team of Hal and Ruby Holbrook. The Holbrooks' meanderings—via station wagon—began shortly after Hal's graduation from Denison University, Ohio, in 1948. While both were students there, they had worked up, under the tutelage of Prof. Edward A. Wright, head of the drama department, a repertoire of scenes from historical plays and original sketches. Thus armed, they took to the road until daughter Victoria was born in 1952 and they decided to terminate their joint acting-travelling careers. They came to New York and Hal has since been seen on Red Brown Of The Rocket Rangers and heard in The Second Mrs. Burton, as well as in his role as the son of Reverend Dennis.

Six-footer Hal met his wife while he was serving with the Army Engineers. He was born in Cleveland on February 17, 1926, and during his prep school years at Indiana's Culver Military Academy and later at college, he was a track star and excelled in boxing and skiing.

On The Trail
Dear Editor:
What is the theme song played on Public Defender? H.W., Erie, Pa.

The theme for Public Defender and for the other programs sponsored by Philip Morris—My Little Margie on radio and The Tell Tale Clue on TV—is "On the Trail." This same background music has been used by Philip Morris for all the radio and TV programs it has sponsored during the past fifteen years. It is part of a record album of the fourteen most popular theme songs, recorded under the baton of Hugo Winterhalter.

(Continued on page 25)

Hal Holbrook

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PS. When "that" day arrives for the first time, will you be prepared? Send today for the new free booklet "You're a Young Lady Now!" Written for girls 9 to 12, it tells all you need to know, beforehand. Easy-reading. Button-bright! Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1245, Chicago 54, Illinois.

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Are you in the know?

Want a good group project this spring?

☐ An off-beat treat
☐ Bird watching
☐ A Maypole party

Posies 'n' candy are dandy—but ask the crowd: how about planning something extra, on Shrinking mothers' wallets; for this Mother's Day? A really off-beat treat for their moms? Then pool our worth and wallets; throw a theatre party with the mothers as honored guests. They'll love it—this fun way of thanking them for being "the most," pal-wise! And wasn't it your mom, too, who taught you how to smile through certain days? Yes. She helped you choose Kotex* for softness, safety you can trust...the complete absorbency you need.

At first glance, would you say she's a—

☐ Gold digger
☐ Shrinking violet
☐ Mixed up kid

She may be a razor at repartee, but in clothes savvy she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, not the full-skirted style. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) Kotex and those flat pressed ends are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with Kotex, no "wrong side" mix-up! You can wear this napkin on either side, safely.

Can you shorten a lofty neck with—

☐ Drop earrings
☐ V necklines
☐ Aoodle haircut

Does your neck make you feel "tree top tall?" Dodge the earrings, hairdo, V necks mentioned above (all are wrong—to keep you guessing) ! Wear button earbobs; tresses medium long. And chokers, turtle necklines — they're for you! Different girls have different needs—in grooming aids, and in sanitation protection. That's why Kotex provides 3 sizes. Try Regular, Junior, Super; each has chafe-free softness; holds its shape.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

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A dynamic new kind of television news...a pulsating action film story of the "hot spots" of world affairs.

Every week "EXCLUSIVE...by Fulton Lewis, Jr." presents:

- **Exclusive interviews** with world leaders!
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- **Exclusive information** ...the inside story as only America's most-heard reporter can get it.

Check your newspaper listing for time and channel in your area...and watch "EXCLUSIVE...by Fulton Lewis, Jr." every week.

A General Teleradio Presentation

Fulton Lewis interviews Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Mrs. Chiang
I dreamed

I was queen of the Westerns in my

*maidenform bra*

From High Noon to Midnight, all the shootin's over me...the most-wanted figure in the wild 'n woolly West! From Abilene to Santa Fe, the most fabulous curves in every round-up are mine, because I've got the best-known brand of them all...Maidenform.

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette® in nylon taffeta, acetate satin, cotton broadcloth or dacron, and cotton batiste...from $2.00.

What's New

(Continued from page 5)

music show, and if Frank does sign with any network, it will undoubtedly be ABC. He is very loyal to the head man there, Bob Weitman, who gave Frank his first big solo break at the Paramount Theater in New York.

Joining the ranks of brand-new parents last January were Dickie Van Patten and his wife, dancer Patricia Poole. The newest Van Patten is a boy, named Richard Nels—the Nels in honor of the role Dickie plays on Mama.

The Dick Stables are expecting their third visit from the stork. Dick is Dean Martin's and Jerry Lewis' orchestra conductor. And the Vic Damone-Pier Angeli stork visit is scheduled for August.

Congratulations to Pinky Lee and the new high rating of his popular late-afternoon kiddie show. Though his show has been on the air only a year, Pinky has become just about the hottest personality with the small fry.

Hearty congratulations are also in order for Minetta Ellen, radio's most popular mother, who celebrated her 80th birthday on January 17. Minetta has played Mother Barbour in One Man's Family for 23 years and, says she, "I hope to stay on the show that many more." When asked what she attributes her hale and hearty 80 years to, the alert Miss Ellen replied: "Keeping busy, and doing things for my friends. I've written one cookbook, and I'm about to start another."

Dale Evans' second book, My Spiritual Diary, has just been published and she and her husband, Roy Rogers, are doing everything they can on their current tour to publicize it. The proceeds from the book's sale will go toward starting a new clinic for retarded children at the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles.

Pat Carroll, the cute comedienne who has appeared on some of the NBC television spectacles and also played Red Buttons' wife in his early shows, has wed Lee Karsian, of the William Morris Agency in New York.

Also doing the Mr.-and-Mrs. bit were Jack Webb and his long-time heart-throb, Dorothy Towne. Though they had said they wanted a quiet wedding, their marriage shindig in Chicago was anything but. Jack and Dorothy spent most of their honeymoon time in the Windy City shopping at the huge Merchandise Mart for furniture for their new California home.

Edward G. Robinson, Jr., son of the famous actor, is trying for a broadcasting career, with a local show on Station KFVD in Los Angeles, from one to one-thirty in the morning. He has a variety format, and one of his first guests was his father.

Since Joan Weber's recording of "Let Me Go, Lover" became an overnight smash after being heard on Studio One, and sold over a million copies, all the record companies and song publishers have been trying to figure ways and means of getting their tunes played on the big dramatic shows. Joan, who was practically an unknown, has been swamped with offers from night clubs all over the country. But so far she is working close to New York so she can be at home in Poughkeepsie, New Jersey, with her husband, George Verfaille, and her infant daughter, Terry-Lyn. After guesting with Perry Como, Joan had many television offers, and may even get her own fifteen-minute musical show.

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. J.H.T., Kansas City, Mo.: Former President Harry S. Truman was never "canceled out" of Edward R. Murrow's
Person To Person TV show. His originally scheduled appearances were only postponed, the first time because Mrs. Truman wanted to do a bit of redecorating on their home, and the second time because of the former Chief Executive's illness and surgery. . . . Mrs. D.R., Chicago, Ill.: No, Mario Lanza is not scheduled to appear on any regular television show in the near future, so far as I know. However, he is set to do a movie for Warner Bros.—his first since his break-up with M-G-M . . . . Miss J.R., Sterling, Ill., and others who asked about Julius La Rosa: Julie is definitely not going back to the Arthur Godfrey show. He is doing fine with his theater appearances and his records. And to all of you who wrote from just about everywhere asking about Christine McGuire, of the McGuire Sisters, and her children: She does have two boys, seven and twelve, and they are her sons by her first marriage. She and her second husband do not have any children. And, as to her age, according to the official CBS biography, Christine was born July 30, 1928. . . . Mr. and Mrs. L.P., Dallas, Texas: The ages of the octogenarian panel on Life Begins At Eighty are: Georgiana Carhart, 89; Fred Stein, 86; Thomas Clark, 83; and Mrs. Helen Wagner, 82. . . . Miss S. F., Norfolk, Va.: Robin Morgan, who plays Dagmar on the Mama TV show was thirteen years old on January 29. . . . Such a flood of letters about Virginia Dwyer, formerly of the cast of The Secret Storm: Virginia left the show in order to take a role in The Road Of Life, and it was impossible for her to do both. . . . Many readers also wrote about Nancy Coleman, asking why she was no longer in Valiant Lady. Nancy had to give up the television show because of her appearance in the new Broadway show "The Desperate Hours," which required her to leave New York for the out-of-town tryouts of the new play. Flora Campbell took over Nancy's part in Valiant Lady.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Hal LeRoy, the well-known dancer, who has appeared on television from time to time? Hal is all set to play Dagwood in the proposed Blondie TV series, opposite Pamela Britton in the title role, but so far the show hasn't been scheduled. There are several interested sponsors but no good network time available. Meanwhile, Hal has been making a few night club appearances and limiting his other activities pending the start of Blondie.

Bert Lytell, at one time emcee of the Philco TV Playhouse and Father Barbour on One Man's Family? Bert passed away, at the age of sixty-nine, last fall in New York City, following an operation. He was one of the pioneer performers on television, following a distinguished career in films and the theater. His widow is Grace Menken, the actress.

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 Street, New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.
NOW, there is a hair spray that holds your wave softly... naturally!

never a stiff, artificial look

Helene Curtis spray net*

You may turn up your pretty nose at ordinary hair sprays but not at Helene Curtis SPRAY NET!

If you've often wished for a hair fixative that really kept your hair in place all day... if you've often wished for a hair spray that held your wave softly, naturally without ever drying it...

Stop wishing — here is the hair spray made to order for you!

From morning to night, Helene Curtis SPRAY NET holds your hair in place, regardless of wind or humidity... sets your pin curls for hurry-up hair-do's... keeps wigs and stragglers right in line. And it does it more softly than you ever dreamed possible, thanks to exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion.

Do try it — you'll wonder how a spray so "like nothing on your hair" can do so much!

SUPER SOFT OR REGULAR
Giant Economy Size $1.89 Plus tax

No drooping waves on rainy days, no flyaway curls in the wind with SPRAY NET!

When you're late for a date, set your pin curls in minutes with SPRAY NET!

Now there are two types of SPRAY NET: Regular and the new Super Soft SPRAY NET

If your hair is "baby-fine" or you like the casual look, new Super Soft SPRAY NET, without lacquer, will be beautifully right. For hair that's thick and harder-to-manage, for elaborate hair-do's, choose REGULAR SPRAY NET, the favorite of millions!

(Continued from page 14)

HAWKINS FALLS Politics at the hospital threatens the security of Dr. Floyd Corey and his wife, as Floyd, no longer chief of the Board, considers an offer from a hospital in another town. It's a fine offer — and a fine offer — but neither of the Coreys want to admit how hard it is to think of going even seven-five miles away from Hawkins Falls. Is it a mistake to allow one's roots to go so deep? Or is it the best way to live? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Long before she ever met Reed, Julie had dedicated her life to helping children, and, as supervisor of the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House, had made a real home for children who were temporarily or permanently without one. Her happy marriage to Reed never interfered with her work, and she never anticipated that one day she might have to take a long look at the two most important things in her life. CBS Radio.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. In her anxiety to get the best possible health program for the town's children, Joyce Jordan takes on some powerful opponents, knowing her very career may be attacked. Will lawyer Mike Hill be an enemy or an ally... or something neither he nor Joyce at first imagines? Not even Mike's engagement can keep him from responding to the fact that Joyce is not only a dynamic crusader but a fascinating woman. NBC Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL The dread of the murder charge that hung over Nancy's head is cleared away, but Bill Davidson sees a different sort of threat — his daughter's gratitude toward the clever young lawyer who saved her deepens into a more intense interest. Is it the mystery surrounding Peter Dyke Hampton that intrigues Nancy? Or is it the man himself? How can Bill help? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Several times since Belle found Lorenzo again, he has seemed on the verge of regaining his lost memory, and she lives for the day when he will at last recall their marriage and recognize her as the wife with whom he was once so happy. But, as she concentrates on helping Lorenzo, Belle leaves herself an easy victim to the plans of Phoebe Larkins and Roger Caxton — plans that might include murder. NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Paul Raven's first wife was determined to ruin any chance for happiness he might find in his marriage to Vanessa, but the trouble between Paul and Van is not entirely Judith Raven's fault. Van is deeply upset when Paul, instead of turning to her for help and comfort, mistakenly tries to protect her by putting barriers between them. Will Van's sister Meg become Judith's unknowing tool? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Loyalty to her old friend Alf Pierce left Ma in for one of the most distressing experiences of her life as trustee for Alf's money. Young Billy Pierce's scheming wife, Laura, finally had forced Ma to resign the trust, but Ma could not stand by and see the Pierce Milk Company ruined for Laura's benefit. But
DIARY

when Ma buys the milk company she has no thought of the difficulties that lie ahead. CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Leslie Northurst's audacious plot is so well prepared that even Sunday can see why he hoped to be able to defraud her husband, Lord Henry Brinthope, out of the title and estate she knows to be rightfully his. But before Leslie can be exposed he is killed, and by his very death becomes a far greater danger than the Brinthropes have ever faced, for it is Lord Henry himself who is suspected of the murder. CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The oil well on which Father Young counted so much has brought plenty of trouble to the family, but little else so far. The imminent destruction of Grayson's structure of lies—the lies with which he thought he had trapped Mr. Young—seems less important now than the family's desperate efforts to save Carter from destroying himself under the mistaken belief that he has killed a man. Will they be too late? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON From the beginning of his acquaintance with the distracted young mother Lois, it is apparent to Perry Mason that blackmail is behind her anguish. But Lois, a secretary, hasn't the kind of money to interest a blackmailer. Is it her job with an important firm that holds the key to her value? The further Perry goes with Lois's case, the more he suspects about the kind of game in which she has become a pawn. CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE With the help of his wife Portia, Walter Manning tries to use intelligence and common sense to turn his romantic interest in young Dorrie Blake into the casual friendship it must be if many lives are not to be wrecked. But a chance to blacken Walter's name is not likely to be overlooked by Ralph Staley. Will he do the job so well that even Portia is confused? What role will Dorrie's ex-husband play? CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS When Carolyn Nelson befriended Sherry Wayne, she was aware that she was getting involved, as her husband Miles warned her, in a dangerous situation. Sherry's death, and the will in which she made Carolyn her beneficiary, prove Miles was more right than he knew, for Sherry's husband has his own plans for the money. But Carolyn is more worried over a possible rift with Miles. NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE At last Jim sees the pattern behind Sybil Overton's actions as his wife Jocelyn's citizenship comes under question. Under suspended sentence for the so-called kidnapping into which she was trapped by Sybil, Jocelyn could be refused re-entry into the country. But Jim has decided that it is time for something else to come under serious investigation—and that something is Sybil's sanity. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Brett Chapman's desertion of Helen has plunged her into dejection she will not

(Continued on page 24)
admit even to her dearest friend. For the first time she even doubts that Gil Whitney will win his freedom from the marriage into which Cynthia trapped him, though Helen still believes in the love she and Gil have never forgotten. How will Cynthia’s cousin, Gwen Sewell, affect the future Gil hopes to share with Helen? CBS Radio.

**ROSEMARY** The Springfield Boys Club, sponsored by Bill and Rosemary Roberts, has done a lot of good work, and the misguided behavior of young Lonnie at first appears to be something they can all take in stride. But proving Lonnie innocent of the serious accusation is neither easy done nor easily forgotten. Can Bill’s enemies in town take advantage of Lonnie’s tragic mistake? How can Rosemary help? CBS Radio.

**SEARCH FOR TOMORROW** As Joanne Barron’s friends fight desperately for her acquittal, little Mr. Higbee congratulates himself on having framed her so successfully that the truth about “Hazel Tate’s” murder will never be known. But his arrogance blinds him to the fact that inch by inch his camouflage is being torn away, and soon the prosecution is aware of his existence. Will the final blow come from one of his own henchmen? CBS-TV.

**THE SECOND MRS. BURTON** Does Mother Burton really want to break up her daughter Marcia’s marriage to Lew Archer? She would deny the accusation indignantly, but unless something stops her she may be going to do just that with her persistent refusal to let either of her children live an independent life. With the sagacious help of his wife Terry, Stan Burton has almost cut the silver cord. Will they be called on to help Marcia? CBS Radio.

**THE SECRET STORM** When Peter Ames chose Ellen Tyrrell instead of her sister Pauline, their marriage seemed only a temporary obstacle to Pauline’s twisted mind. But when, on Ellen’s death, Peter still refused to turn to her, Pauline’s bitterness turned savagely against Jane Edwards, the housekeeper who rapidly became so important to Peter and his beloved children. Can Pauline enlist the town’s aid to break up Peter’s family? CBS-TV.

**STELLA DALLAS** The happiness of her daughter Laurel is the most important thing in Stella’s life, and she refuses to believe that Laurel can find it by ending her marriage to Dick Grosvener. Despite the insane scheme concocted by wealthy Ada Dexter to get Laurel married to her son, Stanley Werrick, Stella is certain that not even Ada’s money can come between two who love each other. Has Laurel begun to doubt that love? NBC Radio.

**TYPHOON** Wyn Robison’s cagey effort to stay one step ahead of discovery finally climaxes with a visit from Fred Molina, who at last knows that she has been behind the attempts to kill him and Nora. Fred finds himself confronting not Wyn alone but Dan Welch, Rich Camras and Lee King, and in the ensuing brawl is so severely wounded that he barely gets back to his office before collapsing. Does Nora face stark heartbreak? CBS Radio.

**VALIANT LADY** After the lonely months of widowhood, Helen Emerson knows she is on the edge of new happiness when pilot Chris Kendall admits he loves her. But Chris’ past suddenly comes between them—not so much the fact that he has a wife in a mental home and a son, but the fact that he kept them secret from Helen. Can she put her trust in a man who was not completely open from the beginning? CBS-TV.

**WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS** A new life, complete with new problems, opens for Wendy as she fulfills an old dream and becomes editor of a small town paper. The keen young assistant who has small regard for women in authority—the interesting doctor who, like Wendy, has seen his share of death... how will they figure in the future to which Wendy looks forward resolutely, hoping for contentment but not expecting joy? CBS Radio.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** Joan Davis’ deep affection for people and her understanding of human nature have always endowed her with keen insight into their actions. But her association with Dr. Davon has introduced her to the kind of mental and emotional problems that ordinary people either do not experience or fail to recognize. Will this help her if she or someone she loves should become entangled in just such a problem? ABC Radio.

**THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE** When Carolyn Wilson got married, Jeff Carter’s mother watched him closely for some sign that he regretted his marriage. She had to content herself with very little, for if Jeff had really been considering giving up his bachelor status for Carolyn, he concealed his chagrin completely. But now it appears that Carolyn’s marriage has not worked out. Will Jeff accept this as a second chance? NBC Radio.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** It is plain enough to Jerry that Tracy’s past holds a secret she cannot bring herself to share. Will this, plus the resentment of Jerry’s young daughter Jill, be more than enough to cloud this marriage from which Jerry and Tracy hope so much? Meanwhile, Marcia Sutton’s careful scheme to make her husband, Dr. Ted Mason, top man at Dean Clinic reaches explosion point as Ted shows his own hand. CBS Radio.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** In her desperate search for happiness, Ellen Brown finds herself suddenly caught between two threatening forces. For reasons that emerge from a mysterious past, Gerald Forsyth has determined to prevent her marriage to his brother Michael. And Millicent Loring fears that the revelation of her incomplete divorce will nullify her marriage to Anthony, freeing him to return to Ellen. NBC Radio.
Teen On TV

Dear Editor:

I would like some information on Billy Gray, who plays Bud in the situation comedy, Father Knows Best, on CBS-TV. Where can I write for a picture of him?

S.S., Chicago, Ill.

A movie and TV veteran at 17, Billy Gray had no “early” acting ambitions—although his mother and younger brother were both on the stage. But one day, Billy went to see his brother Freddy in a play and an agent asked if he’d like to work in pictures. Billy was agreeable, if not enthusiastic and, from his first bit part in “Our Odd Car,” he went on to important roles in such films as “On Moonlight Bay,” “The Man Who Came Back,” “The Girl Next Door,” “By the Light of the Silvery Moon,” and his latest, “All I Desire.”

Born in Los Angeles on January 13, 1938, Billy is now a student at Universal High School. After school and TV hours, Billy likes to overhaul motors, is an enthusiastic deep-sea and spear fisherman, an expert swimmer and water-skier, and an occasional baby sitter for his younger brother Freddy. For a picture, write to him c/o Father Knows Best, CBS-TV, 6121 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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.

Bets Pets (Betty White), c/o Jeanie Calvin, 761 Illinois, Pomona, Calif.
The Simminettes (Lu Ann Simms), c/o Jane Leone, 121 Fage Ave., Syracuse, S., N. Y.
Liberace Fan Club, c/o Linda Maitzen, 6606 W. Foster Ave., Chicago 31, Ill.
Donald O’Connor Fan Club, c/o Susan Webster, 105 Tenth Ave., Charles City, Iowa.

(Continued on page 27)
Jean Vann and Bruce McGorrill
are having a wonderful time sharing
with Portland viewers the pleasures of

Living Down East

Since last December, Station WCHS-TV's viewers in and around Portland, Maine, have been treated to a unique program—dedicated just to them—Living Down East. Each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at noon, hostess Jean Vann and host Bruce McGorrill are brimming over with entertaining and exciting items...a new shopping idea, the latest news, a chat with an interesting personality—everything and anything pertaining to life down East.

One of the nicest aspects about Living Down East is that Hostess Jean and Host Bruce are so genuinely pleased to be down-Easters themselves. Originally, Jean came from Newburgh, New York, and was a much-travelled young lady before settling in Portland. She was educated at Rollins College, Florida, Middlebury College, Vermont, and the University of Pennsylvania. During World War II, Jean served as an assistant publications chief for the Arctic, Desert and Tropics branch of the Air Force. And, for five years, she lived in South America. Since her switch to Portland and TV, Jean has been sitting on a cloud of happiness over her new home and work. Jean lives in an apartment with her cocker spaniel, Lindy Lou. "Someday," says Jean, "if a guest doesn't appear for the show, I'm going to have Lindy Lou as guest!"

As for Bruce McGorrill, he's been a down-Easter all his life. Born in Portland, educated at Bowdoin College, Bruce lives with his parents in an old Colonial home on the ocean shore. Off-camera he busies himself with civic work, acting, skiing, golfing, sailing and tennis. And, says he, "I'm content to enjoy life as it goes by, living down East."

Both Jean and Bruce are having a wonderful time sharing with WCHS-TV audiences the pleasurable aspects of Living Down East. One feature of the show they particularly enjoy came about after author John Gould was their guest. Mr. Gould had appeared with a box containing what he called "conversation pieces"—interesting items to talk about when there was a lull in the conversation. Later, when Jean and Bruce invited viewers to send in their own conversation pieces, the response was so great, the idea became a regular feature on the show. Some items discussed have been an old metal pick used in the late 1800's for opening milk cans, and a mechanism from an old-fashioned haying machine. All in all, Living Down East has proved to be a delightful combination of entertainment and instruction. Those who haven't should tune in and see for themselves why so many people are happy and proud to be called down-East Yankees.
Road Of Life

Dear Editor:

I grew up listening to The Road Of Life on radio and now we are getting it on TV! The voices sound so like those on the radio version. Could you tell me whether the players are the same and who the players are?

G.C., Austin, Texas

Both the cast and the story-line on the CBS Radio and CBS-TV versions of The Road Of Life are the same. The players are: Don MacLaughlin as Dr. Jim Brent; Virginia Dwyer as Jocelyn Brent; Barbara Becker as Sybil Overton Fuller; Harry Holcombe as Malcolm Overton; Bill Lipton as John Brent; Elizabeth Lawrence as Francie Brent; Michael Kane as Armand Monet; Elspeth Eric as Lil Monet; and Hollis Irving as Pearl Snow.

Video Ranger

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me about Don Hastings, who plays the Video Ranger on Captain Video? Where can I send for a picture of him?


Handsome Don Hastings, who has been playing the Video Ranger on Captain Video for five years, launched his career at the age of six when he wandered into a broadcasting studio to listen to his brother Bob sing. The director asked Don if he'd like to try to sing also. The result was a debut on a children's radio show, Coast To Coast On A Bus. At seven, Don toured with "Life With Father," later appeared in "I Remember Mama," and a number of other plays. "not all of them hits." For a year he had a lead role in "A Young Man's Fancy," then appeared in Tennessee Williams' "Summer and Smoke." Don's fondest stage memory). On radio, he has been heard on many top programs, including Cavalcade Of America, Theater Guild On The Air, Studio One, Hilltop House, My True Story. He debuted on video in 1946 in The Magic Cottage.

Today, at 21, Don lives with his parents in St. Albans, Long Island, New York. Don enjoys deep-sea fishing with his father, builds ship models, has a dog named Geronimo, and plays league baseball for the Cambria Heights Mohawks on summer weekends. You can write to him c/o Captain Video, Du Mont, 515 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Information Booth

Continued)

Concealing drops glorify your complexion instantly!

Westmores of Hollywood prove
Tru-Glo
the original liquid make-up
best for YOU!

HOLLYWOOD'S most famous make-up artists...

with years of experience in beautifying stars...

have created the most flattering make-up for your personal close-ups all day, all evening...proved best in giant-screen close-ups of stars! For all types of skin, get magical concealing TRU-GLO in your perfect shade, at all variety and drug stores. Guaranteed no finer quality at any price.

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.
“Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo,” says Jane Wyman. 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.

Jane Wyman
co-starring in “LUCY GALLANT”
A Paramount Picture
in VistaVision.
Color by Technicolor.
You'd think that, on Father's Day, a man with five children would be overwhelmed by kids bearing gifts—and you'd be so right! The kids love to make things, and last year the five junior Linkletters brought joy to my day with the following:

Robert (ten) gave me a space ship made out of orange crates. (He later lugged it out to the back yard where he and the neighbor's boy proceeded to make daily visits to the moon.)

Dawn (fourteen) knitted me a picture of a horse. (She's learning to knit.)

Sharon (eight) made an ash tray of colored clay, roasting it in the oven. (I don't smoke.)

And Mother's Day, too—as Lois and I have discovered, in bringing up our five little Linkletters.
We're both working broadcasters these days, now that Jack has a radio show of his own. And what father isn't proud to have his eldest son following the same career?

Diane (five and a half) mounted, on beaver board, pictures of ships cut out of my favorite magazines. (This was in anticipation of Lois' and my trip around the world.)

And Jack (seventeen, and with a KNX radio show of his own, Jack Lintkletter's Teen Club) pounded out a horse's head on a sheet of copper. The sulphur he darkened it with smelled up the house for two days. (He also gave me a red tie I had given him the Christmas before.)

Of course, I like the thought that the kids want to go to the trouble of making something for their Dad. But, each year, as I stow the gifts in the upstairs box devoted to this very purpose, I can't help thinking that: Father's Day could be skipped and never missed; in its place, we could have two Mother's Days each year—after all, Mother does most of the work...

The story of the Five Little Lintkletters and How They Grew begins in San Francisco. That's where our number one boy, Jack, was born. The doctor charged us $250 for Jack. For every baby he delivered after our first, he said he'd knock off $50; if we had twins, he'd deliver them for nothing; triplets, he'd deliver for free and take us to dinner besides.

We had two more children in San Francisco: Dawn was delivered for $200, Robert for $150. I began thinking I couldn't afford not having them. Then, as I became more successful in radio, we moved to Hollywood. Immediately, the price of children went up.

Sharon cost us $1500!

I almost gave up the idea of a big family when I saw that bill! After all, I knew Lois' history in the delivery room. She has our children without any trouble. So what could cost $1500? Why, when Dawn was born, we were up the coast at the Bohemian Club. Lois said, "I think it's time..." We drove (Continued on page 78)
Sharon's gifts are handmade, like this ashtray she baked in our oven. Personally, I don't smoke. But it's the thought that counts—and the precious fingerprints.

Just what I wanted: Five little Linkletters (Diane, Jack, Dawn, Sharon, Robert)—and a jeweled fly swatter!!!
Always fond of animals, Liz Lawrence makes friends with a real French "doll"—a poodle named Poupée.

She studies her script by her own fireside . . . dresses for her favorite role—with her cherished mustard-seed earrings . . .
TO THE HEART'S DESIRE

By ELIZABETH BALL

Nora Drake's friend, Marguerite, has met with many an adventure in her real life as Elizabeth Lawrence

She's played many characterizations on stage, TV and radio—including the loyal Marguerite in This Is Nora Drake—but Elizabeth Lawrence is a character in her own right, straight from the pages of romance. She goes about New York bareheaded, her ash-blonde hair in a pony-tail, no make-up. She's tall, slim, blue-eyed, and of Dutch extraction. She isn't beautiful . . . she's something better—eager, alert, and electric. Alive. More alive than almost any girl you ever met!

Liz lives on the top floor of a cold-water flat (a walk-up) in downtown Manhattan. She tells you, with genuine glee, "Right now, the $21.50 I pay for rent looks right good to me."

The things she's done would fill a big, fat book: Before her heart found the place where it belongs, Liz was a pre-medical student . . . had three years of pre-med at the University of Michigan. During World War II, she joined (Continued on page 96)

Elizabeth Lawrence is Marguerite in This Is Nora Drake, CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M., as sponsored by The Toni Company and Bristol-Myers Co. She's Francie Brent in The Road Of Life—CBS Radio, 1 P.M.; CBS-TV, 1:15 P.M.—M-F, for Procter & Gamble Co. Also, Elsa Lockwood in The Right To Happiness, M-F, NBC Radio, 3:45 P.M., for Procter & Gamble. (All EST)

and sets off to work, as Marguerite, in the studios 'way uptown.

Liz does her own home repairs and chores, loves to cook for friends (below, actress Ruth Newton of the Nora Drake cast and publicist Patti Goldstein).
Proudly, Jim shows a recent portrait of his actress-mother, Lila Lee, to three co-workers from Valiant Lady—Jay Ails, production assistant; John Desmond, assistant director; and Dolores Sutton, who plays Mickey Emerson's sister, Diane.
Valiant Lady’s Jim Kirkwood, Jr. has rather different plans for his real and TV mothers—and himself

By MAY SCHUPACK

Mickey Emerson of Valiant Lady goes into a tailspin whenever it looks as though his widowed mother may be planning to remarry: He broods and sulks and, on occasion, fights with Helen Emerson’s beau. . . . James Kirkwood, Jr.—who plays Mickey—has quite a different attitude toward his own mother, actress Lila Lee of silent-picture fame: He wants his mother to get married again.

“I’m always on the lookout for nice guys for Mother to meet,” Jim confides. “I’d love for her to be married. . . . I can understand how Mickey feels. He doesn’t want his home disrupted and, once a stepfather comes into the picture, that’s apt to happen. But, with me, there’s no home to disrupt. That happened a long time ago, when I was three or four—so long ago, I can’t remember what it was like to have a home with two parents.

“I can’t say it made me (Continued on page 83)

James Kirkwood, Jr. is Mickey Emerson in Valiant Lady, CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, sponsored by General Mills, Inc., and The Toni Co.

Pictures on the walls, above Jim’s head, tell a life story, as Jim does his homework, dreams of outdoor sports, shaves for a date. At left, portraits of his parents, Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, in their heyday as silent-screen stars. At right, a night-club view of the very successful, youthful comedy team of (Jim) Kirkwood and (Lee) Goodman.
Faith in each other
Gloria McMillan of Our Miss Brooks is one young bride who knows the secret which can make romance last forever

By BUD GOODE

Marriage: That's the magic word. A happy marriage to the right boy is every young girl's most cherished dream. There is no kiss with more sweetness than the one which follows the marriage vows; there is no more beautiful symbol of completeness than the perfect circle of a gold wedding band. Yes, marriage is a many-splendored thing: No one knows this more surely than our newest TV bride, Gloria McMillan Allen.

Gloria McMillan—better known to her fans as teen-aged Harriet Conklin on Our Miss Brooks, over CBS-TV and CBS Radio—has this to say about her four-month-old marriage: "It's exciting. Very exciting. Very, very exciting!"

Marriage was the furthest thought from Gloria's mind that Sunday morning, twelve months ago, when she stepped into the Crib Room of the Beverly (Continued on page 81)

Our Miss Brooks is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by General Foods Corp.—heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by Anacin and The Toni Co.

Gloria—our "Harriet Conklin"—weds Gil Allen.

Shower: Gloria's mother serves the bride-to-be, at the party given by Mrs. Thomas Atchison and Miss Nadine Camden.

Wedding: Above—Gloria, with Mrs. Thomas Breslin, Harvey Grant, Connie West and her mother Eve, Mimi Gibson. Below—Gloria's TV dad, Principal Conklin (Gale Gordon), gave the bride away, and Miss Brooks (Eve Arden West) congratulated her pet "pupil" and bridegroom Gil.
Gloria McMillan of Our Miss Brooks is one young bride who knows the secret which can make romance last forever

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Our Miss Brooks is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by General Foods Corp.—heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by Anacin and The Toni Co.
J

EAULOUSY—the green-eyed monster with the acrid taste of gall on its tongue—seemed to Jocelyn Brent, at the moment, to be the invisible force. Otherwise, what was visible was a triangle: Herself, her husband—Dr. Jim Brent—and Sybil Overton Fuller. The monster had distorted and warped Sybil's entire life, Jocelyn thought. and now, here it is, cruelly whispering in my ear. . . . Jocelyn reflected that she herself had agreed to this situation. Jim was deep in conversation with Sybil. But, if he was being charming and was flattering Sybil with his undivided attention, Jocelyn reminded herself that she and Jim had agreed this was the only course open to them. . . . When Jim had not returned Sybil's love and had married Jocelyn instead, Sybil had begun a campaign of unremitting attacks aimed at breaking up the Brents' marriage. Now it looked as though Sybil had finally found a way to bring the walls of the Brent household tumbling down. . . . Jocelyn thought back to the flurry of her arrival in the United States, from Samoa, for medical treatment. At that time, they had neglected to fill out the necessary registration papers for aliens. Then, Jocelyn had been technically convicted of kidnapping because of an innocent afternoon's outing with Sybil's child. Sentence had been suspended—but, with the conviction on her record, Jocelyn has suddenly been classed as an undesirable alien! With Sybil bringing all her power and influence to bear, Jocelyn is threatened with what looks like certain deportation. . . . Perhaps, if they can expose Sybil's motives, they can avert this tragedy. Only Jim—by "being nice" to her, as they had agreed—can get Sybil to give herself away. But Sybil is a strong-willed woman, not easily led or persuaded. She is an attractive woman who usually gets what she goes after—as Jocelyn knows—and Sybil has wanted Jim Brent for a long time. . . . Jim looks on Sybil as a sick woman and feels pity for her. But, if they continue to be "friendly," Jocelyn reflects, might not Jim come to feel an entirely different emotion toward Sybil? Could anything less convince Sybil to help fight a "technicality" that could separate Jocelyn from Jim forever? Life takes us down many strange paths and around many unexpected corners. Which is the turning that will lead Jim and Jocelyn Brent down the road of life together?

The Road Of Life is heard on CBS Radio, 1 P.M. EST—and seen on CBS-TV, 1:15 P.M. EST—both M-F, for Ivory Soap, Spic'n Span, Crisco, Drene and Ivory Flakes. Don MacLaughlin, Virginia Dwyer and Barbara Becker are pictured here (left to right), in their roles as Dr. Jim Brent, Jocelyn Brent, and Sybil Overton Fuller.

Jim and Jocelyn Brent come to a difficult crossroads as a woman scorned seeks bitter revenge in the destruction of their marriage.
TO  

Helen Trent  

WITH LOVE

Although this is a story about Julie Stevens and the cast and staff of The Romance Of Helen Trent, it is also the story of hope and cheer that came to a lovely young woman during one long night of darkness.

Mrs. Melody Miller is not apt to forget the first time she heard Julie Stevens' voice. She was lying flat on her back in a hushed hospital room, her head held closely by heavy sandbags so she could not move it, even inadvertently, the tiniest bit. There had been an accident, and now skilled medical men were working desperately to save her sight. "We must wait a week before we can operate," they said. "Meanwhile, you must be absolutely quiet."

The accident happened late in November, 1941—nine days before Pearl Harbor—and, though she did not know it then, her country would soon be at war. Already, however, Melody Miller was beginning her own (Continued on page 75)

Julie Stevens' warm, friendly voice came out of the darkness to Melody Miller—and led to a dream of light

By FRANCES KISH

Julie Stevens stars in the title role of The Romance Of Helen Trent, heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 12:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Prom Home Permanents, the Whitehall Pharmaceutical Co., and Boyle-Midway, Inc.
But Julie couldn't guess—by mail—that her devoted listener is also an accomplished musician and composer!

Julie, Melody and Florence Robinson (who plays Ginger LeRoy) are seated at organ. Standing at left—Ernie Ricca, David Gothard (Gil Whitney), Beth; seated—Harald Bromley (Señor Alicante) and Teri Keane (Loretta Cole). Standing at right—Bess McCammon (Agatha Anthony), Helene Dumas (Lydia Brady), John Stanley (Jeff Brady), Andree Wallace (Cynthia Whitney), Fielden Farrington, Cathleen Cordell (Gwen Sewell); seated—writer Ruth Borden, Hal Studer (Richie Chapman).
TV can get a good comedian down, but it can't knock him out—not if he has Red Buttons' philosophy!
O f late," The New York Times reported last December, "television comedians have been collapsing from fatigue like flies in a Flit storm." There was Martha Raye, for one. Then Jan Murray collapsed doing a benefit. But the biggest blow of all had been reported Thanksgiving morning: "The strain in the life of television comedians is in evidence at NBC. Red Buttons was in Le Roy Hospital yesterday suffering from a virus infection, and will not appear on his program tomorrow night. He is the third NBC performer to become ill within a week . . . Milton Berle collapsed from exhaustion after doing his regular show and could not appear as a guest on the Martha Raye program. Joan Blondell also became ill last week during a rehearsal for the Comedy Hour and had to be replaced."

The millions who watched The Red Buttons Show that Friday night were surprised to learn that the irrepressible little comedian was ill. They knew, however, that nothing can get Red down. He'd probably be back in a week, singing "The Ho Ho Song" as though he hadn't a care in the world—the great, wide, wonderful world!

But the crowd that gathers at Lindy's, Broadway's famous restaurant rendezvous for show people, was frankly worried. They all knew Red—knew the story behind his success. Back in 1952, when CBS had starred him in his own program, he was virtually unknown to the public at large. It took just thirty seconds, however, to correct that. Thirty seconds after Red stepped before the cameras, he was a hit—the most famous new comic in TV. But behind those thirty seconds there were twenty-one years of hard work on Broadway, in Hollywood and in the Catskills, playing everything from bar mitzvahs to wedding receptions, vaudeville to burlesque, night clubs to movies. That proved to be (Continued on page 80)
"You can't put it into words"

Deborah brings a glimpse of heaven to Dorothy Collins and Raymond Scott, who wanted a baby so very, very much

By GLADYS HALL

One morning late last fall, a telegram was delivered to me:

"DOROTHY HAD AN EIGHT POUND BABY GIRL. BOTH DOING FINE. WE'RE SO THRILLED BECAUSE WE SO MUCH WANTED A BABY GIRL."

The telegram was signed "RAYMOND SCOTT."

Two weeks later, to the day, Dorothy Collins Scott was at home, sitting in a low-cushioned chair and holding her baby. "A doll holding a doll" was the picture they made... and, as I watched her looking down at the little girl's black hair (Raymond's hair), at the blue, blue eyes (Raymond's eyes), the wonder in her face was wonderful to see.

"There is nothing like it," she said, in a voice as soft as the singing voice with which she lullabies tiny Deborah. "You can't put it into words. . . .

"This is the first time I've (Continued on page 69)"

Dorothy and Raymond are stars on Your Hit Parade, NBC-TV, Sat., 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by American Tobacco Co. (Lucky Strike Cigarettes) and Richard Hudnut (Quick Home Permanent).
With Deborah in their arms or on the scales, Raymond and Dorothy know the exact weight of happiness.
"Mr. Sandman" has been so good to the Chordettes, they don't want to wake up for anything—except the Robert Q. Lewis shows

Janet Ertel and husband Archie Bleyer—who had even more to do with "Mr. Sandman" than you might suspect—have their own music shop.

Archie is the founder of Cadence Records. Janet first sang "barber-shop bass" with the original Chordettes in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

**Four Girls AND A DREAM**

By JACK MAHON

As far back as Dad can remember, the mention of a barber-shop quartet brings back memories of four mustached dandies in checkered suits gathered around the village bar or barber shop. There'd be sawdust on the floor, gaslights on the wall and songs like "Moonlight Bay," "Wait Till the Sun Shines Nelly," "My Gal Sal," and other bits of nostalgia to fill the air.

Well, that was long ago. This is the story of another barber-shop quartet Daddy would certainly never recognize. It's the tale of four highly intelligent and provocative young ladies from out of the Midwest who'd look ridiculous indeed with mustaches. Their search for a dream came true and, in the short space of six months, the girls have shot into the spotlight of national TV and recording fame.

Continued
Close harmony, from left to right: Marjorie Needham, Lynn Evans, Carol Bushman and Janet Ertel.
Carol Bushman—the "baritone"—is one of the original Chordettes from Sheboygan. Formerly Carol Hagedorn, she's married to photographer Robert Bushman. Their chief hobby is raising parakeets (one on record, below).

Lynn Evans came from Youngstown, Ohio, with husband Bob.

They are the Chordettes, an all-girl barber-shop quartet formed a few years ago in Sheboygan, Wisconsin—cradle of many barber-shop combinations—and today are the stars of the Robert Q. Lewis TV and radio shows. They recorded a song written by Pat Ballard, "Mr. Sandman, Send Me a Dream," last August, and this one number—given a tricky arrangement by Archie Bleyer, former musical director of the Arthur Godfrey shows—has made them the talk of the TV and recording industry. In less than two months, the record sold more than half a million copies, and Bing Crosby and Guy Lombardo have complimented them on it.

The story of the Chordettes is something of a Cinderella story, too, for it was the tricky arrangement of the melody by Bleyer, combining some of the "dum-da-da-dum" tones of the Dragnet theme with timely references to Pagliacci and Liberace, that had much to do with the success of the danceable ditty.

Then, too, the Chordettes, like Bleyer and singer Julius La Rosa, are ex- "Little Godfreys." They got their first break in September, 1949, when they won on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts program, and remained with him three and a half years before branching out on their own.

When Bleyer and La Rosa (Continued on page 84)
Marjorie Needham—"tenor" of the female barber-shop foursome—hails from Berwyn, Illinois, and is now married to Walter Latzko, musical arranger for the Chardettes. Music pours forth from their piano—the words are added when they play Scrabble!
Carol Bushman—the "baritone"—is one of the original Chordettes from Sheboygan. Formerly Carol Hagedorn, she's married to photographer Robert Bushman. Their chief hobby is raising parakeets (one on record, below).

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When Bleyer and La Rosa (Continued on page 14)
Dressed in our Sunday best: Mr. and Mrs. on sofa; Dennis at left; Randy at right.
Home with a capital H

No "Blandings" problems for Durward—our contractor-builders, Bob and Herb Kennedy, put up our dream house right on schedule.

By MARY PAXTON KIRBY

Old friends sometimes ask how I like being a housewife, after having been in radio myself for so long.

What do you do with yourself all day? they want to know, as if I had nothing to do but sit on a tuffet and eat curds and whey.

"What" indeed! Merely run a good-sized house for twelve-year-old Randy and five-year-old Dennis, two active, growing youngsters—and for a hard-working husband named Durward Kirby; who is on television at least seven times a week, who is a perfectionist (Continued on page 92)

Announcer-comedian Durward Kirby is featured on The Garry Moore Show, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, at 10 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Two homes, in fact—two wonderful sons—and Durward Kirby, too!

What more could any woman ask?

My menfolk enjoy casual outdoor life, but are well-groomed, too—particularly for church-going.

We like to take care of the furnishings—and most of the inside finishing—ourselves. I make my own rugs, and plan to make some pottery, too!
A beautiful set of furniture ... a handsome bedspread ... fine dishware ... an attractive lamp ... one of these wonderful prizes may be yours! Here's how you can

FEATHER YOUR NEST

What happiness, what delightful change, could it bring into your life if, suddenly, a whole room full of handsome new furniture were yours for the wishing—and a little wit? Having everything new, having everything match, having everything in a room combine to form a perfect setting for the pleasant drama of family living is a dream which most men and women share.

Now, without even the need to think of your budget, you have a chance to turn that dream into a reality. This month, the editors of TV Radio Mirror have joined with the producers of NBC-TV's Feather Your Nest and its star, Bud Collyer, and hostess, Janis Carter, to present a challenging contest—Feather Your Nest, Home Edition. The fabulous grand prize is an entire room full of fine furniture by Drexel Furniture Company.

Best of all, you have exactly the same shopping privilege you would have if you actually appeared in person on the program in New York. You may choose whichever room you want—the Touraine Bedroom, the American Traditional Dining Room or the Circle "D" Living Room pictured here. (Continued on page 95)

First prize in this contest will be one of the three furniture sets shown on opposite page.

Top: American Traditional Dining Room by Drexel Furniture Co., styled in cheerful, mellow knotty pine. Prize includes: dining table, nest of tables, 2 side chairs, 2 armchairs, 2 tavern chairs, cupboard base and deck, and water bench.

Middle: Circle "D" Living Room by Drexel Furniture Co., in sturdy Western ranch-style weathered chestnut oak. Prize includes: a sofa, ottoman, 2 step tables, 2 men's loafer chairs, cocktail table, bookcase, and cupboard.

Bottom: Touraine Bedroom by Drexel Furniture Co., styled with easy grace inspired by history's most romantic period. Prize includes: table, bench, bed, night table, chair, dresser, mirror.

Bud Collyer and Janis Carter wait hopefully as contestant James Mackie thinks hard for the right answer which will "feather his nest." Below, William Canfield, having answered the jackpot question correctly, joyfully embraces Janis, while Bud rejoices from the sidelines.

See Next Page
Feather Your Nest (Home Edition) Contest
TV Radio Mirror, P.O. Box 1849
Grand Central Station
New York 17, N.Y.

1. Fill out and include crossword puzzle on the opposite page with this coupon.

2. Complete the following sentence in fifty words or less: I would like the (check one only)

   - Touraine Bedroom
   - American Traditional Dining Room
   - Circle "D" Living Room

   because ____________________________________________________________
   ____________________________________________________________
   ____________________________________________________________
   ____________________________________________________________
   ____________________________________________________________
   ____________________________________________________________

3. If I am chosen as one of the twenty-four runners-up I would like:

   - Morgan Jones bedspread
   - Sight Light Floor Lamp
   - Stangl Ware, 16-piece Starter Set

   YOUR NAME ______________________________________________________
   STREET or BOX NO. ________________________________________________
   CITY or TOWN ____________________________________________________
   STATE __________________________________________________________

Be sure to include the crossword puzzle with this coupon. Mail your entry before midnight, Tuesday, April 5, 1955.
CONTEST RULES

1. Each entry must include both coupon and crossword puzzle, as printed on these pages, with your complete answers.

2. Address entries to: Feather Your Nest (Home Edition) Contest, TV Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 1849, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

3. Contest ends midnight, Tuesday, April 5, 1955. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.

4. The first-prize winner will receive the set of Drexel furniture described on page 53 and designated as "preferred" on the contestant's coupon. The next twenty-four runners-up will receive a Morgan Jones bedspread in Minnet pattern—or a Sight Light Floor Lamp—or a 16-piece set of Stangl Ware in Amber-Glo pattern—according to preference designated on coupon.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of accuracy in completing the crossword puzzle and originality in stating reasons for choice of furniture, 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 Colgate-Palmolive Co., and their agencies.

8. All entries 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 July 1955 issue of TV Radio Mirror.

Fill out the puzzle below and include with coupon on opposite page.

ACROSS
1 The comedienne pictured here (full name).
6 On radio and TV he's a police sergeant who seldom gets "tangled up" (last name).
9 His trademarks: A smile and can-delaebra.
10 Initials of Welcome Travelers' host.
12 Since TV, more people spend this night at home (abbreviated).
14 His middle initial is the 17th letter of the alphabet (first name).
16 The man with the Heartline (last name).
18 Opposite of his.
20 The Right — Happiness.
22 Lucille Ball is — Desi Arnaz.
24 John Cameron Swayze's subject.
26 Emcee of You Asked For It (last name).
27 There are more sets in the — than in any other country.
28 Initials of Leo Durocher's wife.
30 She plays radio and TV's favorite teacher (first name).
31 Harriet Nelson's husband.
34 Luncheon — Sardi's.
35 If you have TV, you're sure to — quite a few shows.
36 Roy Rogers would more likely be found on a — than in a night club.
41 This actor's last name is the same as Cain's brother.
43 — Young stars in her own TV show.
45 Title of TV situation comedy in which David Wayne stars.
48 Female singing voice.
49 Do you have a radio in your —? (last name).
50 Synonym for anger.
51 China —, TV adventure series.
53 Jackie Gleason stands at the of the long list of TV comedians.
54 Circus stars perform in these.
55 "You'd be — nice to come home to."
56 — The People, once-popular radio show.

DOWN
1 The Woman — My House.
2 He says he's a common man, "and you can't hardly get them no more" (last name).
3 Mr. And Mrs. — mystery show.
4 Orchestra leader Harry — spécialist in Hawaiian music.
5 Last name of TV cowboy whose horse's name is Champion.
7 TV viewers can be more at — than theater-goers.
8 This redhead says "strange things are happening" on TV (last name).
11 A TV mike is often attached to a —.
13 "Second banana" on Jackie Gleason's show (first name).
15 Gracie Allen's "better half" (last name).
16 He's funny, he's a Hoosier and he plays the harmonica (first name).
17 He thinks People Are Funny (last name).
21 Make Room — Daddy.
23 Victory At —
26 TV host called "Smiley" (first name).
27 Once — a time.
29 Who'd tell his sponsor to fly a —? (first name).
30 Last name of June Collyer's husband.
32 This husky fellow plays a mighty hot violin on TV (last name).
33 Often called "Ski Nose" (initials).
37 His wife is Jayne Meadows (last name).
38 Ray Milland and Phyllis Avery are — husband and wife in real life.
39 Milton — has long been commentator for broadcasts from the "Met."
40 Opposite of she.
41 Life Begins — 80.
42 His radio show was Nightmare (last name).
44 First word of Ralph Edwards' show.
46 — Man's Family.
47 Seconds are most important on his show (first name).
48 You — There.
50 See — Now.
52 Person — Person.
Professional Father

Steve Dunne knows it doesn't take psychology to realize that a family is really a home—and kids—and loving parents.
What is a family? According to Steve Dunne, who plays the title role in CBS-TV’s new comedy, Professional Father, a family is “one-thousand-and-one different things.”

One Sunday a few weeks ago, for example, Steve—just returned from a special appearance—was watching TV in the upstairs den when his family came in from church. The slam of the front door, and the music of happy children’s voices drifting up the stairs, announced the return of the Dunne family—Nin (Vivian, Steve’s wife), 12-year-old Steve, Jr., and 8-year-old Chris (Christina). Big Steve, his dark hair Sunday-combed in preparation for their afternoon dinner together, allowed himself a moment of prideful thought—how fortunate he was to have such a happy and healthy, such a pleasant and easygoing family.

Then the door slammed three times in quick succession. The arrival of the Dunne children at the house had been a signal for all the kids on the block to gather. The chorus of new voices added to the eruption of sound below; the door slams were punctuated by the clacking of bicycle stands on the porch steps; and, finally, the entire symphony of noise grew in crescendo as the hi-fi system warmed to its (Continued on page 87)
In a moment of happiness, Ma rejoices with Joe and Gladys over their new baby. For Gladys, once a wild little rich girl, this is the greatest wealth of all.

2. When the milk company burns down, Ma and her friends decide to rebuild it. Shuffle, Joe, lawyer Blair Buchanan and Willy meet to draw up the papers.

Ma Perkins sat quietly, a happy smile on her face. A child is born, she thought, a familiar miracle that never ceases to be new and full of wonder. The baby born to Gladys and Joe, Ma's adopted son, is a new life, a small new spirit to be led along the paths of life, needing guidance and wisdom and, above all, love.

As Ma thinks of the cherished new member of the family, her mind slips back to the sorrows and worries through which the Perkinses have just passed. Most of these sorrows had centered around young Billy Pierce and his ruthless, ambitious wife Laura—and the fact that, on his deathbed, Alf Pierce had named Ma trustee of his large estate and had asked his good friend, Ma, to keep watch over his son.

Ma could never have expected the difficulties and tragedies that resulted—the fire at the Pierce milk company . . . the false accusations that claimed Joe's negligence was the cause of the fire in which Laura's brother Max had lost his life . . . the ugly lawsuits which Laura, scheming for control of the quarter-million-dollar estate, had urged Billy to bring against the Perkins family. Only the lucky accident of a young boy's having seen Max come home with Joe, then return by himself to the milk company, had cleared Joe's name.

The milk company is Rushville Center's largest
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The milk company is Rushville Center's largest
industry, and for a while it had looked as though it must be closed down—with twenty-six men thrown out of work. To avoid this catastrophe, Ma and her family had gathered together all the money they could raise. Then, with faithful Shuffle Shober as partner, the Perkins family had borrowed the rest of the money from Banker Pendleton and had bought the milk company.

3. With a new baby to plan for, Joe throws all his energies into the plans for the new milk company. Sometimes, he's over-enthusiastic and Shuffle and Willy Fitz urge him to be more practical as Evey, Ma and Fay watch with amusement—and pride. But much is at stake, for all the money they could raise—plus a bank loan—has gone to rebuild the plant.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Ma Perkins...........................................Virginia Payne
Willy Fitz...........................................Murray Forbes
Shuffle Shober.....................................Charles Egiston
Fay....................................................Joan Tompkins
Evey...................................................Kay Campbell
Joe.....................................................Ivor Francis
Gladys..............................................Helen Lewis
Billy Pierce.......................................Kort Falkenberg
Mathilda Pendleton.............................Gladys Thornton
Blair Buchanan....................................Casey Allen

Ma Perkins is heard on CBS Radio, Mon. through Fri., at 1:15 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble, makers of Oxydol.
Now, the money has been restored to Billy. With gentle tact and kindness, Ma is helping the saddened young man to recover from the shock of the betrayal and violent death of the girl he had believed in and loved. In doing so, Ma has managed to live up to the trust vested in her by her old friend, Alf Pierce, and is thereby helping his son to build a more solid future.

In the aftermath of these trials, Ma looks about her. Her staunch friend, Willy Fitz, is doing well in his insurance business, and his wife Evey, Ma’s daughter, now president of the women’s club, is gay and happy. Ma’s other daughter, Fay, and her husband Tom have a good marriage—one which is becoming another bastion of happiness for Ma and for all their family and friends. Shuffle, as part-owner of the milk company, is probably the happiest he has ever been. Joe, one of the proudest fathers Rushville Center has ever seen, is busy rebuilding the milk company. His wife Gladys, the wild little rich girl who, under Ma’s quiet influence, settled down and became a fine wife, wants desperately only one thing—to become the best mother in the world.

It is a period of happiness and serenity in Rushville Center. But—is this the calm before the storm? Will the future beckon brightly to Ma Perkins, her family and many friends? Or will there be new difficulties—which, perhaps, are forming, even now—to challenge the wisdom and experience of the beloved Ma Perkins?
MAKE UP YOUR MIND

By MARTIN COHEN

THE WOMAN was about eight months' pregnant, and her husband was taking her out to dinner. He drove to the restaurant with care, braking lightly at traffic lights, taking turns slowly. At the restaurant, he circled the block looking for a parking place. He circled it again, and the third time around—wonder of wonders—he saw a gap. Just as he got into position to back in, a would-be cowboy galloped up in a yellow convertible—nearly causing an accident—and nosed his own car into the space.

The husband snarled and champed, ready for battle. Then his wife spoke up. Said Janet to Arthur Henley—who is the originator and producer of Make Up Your Mind—"Now, take it easy. Remember, you just discussed this (Continued on page 99)

Arthur Henley produces and directs Make Up Your Mind, on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, as sponsored by Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes.

Show keeps Art busy—10,000 letters a week!
Art Henley proves it can be fun to think, particularly about problems like those in your own family—and his!

Son Eric finds a congenial playmate in Art. Wife Janet suspects they are two of a kind—both "mechanically inclined."

Art's mind was made up, so he was surprised when the second baby was a boy—but Kenneth won his heart.

He calls to tell Janet he's working late. But home's a happy haven, with a familiar motto on the mat—and time to play with Eric.
Inger Stevens

Last November, with a TV experience of only two minor roles, Inger Stevens stepped into her first major acting assignment on the Goodyear Playhouse. Overnight, she was hailed as "an exciting new actress" and was deluged with handsome TV offers. Since then, she has starred successfully in such leading dramatic shows as Armstrong Circle Theater, Danger, Kraft TV Theater and Robert Montgomery Presents. Only 20 years old, Inger was born in Stockholm, Sweden, and came to this country when she was 9. During her childhood, she traveled all over the world with her father, who is head of Adult Education at Texas Technological College. While studying at Kansas State University, Inger tested her acting wings in little-theater work. Then last July, right after graduation, she came to New York to launch her career. During the summer she toured New England in stock roles, with Signe Hasso and Gypsy Rose Lee. In August, she returned to New York to make her TV debut—a bit part in a Studio One production. Next came a small role on the Jamie series, then her star-making part on Goodyear Playhouse. A warm, sincere and lovable person, Inger is completely wrapped up in her work. She has an apartment in New York, and someday, she says, she would like to get married and raise a family, but, at the present, her whole life is acting—the more she can do, the happier she is.

who's who in

William Redfield

All, blond and blue-eyed William Redfield sports a perennially youthful air that belies his varied and extensive experience. Born into an old theatrical family—his father was a well-known orchestra leader and his mother was one of Florence Ziegfeld's glorified beauties—young Bill was thoroughly and expertly groomed for his career. In 1936, at the age of nine, he began his apprenticeship on the Broadway stage in "Swing Your Lady." The following year, he appeared in "Excursion," "Virginia" and "Stop-Over." Then came his first big role, the lead in "Snafu," World War II interrupted Bill's promising career for 18 months, but immediately after his discharge from the Infantry he was back on Broadway, appearing in the title role of "Barefoot Boy with Cheek." Since then, he has played outstanding roles in many Broadway hits, including "Junior Miss," "Miss Liberty," "Out of This World," and "Misalliance." In television, he has starred on almost every major dramatic program, from U.S. Steel Hour and Producer's Showcase to Suspense and Justice. A quiet, studious actor, Bill most enjoys listening to good music when he isn't memorizing scripts. He expresses a preference for TV acting because "you can work for more intimate effects. The camera can do a lot for you and you for it." And, he adds with a grin, "In TV, you get more nights off."
Henry Jones

Whenever a program such as Suspense, Kraft TV Theater, Robert Montgomery Presents or Danger has need of a villain, it's a safe bet that Henry Jones will be called upon to fill the bill. Although he states a preference for comedy roles, Henry's many fine, sinister roles force him to add wistfully, "I guess I am a villain." Behind the scenes, however, the genial Mr. Jones leads a normal, pleasant life. He and his wife Judy and their children—David, 9, and Jocelyn, 5—live in New Hope, Pennsylvania, in what Henry describes as "just an old house on the Delaware River." There, too, reside an Afghan hound named Asia and a gray cat called Mouse. For a hobby, Henry says laughingly, "I mess around with oil paints—portraits mostly." Born in Philadelphia, Henry received his B.A. at St. Joseph's College and acquired early dramatic training at Philadelphia's famous Hedgerow Theater. His Broadway debut in 1938 was something he'll always remember. He played the Second Gravedigger in Maurice Evans' uncut version of "Hamlet," which took five hours to perform. Since then, Henry has delighted theater audiences in such hits as "My Sister Eileen," "This Is the Army," "The Solid Gold Cadillac," and, most recently, "The Bad Seed." Because of his many stage and TV commitments, Henry keeps an apartment in New York—but he prefers New Hope, where he can be a family man.

TV Dramas

Eileen Heckart

Although today Eileen Heckart is highly touted for her fine acting, she well remembers her disappointing high-school days in Columbus, Ohio, when she wasn't even cast in the senior class play. But later, at Ohio State University, her ambition and talent were justly rewarded with a series of major roles in college productions. In 1942, after receiving her B.A.—and marrying her college beau, Jack Yankee—Eileen ventured to New York, where she made her radio debut: Giving the commercial on The Goldbergs. On Broadway, her first theater engagement was as an understudy in "The Voice of the Turtle." Then came roles in "In Any Language," "Hilda Crane," and "The Traitor." For her schoolteacher role in "Picnic," Eileen received the Outer Circle Award and a Theater World citation. Most recently, she received rave notices for her role as the drunken mother in "The Bad Seed." A nine-year veteran of television, Eileen has consistently delighted audiences with roles on most of the dramatic shows. One performance she gave, in 1953, on the Philco Playhouse, was so moving that Marlene Dietrich sent her orchids. In 1954, she won the Sylvania TV Award as the "most outstanding character actress." Off-stage and camera, Eileen keeps house in Connecticut and plays wife to her husband Jack, a real-estate broker, and mother to sons Marc, 3, and 7-month-old Philip.

It's a great life for Jimmy Nelson, his three sons—
and the three members of Jimmy's "mahogany family"
Personal pleasure: The only time Jimmy "talks for" his real-life youngsters is when he reads them to sleep.

By GWEN AULIS

In a bingo game at an outdoor carnival in Chicago, one night about sixteen years ago, a shy, blond, ten-year-old boy named Jimmy Nelson won a dummy...a "department store" dummy, a kid's toy costing but a fraction of the astronomical figure professionals pay for their like-as-life little wooden-headed partners. But Jimmy happily named his small dummy "Danny O'Day," and started working with him.

How great the grown-up Jimmy is, these days, everyone knows who has ever watched television. Last summer, he was the ventriloquiz-master on NBC-TV's Bank On The Stars and, more recently.

headliner of his own series, Come Closer, over ABC-TV. And he's certainly no stranger to radio, with his highly popular program, this past season, over the ABC Radio network.

Seated within arm's reach of Jimmy and his "mahogany family" (which is the way Jimmy refers to the Messrs. O'Day, Higsbye and Farfel), I realized how uncanny young Nelson is, in face-to-face close-up. There, in the broad daylight, debonair Danny O'Day, Humphrey Higsbye at his most Chesterfieldian, and Farfel, the sad-eyed pooch, sat talking to me. They spoke to me separately, one at a time. They talked in unison, one interrupting the

Professional problems: Dapper Danny's wardrobe comes high—and ventriloquist Jimmy practices constantly.
SIX FELLOWS AND A DOG

(Continued)

other. They sang. They sang solo. They sang as a trio. Dummies? Perhaps. But there wasn’t a quiver, nor the ghost of a quiver, of Jimmy’s smooth, motionless lips.

But there was a quiver, an eerie chill, up and down my spine. Chafing my hands for warmth, I asked the slim, relaxed young man: “Do you think of Danny and the others as real? As—well, as alive?”

There was a pause. A silence. There was what appeared to be a question in Jimmy’s blue eyes. For Pete’s sake, I found myself thinking uneasily, doesn’t he know, either? Isn’t he quite sure?

“When I’m working with them,” Jimmy said, finally breaking the silence, “I think of them as people. On stage—with Danny on one side of me, Humphrey on the other, and, of course, Farfel—we’re three fellows and a dog.

“For instance, take one time when I was working at the Hotel Flamingo in Las Vegas. Betty Norman, the young singer, was working with me at the time. One of our numbers was a song routine which the whole unit sang, a line at a time. That is, Betty took the first line, I sang the second, then Danny and so on, until it came Humphrey’s turn. But Humphrey didn’t take his turn. We waited for him. We all waited for Humphrey to sing, including me. I waited,” said Jimmy, matter-of-factly, “just like everyone else! Offstage, though, I don’t carry it that far—not yet, at any rate. Nope, they go back into a suitcase.

“When I was a kid working in theaters and clubs around Chicago, I picked up (Continued on page 90)
Dorothy Collins

(Continued from page 44) tried; the first time I've talked about
the baby—for publication, that is. Remember
when you wanted to do a story with me
for TV Radio Mirrors, soon after we knew
we were going to have a baby, and I said
that I couldn't. I didn't dare? I didn't dare.
We wanted a baby so much, I was super-
stitious. I just felt that, if I talked about
it . . . made too many plans for it . . .
something, God forbid, might happen!
"Ever since I was a little girl," said the
still little (102-pounds-little) girl, "I've al-
ways loved babies. At home in Windsor,
Ontario, my favorite occupation was to
help care for the neighborhood babies . . .
help bathe them, you know, play with
them, feed them and, best of all, sing them
to sleep. I guess lullabies were probably
the first songs I ever sang," said the small
singing star with orchestra-leader Scott
on Your Hit Parade over NBC-TV. "And
we had our best. It was just plain
keen, I thought, not likely!
But this didn't stop me from hoping and
praying all the more fervently. For now it
wasn't just me—now there were two of us
wanting a baby. . . ."

At this moment, the nurse came in to
take the baby. Dorothy's hazel eyes fol-
lowed the small waving head out of
sight, as she added, "It was pretty silly
of me to worry, come to think of it, wasn't
it? It's just that when you want some-
th ing so much, I guess you just can't be-
lieve that it can happen to you. . . ."

"If we don't have this baby, Mama will
answer comfortably, 'I wouldn't worry—
not yet a while anyway!'"

"But I did worry. After Raymond and I
were married and so happy, I worried all
the more. I began to think: Well, you can't
have everything, can you? Having Ray-
mond, our work together . . . so happy in
love, happy at work . . . all this and a
baby, too! Oh, golly, I thought, not likely!
But this didn't stop me from hoping and
praying all the more fervently. For now it
wasn't just me—now there were two of us
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But this didn't stop me from hoping and
praying all the more fervently. For now it
wasn't just me—now there were two of us
wanting a baby. . . ."

"So when, after my visit to Dr. Colman,
my obstetrician, who lives in Forest Hills,
Long Island—and I wish every girl in the
world could have him—I knew we were
going to have our baby," Dorothy laughed,
"I was positively delirious! About an hour
later, I sent Raymond in New York and,
when I told him what Dr. Colman had told
me, two people more out of this world
and up there on a big, bright, shining pink
cloud . . . you have never seen!

"Even then—after the doctor had told
me, almost to the day, when my baby
would be born—I couldn't believe this was
happening to me! Dr. Colman said he'd
never in his life known anyone so ex-
cited over having a baby as I was. And I
ever knew anyone so happy or so 
content as I was when . . . after feeling
life . . . I didn't doubt any more. For then,
you know . . ."

"Even morning sickness . . . and mine
lasted from morning to night and, my
goodness, for the better part of five
months . . . was merely a minor discomfort
compared with the reason for it—especially as
Raymond shared it with me. I mean it,
Dr. Colman laughed, "he really did! When I
felt sick, Raymond felt sick. When I
couldn't eat, he couldn't eat. There just
doesn't anyone nicer than Raymond!" Dor-
orthy said, and the words came from her
heart, "not anywhere."

"But I believe it was after I was told
by my mother and some of my girl friends
that persistent nausea often means a girl

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that I began to get over mine," Dorothy laughed, "for, when Raymond wanted a girl so much—and he wanted a girl very much—I wanted one for him. And I was so afraid he'd be disappointed all during my pregnancy. I kept talking about our 'son,' which was to be named Mark Edward Scott—Mark for Raymond's brother, Edward for my father and brother. When the time came for the name of a girl—in the event (the unlikely event) we should have a girl—we consulted one of the name books that go from Abigail to Zelma, and with a sigh and a great sigh we kept going until we got to the D's—and when we came to Deborah, we said in unison, 'This is it!' But it was as our 'son' that I referred to the baby... until, at 12 A.M., October 21, 1954, our baby was born!

"Those four words, 'our baby was born,' taste like sugar candy," Dorothy laughed. "And of you!" I replied. I saw her after she was born—will ever, I hope! At the North Shore Hospital in Manhasset, Long Island, where I had Deborah, they didn't show you your baby until the day after the birth. But I woke up at 4 A.M., the morning after, thinking: 'If I don't see my baby, I'm going to die!' When I told my nurse, 'I must see her,' and pointed to the room, she finally and grudgingly said that the nursing mothers are given their babies at 6 A.M., and that she would see what she could do. Two hours to wait... I folded my hands and bid my soul in patience," Dorothy laughed, "for that was a lo-o-o-ng two hours! But at last it was six o'clock. And at six, on the tick, I saw her for the first time... held her for the first time... I supposed that all new mothers do—examined her from head to toes. She was perfect, absolutely perfect... although, just for a second, her little face did seem so funny. I thought she had six toes on each! She didn't," Dorothy laughed. "She has just the normal set of ten, and hair so long I could only comb and braid her hair. Raymond's—and he has such beautiful hands, fine, yet strong—oh, what a feeling it is, what an impossible-to-describe feeling it is... your first baby, safely here, in very beautiful health!"

"No, I didn't have any fear while I was carrying her... except, as I've said, that something might happen to this something-too-good—to-be-true, and that it wasn't weepy. During the whole nine months, I cried only once—I'll tell you why. I was a minute, I wasn't afraid of labor, not in the least. I would have been scared to death, but I wasn't weepy. I mean, the very first time, I just sort of figured, all those women who turn to the book to find out you're supposed to be having at that time. On the very few occasions I referred to Motherhood, I was always having exactly what I was supposed to be having, and when!

"I loved being an expectant mother," the prattle went on, unendingly and didn't need to say. "I enjoyed it. I enjoyed going to the doctor every month. I enjoyed buying the maternity clothes I didn't need—but it was a happy crying... and the sheets and blankets, and all the baby clothes, and the beautiful little bonnets, and the stuffed toys... you know, a nursery!"

"At the beginning of my seventh month, I played a three-week engagement at The Thunderbird in Las Vegas as Daisy Miller, to start when the summer became hot but the show was very strain, and I was happy crying..."

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS AND INVEST IN YOUR FUTURE

TEMPTING, and hoping. For, if anything in this world could be more wonderful than a baby it would be, I was thinking, two babies! And it could be, I suddenly realized, the most wonderful thing in the world to me. My twin, also a girl, died at birth. My mother's sister had twins. Twins 'run in families.' They run, I thought, my heart beating a fast tattoo, in mine.

"The doctor told me: 'I can find only one. But,' he added, as my face fell, 'a very nice one and, guessing by the size, a boy.'

"After I got back from Las Vegas, I didn't work any more. Stayed home. Loved that, too. Loved that of all. If Raymond and I didn't work together I wouldn't want to work at all. I'm afraid," Dorothy smiled her bright, endearing smile, "I'm just a dedicated little girl. Not rabidly ambitious—for anything, that is, except home and happiness. I love staying home. So I had a really blissful two months. I read. Took naps. And walked. Friends came out to see us. And we moved... had to move from the old house in Babylon, with its feet in the Great South Bay. We had so much fun there, and we—being nautical—loved it so much. But it was a fun house. For Raymond and me, it was a perfect house.

"So it was, Raymond had his model shop for the demonstration, and his electronics, his dark room for work on film, and the musical 'Memory Machine' he has invented. But with its three ship's cabins for bedrooms—and they were indeed ship's cabins, and the all the baths downstairs—it was not a house for a baby.

"We were lucky, though, to be able to rent this very exactly a house in Brighton, all sunny and charming, and the baby looking at it... especially lucky, since we can look out the windows and see the masts and spars of ships riding at anchor on the inlet of the Bay. In the meantime, we're looking for a house to buy and think we've found one. A big white house—also on the water—big enough for Raymond and me and the kids, and some work shop and all that. I thought of buying it this summer—and why—Mr. Brandes said he wanted to take the chance. If, when I arrived—or at any time thereafter—I felt unable to go on, he could cancel out, he said. How charming! And so I opened that Raymond and I flew out and I opened at The Thunderbird. Sang almost every song I knew," Dorothy said, "but no song was ever more welcome than the song you tell me was suggested that I include one 'baby' song... a lullaby, perhaps... but I didn't. I couldn't. It would have seemed—so sort of inappropriate."

"It was while I was in Las Vegas—although, fortunately, not until my last week there—that I began to show, to get pretty large. So large that, when I got back and went to the doctor, he thought I was pregnant in over a month, he said, 'My goodness, the baby is so big, I'm going to look for twins.'"

"Oh! I felt a thrill, I felt two thrills go up and down my spine!

"But I didn't say anything. Not a word. I couldn't. After the doctor had X-rayed... and while he was developing the negatives... I just sat there waiting, tense..."

"One of Debbie's latest gifts," said Debbie, "a sterling silver toothbrush. This," I said, when I unwrapped it, "is The End!"

"Viewing the silver toothbrush, Raymond said, 'I'm going to get so much, that what we must learn to do is—give her love freely, without stint or question, but none of the material things, later on, without her earning them."

"Raymond is very wise," said Raymond Scott's double-threat singing star and wife, "in everything he does, everything he asks. And his talent is there, it's just he's not as lucky as his wife. Whatever was born, about what he (or, just possibly, she!) would be when grown up, Raymond said, 'We're not even going to worry about it. We leave talent around—you can't help but see it.'"

"So you can," Dorothy said, "and we're not going to look for it, or for anything except her health and happiness and the way she looks, that want her to lead. We're not going to spoil her, either. It is going to be terribly hard," said Dorothy, fetching a deep, deep sigh, "to not to say spoiling her—she's spoilt enough."

"To repeat myself, so wise is Raymond, so wise is Dorothy. But then what became of Raymond's wisdom, control and precision, where did it go," Dorothy laughed aloud, "in the early hours of the morning of October 24? Out the window! I can only tell you now that, in those days, Raymond—who isn't like any other man—became every husband whose wife is about to have her
It!" and "just STATF 70NF T do Smart 8 V2. a pair(s) couldn't sing and for enclose had it! held the two was length in mond none A.M. first ing, who not It was wanting my stand. I stood at, we had enough!—I was finding it hard to believe. All the experts had said a boy. And, during the year before Debbie's birth, eight or nine babies of people we knew had been girls. The law of averages operating as it does, I'd made up my mind to a boy.

As an expectant father, Father Scott said he'd had rather a grim time of it: "All the time Dorothy was in labor—the six hours that seemed like six years—I kept my eye on the door of the delivery room. Kept my eye glued to that door," Raymond said, as if amused, but still only half-amused, at himself, "until I heard someone suggest that, if I would take my eyes off the door, just for a minute, it might open! I have no idea who the someone was, unless it was the other expectant father who was keeping the vigil with me. This makes sense, I thought, remembering that 'a watched pot never boils.' So, for one moment, I looked away. In that moment, I heard a woman's voice asking, 'Don't you want to see your baby? And then, into the unbroken silence, 'Aren't you going to ask what it is?'"

"Why, yes," I recall saying, rather disinterestedly—still it not having penetrated that she was talking to me—"what is it?"

"Let's just say," Raymond smiled, "that I wasn't functioning too well, if at all. hadn't been for some hours... didn't for some hours to come. When I left the hospital, I found that I'd left the lights on in the car, which meant—considering the number of hours they'd been left on—that I had to have the batteries recharged. When I made a phone call, put the dime in and got the dial tone," Raymond laughed, "I asked dial tone for the number! When I got home, I boiled eggs in a pot with no water! "Happiness," Raymond observed, "goes to the head. It went to mine."

There, in answer to the question I'd been waiting to ask—"But why did you want a little girl so much?"—Raymond gave an answer every wife would hope to hear from every husband.

"Very frequently," Raymond said, "a girl is very much like the mother, and this was my reason for wanting a little girl... for nothing I could anticipate would be more thrilling than to have another little Dorothy around—and if, as we hope, we have other children, as many little Doro-thys as possible!

"Meanwhile, our hope for little Debbie is that we will make her as happy as she has made us."

"There just isn't anyone nicer than Ray-mond," Dorothy had said, "not any-where."

When, on Saturday, November 20... less than a month after her baby was born... Dorothy returned to the show and to the ovation given her by the cast, by the stagehands... by all the kids... the first song she sang was "Count Your Blessings."

"When we were rehearsing," Dorothy told me the next day, "I couldn't get through the song without crying. I didn't dare think of Deborah, or I'd be off again! I always feel what I sing, I always mean every word of the songs I sing... but never more so than when I was singing 'Count Your Blessings,' meaning every syllable of every word of it... for oh, I do—thanking God as I do—count mine!"

---

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Inside Radio
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Monday through Friday

Morning Programs
8:30 8:45 Local Program
8:55 It Happens Every Day
John MacLean 8:55 Betty Crocker

9:00 Breakfast Club
Robert Horligh Easy Does It
News of America

9:15 News
9:30 9:45

10:00 Mary Margaret McBride
10:05 Norma Vincent Peale
Joyce Jordan
10:15 Doctor's Wife
10:45 Break The Bank
11:00 Strike It Rich
11:15 Phrases That Pays
11:30 Second Chance

Afternoon Programs
12:00 Postscript Frederick
12:15 Reporting
12:30 12:45 Break The Bank
12:30 12:45

1:00 News, Cedric Foster
1:15 Lupeche At Bard's
1:30 Ted Steele Show
1:45

2:00 Luncheon With
2:15 Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes
2:30 2:45 Ruby Mercer Show
Wonderful City
Betty Crocker 2:35 Martin Block
Martin Block (con.)

3:00 News
3:15 3:30 Woman In Love
3:30 3:45 Right To Happiness

4:00 Backstage Wife
4:15 Stella Dallas
4:30 Young Widder Brown
4:45 Woman In My House

5:00 Just Plain Bill
5:15 Lorenzo Jones
5:30 Hotel For Pets
5:45 It Pays To Be Married

Monday Evening Programs
8:00 8:15 Sports Daily
8:30 8:45 Three Star Extra

7:00 Alex Dreier, Man On The Go
7:15 News Of The World
7:30 One Man's Family
7:45

8:00 Henry J. Taylor
8:15 Rest Of All
8:30 Telephone Hour
8:45

9:00 Top Secret Files
Broadway Cop

9:15 Band Of America

9:30 News, Lyle Van
Gil Houston Show
Reporters' Roundup

9:45 Metropolitan Opera Auditions
9:25 News, Freedom Sings

10:00 Fibber McGee & Molly
10:15 Great Gildersleeve
10:30 Two In The Balcony

Tuesday Evening Programs
6:00 6:15 Sports Daily
6:30 6:45 Three Star Extra

7:00 Alex Dreier, Jr.
7:15 Man On The Go
7:30 News Of The World
7:45 One Man's Family

8:00 Fibber McGee & Molly
8:15 Great Gildersleeve
8:30 Listen To Washington

Wednesday Evening Programs
6:00 6:15 Sports Daily
6:30 6:45 Three Star Extra

7:00 Alex Dreier, Jr.
7:15 Man On The Go
7:30 News Of The World
7:45 One Man's Family

8:00 Dinah Shore
8:15 Barbara Sinatra
8:30 News, Lyle Van
Gil Houston Show
Parade Of Sports

9:00 Fibber McGee & Molly
9:15 Great Gildersleeve
9:30 Keys To The Capital

Thursday Evening Programs
6:00 6:15 Sports Daily
6:30 6:45 Three Star Extra

7:00 Alex Dreier, Jr.
7:15 Man On The Go
7:30 News Of The World
7:45 One Man's Family

8:00 Roy Rodgers
8:15 Bob Hope Show
8:30 News, Lyle Van
Gil Houston Show
Parade Of Sports

9:00 News, Lyle Van
9:15 Cop And A Million
9:30 Where Have You Been?
9:45

10:00 Fibber McGee & Molly
10:15 Great Gildersleeve
10:30 Jane Pickens Show

Friday Evening Programs
6:00 6:15 Sports Daily
6:30 6:45 Three Star Extra

7:00 Alex Dreier, Jr.
7:15 Man On The Go
7:30 News Of The World
7:45 One Man's Family

8:00 Dinah Shore
8:15 Barbara Sinatra
8:30 Friday With Garway

9:00 Garway (con.)
9:15 News, Lyle Van
Gil Houston Show
Scotch That Never Ends
9:45

10:00 Boxing-Cavalcade Of Sports
10:15 Sports Highlights
### Monday Through Friday

#### DAYTIME

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<tr>
<td>13:00</td>
<td>Feather Your Nest—Bad Collyer, quiz</td>
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<tr>
<td>13:30</td>
<td>Mary Amsterdam—A punny man</td>
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<td>14:45</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
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<tr>
<td>15:00</td>
<td>Partia Faces Life—Stars Fran Coen &amp; 1:15 Raad Of Life—With Don MacLaughlin</td>
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<tr>
<td>15:30</td>
<td>Timmy Terrys—Barbtlere</td>
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<tr>
<td>17:00</td>
<td>Claire Mann—For health &amp; beauty</td>
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<tr>
<td>17:30</td>
<td>Robert A. Lewis Show—Fun!</td>
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<tr>
<td>18:00</td>
<td>Magni McNeilis—PM hen party</td>
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<tr>
<td>19:00</td>
<td>Linkletter's House Party—Flippant</td>
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<tr>
<td>19:30</td>
<td>Jinx Falkenburg—Intimate interviews</td>
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<tr>
<td>20:00</td>
<td>Libera—Valentine of the piano</td>
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<tr>
<td>20:30</td>
<td>The Big Sweep, alternate weekly</td>
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<tr>
<td>21:00</td>
<td>The Greatest Gift—Serial—Ann Burr</td>
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<tr>
<td>21:30</td>
<td>Paul Dixon Show—Musclemimics</td>
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<tr>
<td>22:00</td>
<td>Ted Steele Show—Tempo &amp; talk</td>
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<tr>
<td>22:30</td>
<td>The Golden Windows—Dally story</td>
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<tr>
<td>23:30</td>
<td>Bab Crosby Show—Gay &amp; lively</td>
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<td></td>
<td>&amp; One Man's Family—Serial</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Memory Lane—Like it was yesterday</td>
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#### EARLY EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>19:30</td>
<td>Hawkins Falls—Rural story</td>
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<tr>
<td>20:15</td>
<td>&amp; Secret Storm—Daily story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20:30</td>
<td>First Love—Starring Pat Barry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21:15</td>
<td>On Your Account—Quiz for $55</td>
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<td></td>
<td>World Of Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles</td>
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#### LATE EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>19:30</td>
<td>Libera—The gorgeous piano virtuoso</td>
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<tr>
<td>20:00</td>
<td>Kukla, Fran &amp; Ollie—Pepperty fun</td>
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<tr>
<td>20:15</td>
<td>John Daly Comments—News reports</td>
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<tr>
<td>21:45</td>
<td>Songs—Perry Como, Mon.; Wed. &amp; Fri.; Jo Stafford, Tues.; June Freeman, Thurs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22:00</td>
<td>News Caravan—Suave Swayze</td>
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<tr>
<td>22:50</td>
<td>Fortune Theater—Foreign films with English dialogue, also at 11:30.</td>
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### Saturday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>19:00</td>
<td>Million Dollar Movies—Repeat of show at 7:30. See listings above.</td>
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#### LATE NIGHT

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20:00</td>
<td>Millan's—Host with Mr. Millan</td>
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<td></td>
<td>&amp; You Bet Your Life—Groucho</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Internationale—Hour films</td>
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<tr>
<td>21:00</td>
<td>Climax—Full hour plays of suspense; except Mar. 17, Shower Of Stars</td>
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<tr>
<td>21:30</td>
<td>Justice—Police stories</td>
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<tr>
<td>22:00</td>
<td>Droghet—Jack Webb stars</td>
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<tr>
<td>22:30</td>
<td>What's The Story?—Pert panel quiz</td>
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<tr>
<td>23:00</td>
<td>Tonight—Drama series</td>
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<tr>
<td>23:30</td>
<td>Four Stag Plays—Dramas</td>
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<tr>
<td>00:00</td>
<td>&amp; Mad Theatre—Filmed stories</td>
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<td>&amp; Pard's—Hour-long dramas</td>
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<td>&amp; Public Defender—Reed Hadley</td>
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<td></td>
<td>&amp; Lux Video Theater—Full hour</td>
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<td>&amp; Conrod Nagel Theater—Dramas</td>
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### Sunday

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<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>19:00</td>
<td>&amp; Joe E. Brown—Guest star</td>
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<td>19:30</td>
<td>&amp; Dragnet—Jack Webb stars</td>
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<tr>
<td>20:00</td>
<td>&amp; The Secret Storm—Serial</td>
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<tr>
<td>20:30</td>
<td>&amp; You Bet Your Life—Groucho</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Internationale—Hour films</td>
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<td>&amp; Conrod Nagel Theater—Dramas</td>
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### TV program highlights

#### NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, MARCH 8 — APRIL 7

**Monday:**
- 7:00: Jack Benny—Comedy with David Wayne
- 7:30: Disney—Fabulous fantasy
- 8:00: Godfrey Shaw—Hour variety
- 8:30: The Millionaire—Stories
- 9:00: Kraft Theater—Fine, rural dramas
- 9:30: I've Got A Secret—Harry Monroe
- 10:00: Blue Ribbon Boxing
- 10:30: Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories
- 11:00: Eddie Cantor Show—Comedy & music

**Tuesday:**
- 8:00: Burns & Allen—Coupled comedy
- 8:30: Talents Smarts—Goddard’s showcase
- 9:00: I Love Lucy—Desi has a ball
- 9:30: The Medicine—Documents of docs
- 10:00: Studio One—Hour dramas
- 10:30: Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve

**Wednesday:**
- 7:00: Norby—Comedy with David Wayne
- 7:30: Disney—Fabulous fantasy
- 8:00: Godfrey Shaw—Hour variety
- 8:30: The Millionaire—Stories
- 9:00: Kraft Theater—Fine, rural dramas
- 9:30: I've Got A Secret—Harry Monroe
- 10:00: Blue Ribbon Boxing
- 10:30: Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories
- 11:00: Eddie Cantor Show—Comedy & music

**Thursday:**
- 7:30: Finders Keepers—Quiz, Fred Robbins
- 8:00: Meet Mr. McNulty—Ray Milland
- 8:30: Mr. Peepers—Wally Cox comedy; except Mar. 27, Max Lieberman Presents
- 9:00: Get The Reagan, host
- 9:30: Stage 7—Hollywood stars emote
- 10:00: Father Knows Best—Robert Young
- 10:30: What's My Line?—Quiz, Parks

**Friday:**
- 7:30: Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
- 7:45: Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin
- 8:00: Mama—Heart-warmed comedy
- 8:30: Topper—Hocus-pocus comedy
- 9:00: Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
- 9:30: I Love Lucy—Desi has a ball
- 10:00: Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve

**Saturday:**
- 6:30: Man Behind The Badge—Whodunits
- 7:00: Star And Story—Henry Fonda, host
- 7:30: Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
- 8:00: Dangerous Assignment—Suspense
- 8:30: Jackie Gleason—Gags & gals galore
- 9:00: Mickey Rooney—Comedy series
- 9:30: Two For The Money—Quiz, Shriner
- 10:00: Your Hit Parade—High-rated
- 10:30: Foreign Intrigue—Spy stories
Helen Trent

(Continued from page 40)

personal battle against this seeming tragedy which threatened to despoil her life and to restrict all her activities. Now that she must lie completely idle and motionless, she began to fight off all temptation toward self-pity by having her radio brought to her bedside, where she could reach out a hand and turn the dials and dispel her own thoughts.

She happened to turn to a program called Kitty Foley, and she heard Julie Stevens' voice. Julie was then playing the lead in that radio drama. Already sensitive to what she now calls "voice personalities," Melody made an amazingly accurate mental picture of Julie:

"I pictured her as a girl of medium height, with very friendly eyes and a sweet mouth that turned up at the corners. I knew her face lighted up when she spoke. I could 'see' her hair, a little on the perky side, but soft and natural in contour, and blondish with auburn lights. I knew she had hands that reached out in understanding and friendship."

More and more, these "voice personalities" became important to Melody, as—for four months longer—she lay almost motionless. These people became her "friends," almost as near and dear as any who came to visit or who called on the telephone which stood close to her other hand. When she left the hospital to go home and face the long ordeal of accustoming mind and body to the experience of being sightless—because that at last was the verdict of the doctors—these "friends" became even more a part of her life. And chief among them was Julie Stevens, Melody's first radio friend.

Kitty Foley went off the air a couple of years later. At that time, Melody wanted to write Julie, to tell her how much she was missed, and ask on what program she might still be heard. She didn't, because she felt such a letter might be an intrusion upon Julie's privacy. Then, one day in 1944, to her great joy, Melody happened to tune in for the first time to The Romance Of Helen Trent, and there once more she found Julie, recognizing her voice immediately. After that, Melody became a regular listener.

Although, at first, her greatest interest in the program was in hearing Julie again, gradually she came to know and love the entire cast and the story. Voices, she had found, are revealing—often more so than faces—and the melody of voice on Helen Trent became loved and familiar to her as the years went on.

In her lovely home on an island in Florida's Biscayne Bay, Melody began to talk to friends about these people she felt so close to, who broadcast from the CBS studios in New York, and she would often say that she longed to let them know what they had meant to her over the years. Especially she wanted Julie to know, Julie, who had helped her through those hardest months of all, in the hospital. She wanted to do something, however small, to express her appreciation.

"Perhaps," she would say, "I could go up to New York and give a little party for them, an intimate little party where we could get together and talk and laugh and have music and talk some more."

"Why don't you?" her friends began to ask. "Why not at least tell them how much joy they have given you, and how much comfort?"

Melody thought about it for a long time, praying over it, believing it could come to pass someday. And there the matter stood.

Now it is time for Julie to pick up the
Now Richie, Brett Chapman’s son, came in—in the person of young Hal Studer. “Richie, you sweet kid,” Melody cried out. “I would know that voice anywhere. Sometimes I hear you do a part on some old book or song at the library, and I can’t help it; it’s that voice. I know it’s my Richie and I am so pleased and proud of your work.

And Buggsy! Buggsy O’Toole. You’re exactly the pictured—this is your helper and friend. You, with your rough exterior and, under it, the sweetness of a child and the devotion of a man who would lay down his life for his friend. And she put an arm fondly around Ed Latimer, who is Buggsy in the dramatic serial.

“Agatha! Why, Bess McNally, you’re Agatha, the woman I always wanted to meet because I thought how lucky Helen Trent was to have a homemaker and a confidante like you.”

When Fielden Farrington—the good-looking announcer who for years has been part of the Helen Trent stage—came up to talk to her, Melody knew him at once as one of her favorite “voice personalities.” She recognized Ginger LeRoy’s voice just as soon as Florence Robinson, the actress who is Ginger—opened her mouth to say one word. “You cute thing,” she said to Ginger. “I just love you.”

“Why, you’re Lydia, of course,” Melody answered. “You didn’t think you could fool me, did you? And this is Lydia’s husband, Jeff Brady, who is Helen’s in the movie studio!” She put her hands up to the face of John Stanley, who is Jeff. “My, you’re a tall fellow,” she said. “Yes, and most people picture me as being a little portly, but you can see I am not.”

“I have to confess I thought so, too,” she laughed. “You do sound a little that way, you know.” Buggsy laughed over the trick his voice had been able to play on her, as it does on so many others.

Then Cynthia (Andree Wallace) came in, as did Rector Allen (Harald Bromley). They had met in the elevator on the way up to Melody’s apartment—although, at this point in the script, these two were never arriving at a party together! And Gwen Sewell, the girl who is in love with Gil, and who in real life is Cathleen Cordell. And Loretta Cole (whom, of course, is Teri Keane), for she is the real-life rival of Helen’s for Brett’s love and now first in his heart. Melody recognized each one and made welcome the dear and close friends they had become to her.

When Harry Worth, engineer on the show, arrived, she thanked him for his part in making her life happier by bringing so much joy into her home year after year. To Ruth Borden, the writer of The Romance Of Helen Trent, she could only say, with her heart in her voice, just how lucky she had been to have lived a rich and full life, and evolved a fine personal philosophy, to be able to create such people and such a deeply human story. She could not find enough for the pleasure you have given me.

The director of the program, Ernie Ric-

ca, came in a little late, when the party was in full swing. He stood in the door-

day a moment, listening to Melody playing the organ, her face alight with happiness, her hands dancing over the keys, and softly saying, “Brett, the music is in my hands. And Brett, Hanger, the talented and lovely young singer who had come to New York with her, was beginning to sing to Melody’s ac-

complices. The song was “Young at Heart,” and the words rang out in Beth’s glorious, pure coloratura.

Fairy tales can come true—it can happen to you. . .

Melody began to play a composition of her own, she calls “The Trouble with You.” She was speaking the words to the music. She had been happy a day and the tune had seemed to fall right out of her fingers, and soon words came to fit it. It’s a little song about trying your troubles to a big tune, to help you forget them and letting the wind blow them out to sea, far away forever. She has played it hundreds and hundreds of times, to audiences in Florida, and people have seen her after the show and said what a lift the words and the lilting music gave them. “It makes people laugh and feel happy,” she says. “I do it for the laughing people, the folk, and even the children. That’s all I want you to do, never play sad songs or somber melodies.”

Her own composition, “In the Spring,” followed, again a gay tune which had come to her a day and the tune had seemed to fall right out of her fingers, and soon words came to fit it. It’s also a little song about trying your troubles to a big tune, to help you forget them and letting the wind blow them out to sea, far away forever.

“Fling myself across my bed, and sud-

denly a tune began to dance in my head, and then the words came, and suddenly it all went away. I know that song and I know that music, and the pain away. Although the song is called ‘Fate’—and we don’t always think of that as happy—it’s a happy song. Per-

haps it was the beginning of my deep sea belief that whatever life brings us is for our ultimate good, if only we will try to understand.

There seem to be cycles of trouble in our lives, but I believe that these are only experiences to make us learn some needed lesson. In reality, there is never any darkness anywhere.”

It couldn’t have been a better day when music was not a part of her life, although she did not come from a musical background. She remembers that, at three, she was already singing little songs which just came into her head, and that she was always fitting her small vocabulary of words to these tunes. By the time she was a young adult, she wanted to do music, and she was all set for it, which was becoming so important to her life, but her parents had always been fearful of letting their young daughter go out into the world of music.

This was one of the reasons why she has such a warm interest in Beth Hanger.
Beth was soloist at the White Temple, a Methodist church in Miami, when they met through friends who brought her to Melody's home in Miami Beach. "I was entranced with Beth the moment I met her and heard her sing," Melody says. "Her vocal coach played the accompaniments that night at my house, but I knew Beth and I would work well together. Beth had been to New York last summer, but it was only a four-day stay and she felt she had not accomplished the things professionally which she wanted to do. She had prayed she could have another chance.

"I, too, had been praying over my dream of coming to New York and meeting Julie and all the dear people in Helen Trent. I felt it must happen someday, when or how I did not know. When Beth came along, it was the answer to prayer for both of us."

The answer to prayer. And, eventually, dramatic proof that dreams can come true. For, just a few days after Melody's "thank you" party for Helen Trent, little Beth sang on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts—and won. Now using the professional name of Beth Bonae, she has made a number of network appearances and already seems destined for stardom. But, at the time Beth and Melody met, this was all in the future. Melody had not yet completed plans for coming to New York to give her Helen Trent party.

"I felt close to Julie and all the others," Melody recalls, "yet—of course—they didn't know I existed, and it took courage to do something about it. I did not want to intrude on their privacy, and I realized that, if they took time to see many people like me, it would seriously interfere with their work. I had some idea of what busy lives they led, so I hesitated a long, long time. They had given me so much, I did feel that, somehow, I must find a way to tell them so. During those years of waiting, I felt like a painter who puts a dab of paint on his canvas, a little at a time, until the entire picture is completed. I knew that, every time I put the smallest drab blob of doubt on my picture, it had to be taken off and replaced with the right color, so I kept on painting. And now, look at this picture!"

Melody looked out across her living room, into the faces of her friends, all of them smiling back at her. "For five years I have dared to dream of this very day. Now I feel as if I had been given a little glimpse of Heaven."

Melody couldn't see the tears that sprang to their eyes, but she sensed their tenderness toward her and their rejoicing with her. Jay Seymour, the photographer who had come to make a permanent record in pictures of this very special day, put into quiet words what everyone must have been thinking. "She has more sight in her smile than most people have in a whole lifetime," Jay said.

It was Lydia, however, who kept the moment from becoming almost unbearably touching. Lydia, who, with her brisk tongue, has often performed the same service for Helen Trent when sentiment has threatened to overcome Helen.

"Melody," said Lydia (Helene Dumas), "I know all these people are here to tell you how much they love you, and they are very wonderful, but I assure you there are no angels among them. So it can't be Heaven."

That broke the tension, and everybody's wet eyes sparkled with laughter.

It was Julie herself who looked up at David Gothard, the Gil Whitney of Helen Trent, and whispered softly: "It may not be Heaven, David, but I know we have all been lifted a little higher up today."

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Ever notice the radiance of young hair? Its sheen says, "young." This safe, simple-to-use color rinse gleams hair in about 3 minutes. And you needn't worry about changing your hair so much it causes talk. Noreen just brings out the best in your own hair color, so right for your skin and eyes. It blends streaks, tones in grays, evens up color!

Among the 14 lively but subtle colors is one to coax gold lights into tan hair, put a glow in brown, make block breaker, brighten silver, and whiten white. There's one for you too.

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Every Day Is Father’s Day

(Continued from page 30) over to the hospital and that was that. I still haven’t gotten over that $1500 bill. Counting all five children, Lois averaged about two hours in labor, give or take fifteen minutes. So what could cost? I remember when Lois had Sharon (number four), we were so sure of ourselves we stopped at Dave Chazen’s for a sandwich—Lois said she was hungry.
I had my stopwatch with me, timing the pains. The waitress, paying little attention to Lois, asked me what I was doing with the watch: “Timing a show?” she asked.
“No,” I said, “I want to make sure that sandwich doesn’t take too long—I’m timing my wife’s birth pains.”
I might just as well have said, “There’s a bomb hidden under the table!” She ran into the kitchen to alert the entire crew. They stuck their heads out—suppose they didn’t want to miss a thing. The sandwich? Combination bacon and avocado. Very good, too.
To get back to that $1500: When Lois and I arrived at the hospital, my stopwatch told me the baby would be here in another hour and a half, two hours at the most. “Oh, no,” the doctor said, “it’ll be at least six or seven hours. You just relax,” and disappeared into the corridors of the ambulatory ward.
An hour and forty-five minutes later, they wheeled Lois into the delivery room. The baby was born a few minutes after. The doctor? He never did get there—but his bill for $1500 did!
Lois and I think the more children you have the easier it is to bring them up. But I never believed you could bring up five and have each one be so different from the others. After all, they have the same mother and father—you’d expect them to have something in common.
But they don’t.
Their personalities are different, you have to give them different rewards, you have to punish them differently, and they grow and advance differently at different ages.
They don’t, for example, all walk at one year. Nor do they all say their first word at thirteen months—and they certainly never say the same word. Jack’s, for example, was “Mommy”; that’s natural. But Robert was “Duck!” (We’d taken him to see a Walt Disney short.) and Sharon’s was “Pillsbury!” (Don’t ask me why—I don’t know.)
And, as their personalities develop, they go through different stages at different age levels. Jack, for example, was an explorer from the time he could crawl. Today, he’s made himself a rubber swimsuit and, with a crazy, out-of-this-world glass face mask, is exploring the bottom of the Catalina Channel.
But Robert didn’t get to this stage until he was ten. He was shy, reclusive as a child. At parties, he stood in the corner watching. He wasn’t a sissy, no, not at all. But we worried about his not mixing, not getting out.
I don’t know what happened: But as soon as he turned his tenth year he was off! We can’t keep him in the house: Not even at ten! Recently, he joined the Scouts: they have a teepee built in the neighbor’s yard—and that’s where he wants to sleep!
The point is, children go through different stages at different times. Some may start their dashing-out period at ten, others may choose to dash out at six or sixteen.
Generally speaking, I think, children go through two different periods: I call them the physical and the psychological. The physical comes first. That’s where they all tend to fall on the same corner of the sidewalk, step on the same nails in the summer.
Since Jack was our first child, Lois and I believe he had it the hardest. With him, it was like breaking through the sound barrier—we did all our learning on Jack. During his physical period, for example, Lois and I were all over him with the bandages and administering first-aid. In fact, Jack used to bump his head just to get attention. That, by the way, may account for him.
But, when you have more than one child, you begin to care for the physical—concerned about these physical mishaps—the important thing is to keep the house neat and orderly. Last week, for instance, Robert came in with a yowl. He’d cut his finger. I sent him to the back porch to wash it, bringing the antiseptic out to him. When you’ve got five, you learn not to get exercised over these mishaps—the main idea being to keep them from messing up the rug.
But the psychological problems are not so easily handled: You no sooner stop worrying about your children falling down and breaking their necks than they start going around breaking their hearts. You’ve got to be quick on your feet to sense the subtleties of these changes. For example, one comes home—who, in the past, has

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been a great athlete, the outdoor type—complaining that he’s not hungry, can’t eat. You think it has something to do with the stomach? Not at all. That’s what used to be wrong. Now it’s the heart—and a wise parent administers to these “bruises” as well as to the others.

When dealing with children’s problems, whether physical or psychological, I have one suggestion: Don’t get tense. The child will sense it, sooner or later, and tie up. If he doesn’t talk soon enough, for example, don’t insist that he talk. Rather, give him plenty of warm, comfortable affection, and be sure you’re not boising him too much. Give him chances to be with other children—he’ll soon find some way to communicate. He may be bashful, or not ready, or any number of things. Pushing will only make him more silent.

As the children grow up, discipline becomes more important—but less of a problem. Let me explain: As the kids grow older, they have more things they want which you can withhold from them if they misbehave. If Dawn doesn’t study, for example, her phone gets shut off during week nights. If Robert is bad, he doesn’t get to go next door to sleep overnight in the teepee. When Sharon doesn’t clean up her room, she doesn’t watch TV.

And we’ve got some young ones around the house on whom we still use America’s secret weapon: Spanking. I think I was spanked more than any of our kids. One thing I learned—you’ve got to let them know what it’s all about.

Father, of course, is the administrator of corporal punishment. I always introduce the spanking as close to the crime as possible—and I always give them a chance to explain themselves. The whole operation goes like this: “All right, Robert or Jack or Dawn or Sharon or Diane—what’s the story?” In a house of five, it’s always good to get the facts, ma’am, ‘cause you may not have caught the real culprit.

That three-minute discussion is their court of appeal. When I say, “Now, Robert, you tell me why I shouldn’t spank you,” Robert gives me his best reason. If it doesn’t hold water, he crawls across my lap and we turn to the business at hand. I’ve found the three-minute waiting period serves two purposes: It’s not good to spank a child when you are angry; and the anticipation heightens the psychological effect—the wait is more painful than the spanking itself.

Eating habits and table manners seem to be big problems in many homes, but I think we’ve got this matter whipped. As soon as the children are able to sit in high chairs, we put them at the table. Here they learn by watching their elders.

The most important thing about our all eating together is just this: Our dinner time is our fun-time. The table is a happy place, the atmosphere is gay. That way, children associate food with fun, they enjoy their eating—hence, no problems.

How did we create a “dinner-time—is-fun-time” environment? We drew on a well-known gag. For example, the “magic nose” trick.

Every kid in the family has gone through the magic nose routine. The nose belongs to the youngest member of the family—until he catches on. The nose is for pushing, like a doorbell; the magic comes in when each push makes the peer appear. You’ll have to admit that’s big magic, and it never fails to work.

This gag runs for a year or so, as each new member joins us at the table. Of course, we all know what brings the maid running. Naturally, it’s not the nose—it’s the buzzer under my chair. But the magic never fails to get a happy laugh from five youngsters—and that’s what’s important.

We even have a gag to solve table-manner problems. If the children misbehave, we send them off to Siberia—Siberia is the table in the kitchen. Because the kids enjoy their meals so, we can use their desire to be part of the gang, in teaching good manners. Robert, for example, couldn’t learn to use a napkin—he wanted the expance of white tablecloth to wipe his hands on. So he was sent to Siberia. Because the kids can’t stand missing the fun at the table, it didn’t take long for greasy fingers to find their way to the napkins.

And Jack was a leg-kicker—soon as he came to the table, he kicked off his shoes and started drumming against the table leg with his bare feet. Why? I don’t know, but it’s not done in polite society. I warned him, but he didn’t stop. Finally I had to say: “Okay, Jack, that’s it. Goodbye, now, you’re off to Siberia...” and off he went to eat by himself.

The treatment has never lasted more than three meals.

So with some gaps, this is the story of the Five Little Linkletters and How They Grew. Of course, Jack with his own KNX radio, is the only one with enough independence to be considered “grown”—and he’s still in school, so I still can’t consider it “one down and four to go”.

But when I think of the wonderful warm love and affection we all trade back and forth in the family, I’m not sure I want to hurry up the growing process. It’s really great having them all around.

And, when I think of all the Father’s Days we’ve seen together, it doesn’t seem like such a bad idea after all! Now that I’ve reconsidered, I take back that motion to replace Father’s Day with two Mother’s Days.

In fact, I’m going out right now to get a new box to store my loot in.

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1964-12-79
How to Be Happy

(Continued from page 43) only the beginning. Once you reach the top, you’ve got to work even harder—if you want to stay there. As Aaron Chwatt (as he was born) put it, he would suggest to anyone who is thinking about working in the movies, "First, in Hollywood, he got a part in a picture. It was only one word. (‘Go!’)—but he said it to James Cagney. Four days and four dollars for two roles in two comedy routines, but cut one out before releasing the film. On Broadway, he played in two productions: ‘Barefoot Boy with Cheek’ and ‘Hold It.’ He also did eight Vermont nights. But nothing happened to herald him as a genius in the entertainment field.

In his private life, however, something wonderful happened to him. He met and married his present wife. They have two children. He lives in Connecticut.

Three years later, Marlo Lewis CBS Executive Producer, discovered Red in a night club and brought him to TV. His first appearance was on the first five of TV’s most popular shows. When he returned to the air the following year, he had a ready-made audience of thirty million fans—one of the most loyal audiences anywhere. Red switched to NBC, the network where his show is now seen three out of every four Friday nights. Red and Helayne now live in a five-room apartment in New York City—the twank Sutton Place. But Red also maintains a suite of offices at the Great Northern Hotel. ‘I try to keep my business life and my life at home separate,’ he says. Helayne may scarcely see him all week, but, as Red says: ‘I’m awful busy Monday through Friday, but I don’t work one inch past eight-thirty on Friday.’ Then he ushers in the weekend. ‘Our weekends are very quiet—nothing spectacular.’ But they mean a lot to him. They’re the breathing space that enables him to keep up his working life. He has no money to spend with Helayne—that’s what life’s really all about.

He spends all his non-working hours with her, taking her out to dinner or to the theater or the fights. Mostly, they just sit around the apartment. Occasionally, now that Red’s on TV only three Friday’s out of four, they fly down to Miami for a week or two. Last summer, when Red had a twelve-week vacation, they traveled about the country together, visiting friends.

As for that Monday-through-Friday period—Red’s ‘Monday through Friday’—that’s rehearsals—tapes—conferences and rehearsals—all the things from Vocabulary to Social Work. In addition, she spends three days a week doing volunteer work at Bellevue Hospital. ‘I don’t like to stay with a little such nonsense. I like to be of service to people. I’m liable to be at her ceramics and help her to make the latest masterpiece for inspection.

“What do you think of my monkey?”

As far as Red’s concerned, ‘I’m for it a million per cent. Stay busy—you stay happy. That’s true of everybody.”
Faith in Each Other

(Continued from page 37)
Vista Community Church. She had volunteered to take care of the two-to-four-year-old children during Sunday school. Five minutes after 9:30 A.M., a tall, dark and handsome young man came in to say: "You're wanted downstairs in the nursery department, Miss McMillan. They're short of girls this morning...."
Gloria followed the young man downstairs. "I took over an older group of children," says Gloria. "When I came in, they were all fighting! I didn't know what to do. I felt so useless. I didn't know a thing about handling the older kids. When I saw this mob of shouting junior athletes, I was panicked!"
"Then the young man in the doorway suggested that we play a game. I thought, 'That's a life saver'...and started the children playing 'Squirrel in a Tree.' But, when I turned around to thank him, he was gone."

After Sunday school, Gloria crossed the patio for church, but stopped as a voice said: "Hi!" It was the same young man, and it was obvious that he had been sitting on the brick wall around the patio tree, waiting. "Going to church?" he asked.
"Yes..."
After church, they sat in the patio and talked about the different church activities they were in. The young man told Gloria about his Christian Endeavor group, Gloria told him about the girls' club she led. He then said, "The C.E. meets Sunday night. Why don't you come over some time?"
"Fine," said Gloria, "I'll come some Sunday real soon."
"How about tonight?" said the young man.

They both had stood up then. Gloria noticed the young man was even taller than she'd thought.
"All right," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone. But she really meant, "Oh, yes!"
"Fine," he said. "My brother and his fiancée lead the group. We'll pick you up at eight."
"I'll be waiting," said Gloria. "By the way...what's your name?"
Gil Allen was his name. He was a student of Airlines Administration at the University of Southern California. And that's how they met.

"That night," says Gloria, "Gil picked me up at home, with his brother and future sister-in-law. The four of us went to the youth group and had a tremendous time. After the meeting, we went out for coffee and doughnuts. We talked mostly about what a wonderful inspiration it was to work with the younger's at C.E.
"Then we went home. I didn't see Gil again until Tuesday night...but I thought about him all day. That night was our first real date. He called me and said he would be free after his night class at U.S.C. if I would be free after work. He asked, 'Would you like to go out for more coffee and doughnuts...?' I said 'Yes.' He came over at 10 P.M. and we went out to Coffee Dan's.
"We talked for three straight hours. We

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Don't miss the BIG MAY AWARDS ISSUE of TV RADIO MIRROR on sale April 7
found we had so many things in common, we didn't notice how the time flew by.
We never realized that Coffee Dan's large, well-stocked corner store, where we
sat on the stools to order the things we wanted, was right next door to the
tables, everything—finally had to
turn off the lights, before we got the hint!
Yes, we were interested in one another.
We saw the movies together, we saw one another every day until we were
married. From the very first moment, we knew we had a lot in common.
Though Gil is a business-administration student, he
is interested in the theater. We both share an
enthusiasm for sports. And, most
important, we both feel close to the church.
"It made me feel kind of strange, you
know, I thought to myself, why didn't I
introduce you to some of the people in
show business. Some of them asked, 'Is he
in the business?' I said, 'No.' Then they
asked, 'Well, where did you meet?
They gave me a strange look when I answered.
"It's because of that very fact that I'm
most optimistic. Sure, the first years are
said to be the hardest—that's when you
knock all the rough edges. But, with
our religion in common, with it as a basis
to work from, we know we can work out
any problem. Not that any have come
up, as yet.

I don't see how they ever can.

Gil is almost the perfect man. He's kind, gentle,
understanding. We've never had an argu-
mament. My mother, you know, always
expected me to have a career, ever since
my father died. She didn't want anything
to upset the plans we both had shared
ever since I was old enough to know
to Gil to win her over.

"During our courtship, we discovered
how many interests we did share. For
example, the janitor, in our apartment complex—is
he was willing to hook rugs to prove it! Eve Arden
started me hooking on the set of Our Miss
Brooks. I brought the beginning home
to show him. He showed me a special design. He had some friends of his, who
are animators at Metro, draw the
pattern. There are sixteen patterned squares
and six to clip! They put the bunch
up, together; we'll have a rug nine feet
by twelve.

"The square we are just completing now
shows a boy and girl on a tandem bicycle
with a dog and a cat. The boy has a fast
tall wall; handle-bar mustache and wears white
duck pants, and the girl has a bright
umbrella. It's cute.

\"When were still courting, we hooked on
the rug instead of going out. One night we
sat up watching one of the telephones—
hooked all night! Went out, when it was
light, for breakfast; came back; finished the square,
then went off to church!" But
I'm getting ahead of my story. I've
skipped the most important part—our
engagement. Our romance has been sym-
bolically tied together with a red hair
ribbon. We were married in the middle
of May, a blue denim affair, and I put my
hair up in a red ribbon. But on the way
home the curl was out and my hair
straight, so I pulled the ribbon
off and comb my hair. I left the ribbon
in the car.

"The next day, I saw that Gil had the
ribbon securely tied in a bow around
his neck. That was Easter week—and that day we were going up
to Big Bear, for a short vacation, where
we were to meet Gil's family at their cabin.
I wanted to know what he was going to ask me. Don't ask me how
I knew, I just knew. All the way up he
started to speak and then didn't. Well, I
couldn't think of anything, you know,
'What are you going to say, just
thing? But he never quite got it out.

Finally, when we left San Bernardino
and started up the mountain, he began his
proposal. I knew, of course, that it was a
proposal, though the words never exactly
made sense. Finally, after thirty-five miles
on the mountain road—and verbal twisting
and turning, too—he stopped at Inspiration
Point and said, 'Eve, will you marry me?'
For just a moment, then took a deep breath
and very sentimentally said, 'It would be
nice if this little red hair ribbon could tie
us together forever.'

"I knew Gil never had a more
picturesque spot, nor sweeter words in
a proposal. I shall treasure them forever.
I remember thinking, as I looked off
Inspiration Point into the long miles of
mountain ahead of us, and the serenity of
the mountain scene was the peace we are to
share in our future.

We made our engagement to Gil's
parents at the cabin, and to my mother
when we got home. I well remember the
engagement party: It was to be in the
form of an open house on Sunday after-
noon for one hundred people. Gil and I
worked together from start to finish on
the whole thing. We took little paper
nut cups and made buttons out of them. We
told our guests that we had two thread-
sted pink and white peppermint Lifesavers
through to make the bell part and then
wrapped them in Cellophane and tied them
with ribbons. On the ribbons we had two
red hearts with our names in white.
We made two hundred of these.

"We took all day Saturday decorating
the house. Relaxing about 11 P.M.,
and then only—from midnight to 4 A.M.
We discovered that the cake dishes my sister was to bring
in from Ontario—California, that is—
weren't here! We thought she had brought them
in, but she hadn't. So we drove clear
into Santa Barbara to get them at a
home at 4 A.M. Got up for church early next
morn, of course. At the party, I was
so happy that, when they announced the
engagement, I thought—Gloria . . . who's Gloria . . . ?

After the party, Gil and I discussed
our future; our honeymoon would take us
to South America. For I had heard
Friday, so we had Thursday through Sunday!
Then we were to come home to our
apartment. It is just darling: The living room is
only about three by six. But it has just one big window. It is small, but it
gives a feeling of spaciousness. One wall of
the dining area is all brick—we intend to
cover it with brass and silver—pieces
so as we have the possibility of two years of service. Besides all this, we, if we can, to go to Europe
together before we have a family.

Gloria's wedding took place in the little
Battle Church, in Beverly Hills. "The church is just perfect for
a wedding—not too large and not too
small," she says. "It is plain, but
cozy. And the pews were upholstered in dark
purple velvet and there was a
dark maroon carpet down the aisle. We
had all pink wedding: Pink ribbons outlining the pews, and pink flowers on
the altar. Only the ceiling was white, to
match the rest of the church. Gale Gordon—who
plays my father, Mr. Conklin, on Our Miss
Brooks—gave me away and Eve Arden's
daughter, Connie, was one of our flower
girls. It was a very lovely wedding. And
it was a wonderful dream, a dream that had begun nine months before. I remember thinking as I
looked into Gil's eyes, when I said my
"I do." Gil was for the dream to reach fulfillment in the little church
where it all began.
Mickey Emerson Looks at Marriage

(Continued from page 35) 
unhappy. I don't know a time when I wasn't happy. And I kind of liked moving around. Good training for show business, anyhow. Sometimes I lived with Mother, sometimes with Dad (James Kirkwood, star of stage and screen). Then I lived with my mother's sister for a while. For a time, I also stayed at a ranch in the San Joaquin Valley, and later went to boarding and prep school.

"In Mickey's case, it's different. He's always had a settled home, and the thought of anything happening to it disturbs him. A lot of things disturb him. He has problems. He gets all tied up in knots. Personally, I'm not like that. I kind of take things in stride. I'm pretty lucky, I guess. Money problems, career problems, sure—everybody has those. But I don't get involved in a lot of personal problems. Even my parents' divorce didn't present the usual problem. I'm fond of them both and never had occasion to take sides, because they remained good friends.

"I like playing Mickey," Jim says earnestly. "Just because I'm not too much like him doesn't mean I don't sympathize with his difficulties. I get real involved in them and kind of enjoy working them out. It's funny, too, how sometimes what happens on the show affects my real life."

"For instance, there's Mickey's relationship with Bonnie. When she first appeared as a roomer, Mickey resented her as an intruder. He didn't think his mother needed to rent rooms, so he took out his pique on poor Bonnie. But then, as he got to know her better, he began to like her. Then he fell in love with her. Now that she's disappeared, he's determined to find her again.

"Joan Loring was playing Bonnie then," says Jim. "Mickey's attitude certainly must have affected me. Though I had known Joan before, I grew to like her more and more. We became the best of friends and even started dating.

"Then there's the business with smoking. When I started with the show, Mickey was nineteen, a clean-cut American boy. He didn't smoke. So, pretty soon, I got out of the habit of smoking. I quit for ten months. Then, one day, there was the line in the script: 'Mickey lights a cigarette.' My mother—I mean Mickey's mother—was surprised. How was it that I was smoking, she wanted to know. I answered off-handedly that I just thought I'd try it. Since then, I've been smoking again—the real me, that is—though the script hasn't called for Mickey to smoke again. I get mixed up, sometimes."

Jim grins at the memory, then continues more seriously. "Even though I've never had a real home, I can understand how Mickey feels about his. Lately, I've had an awful yen to have a home of my own. I don't mean an apartment like this, but a house in the country—a nice old-fashioned house that looks as though people had a good time living in it. I want a place where I can entertain my friends, have them in for dinner or for a weekend. That's my idea of fun. Guess I'll have to hire a cook, 'cause I'm no darn good at it, myself."

At the suggestion that he might marry a good cook, Jim smiles. "I'm not ready for that yet," he insists. "I've got to be a lot more secure than I am now. I'm doing all right. I've been pretty lucky, working regularly ever since I got out of the Coast Guard. But I want lots of money. I don't mind admitting it. It may not be everything, but it sure helps a lot."

A suspiciously dreamy look comes into Jim's candid blue eyes as he muses: "You never can tell, though. Maybe, when I have my nest, I'll want someone there to share it with me. In the meantime, I'm hoping Mother will want to live with me. She'd make a wonderful hostess—she's such a grand person. Only I'd better hurry up and get that house, or she might get married again before I find it."

Jim still doesn't admit that perhaps he might be the one to get married first. What with his six-feet of mighty handsome maleness, his amiable disposition and clean, choir-boy look—that just begs to be mothered—it would be a rare female who could resist him. That he's reached twenty-six still unshackled by bonds of matrimony is something of a miracle. (And he comes of a family that goes in for many marriages—his mother three times, his father, four— which may account for Jim's shyness about taking the plunge himself.)

Another thing is that Jim is really wrapped up in his career. That is the most important thing in his life. Romance is secondary. It's another way in which Jim differs from Mickey.

"Mickey's the kind of guy who—if he's in love with a girl— forgets about everything else. He lets his work slip, he thinks about nothing but finding Bonnie. I've never been like that. Maybe I've never been enough in love. Anyhow, I'd never let anything interfere with my work."

"I know how it is with Mickey. He's got a single-track mind, like mine, but his concentrates on love, mine on work. When I get an idea, I've got to carry it through.

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I can’t think about anything else, and it affects everything I do. Just as it does with Mickey, when he’s trying to locate Bonnie.”

It is that kind of determination for Jim to get where he is. It wasn’t easy, what with being separated from his mother by illness and the financial ups and downs of the family. There were times when Jim had to dig in and help, like the time on the ranch when he did chores to pay for his keep. Not that he complains about it. It’s just part of life, and an experience he enjoyed. He liked the rugged outdoor life, riding six miles on horseback to and from school, milking four cows every morning.

While he was going to high and prep school he worked in summer stock, getting the training for the only career in which he immediately signed up. It was, after all, he had no formal dramatic instruction. But the gift he inherited from his parents was sufficient to get the parts he went after. And he and Roselle — as an actor was certainly no drawback.

Moving around so much made Jim grow up fast. Although he looks no older than the twenty-year-old Mickey, he is far more mature than even his own twenty-six years would imply. He has a keen sense of responsibility which shows up in his protective, big-brother attitude toward his mother. His ambition is to manage his affairs in an adult manner.

“It’s a nuisance to look so young,” he confesses. “I don’t want to get typed as a juvenile, but it’s a problem. For another part, I’m told I’m too young. I’d like to grow up. I’d like to play light comedy parts, such as ‘The Seven Year Itch,’ but, as long as I have this baby face, I haven’t a chance.”

“Not that I don’t like working on television! It’s swell. I enjoy it a lot, and getting married faces a problem in my mind. When you’re playing in nightclubs, you’re forever having to audition for a new engagement, preparing new material, spending endless hours with your agent.

That’s why I gave up night clubs, at least for this year. Lee and I were going great with our comedy act (Kirkwood and Goodman). We were playing some good spots — the Rustic Blew, New York; the Paramount, Hollywood; the Embassy in London, and others — but you get kind of tired of hopping around, and you don’t know how to handle the money. I could almost be a bookkeeper. I’d tried to be so quiet getting into the place, and here was that horn making like an air raid siren. I don’t know if Mr. Eden was right about that — he couldn’t call from his manner the next day, when I was introduced to him . . . but then, he’s a diplomat, so I’ll probably never know. I’ve had a pack of fun in my life, and mean to go on having it. For one thing, I’ve a lot of friends. And that’s most important to me.

The essence of many friendships in the apartment Jim occupies while waiting to find that dream house. It is filled with photographs of faces made familiar by theatrical publicity. In the bathroom of this third-floor Greenwich Village walk-up, there’s a huge framed montage of dozens of heads of people Jim counts among his friends.

But the most interesting artwork displayed are pictures of his parents in various movie and stage roles and mementos of their theatrical pasts. In a place of honor on the mantel above the fireplace is a pair of boots Jim’s mother wore in one of her pictures. They are now serving as bookends.

This comfortable and amazingly neat (for bachelor quarters) apartment speaks eloquently of someone who has a rich and varied life, who has a feeling for a “home.” There’s nothing of that slap-dash, transient look which marks the place where a man lives.

It’s clear that Jim is one person who should have a real home. And also obvious why he understands and can project the kind of home life he has. He, like his partner, has something of the all-girl shop — a home, a place where he loves, his fight to protect it from “invasion” by anyone who hopes to marry Helen Emerson.

That Jim has other plans for his real-life mother simply proves how much he sympathizes with Mickey’s dilemma — and how deeply he himself believes in home and marriage.

Four Girls and a Dream

(Continued from page 48)

left Arthur, after that much-publicized “humility” riff, Bleyer, who had laid the ground-work for his current Cadence Records Corporation while with the red-head, lounged at his place.

Archie says: “I was always stuck on these kids, the Chordettes, too, and was convinced they could sing pop songs if they’d only try. They insisted they wanted to stick with barber-shop harmony because the popular field was too jammed with all-girl combinations. I went after them as soon as they left Godfrey. You can see where there was an addition, too. They’re being swamped with offers from every big night club and theatrical office in the country. It’s sure great how just one song can do all that for a group.”

The “Sandman” was only the second popular record cut by the Chordettes. Their first, “It’s You, It’s You I Love” and “True Love Never Run Away,” attracted but scant attention. “Mr. Schon says that, in addition to hitting the million mark in sales, held its own for a good while as the nation’s number one song.

The Chordettes’ history of the Chordettes began quite by accident. They were formed as a “Sunday afternoon hobby,” out in Sheboygan. The current quartet contains only two of the original foursome, Janice Ertel Bleyer — she married Archie last November — and Carol Bushman. The founder of the group was Virginia Cole, one of the other Chordettes, later Dorothy Schwartz. The visits of Sir Stork put Virginia and Dottie out of the act and brought in Lynn Evans and Margie Needham as substitutes.

As a headliner, “King” Cole, the one who usually turns the mike over to Janet, the oldest of the four — only Margie, the “baby” of the group would admit her age (21) — for the background of the happy little harmonizers.

“Virginia Cole’s dad, O. H. ‘King’ Cole, was the president of the National Organization for the Encouragement and Preservation of Barber Shop Singing of America,” Janice Ertel Bleyer truthfully heard plenty of same, and joined in with her dad and his friends at home and at parties at which the local Sheboygan Barber Shop Quartet was a hit. Then all of a sudden, the “Sandman” was actually raised on barber-shop harmony.

“Things were usually dull around town on Sunday afternoons, so Virginia decided to call a couple of us kids together and form a quartet. That’s all she ever said to me. Carol, Dottie Schwartz and I would drop over to the Cole household every Sunday and bone up on new arrangements.”

“There were all-girl groups in the process of organizing all over the country and, when ‘King’ Cole decided we were ready, he spotted us on a Saturday-night Parade of Barber Shop Quartets’ show in which many groups from neighboring cities and villages took part.

“But that was just the start. We went over big and, from that on, we were in constant demand for private parties, club affairs, benefits and what not. We did it just for kicks, but the word spread and soon we were in demand as guest on the other ‘barber shop’ shows in other cities.

“In January of 1947, we came East to do a show in Jersey City and, when it was over, we came to New York and visited the Fred Waring show. He had heard of us and asked us to do a number for him on his morning radio show. It was the biggest thrill of our lives. We did ‘I Love You, Live and Let Me Love You,’ and he called it ‘One of a Kind Like You.’ Fred was very pleased and told us to keep at it, for he thought we had what it took to make good professional quartets. We promised to look us up when he came to Sheboygan later in the year. He did, and we appeared with him before our home folks. If that didn’t cause quite a ruffle of excitement in dear old Sheboygan!”

The girls did considerable banquet work for General Motors Corporation, and it was an executive of that organization, Westwood Grant, who inadvertently started them on the way to their big break. Mr. Anderson retained the girls to entertain at his niece’s wedding party at Watch Hill, Rhode Island. While there, an advertising executive from the Rutherfurd and Ryan Agency of New York heard them and urged them to try for the
Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts program. "We didn’t feel good enough," Janet continues, "and it took a lot of persuading, particularly by Ted Rau, a member of the Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, Barber Shop Quartet—which won the International Championship in ’46—to make us apply.

"We appeared on the Godfrey show, September 26, 1949, did Balling the Jack, and won. Arthur signed us for his regular show the very next day and we were with him—and very successful, too—until we decided to go out on our own in March of ’53.”

That winter of 1952-53 proved to be quite a hectic season. For one thing, a change in personnel had become vital when Dorothy Schwartz announced she was going to have a baby. The hunt began for a replacement.

After listening carefully to all the various quartets they met on their inter-city visits, the group wound up one night on a courtesy call in Youngstown, Ohio. "Lynn Evans was on the local reception committee," Janet recalls, "and at each town you visit there is what is known as a hospitality room in the hotel. "Lynn asked if she could do a number with us and, as Dottie was pretty tired, Lynn filled in her place. The girls sang a couple of numbers and we knew we had found our replacement for Dottie.

"Lynn had a little boy—now five years old—and it took some tall talking to convince her we really wanted her to join us. Her husband, Bob, told her to go right ahead, that it might be her big chance. She came back to New York with us and has been our lead ever since. This was in November of 1952.

"In July of the following year, it was Virginia’s time to call off barber-shop singing in favor of lullabies, and we picked up Margie in Berwyn, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago."

Incidentally, it should be pointed out at this time that, while all the girls are poppy and individually attractive, Margie is the beauty of the foursome. She won the "Miss Community Chest" title of Berwyn in 1947 and was Miss Berwyn-Cicero of 1951.

Margie had done considerable barber-shop singing as a hobby. She was flying as a stewardess with United Air Lines at the time the Chordettes found her, and her brunette beauty and pleasing "tenor" voice proved just what the girls were looking for in a substitute Chordette. So Margie quit the airlines for the airwaves and has never regretted the choice. Besides, she met Walter Latzko, the Chordettes’ musical arranger, and married him last year.

Though they seldom give it a thought, Janet says she guesses you’d call Lynn the "lead," Margie the "tenor," Carol the "baritone," and herself the "bass" in the harmony team. In line with the winning titles, the girls are all tall, somewhat above average feminine height.

Carol, five-feet, nine and a half inches, and with dark hair and big brown eyes, is the comedienne of the group. She plays a "Dumb Dora" type on the Robert Q. Lewis show, reading letters from an equally nit-witted sister back in "Snaflix," Ohio.

"I’ll give you a sample," she says. "For example, sister might write: ‘Uncle Homer ran for mayor here and he won. He got 34 votes. This surprised a lot of people because Snaflix only has 27 people. You know, real yak-yak stuff," Carol laughs.

Lynn, at five-feet, eight inches, is fair. Margie, the "baby," is five feet, seven, with jet-black hair, bright blue eyes and a very fetching figure. Janet, who looks

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85
Margie, you said, to music capella the continue WASH hair. Get dark, hair. "Stuffy" removes light the it acidity Alka-and. Hardwood mantle, glass place lifetime frame that contains safe film and demonstrating it a Cash handle they won't reach mass audience with barber-shop a capella harmony (without musical accompaniment).

"We had been signed to do the Robert Q. Lewis radio show late in '32, after a sponsor had heard us down in Jackson, Mississippi, but had been featuring ninety percent old-time numbers, with only an occasional popular song thrown in for variety.

"We decided to take a chance. After all, what did we have to lose? Thank heavens, we took the gamble! As I said, our firm had not yet vessel much attention. Then Archie heard 'Mr. Sand- man' and decided to dress it up a bit—and, well, the rest you know.

"Vaughn Monroe had also made a recording of the number, and we were quite understandably swept off our feet when word reached us in Las Vegas, last Sep- tember, that our record had virtually ex- husted the industry and that disc jock- eys all over the country were firing for our pictures and background material.

"It was like a dream come true. Not quite the dream we had asked 'Mr. Sand- man' to bring us—but a mighty happy substit- uite just the same."

The "Sandman" also proved a godfather of sorts for Pat Ballard, who wrote it. Ballard, a veteran songwriter, had not had a solid "hit," except for "I Get So Lonely," in almost twenty years—since his "So Beats My Heart for You" clicked almost two decades ago. All in all, the months of August and September, 1954, won't be soon forgotten by Messrs. Bleyer and Ballard and the four young ladies from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and points west.

The Chordettes are managed by Jack Bertell. They decided to have Bertell handle them, rather than a larger outfit where they might have gotten lost in the shuffle. It proved a happy choice. They like to work with Bertell, who has been around a long time and who knows he's working with a friendly and grateful group of girls who won't let success turn their pretty little heads.

The Chordettes' fan mail has tripled in the past few months and fan clubs have sprung up in New York, Chicago, Mil- waukee, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Fran- cisco and virtually every other major city in the country. Their favorite fan letter, however, is the one from Bing Crosby! "Bing heard us do 'Alice Blue Gown' on a Godfrey show," Janet recalls. "He heard it while vacationing at his ranch in Elko, Nevada, and wrote how much he en- joyed it. He said he knew the value and importance of a 'boost' on a job well done and wanted us to know how much he en- joyed us. He urged us to keep up the good work and said we couldn't miss.

"We were never so thrilled at anything in our lives! It just shows you what nice people there are in this business, and you can bet we wrote him right back, thanking him and telling him how happy he had made us."

"That's true of most big people," Carol chimes in. "Why, the other night I had dinner at Guy Lombardo's beautiful res- taurant in Freeport, Long Island. Guy came over and paid us all a wonderful compliment. He said he thought 'Mr. Sand- man' was the greatest recording he'd heard in the last ten years!"

"Speaking of mail," puts in Margie, "why don't you tell about all the mail we've received about the 'mystery voice' and 'knee business' on 'Mr. Sand- man'?

Janet hastens to explain: "You hear the patter of tapping on the knees with open palms at the opening of the record," she explains, "and then, later on, in the sec- ond chorus, there is a male voice who answers 'Yes' when we croon 'Mr. Sand- man.' These two bits had listeners mysti- fied, and I'll bet we've received almost a thousand inquiries asking who the 'mystery voice' is.

"I won't keep you in suspense. It's Archie Bleyer!"

The future? The girls are a little too breathless, after all that's happened so quickly, to know for sure just what they'll do this year. One thing they will do—definitely—is to continue to search for "pop" songs which fit their style. They will not desert "barber shop" by any means and have recently completed another al- bum of old-timers, along with a music book of their individual arrangements for study and use by employ all-girl quar- tets—in high schools and colleges—who might like to follow in their footsteps.

Their home has doubled, of course, in the past six months and their night-club and theatrical dates are being carefully spotted by manager Jack Bertell. It looks like a rich year for the Cadence Record Corporation and all concerned.

A happy year because of one happy lit- tle song. The "Sandman" acted in reverse when he awakened the entire entertain- ment world to the real talents of these four fine girls.

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or nearly so—in North Hampton, Massachusetts. Steve married his childhood sweetheart, Vivian Belliveau. Steve and Vivian met at a dance. "A friend of mine," he recalls, "loved to dance, and he took me to the Mount Park dance hall in Holyoke. Vivian felt sorry for me—I was the smart guy who never learned to dance as a kid—so she stuff; you know. So 'Nin' came over and we talked through everything from 'Begin the Beguine' to 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.'

"We saw one another again when I came home from college during the Christmas holidays, and two years later we were married. It happened this way: In my third year in school, the radio job had grown to a staff announcer's job in Worcester, Mass. That was near home; I had a chance to budget my money—and we were married.

"I like to say I married 'the girl with the money!' We'd saved for a nice wedding, but there was nothing left over for a honeymoon. That's when I learned never to underestimate the powers of a woman. Two days before our wedding, Nin and I went to a church bazaar. The major prize was one thousand dollars—and Nin held the lucky number.

"After the wedding, Steve and Vivian moved to New York, where he worked as a staff announcer on Station WOR. "I was an expectant father," he says, "work-induced nervousness. I knew, twelve hours—and sometimes more.

"Steve, Jr., arrived in the Jamaica Hospital in Long Island. I was a natural-born floor pacer. Nin had brought along two of her close friends—not so much to reassure herself, I think, as to keep me calm down. The two girls made tea and poured it down me like I was a professional tennis player. I was never so glad to see a baby born in all my life: One more cup of tea, and Manhattan tea drinkers would have had to be rationed.'"

As Steve says, after the baby was born, he began working full time—"that is, twenty-four hours a day." At least, it seemed that way to him. He still held the staff announcer's job and, in addition, he was working a fair bit of dramatic radio shows. As a result of all his work, Steve began receiving bids from major motion picture studios. When Steve, Jr., was two years old, the Dunnes moved to Hollywood, where Steve began work on the first of his fourteen films for Twentieth Century-Fox and other major studios.

When the Dunnes moved to California, they needed a "family" house: A new baby was soon to join them. "The house we have," says Steve, "is what I call 'assembled American.' It has everything in it to make a house livable, but is extremely unpre- dictable. It's just a plain-looking house, nothing fancy.

"Nin and I have devoted a lot of loving hours to it. My brother helped, too. He and I built a brick barbecue, a brick fireplace. We picked up the kitchen wall, and whatever bricks were left over went into the den. In case you haven't guessed it, we like brick.

"One of the things a family has is a home—in fact, one of the things a family is is a home. Whenever we added to the house, that was the thought uppermost in our minds—what addition help us as a family? I think it has. We share the pool; we share the barbecue; and we live in the house—we literally knock around in it. After all, there's not much you can do that'll hurt the bricks.'"

Holidays are another of the thousand—and-one things that make a family. Steve well remembers the first big holiday—their first Christmas together after Christma was born. "Christmas isn't just for kids," he says, "it is kids. I remember the day before the holiday, one of the studios called to ask, 'What are you doing Christmas?'

"I said, 'What do you mean? I'm staying home with my family ... what else?' They said, 'Oh ... ?' like it was a crime. I said, 'No. I'm sure they said, that you would be going away some place and we wanted to know where you would be because of the picture.'

"I said, 'Well, we think Christmas is a time for children: We're staying home. Maybe that is pretty old-fashioned, but that's the way it is.'"

What are some of the other things that make a family? For one, Steve thinks it's the relationship between parents and children. "The children in any family," he says, "are reflections of their mother and father. That's all. And you don't need to be a psychologist to know that.

"If there is love at home and there is a good example set by the parents, the children are going to turn out fine. If there is no love, if bad examples are set, and the children turn out to be delinquents, then I think the parents should take the blame. . . . You can't blame the kids if they don't love, understand, time, attention, and recognition.'"

At Steve's house, for example, he and Steve, Jr. share a great enthusiasm for sports. "Steve," he says, "can tell you the batting average of every player in the
Steve, the man, and Steve, the boy, share many happy hours at the baseball game. That's one of the things that make a family.

Steve, the father, doesn't devote all his free time to his son. No, indeed. He and daughter Chris go window shopping. In fact, they even go down to Bullock's Westwood to watch the parade. After all, those shopping activities are more interesting, you know, and sharing those experiences is what makes a family, too.

And after watching the parade, says Steve, "We sneak down to the park and listen to the noise. I'm getting very good at picking out young 'high-fashion' clothes. I've enough opportunity to be a professional buyer.

Then we lunch together, just my daughter and I. After lunch we do more shopping, and then we go upstairs for a meal or a soda. The great thing about being a father and mother and father and given him for Christmas, and the four of them sing and play quartets.

"Music," says Steve, "is the background noise in this family. If it isn't the hi-fi, it's the radio or the TV, or Chris on the piano and Steve on the guitar. But, as I said, I'm going to have a lot of fun doing it."

One of the most important facets of every family's personality is the mother that watches over all. The Dunne family is no exception to this; there is a thousand-and-one thing, says Steve. "But without mother we wouldn't be anything, I love my Nin. She is what people come to call a 'housewife.' I am tickled to death to have Nin the girl that I depend on for everything. She is what we call a business manager, mother, cook, custodian of lines, and all around general helper. Wrap about it, I don't know what would happen.

So here, in summary, is the picture of Steve Dunne's own family: A family that began when he was an infant, mother, father, and a thousand-and-one things, says Steve. "But without mother we wouldn't be anything, I love my Nin. She is what people come to call a 'housewife.' I am tickled to death to have Nin the girl that I depend on for everything. She is what we call a business manager, mother, cook, custodian of lines, and all around general helper. Wrap about it, I don't know what would happen."

The same thing happened with the baseball I brought him from our local Rams pro football team. I asked him to get the boys on the team to autograph one of their bats for me, and he was happy to do it. He waxed it, varnished it, then put it upstairs and hung it on the wall. He later charged everyone in his gang a nickel apiece for a chance to see it.
Six Fellows and a Dog

(Continued from page 68)

a few pointers from a couple of old-timers in the ventriloquial field, who have since passed away. Such pointers, for instance, as that the letters B, M, P and N are the hardest ones for a ventriloquist to use. Any sounds you have to close your lips to form. When Danny O’Day... the real one, the—er—live one... came into my life, I named him Danny not only out of sentiment for his little predecessor, but because the name is an easy one for a ventriloquist to say.

A piece of advice... remember most vividly, however, was given me by one of the old boys known as ‘Uncle Herman.’ ‘When you’re working,’ said Uncle Herman, ‘think of the dummy as a human being. When you’re not working, think of him as a dummy, whatever you do!’ And then, not looking at me, looking at something I couldn’t see, Uncle Herman added, $100!.

Perhaps Uncle Herman had read the story about the dummy who overcame the ventriloquist’s own personality and drove him insane. I read it, and remember that I got a little smile from Jimmy wondering if such things may be possible. Ridiculous, of course.

Nevertheless, I’ve followed Uncle Herman’s advice. Offstage, Danny, Humphrey and Farfel are dummies to me. They go back into a suitcase, as I’ve said. And stay there. No romping around. No run-of-the-house for them, either (and did I see him wink, or didn’t I?)

‘Danny and Humphrey share a suitcase, custom-made just for them, with a built-in space for them to rest comfortably and room for their clothes to hang properly. Farfel, the isolationist, has his own case. At home—which is an apartment in Forest Hills, Long Island—the cases are kept in my bedroom, where I can keep an eye on them... on the cases, of course.

‘No spooky feeling about the dummies,” Jimmy said stoutly, “up to this point. Especially that, seriously, that let them as people when I’m working. Also—this with a sigh—‘when I pay their bills! Heavily insured as they are—almost as heavily as I am—let the people to me, all right... pretty costly characters, too.”

‘They were costly, to begin with,” Jimmy recalled. “There are only a very few men in the world who make professional dummies. Those were made by one of the greatest of these—Frank Marshall of Chicago, who also made the original Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd—at a cost of approximately $125 each. Dummies are made to last a lifetime, with proper care. The only things that can wear out are the mazes of strings and levers in a dummy’s innards. This can happen without warning.”

‘Jimmy added: “You must play safe by having two of each!”

‘Their wardrobes run high, too. Farfel, of course, comes equipped. Humphrey, the old clothes- and-dance order to demand and many clothes and takes care of the ones he has. Still, the English tweed sportswear he goes in for doesn’t come cheap. ... Danny is the boy who’s always a week behind. He must wear a bow tie, too—or else. Sartorially speaking, I’m afraid he’s spoiled. I like to dress as well as possible, but I wouldn’t say I am overly clothes-conscious, though I’m afraid,” Jimmy said, dead-pan, “that Danny is!”

Actually, Jimmy takes an almost disappointingly realistic view of ventriloquism and especially including himself, who practices the ancient art. For instance, Jimmy says, there’s nothing such as a “born” ventriloquist. Nor is there anything in the throat of a ventriloquist, so far as Jimmy knows, except the rubber mouth that he has learned to use in his normal throat. He’s heard of a doctor in Kansas who is interested in making a survey of ventriloquists’ throats for the purpose of determining whether or not there is anything unusual in them. “But I’m positive,” Jimmy laughed, “that my throat contains only standard equipment. Of course, no one really knows.”

“You do have to have for ventriloquism,” Jimmy pointed out, “for anything else, is an aptitude. Given an aptitude, then... as with anything else, such as the piano or violin... practice, as much practice as possible, makes perfect.

“I suppose it can be said,” Jimmy commented, “that I have an aptitude. As a small child, I was around with puppets and marionettes. Tying strings on them, manipulating them, making them dance and do acrobatics and sing and talk. Then, at the age of ten, I won the little dummy in a bingo game, I transferred,” Jimmy shrugged, “to the dummy. Just as any child turns from an old toy to a new one. It was as simple as that. I named the little dummy O’Day because, in those days, unless a dummy was an Irish dummy, nothing doing! Charlie McCarthy fixed that. Edgar Bergen and I both went to the same school, by the way—Lake View High, in Chicago—which almost not at the same time. I never met Mr. Bergen in Chicago, but he was an inspiration in my career. When I began to lose the hint, I used to think: If a man like this can be a great star, I hope that I can, too... But all this came later..."

“Actually,” Jimmy said, “I kind of drifted into professional ventriloquism, for various reasons—none of them, in the beginning, because I thought of it as a career. When I first got Danny, I used him mostly to express the thought that myself was too shy to make vocal. To this day, my folks credit Danny with helping me overcome the extreme shyness that plagued me as a child. And this still plagues me and Danny still helps me. One thing is for sure: When I first began to throw my voice effectively, it was in order to pass the buck to Danny!”

Within a year after acquisition of the first Danny, pint-sized ventriloquist Nelson was throwing his voice effectively enough to become a professional trouper. He was still in the seventh grade, to be exact—when, after playing a number of amateur shows around Chicago, he made his first “pro” appearance in his Wood Theater.

“For this bow before the footlights,” Jimmy recalled, “my dad painted the little dummy, put a wig on him, smartened him up, put a hat on his head. Since I’d been winning two to five dollars in amateur shows, this whetted my appetite for the theater, sharpened my nostrils for the smell of greasepaint. One shot led to another, and led to frequent absences from school. So many absences—and all of them ‘due to illness’—my classmates and teachers must have thought of me, Jimmy laughed, ‘as the sickest kid in that or any neighborhood’!”

After being graduated from Lake View High, Jimmy played Midwestern towns...
and cities, practiced Constantly, picked up those pointers he mentioned. It was during this period that, by the simple means of emptying his pockets and piggy bank, he acquired the real, the live (!), the certainly lively Danny O'Day.

But, for all the shows I was doing and the kick I got out of having another fellow with me—Danny, that is—ventriloquism was still," Jimmy said, "a great big hobby with me. My dad, an accountant, was a businessman. My younger brother, Don, had a business career in mind. Why not me? I had a couple of office jobs and, although they didn't fascinate me as show business did, I thought facts and figures, not fascination, were the way Mr. Average Citizen earns his living."

Jimmy was still alternating between theater dates and office jobs, somewhat confused in his mind, when he met theatrical manager Louis W. Cohan, six years ago in Chicago. Practically on sight, Mr. Cohan saw the glitter of a star in the making. "But I put him on a date at the Little Club In Omaha," Mr. Cohan points out, "where I could watch him work. I saw that his technique was good, very good, but that he needed wardrobe, material, the proper showcase."

Under Mr. Cohan's management, neophyte Nelson made his television debut on Chicago's first experimental station, WIXBK (now WKBK), and continued to play Midwestern night clubs and theaters, gradually polishing and perfecting his technique to the point where Mr. Cohan thought Jimmy was ready for New York.

In New York, Mr. Cohan got Jimmy on the Ed Sullivan show, Toast Of The Town. As for so many other carbame young professionals, Toast was, for Jimmy, the "proper showcase," from which he stepped onto just about every top TV network show and into just about every plush night club, coast to coast, that you can name. A month after his conquest of New York's Copacabana, for instance, Jimmy duplicated his success in the same city's Roxy Theater—at the stage door of which the fans, now hop to charm boys Nelson and Highbey and O'Day, swarmed and swooned.

After more appearances on network TV, in night clubs, and a stint at the Radio City Music Hall, Jimmy was selected to do the commercials on Milton Berle's show, Texaco Star Theater. So popular did Jimmy become on this, his first "steady" job, that the NBC mail department was obliged to increase its personnel in order to handle Jimmy's pyramiding fan mail.

Now a top TV and radio star, Jimmy no longer thinks of ventriloquism as "a great big hobby." It has become his life work, to which he gives everything he has. Always on the lookout for innovations in the ventriloquial field and for additions to his "mahogany family," Jimmy introduced Humphrey Highbey fairly and a half years ago.

"I wanted him to be as different as possible," Jimmy said, "from snippy, precocious but—I hope—likeable Danny O'Day. So I gave him an English name, a slight English accent, slanted him a bit on the stuffy side." ("Humphrey Highbey is the old Jimmy," a friend of the "old Jimmy" told me, "conservative, that is, timid, and overly polite.")

Farfel, the latest addition to ventriloquist Nelson's mahogany menage, is the only talking dog in the world, but doesn't look too happy about it. Doleful, dull, drab hair that looks old, New TINTZ CREME COLOR SHAMPOO can make hair shine with lasting, deep color tone so natural-looking no one ever suspects the beautiful color isn't your own. Easy... best for home use. Lanolin conditioned base makes hair softer, lustrous, easy-to-dress, wave beautifully, 14 nature's shades on color chart with each package. Ask at drug stores. Money back guarantee.

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Say "good bye" to gray, streaked, dull, drab hair that looks old. New TINTZ CREME COLOR SHAMPOO can make hair shine with lasting, deep color tone so natural-looking no one ever suspects the beautiful color isn't your own. Easy... best for home use. Lanolin conditioned base makes hair softer, lustrous, easy-to-dress, wave beautifully, 14 nature's shades on color chart with each package. Ask at drug stores. Money back guarantee.

TINTZ CREME COLOR SHAMPOO

With this simple demonstration

MAKE UP TO $65 OR MORE IN 1 DAY

In Life

Over a million Flexiclogs sold. FREE demonstration kit contains sample Flexiclogs... 10-second demonstration clutches older. New Style sensation in locker. The whole family wants them... Patented Hinged Sole flexes on foot. Flat or high heels. Interchangeable straps in 11 colors, and matching accessories to multiply sales. No experience, no investment.

FREE $5.50 SAMPLE KIT FOR YOU!

As advertised in LIFE

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HURRY! RUSH my Sample Kit so I can start making money now!

Name:............................

Address:..........................

City:...............................

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Send Big FREE FULL-COLOR Catalog

Thousands of famous, nationally advertised products to choose from—furniture, rugs, lamps, slip covers, silverware, china, draperies. You get $10.00—$100.00 and more in merchandise just by being a Secretary of a Popular Club! You help your friends form. It's easy! It's fun! Nothing to sell, nothing to buy. Write today.

Popular Club Plan, Dept. E-940, Lynbrook, N.Y.
These days, nearly all of us feel tense and nervous once in a while. So, try MILES NERVEINE, to help you feel relaxed. When you are calm, you feel better; you do better! Follow the label, avoid excessive use. Get MILES NERVEINE at your drugstore, effervescent tablets or liquid.

MILES® NERVINE

For Quick Relief
Ask your Druggist for

TOOTHCHEE
For Youth and DENT’S
Your Daily Dental Police

FREE ENLARGEMENT
of your Favorite Photo

From Famous Hollywood Film Studios
Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful studio quality 5 x 7 enlargement of any snapshot, photo or negative. Fee: $100.00. For children's or adults pictures used in our advertising. Act NOW! Hollywood Film Studios, Dept. F-17 7121 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

LOW COST NAILS
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Artificial Fingernails

Cover short, broken, thin nails with NU-NAILS. A Rapidly growing replacement for those you have lost. No polish required. 39c set.

MILES NERVEINE helps you RELAX

name for a spaghetti type of thing—short noodle, that's what it is. I named him Farfel because I thought it had a kind of a funny sound.

With the addition of Farfel, Nelson's mahogany family equals in number his flesh-and-blood family. For Jimmy— who married fresh out of high school—is the father of three husky boys: Lee and Larry, the twins, who are seven years old, and Jerry, the baby who is almost six. Being "Daddy" is quite a job—when you count in Danny, Humphrey and Farfel—for a young fellow just turned twenty-six.

But Jimmy loves it. "Gives me something to work for," he said with the gratifying smile of his. "They're my biggest hobby. The other is motion picture photography. But, since most of that consists of photographing the kids, you might say the two hobbies are one."

Jimmy and his wife are now divorced, and the young ventriloquist has custody of the three boys. The children have a nurse, of course," Jimmy said. "One of the things I go home and spend a lot of time with them. I do some of my rehearsing for them—voices and things—and they get into the act, too. They really enjoy Humphrey's laugh. Little Jerry scares me, sometimes, the way he talks without mov- ing his lips. Larry, one of the twins, goes for the manipulations more than the others do. I neither discourage them nor particularly encourage them. So far," the young father laughed, "I'm just letting it take its natural course.

"The boys know my little characters are dummies and go back into a suitcase," Jimmy added. "But they talk to them as if they were real—keeps them working properly. In trying to fix it, I cut my hand. Then, unable to finish the job, I put in a call for a mechanic skilled in repairing dummies. I love losing—last afternoon, I was met at the door by three little men almost in tears. 'A man came and took Farfel,' they said, 'because he bit you!'"

A story I'd said, though, there's no spooky feeling about it. Jimmy laughed. "Except that, seriously, I do think of them as two fellows and a dog, when I'm working with them. And when I pay them, I call them 'marks.' Actually, it's only happened once—Farfel bites me!"

(Continued from page 51)

in his work and at home, and practically the nearest (and, I might add, the sweetest) man in the world. And, as if keeping up with Durward and the boys were not enough, I am now "helping out" in two homes instead of one—our all-year-round house in a suburban community close to New York and a brand-new summer place we built this past year, on a lake fifty-five miles up in the country.

If ever before I had missed my show-business way of life (which included singing on radio, directing and appearing on The Wishing Well, The Wind—which I did in Chicago, and later working as radio director of a New York advertising agency), I certainly couldn't miss it now. There isn't time to think about it. Not since Durward and I began to build our vacation house—or, rather, since we started to build a little fishing shack that somehow or other grew into a house.

Unlike that "dream house" made famous by Mr. Blandings, however, everything has gone right with ours. Watching it grow, from the rough plans we drew on paper to an attractive four-room cypress house built in an "L" shape around an outdoor terrace, was the thrill of last summer. The workmen were wonderful, the clerical work at the bank of our financing was good, and having your enlarge-

ment beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose f00 to cover cost of handling and mailing each enlargement. Original returned. We will pay $100.00 for children's or adult's pictures used in our advertising. Act NOW! Hollywood Film Studios, Dept. F-17 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

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TOOTHCHEE
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stone fireplace, raised sixteen inches from the floor.

We had frequently passed what proved to be "our" lake, but had never sold there. It was 900 feet above sea level, in a region of Connecticut lakes and woods, protected from the surrounding mountains, and utterly beautiful. Durward began to make inquiries and we were lucky to get four acres, plus "riparian rights"—to the thirty-five-sea-begun.

Until late summer of last year, while the house was going up, we spent our weekends living in two small guest houses which we had turned up to the property. We tooted up an old boat, and began to enjoy the thrill of being campers on our own land. Some friends, the Robert Hannahs, went with us on many weekends with their little boy and girl and each family bunked in a guest house, our Boy Scouts being willing to settle for a tent, with their sleeping bags. Durward's Navy hammock was slung between our beds for Dennis, and he loved it.

We cooked our meals over a campfire and bathed in the lake, but my super-neat husband always had his work cut out for him. He was willing to perform my morning ablutions in the lake and wasn't sorry, either, when that necessity was over. Our guest houses will now serve as a place where visitors can have a restful time, and the one house will, and the other is fated to be a workshop for the man of the house, and a place where he can keep his tools.

Durward just loves tools. He has great respect for the jobs they can do, and he handles them accordingly. My mother and father gave him a chain saw for his birthday last year, and since then he uses it returns it carefully to its box. He's a great box-saver, anyhow. Most little boys save string, I've found out, but I'm sure that my husband is in a class by himself.

"Let's throw out that cartoon," I'll suggest, when something is delivered and removed from it. Later, I'll find it safely stowed in a drawer, and I'm thinking of moving someday." is his explanation, although we have no intention of doing it, at least not for a long time. (I must admit that some of those saved boxes came in very handy when we began taking things up to the new place.)

Because he likes to work with his hands, as well as to work on television and radio—perhaps because he is a complete change from the other—my husband is always restless when he has to stand by and watch others doing the things he would like to do. When the masons were putting the concrete in the basement, for instance, as beautifully as if it were a work of art, Durward was champing at the bit, wanting to pitch in and help. He watched the carpenters and the other builders so much to have all their know-how, and learning every detail for future projects of his own, I'm sure.

Our twelve-year-old projects, too, and has a simply wonderful one of his own, a tree house which he reaches by a rope ladder, a la Tarzan. He wants a canoe this year, a bright red one, and hopes to save enough money for it by the time summer rolls around again. At first, Durward and I felt this would be too dangerous, but Randy is a responsible boy for his years and he handles boats extremely well, besides being a good swimmer. No motor or speedboats are allowed on our lake, so there isn't any danger of that kind. When Durward gets the speedboat which he looks forward to owning someday, we will have to dock it at a near-by lake where they're allowed.

Little Dennis is a born sailor and could handle a rowboat when he was three. Like his daddy, he does everything neatly and with precision. Durward likes the boat to be docked a certain way, and the rope coiled just so, but Randy and I can never seem to remember this. Dennis, who had never heard Durward giving us instructions, simply floored us one day by solemnly unwinding the rope from a tree and carefully coiling it exactly as he had seen his daddy do it, without even being asked. When Randy told me, this was just a piece of rope to tie up a boat, but to Dennis and Durward it was a very special rope to be tied in a very special way.

In most things, however, Randy longs to be like Durward. He wants to be on television, and he dreams of being a comedian. He would quit school tomorrow if we would let him! Durward impresses him with the importance of an education and the difficulties of being in show business. I do my bit, when Randy starts acting a little "hammy," by pointing out that his father is a quiet and somewhat retiring man who never does any acting except when he's "on," and that no one is successful who looks upon show business as anything but a regular job which has to be worked at like any other job. We want our boys to remain natural, leading normal lives without too many responsibilities during these years of their childhood.

We can't imagine they are old enough, they can choose whatever they want to do. Meanwhile, we like having them close to us. We take them to the country auctions where I haunt for things for the new house, and they love it. Durward picked up a Vermont wagon wheel, wired it and put on electric candles, and hung it from our high living-room ceiling. I refined his efforts. I also bought an old rocker so that it looks as fresh as the day it was made, yet beautifully old-fashioned. We found a hutch table that seats eight, and our chairs, (which I re-upholstered) were a great bargain. Durward wired old kitchen Meissen jars for lamp bases, and refinished and cut down an old dining table to make a lovely coffee table for the living room. (I bought one, too, and it's fine.)

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Protect your family's teeth with new PRO Tufted Tooth Brushes. There's a size for each member of the family. The famous PRO end tuft reaches teeth other brushes often miss. Nylon bristles polish teeth brighter, longer. Remember—

for the best—go PRO


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If monthly distress—pains, cramps, nervous tension, and headache—get you down, be smart and try CHI-CHESTER'S

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If you don't get safe, quick, long-lasting relief we will refund your money. Fair enough? Get Chi-Chester's and compare this medically proven, prescription-like "wonder" formula with any other product you have used. In doctors' tests 9 out of 10 women got relief—often with the first dose. Why not you? Feel gay every day with Chi-Chester's. Purse Pak 50¢; Economy Sizes $1.15 and $2.25. If your druggist hasn't any, ask him to get some for you—or we will fill direct orders.

Free Illustrated Booklet of Inimate Facts, Write Chichester Chemical Co., Dept.168 Phila. 46, Pa.
New Patterns for You

4769—Juniors, sew this for flattery. The halter neckline is high in front—bare in back. Jr. Miss Sizes 11-17. Size 13 takes 4 yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

9227—Bared, billowing, beautiful. See how that whirling skirt accentuates your narrow waist. Misses' Sizes 10-20. Size 16 takes 5 yards 35-inch; 1/2 yard contrast. 35¢

9019—Snappy-wrap—just wrap around, tie waist. Make several in cool cottons. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 takes 4 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢
Feather Your Nest

(Continued from page 53)

You'll find additional prizes for the twenty-four runners-up, together with the rules for this exciting contest game on pages 54 and 55.

Bud Collyer and his pretty decorator assistant, Janis Carter, anticipate you'll enjoy studying the pictures to select the furniture you would like to win. Says Bud, "I can just see some hardworking guy deciding he wants that big, rugged loafer chair waiting for him when he comes home at night. He can take it from me—I've tried it—it's got me feeling old and tired!"

Janis takes a strictly feminine viewpoint. "Won't that bedroom be exquisite for a pretty young wife? And the dining room would be the perfect setting for the hostess who takes pride in being a good cook."

Thinking of furnishings in relation to the people who will use them is the keynote of Feather Your Nest. It began, in fact, even before the program went on the air. Red-haired, dynamic Jeff Selden, the producer, had the advertising agency, William East Company, and The Colgate-Palmolive Company, its sponsors, told why.

"Today's living dictated the form our program would take. Considering the number who have built new homes or remodelled old ones, we couldn't help realizing that people are centering more attention on their homes than they ever have before. After all, they are there to live in and they know more about furniture, accessories and appliances. Now every woman tries her hand at interior decorating. Men, too, take a strong interest in their home furnishings."

With home viewers as well as contestants in mind, they decided they would, each day before the camera, show a different room, completely and tastefully furnished. "Besides having the fun and excitement of a quiz," said Jeff Selden, "we wanted to provide useful decorating suggestions. To keep them completely practical, we use no experimental nor custom-made things. We draw our furnishings and accessories from thirty of America's leading manufacturers. Any item you see can be bought in local department stores or in quality shops, right down the street."

Contestants, when they appear on the show, "shop" the room, choosing those things which will fit into their own scheme of living. An engaged couple, a husband and wife, a mother and child, or a sister and brother appear together. One member of the team answers the questions. Each correct answer wins him a feather from a prop bird which takes ten seconds to "fly" to its painted nest. The bird makes these feathers: black, silver, green, red, then yellow, then green feathers. These feathers become the legal tender with which the contestant's partner "buys" items priced at the same color of the same kind of the same size of the same quantity. Feathers also carry a point value, and piling up a total of six thousand points entitles the team to try for the jackpot—all the furniture, accessories and appliances in the whole room.

All preparations are designed to help contestants get exactly what they want. Members of the studio audience fill out cards on which they indicate what kind of prizes they would like, what category of questions—sports, books, current events, famous people, to name just a few—they know most about. Finally, they tell why they would like the prizes.

These cards receive careful consideration from Louise Hammett, assistant to the producer. "Sometimes," Louise explains, "we select people we think will be good contestants and then, reading further, we see that they would, for instance, like traditional bedroom furnishings. Perhaps on that day we're using the kitchen set. We then ask them to return on the day we do display the things they want."

For such a program, blonde, charming Janis Carter has proved an ideal hostess. Interior decorating has, for her, been a strong second career throughout the time she has worked in motion pictures, on the stage, or in television. Says Janis, "I can't recall a time when I haven't been interested in home furnishings. It began during my childhood in Cleveland, and at Western Reserve University, I took every art course I could get. I've always kept up my study."

Janis entered the professional decorator class when she returned to New York from Hollywood while holding a motion picture contract which still has several months to run. "Since I was being paid by the studio," she explained, "I couldn't accept any other show-business job. I was very pleased when Jeff Selden asked me to plan a new apartment. This led to other decorating commissions."

Her decorating knowledge serves her well on Feather Your Nest. Selden explained, "Janis is never content to rattler off a ready-made description of an article. Instead, she studies every bit of information a manufacturer supplies. She tests appliances and furniture, and looks at and feels the fabrics and furnishings. She's particularly well-informed about wood finishes. When she's ready to describe a piece, she's actually passing on to the contestant her own well-considered opinion of it."

Such sincerity and knowledge have caught the attention of the air audiences. Frequently, Janis receives letters requesting information on decorating, and Janis is never too busy to answer. She strongly believes rooms should suit the people who occupy them. Since, on the show, furnishings vary, Janis reverses the rule and adapts herself to her setting. She wears clothes which will harmonize with the type of room on display.

Star Bud Collyer concentrates on the contestants, their experience and their needs. "Talking to our guests," says Bud, "I sometimes feel I'm living over again each step of my own romance and marriage. When a couple of youngsters turn up with stars in their eyes and wedding bells in their future, I think of the way Marian and I, furnishing our first apartment, assembled the usual collection of hand-me-downs from our parents. We also turned into avid window-shoppers. Applying the ideas we got from the displays, we bought brand-new things, painting or rearranging our rooms."

The next stage, Bud defined as, "The one where fate seems against your getting that particular thing you vitally need. Something always happens." He illustrated: "With us it was new beds. We junked the hand-made-downs just before moving to a new apartment. At a department store we bought maple ones and felt real proud of ourselves. Delivery to our new place was timed perfectly. There was just one trouble—they brought only the headsboards and footboards. We had to sleep at a friend's house. Several days and frantic phone calls later, the springs and mattresses were delivered. But for some strange reason, the delivery men also had an order, 'Pick up bedsteads.' For a couple of weeks, we wondered if we ever were going to sleep comfortably again."

---

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Only Cuticura does so much for your skin because: Cuticura Soap—one of the mildest of all soaps by laboratory test—alone of all leading soaps is superfatted and mildly medicated to help maintain the natural moisture and normal acidity of the skin. And Cuticura Ointment softens as it helps heal. Get Cuticura today!

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Super soft

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Families who are eager to win labor-saving kitchen appliances also provoke a sympathetic recollection from Bud, “We were in that stage where our youngsters were small.” He remembered, “During that period the rest of the house just sort of happened.”

For a better integrated plan came when they bought their present Clinical Nursing School, which is credited to Mr. Canfield’s partner, a Mrs. Marian Did the planning, of course, but she always made it a practice to take me to see a piece of furniture before buying it. We all talk things over and the result is that both of us and the children too, like our home and feel it belongs equally to all of us.”

Since Feather Your Nest has been the same size, it at the do-it-yourself. But the winners have often reported their prizes have meant more to them than merely filling a room with furniture.

Mr. Canfield, the excited young bachelor (pictured at the beginning of this story) who answered the jackpot question and won a complete living room in modern design, insisted, “It makes me feel like a millionaire — on school teacher’s wages. Mr. Canfield’s partner was his aunt, Mrs. Grace Hargreaves, at whose home he had lived since coming from Oklahoma six years ago. She had no success in that. At Columbia University. Last summer, when her apartment house was turned into a commercial building, they were evicted. The new apartment Mrs. Hargreaves found was small to provide room for Mr. Canfield.

He reported, “While I was lucky enough to find what amounts to a super-deluxe cold-water flat—four and a half rooms and two fireplaces—I didn’t own a stick of furniture. I would have been years getting together the kind of living room I wanted. I haven’t had much fun fixing up my first apartment yet, but I’ve turned practically domestic. I’ve even built a room divider. I never felt so eligible in my life.”

Another remodeling job which was sparked to completion occurred when Mrs. Lester Olmsted of Newport, New York, won the show’s very first jackpot. Sparkling at the high official the bride which: “My father bought this big old house several years ago. The folks took the first floor, we took the second. Then Les and Dad started fixing it up. They’re both pretty good, but we never did finish off the attic to make another bedroom. Our little girl needed some plastic surgery and the money wouldn’t stretch to cover everything,” she said.

But the project got a new start when Mrs. Olmsted’s answer won her a jackpot of American traditional furniture—a bed, dresser, vanity, two Windsor chairs, a ladder back chair, seven lamps and four blankets. Work started immediately, she said, “We knocked down a wall to make a nice large room big enough to accommodate walls a warm gray and have the ceiling pale pink to match the shades of my pretty new lamps. We’re so pleased and happy. We feel it’s the answer to the feather your nest certainly made my trip to New York memorable,”

A pretty little blue-eyed eleven-year-old blonde, who wants to be a doctor when she grows up, was happy by a Feather Your Nest jackpot of bedroom furnishings by Drexel.

Her proud mother, Mrs. E. J. Richardson, said: "We moved to New Jersey, New Jersey, said: "Kathryn Ann had a special reason for wanting it. We have four children and Kathryn Ann has been begging me to re-arrange sleeping quarters so that she can share a room with Denise, who is eight. Denise suffers from a mild form of cerebral palsy and Kathryn Ann is really wonderful about helping with the corrective therapy. She says, ‘If I want to do it on my own, she’ll be able to teach Denise more.’"

It was on a holy day, when classes at St. John’s Catholic School, Detroit, Mrs. Richardson and her daughter came to New York on a shopping trip and ‘just stopped in to see a television show.’ The little girl, filling out her card, confided in sparkling terms her desire for a lovely room. Said Mrs. Richardson, “Since she wanted it, I let her answer the questions. I thought it was so nice when Bud Colyer said he could be expected to know—story-book characters and historic events. But I never dreamed she would win all those things. It was really just wonderful.”

For the other contestants, winning prizes has brought a thrill. Now a similar experience awaits the TV Radio Mirror reader who wins this Feather Your Nest, History of Feather Your Nest. She could be expected to know the same lines as the show. First you answer questions by filling out the crossword puzzle. Next, you “shop” by studying the photos on page 32 to decide which room of furniture you’d like if you win. Finally, in fifty words or less, you write why you want it.

Good luck, and have fun! Someone is going to win the fabulous grand prize—a full room of fine furniture by Drexel. Twenty-four runners-up will win additional prizes. It could be you.

To the Heart’s Desire

(Continued from page 33)

When she is acting, you’re liable not to recognize her from the next, for Liz dresses to suit the part she’s playing on the air. For example, when she faces the mike as the youthful Marguerite on This Is Nora Drake, over CBS Radio, she dresses in a simple suit or dress, pencil skirt, high heels, hair up. As Elsie Lockwood—‘who has some youngness,’ Liz says, and some maturity’ in The Right To Happiness, she’s more formal, she wears whatever comes to hand.

“The reason I dress to suit the parts I play on radio,” she explains, “is because radio takes more imagination than either the theater or television. In the theater

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WOW

WHIRLING SPRAY

Syringe for Women 39c

At Drug Counters Everywhere.
Liz, admittedly, is superstitious. “Especially about these earrings,” she says, finger- ing the crystal drops at her ears. “My mother gave them to me. They’re mustard seed and cross carved, and we shall grow like the mustard seed. I wear these earrings always, practically never take them off, even when I go to bed.” Liz grins, “I’m not sure why I wear them, but I do feel they give me some luck.”

“T’ve other superstitions, too. I believe things go in threes. They do for me. For instance, my three running parts in Nora Drake, Road Of Life, and Right To Happiness. Also, I’d read for parts in two Broadway plays before—on the third try—I read for and got the part as Geraldine Page’s understudy in The Rainmaker.”

“I always was left out of the scenery,” Liz laughs at herself, “just before I go on stage or before the mine. But I didn’t, the afternoon I went on and played the scrub table, when she was ill—because I was so unnerved. And I was unnerved because Lizzie, in ‘The Rainmaker,’ is the kind of part I like to do, and hope to be able to do, next.”

When it comes to acting, which is her whole life—and her only love—there is only one word for Elizabeth: Dedicated. The amount of time she spends in the furtherance of her career would dismaying a centipede. The amount of studying she has done, and is still doing, is fantastic—and formidably so as she’s only 21. It’s amazing that she made so many detours before blazing the trail to her heart’s desire.

“As a very tiny child,” Liz says, “I knew what I wanted to do and be. A child’s instincts are uncomplicated, and true. Mine were. It was later on, for that, a time, I went astray.”

“Born September 6, 1922, in Huntington, West Virginia, Elizabeth made her first stage appearance at the age of three—as an angel in a Christmas pageant. With the cheeselock in her hair, and a ribbon tied and fastened to her forehead, she flapped and floated and sang ‘Away in a Manger.’ It was a school play and, before appearing in it, Elizabeth remembers taking lessons from a local private instructor.

When Elizabeth was four, the family moved from West Virginia to Detroit.

“The move took place,” Liz says, amused, “right after the war, and we sometimes suspect they ran me out of town!”

“In Detroit, they had a contest in school for the fifth-graders to write a play, with the winner’s day made into a holiday. I won and almost by default—since, as I recall it, only two plays were submitted.

“If you can blame anything, or anyone but yourself, on that school play. Liz grins, ‘I can blame animals for losing sight of mine. I was always crazy about animals. Every time my mother wanted to do the laundry, she had to empty the tub of snails, and two rabbits, and any other livestock I’d brought home. Instead of reading about Little Women, as a kid, I read Black Beauty, Smokey, The Biscuit Eater, and Huckleberry Finn (I didn’t like it over that one!) and every book I could find about dogs—especially dogs in the Arctic. . . .; one of my dreams was that, someday, maybe, I’d have a team of sleddogs. . . . In addition to the tenants of the tub, I also brought home every stray cat or dog that crossed my path, which was always a weight for or so, I announced to my family that I was going to be a cat nurse!”

“By the time I was ready for the university—for which I had a scholarship— I’d discarded the idea of being a ‘cat nurse,’ in favor of a ‘Mankiewicz’ role. I understood there was a scarcity of laboratory technicians and wanted to take a lab technician course, but they didn’t have one at Michigan, so I took pre-med. . . . And I did this, and really, I didn’t think much of the psychology courses we had. I can’t say I was bored, but I found that working with the human brain, as we did,” Liz grins, “helps on radio and TV.”

“I’d seen my first legitimate show—Hamlet,’ with Maurice Evans—and was so spellbound that, after the matinee, I went into the ladies’ room and waited till the curtain was up before I went to the stage. When I watched from the stairway. That same week, I saw the play again five times. It was as though I couldn’t get enough of it. I should have known then. I don’t know why I didn’t. But I didn’t. Not until my junior year did I change from pre-med. Then I took some speech courses, including one in radio, at the end of which I was told that maybe I could be an actress, but not on radio.

“At the end of my junior year, I was so confused about what I wanted to do—hang on, I regret this, but I didn’t have a wagon to a star—that I decided the only thing to do was nothing. Nothing, that is, in either field . . . just get away, get some perspective. So, at the end of the semester, I joined the Navy, May, 1943.

“First stationed in Atlanta, Georgia, I taught navigation. They gave us aptitude tests, Liz explains, ‘and, though I never suspected it, I was a pretty good navigation student. I taught radio navigation first. Then I was assigned to Link-trainer maintenance. For a time, I also worked as an air-control technician. We had to service the instruments, install them, then sign out the plane—after which the responsibility for what happened to it was ours. Never in the theater has anything seemed near to being so nervous-making for me as when I waited, nearly dying, until the plane got back.

“From Atlanta, I went to Quonset Point, Rhode Island, assigned to ‘celestial navigation.’ Here, too, I did Link-trainer—this time, celestial Link-trainer—maintenance. Over the plane—which was housed in a cheesebox, in a house— I had to move patterns with the constellations. It gave you an other-world feeling, as of being part of the planetary system, the heavens, close to the stars. Yet, in initial courses, I somehow—and truly—began to chart my own.

“While at Quonset, we’d hitch plane rides to New York. Usually, we flew in a TBF, a Torpedo (and I usually sat in the bombardier’s ‘bubbles’). And always, while in New York, I’d cram in two shows a day, reading all I could, suspense feeling, as I did when I saw ‘Hamlet’ five times in one week, that I couldn’t get enough of it . . . which reminds me that I have been an obsessive, if not idol, as such, in ‘Oedipus’ and ‘The Critic’ seven times.

“From Quonset I was sent to Pensacola, Florida, where I was to see the end of the war. The end of the combat smiles of search for myself. For, in a local paper, I spotted an inch-high item stating that auditions were being held at the Pensacola Little Theater. I sped into town, found the theater, went in, and, the moment I saw the stage, it was like coming home. Then I knew.

“I had a letter by the time I got back from Pensacola. The large part I read for was that of Essie in ‘You Can’t Take It with You.’ I got it—whereupon a stupid but painful casualty befell me. For the ballet number I was called back to do as Essie, minus a pair of hard- toe ballet slippers, the toes of which I

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should have stuffed with cotton—but didn't. Result: When I took them off, I also took off part of my toes! Add idiocy: I then poured iodine on the wounded members and burned them to the bone!"

"This was the very part of Birdie in 'The Little Foxes,' supporting roles in 'George Washington Slept Here' and 'Snafu,' the lead in 'Claudia.'" Every role—played since every role—was that of a girl who got pregnant, Liz laughs, "at the end of my last performance, the company presented me with a bouquet of Gerber's baby foods—and a bunting baby day hat.

"Less humorously—but more valuably—out of the twelve 'Oscars' the Little Theater awards each year, I got five!"

"It's a fact, as we were, we were also a flogging. We were based forty miles out of town... which meant that, when doing a play, I traveled eighty miles a day by bus. The buses, pretty rickety, were also prone to breaking down and when, I got back to the base after an evening performance, I often had to stand watch. A local reporter wrote an article about me in which he figured that I'd traveled, between the theater and the base, literally thousands of miles. I had, indeed!"

"But—worth it?" Oh, says Liz, lights in her eyes, in which she is, how grateful I am to the Pensacola Players. If it weren't for those wonderful people, I might be dissecting rabbits still.

On December 24, 1945, Liz got out of uniform, ready for Christmas, then—after a brief rest—"I was in the city," she says, "and began to make the rounds, round and round and round, and got nowhere. And you know what I mean by nowhere. I heard it is. Day after day after day, you check in at casting offices, agents' offices. And, day after day, you hear: Nothing, nothing, nothing—nothing! And you'd take an oath that nothing is the only word in the English language! Still, you keep going back, hoping to get your face remembered. It doesn't work that way."

"One night I saw 'Dark of the Moon,' in which the late Richard Hart was playing the lead. Reading his biography in the theater program, I learned that he'd got this part because soon he'd graduated from dramatic school. After the show, I went backstage, met Richard, asked him where he'd gone to school, and he told me Tamaray Daykarhanova's School for the Stage.

"Then I saw Marlon Brando in 'I Remember Mama,' went backstage, met Marlon, and he suggested the Neighborhood Playhouse or Stella Adler at the New School."

Elizabeth decided on the School for the Stage, enrolled in early 1946—and then began a new apprenticeship. She studied with Daykarhanova for two years. In the summer of 1946, she went back to the University of Michigan to get her Bachelor of Arts degree. And in the summer of '47, she did summer stock at the Putnam County Playhouse, joined actor's Equity, and stayed on as resident leading lady up to and beyond the summer of '53. "Although, the last two years, I was only 'jobbing,'" Liz points out, "meaning that I was brought in for one show a season."

In the fall of '47, she went to work at the Riverside Community House in New York, where she taught dramatics to youngsters between the ages of seven and fourteen. Says Liz, "for about five years. Lived there. Room was part of my pay, which assured a roof overhead. Not a bad feeling."

She studied at the American Theater Wing, where all the pupils have to be professionals. Always going to school—"on my GI Bill of Rights!" Liz explains, with a twinkle—she studied voice, the dance (both modern and ballet), period acting, Ibsen with Eva Le Gallienne, Shakespeare with Margaret Webster and Dorothy Sands, modern acting with Joseph Kramm, who wrote for the Stage. And continued, studied radio and television... and is still studying. "I believe in studying," Liz says soberly. "I've got a lot to learn!"

When she wasn't in school, she was working—on TV, on the road.

On a coast-to-coast ABC-TV, she played Juliet to Kort Falkenburg's Romeo. "At the Wing, we'd put on a production of 'Romeo and Juliet,'" Liz recalls, "and the director, for reasons now somewhat obscure, was supposed to be shining examples of what the Wing was doing. Judging from the reaction we got, we rather thought we did shine! Nothing came of it."

She played Liz in a summer stock production of "The Glass Menagerie." She read for parts in Broadway shows and for road companies, and got the title role in a road company of "The Heiress."

In the winter of 1950, things began to be bad for Liz. "Real bad," she says, "I had a few years, during which I was 'playing my engagements'—most of them—as soda jerk, bar hostess, and so on. Then, at the beginning of 1951, fortune at last took a turn, took the turn in my favor. Instead of merely doing the way, the concerns time... that either it is your time—'The moment is now'—or it isn't. That winter of '51 was my time. I'd been looking forward to it. It got me to Michigan to get a teacher's certificate. Instead, I took a course at the Theater Wing—and under Arthur Hanna, bless him—in Beginning Radio. Took that particular course about a year, mainly, back to the only one open at the time... also, more men than women were enrolled, so Mr. Hanna let me in. A fluke, but a blessed one, for the very reason that Mr. Hanna is the director of Nora Drake!"

"While I was still in beginners' class, Mr. Hanna had me read for Marguerite and, almost at once, he gave me the part. My name which was also almost at once," Liz groans, "I almost lost! It wasn't quite as stupid of me as it sounds... for, at that time, the part of Marguerite was created. But about one, soon to be written out of the script. I did a few times, then it didn't come in and again, and I assumed, wouldn't. So thinking, I signed to go on the road as Luba, the Kim Hunter part, in 'Darkness at Noon.' But when, in passing, I mentioned to Mr. Hanna that I was going on the road, he said: 'What are you going to do about your part on Nora Drake when it comes in again?'"

"Coming in again?' I echoed, in hollow tones, 'Why didn't you tell me?'

"There are really no people like show people. Yet."

When Mr. Hanna said he would wire me as soon as the part came in again, Stanley Woolf—the producer of 'Darkness at Noon'—assured me I would. "I couldn't chase me from my contract without the customary two weeks' notice. It came in again," Liz laughs, "while we were in Coffeenville, Kansas! But the money, Mr. Hanna missed. I missed. The part didn't catch up with me until we were playing Providence, Rhode Island. I then wired him—with all ten fingers crossed—'Shall I come back? The answer was 'Yes.' When, having played our last date in Providence, I returned to New York, the part had come and gone!"

The then that I waited my first week. 'Five more months on the road I've given up, I said, fighting tears, 'and here I am!' To which Arthur Hanna replied—and
again, bless him—'Don't worry. Now that you're back, you'll work.' And so I soon did. In about three weeks, Marguerite came in again, got involved in the murder of Peg Martinson, went to live with Nora Drake. And... Nora has since married and I don't live with her any more. I go back, I go back! Meanwhile, I'm still 'in,' and happy to be.

After I started doing the Nora Drake show again, I also started making the rounds again—principally radio rounds, since this was the only medium of which I could say: 'You can hear me on—' And this way.' Liz began. Among so many young voices had deserted radio for TV that I came along at just the right time. I did one-shots, a lot of them... True Detective, Mystery Hall, True Sally, Whispering Streets... I did a three-week sequence, playing a trained nurse, on Aunt Jenny. I also did quite a bit of TV, on Studio One, The Aldrich Family, the Philco Playhouse...

"Then I did a competitive audition for The Right To Happiness and, happily, got the part of Elsa Lockwood. I also did a competitive for the part of Francelle in The Road Of Life, which I didn't think I'd get. I'd never played a part—not a running part, that is—of my own age. I'd always played rather unhappy parts, too. This is a girl, a sort of young Shirley Booth, who knows what she wants and how to get it. I like to think," Liz laughs, "that I'm learning, from Francie, to do the same!"

"Since I'd say the thing I can sell best on radio is sincerity, it follows that I have to really understand the motivation of each character I play. I believe I do understand all these young Marguerites, who was a poor, defenseless little thing but is now showing a little spunk... Elsa, a nice, young wife, eager and loyal and unfailingly helpful to her husband... that is, the one who is more complex and deeper—and, therefore, very much a challenge.

Since I understand all three of my running parts, I'm free," Liz says, "I love radio, and am most grateful for both it and to it. Not only for the challenge it offers—now that it is turning more and more to genuine acting, to the tricks to which it used to resort—but also because of the help it has been to me with 'cold' readings (when you don't see the script before you read) for the stage. It has also relieved me, at least in great measure, of the one and only fear I've ever had—the fear of not working.

"Now that I'm so busy, with radio and TV and the theater, I don't seem to have much of a personal life," Liz says, thoughtfully. "I do have some personal hobbies. I collect records, have about one hundred albums—chamber music, mostly, and Bach. I work with the Veterans Hospital Guild. I love to garden, and spend a weekend with my parents, whenever I can, at their home in near-Bestwick, wading and sailing.

"And I love my apartment! When I moved in, it was just a shambles. Now, with my own hands, I've knocked out a fireplace that had been bricked up, and have put in a Franklin stove which is both quaint and cozy. I've pulled out the indoor shutters which were jammed into the wall and have painted them black. I've built my own slipcovers for my records, I've painted three of the walls. I've built a quaint mechanical aptitude, remember?—and the bathtub, which is in the kitchen, is now all boxed up so you don't know it's there! I've painted the living-room floor black, on which the Bokhara rug my family gave me spills all its lovely colors. The walls are red—Monterrey red, or so it says on the can of paint I used. The draperies are gray. The slipover for the studio couch is red and black, and I've a very old hutch table and a love of a Windsor rocker, equally old. My bedroom is all green and yellow, like a summer field. Cold-water flat though it is, and a walk-up—all the way up—I love the place.

"All of us on the top floor are actors or in some way connected with show business. I'm Charles Carruth, for one, who is an actor but is now assistant director to Wynn Wright on radio. Lilila Austin, an actress on TV. Jeff Manning is on TV. We spill over into each other's apartments, can go in and out, any day, and borrow each other's ice cubes, sugar, et cetera.

"I'm not in love—no, not even dating heavily. I want to be married and have children, of course I do. But, at the moment, my goal is just to keep working in the theater—any part of it. And my most soaring ambition is to be so much in the theater that they can't cut me out."

"At the moment, in other words, my heart belongs to the theater. And the theater," Liz says, with that light in her eyes, "is where my heart belongs."

“Make Up Your Mind”

(Continued from page 92)

on the show, remember what was said.
It was just that week that the experts on Make Up Your Mind had said it isn’t enough to drive safely... you must also protect yourself from the dangerous driver... that no one can, but his sense of courtesy and carelessness, provokes you into anger.

Recalling the incident, the coincidence—Art said, "It’s so. Jan and I are two of the best customers of my show. It doesn’t surprise me at all, when I find Jan quoting the show back at me."

Arthur Henley, one of the most un-surprised and unusual young men in New York. He says that he has been at cross-purposes with himself most of his life. For example, Janet isn’t the type of gal he “goes for,” and into his own company... but he loves her as every wife would be proud to cherish. He wasn’t mad for kids... but he’s crazy about the two he has. He doesn’t care much for his furniture... but finds it so comfortable that he has to be blasted out of his home. He has been a comedy writer for Kate Smith, Jackie Gleason, Eddie Cantor, Paul Winchell, Duffy’s Tavern and others... so now he produces a show which handles rather serious subjects.

"I had a point to prove," he says. "I said you could do a show that talked about important things— and still be entertaining and hold a big audience."

When he tried to sell the idea, most of the VIP’s looked around to see if there was a man in a white jacket carrying Art’s announcements. But he succeeded in selling his show to Continental Banking Company, and he is doing the show just as he outlined it. His panelists are noted for brains, wit and experience, and the program’s producer’s personal work is tops in their field. His program is as educational as any Peabody Award winner, yet it is entertaining and has a happy sponsor. As extra-special proof of the popularity, Make Up Your Mind gets ten thousand letters a week. In other words, Art gave show business the business—but what the business has done to him is something else again—records.

"It’s a matter of time," says Janet Henley. "He doesn’t have enough of it for his home."

Art starts off the day at a normal hour,
waking about seven-thirty and leaving slightly before nine. But he never gets back before seven and, most evenings, he is too tired. There are some weekends he doesn't work.

"I go directly to the studio in the morning. From there, I go to a luncheon—and that's always business, so I'm lucky to get into it for the first time by two thirty or three. Well, I can't get all my work done by five."

The Henleys have a four-room apartment on Long Island.

"It's furnished in French Provincial with—like 'hamburgers with,'" says Janet.

"Besides the Provincial, there is some Chinese influence. And two walnut pianos in so-called 'Traditional.'"

Art plays the piano. Black keys only, but he plays everything from Beethoven to 'singing jingles' (some of which he wrote.)

Janet picked most of the furnishings for the apartment, except for the bedroom, where Art insisted on dark woods. Janet thinks it is too dark, too masculine.

Eric's room has drapes and a spread in an Indian motif, two-toned walls and a floor covered with linoleum, plus blocks, bally, toy car and 1939 walnut piano in so-called 'Traditional.'

"Art is mechanically inclined," Janet says. "He's quite eager about chores around the house—cements tiles back into place, keeps cars of paint around for re-touch, and bathroom walls, and fixes up lamps and sockets."

She thinks that Art is serious, strong and quite decisive. "There's nothing slow about him. He even got up his mind to make a walnut piano in so-called 'Traditional.'"

"We've been lucky that way about kids, too. When we made up our minds to have them, we did—except that the stork didn't seem to give us a hang what Art decides."

A few weeks before this past Christmas, the stork (or Santa Claus) brought the Henleys another baby boy, whom they have named Kenneth. So far, however, Janet and Eric go to Rockaway Beach and Art commutes to the studio.

Rockaway is more than a beach town. It's a rather commonplace, a suburb of New York City, and it was here that Art was born and raised. His father was a salesman in New York. Art was an only child, and his mother thought he was quite a different sort of figure.

"Art recalls, 'I'm an introvert. I used to get sick every time I had to recite a poem. There was that—and the vinegar."

Art has been on the stock sale side, not so good, when you live in a beach town. Throughout his childhood, he went about in a vinegar-soaked shirt.

In high school, he majored in the sciences to be Ernest Henry—in order to find out what makes things happen. His mother, on the other hand, thought he looked enough like Eddie Cantor to play Eddie Cantor in the movies. She took Arthur into New York to audition. Happily, he flunked it.

Art began to write in high school. He tried a lot of things—novels, epic poems and plays, the way a kid will—but he also made pocket money selling fillers to the city papers. Then, just before graduation, he won a Scholastic Magazine award for a radio script. With this incentive, he continued to write in college and sold a few things free-lance. When he left school, he was carrying a Carry Moore's early program, Everything Goes.

Radio, Art discovered, was an eighteen-hour-day job. Sometimes he was doing two shows a day. For thirty-nine weeks, he wrote and produced five fifteen-minute TV shows for Frances Langford and Don Ameche—plus writing 45 pages of "ad libs" for another show.

"Fifteen minutes later, discovered that only one of them was going steady. He broke the engagement, got his ring back—and developed my Uncle, who was an unhappy young man until he met Jan.

A friend had told him about her: "Good looker, lots of personality, the kind you get secrets about. But matter of fact, the friend was feeling halfway serious and asked Art if he wouldn't give him an appraisal. Art agreed but warned that, if he liked it, he would ask her for a date.

"The first day we met, I told her that I loved her. The second day, she met my family. A week later, we were engaged.

"It was a, I think, rather fast relationship. A few months later, his ulcer was gone. The following June, they were married. Art was then doing an evening radio show that originated in the Press Box restaurant. He was a regular on the interview program and Art, himself, grilled various celebrities. During the same period, he was also head waiter for Broadway Open House.

"We spent our honeymoon twenty blocks away in a Manhattan hotel."

It was a peculiar kind of honeymoon. Art worked until midnight, so Janet had dinner at home and met Art there. The neighbors didn't get it, Janet recalls. "They felt sorry for me. So did I."

"Then I got used to being a wife and accepted the fact that I had a husband who worked late."

Janet is an attractive brunette who stands an easy five feet, eight in heels.

"To keep fit, I'm a hard five-eight," says Art. "Unless there's a lot to stretch to kiss her. It's good exercise."

"They are opposite in many ways and find it interesting always, fun sometimes, exciting sometimes, engaging sometimes."

When they were first married, Art got up feeling cheerful; Jan woke feeling lousy.

"My family was like that," she says. "They were used to going to bed quite late and waking up, maybe, an hour in the morning. No one says anything. If you want the toast passed, you grunt once."

He goes on, "I stayed at Art's home several different nights before we were married and the only way it was the same old thing, I talk opposite. Art and his parents woke up and howled. They thought they were crazy."

Now, with Ken at home, Jan has made the adjustment. She wakes up cheerfully. That's the truth, and so is this: Art, once an A.M. joy boy, now wakes up with Jan. It might be that little Eric, as an infant, suffered with colic for six months.

"The doctor would prescribe pheno- barbital," Art says, "for the baby."

"That's not so good, when you live in a beach town.

Janet, who has written some stories and is writing a novel, has also become a newspaper reporter. She and Art often take their baby to the beach in the morning. The baby is a good baby, with a good temperament and a good appetite, for Art loves food and will spend a weekend driving a few hundred miles to sample food at a good restaurant. For Jan, however, this has created no great problem in the kitchen.

"Luckily, Art likes quantity, too," she says, "so what I can't give him in quality I make up for in size."

Art says Jan is a fine cook, but he prefers to go out for their fancy meals. It means less work for Jan. That's one reason they have not advertised for help. Another is that eating is more fun than dancing.

"My feet stick to the floor," he says. "It makes me feel guilty, since Jan is really a wonderful dancer."

It's just a continuation of their contrasting personalities: She would like to get dressed up and go dancing, he prefers to drive down to Gastric Gulch for a burger and a coke. He likes to read, she, too, likes to visit; he likes things to be neat and orderly—but she doesn't get much kick out of picking his things off the floor. Sometimes, when they have been the guests of the quarter, salesmen asked on Make Up Your Mind to apply to their home. For example, Jan doesn't think much of Art's taste in clothes and gifts. Many women have been heard to comment, "How the devil does Art make up his mind without his knowledge?"

"The last time it happened to me," Janet says, "I was seventy. The present was a pair of things, socks, perhaps."

But Art's mouth was in the room, and before I had time to open my mouth, she said, "They are too small for Jan. They'll have to be exchanged."

The Henleys have never had serious "in-law trouble," but there have been discussions, on Make Up Your Mind, of minor importance. Art was once heard to comment, "I think Art's taste in clothes has been added to the Henley household.

"Now, you take Eric and his grandmothers," Art points out. "Suppose they are all together in the same room, and they kill each other."

"But Art's mouth was in the room, and before I had time to open my mouth, she said, 'They are too small for Jan. They'll have to be exchanged.'"

Art owns up that, since the show has been on the air, he does a lot more thinking and analyzing of his own problems. "You learn, too, that there are three answers to every problem: Yes, no, and the other person's opinion."

This holds true in his own home, where he and Jan often differ. Yet they confer all the time about the dishes he discusses. The new ideas with her. Often, he will give her a script to read and criticize.

"I'm flattered by the talks," Jan says, "but, even though Art respects what I say, he is not inclined to let it influence me. I'm the one who is always hearing, 'Now, make up your mind.' But I can't decide as quickly as Art."

"Art has a biological difference," Art says. "A man gives a woman a chance to make up her mind."

There was the question of shower curtains that Arthur wanted—although he had no opinion about the color, pattern and material. So Janet went shopping and bought what she wanted—but with brains. At home, she told about it, but she choose to say, at the expense price for the shower curtains that Arthur wanted, and then told of the wonderful buy she had found.

"By that time," she says, "there was no argument left. He was in a kind of happy daze about not getting what he wanted."

"That's the difference," Art grins. "A woman doesn't say, 'Make up your mind, honey.' She makes it up for you."
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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!
Here's Why Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!

Germs—The Major Cause of Mouth Odor

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is fermentation, caused by germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Listerine Antiseptic Kills Germs by Millions

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact. Test after test has shown that even fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward, as much as 80%.

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. As a result, Listerine stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

Listerine ANTISEPTIC

...the most widely used antiseptic in the world
**NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY**

Safely stops odor 24 hours a day!

PROVED IN UNDERARM COMPARISON TESTS MADE BY A DOCTOR
- Deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours.
- New Mum with M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

**New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics**
1. *Exclusive* deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamy texture—New Mum won't dry out in the jar.

**features in full color**

- **TV Radio Mirror Award Winners for 1954-55**
- **Loretta Young—at Heart** by Dee Phillips
- **Party Girl, Home Girl** (Martha Raye) by Philip Chapman
- **Search For Tomorrow** (short-short story from your favorite TV daytime drama)

**your special services**

- **Information Booth**
- **New Patterns for You** (smart wardrobe suggestions)
- **Steve Allen's Turntable**
- **New Designs for Living** (needlecraft and transfer patterns)
- **Inside Radio** (program listings)
- **TV Program Highlights**

**buy your June copy early • on sale May 5**

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**people on the air**

- Lux Radio Theater: Wins Again! by Jill Warren
- This... ls Edward R. Murrow...
- True to Himself (Mel Allen)
- What's New from Coast to Coast by Bob Crosby
- Out of the Shadow by Douglas Edwards
- Sincerely Yours
- Behind the Story (Bill Stern)
- The Greatest Talent Scout of All by Martin Cohen
- Jack Benny—Man or Myth? by Freda Dudley Balling
- The Ed Sullivan Story... by Gregory Merwin
- Blessing in Disguise (Liberace)
- Why They Remember Mama by Lilla Anderson
- Fine and Dan-Dan-Dandy by Frances King
- Here's George Gobel... by Harriet Hilliard Nelson
- "Equal Rights" by Helen Bolstad
- Sergeant Friday Speaks by Bud Goode
- Wanted: Mr. and Mrs. North by Gordon Budge
- A Song from His Heart by Mary Temple
- The Folks at Home by Bud Goode
- All Play, No Work by Robert Owen
- A Laugh in Time (Art Linkletter)
- Eternal Miracle by Gladys Hall
- Answer to Prayer by Gene Autry
- "Q." is for Quality by Ed Meyerson
- Long Live the Queen by Jack Bailey
- Faber and Molly—by Jim and Marian Jordan

**Cover portrait of Marion Marlowe by Ozzie Sweet**

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**NEW MUM®**

Cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene)

Another fine product of Bristol-Meyers
Introducing the first girdle to give you That French Look and the Freedom you love

NEW PLAYTEX High Style GIRDLE

The chic lines of Paris—in carefree American comfort—are yours with this newest Playtex Girdle! We call it High Style... you'll call it wonderful! World's only girdle to give all three: miracle-slimming latex outside, cloud-soft fabric inside—and a new non-roll top. Trims you sleekly, leaves you free... no matter what your size! Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

Look for the Playtex High Style Girdle in the SUM tube... $5.95

Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

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PLAYTEX PARK ... Arnprior, Ont.
Twenty years of the best in
drama, ten Awards from
TV Radio Mirror readers—
an all-time record for
consistently being the "tops"

It's been twenty star-studded years
since Lux Radio Theater began
"broadcasting movies" on the air.
waves. The date was October 14, 1934,
and the play was "Seventh Heaven."
... The series was a lusty youngster,
a full-grown favorite from the start.
Now turning the corner to voting age,
Lux has won your votes for
eight consecutive years as your fa-
vorite radio evening drama—the only
program to make a clean sweep of
the Awards every year since the hal-
loting began. And, for the second
consecutive year, you have named it
the best radio program on the air. ...
For this anniversary year, Irving
Cummings, the show's producer-host,
has selected "20 Greats" from the
screen classics of the past. They
alternate with the best in modern film
fare—introduced by the magic
words: "Lux Presents Hollywood."

Lux Radio Theater is heard over NBC Radio,
Tues., from 9 to 10 P.M. EST—and Lux Video
Theater is seen over NBC-TV, Thurs., 10 P.M.
EST—as sponsored by Lever Brothers Company.
Wuthering Heights premiered the "20 Greats" series with star Merle Oberon recreating her original role and Sam Goldwyn as guest of honor.

Mother Wore Tights was one of the gala musicals presented during this season. Dan Dailey, in his original role, co-starred with Mitzi Gaynor.

Song of Bernadette, another "Great," teamed lovely Ann Blyth and Charles Bickford, who enjoy coffee in Lux's haven for the stars, the Green Room.

The Awful Truth was played on Cary Grant's birthday. Co-star Irene Dunne counted twenty-two candles—for Cary's Lux appearances to that date.

Secret of the Incas had Charlton Heston and Nicole Maurey sharing top billing. The personalized coffee mugs are displayed in Lux's 'Cups of Fame.'
This... is Edward R. Murrow

He looks like a movie version of a foreign correspondent—but Ed Murrow is a farmer's son who loves life in a "log cabin"

FAVORITE RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR
A three-time winner, Ed prefers globe-trotting to desk duty: "I'm like a peasant. I can't describe what I haven't seen."

THE "glamour boy" of the newscasting world, Edward R. Murrow is handsome enough to be type-cast as a movie foreign correspondent and to provoke women to sighs. He's also a "man's man" who once worked as a logger, a lover of tall tales and poker, and he believes that "the only things a father can teach a son are to ride, shoot and tell the truth." He's a CBS vice president, a member of the Board of Directors, newscaster, interviewer, editor-producer—and a three-time winner of your Award as radio's top news commentator.

Ed, who is on a first-name basis with princes, potentates and presidents, gets his headline stories directly from the men who make the news. But he has a shirt-sleeve attitude toward his work. He puts his feet up on a desk in one of CBS' most unpretentious executive offices. He's what newsmen call a "bleeder," agonizing over his copy and never completely satisfied with it. At the end of fifteen minutes on the air, he is soaked with perspiration.

In a business where everybody works hard and worries hard, Ed Murrow works and worries harder than anyone.

Ed's down-to-earth attitude toward himself and his work comes from his parents. His father, who did farm work before becoming a locomotive engineer, (Continued on page 27)
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!

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's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi always gives you care-free curls as in this winsome "Capulet" hairdo.

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. $1.50 plus tax.
TRUE to HIMSELF

WHAT MANNER of man is Mel Allen? Is his work schedule easygoing, requiring only that he attend a sports event and just describe what happens? This notion, if attached to the dynamic, on-the-go Mr. Allen, would be as worthless as a three-dollar bill. For Mel, with his radio and TV broadcasts of all the Yankee baseball games, college football games and numerous other sports events throughout the year, plus speaking engagements across the country, is as busy as the proverbial bee. Then, too, in addition to the business matters involved with all these activities, Mel receives and answers a tremendous amount of mail—in fact, he is one of the top mail recipients in his field. Nevertheless, says Mel, “I’m on a vacation twelve months of the year.” And, because his work never loses its fascination or excitement, Mel says, “I just hope I can continue doing this for the rest of my life.”

Everyone who follows sports is quite familiar with Mel’s on-the-air, around-the-year schedule but few, by comparison, hear of his many appearances at sports and charitable events. On such occasions, Mel—besides telling colorful stories of the sports world—likes to stress one of his favorite themes: The spirit of teamwork and brotherhood in sports that is the underlying basis of democracy. “America’s common meeting ground,” says Mel, “is the playground.” That is why he tries, (Continued on page 26)

Mel is seen on Call The Play, for White Owl Cigars; check newspapers for time and station. He is the “Voice of the Yankees,” on WPX and WINS, in New York.
A LIQUID SHAMPOO
THAT'S EXTRA RICH!

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 can leave a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and never leaves a dulling film.

It's Liquid Prell
for Radiantly Alive Hair

Something to sing about—wonderful, emerald-clear Liquid Prell! No other shampoo has this unique, extra-rich new formula—and how you'll love it! Bursts instantly into luxurious, extra-rich lather... rinses in a twinkle... is so mild you could shampoo every day. And Liquid Prell leaves your hair caressably soft, a dream to manage—looking excitingly 'Radiantly Alive.' Try new Liquid Prell today, won't you? It's fabulous!

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 the whole family. Won't spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated—ounce for ounce it goes further!
Babies have That Ivory Look . . .
why shouldn’t you? Do you know the
milder your beauty soap, the prettier your
skin? More doctors advise mild, pure
Ivory for baby’s skin and yours than any
other soap. Better trust Ivory!

You can have That Ivory Look . . .
under your Spring bonnet, too!
Simply start now cleansing your skin
regularly with mild, pure Ivory Soap.
And in only 7 days—my, you’re pretty!
You’ve got That Ivory Look!

99.4% 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!
Stormy Weather

Dear Editor:

Would you tell us something about Gerald Mohr, who portrays Christopher Storm on the TV series, Foreign Intrigue?


Two "storms" have figured in the success of handsome, dark-haired Gerald Mohr. The first was the storm that brought about the Morro Castle ship disaster off the New Jersey coast in 1934. "Gerry" was a medical science student at Columbia University at the time—and also CBS' youngest coast-to-coast announcer. His broadcast of the tragedy so impressed drama critic John Anderson that he paved the way for Gerry's Broadway debut in "The Petrified Forest." The second is "Chris Storm," the Vienna hotel owner that Gerry plays in Foreign Intrigue, the TV adventure series filmed in Europe. . . . Now in his middle thirties, Gerry is a native New Yorker, reared by his grandfather—a doctor of psychology and associate of Sigmund Freud—and his widowed mother, who was a celebrated Viennese singer. A scholar as well as an actor, Gerry is fascinated by sociology and anthropology and is particularly proud of his rare first editions of Anatoile France and his extensive collection of crime literature. He likes horseback riding, drinks 20-odd cups of coffee a day, and has trouble balancing his checkbook.

Gerry's part as Chris Storm has meant moving to Stockholm, Sweden, with his wife Rita—who was his childhood sweetheart—and their five-year-old son, Anthony. Between "storms," Gerry appeared with the Mercury Theater in "Jean Christophe," starred and directed the Philip Marlowe radio series, narrated for the Voice of America, and appeared on such programs as Suspense, Ford Theater, My Favorite Husband and Four Star Playhouse.

The Lone Ranger

Dear Editor:

Is Jay Silverheels, who plays Tonto on The Lone Ranger, a real Indian?

L. M. D., Green Park, Pa.

Yes, Jay Silverheels belongs to the Mohawk Indian tribe of upper New York State and Canada. He himself was born in Canada. . . . Incidentally, The Lone Ranger, now on both radio and TV, is celebrating its twenty-second year on the air. The story of the masked hero stems from the lone survivor of a group of Texas Rangers ambushed by bandits. The wounded Ranger was rescued and nursed back to health by Tonto, who had known him as a child and called him "Kemo Sabas"—or trusted scout. The Ranger, thought dead by everyone, donned a mask and joined with Tonto to avenge the massacre of his friends and then devoted his life to fighting for justice. Silver was a wild stallion whom the Lone Ranger rescued from a fight with a wild bison. The Ranger tried to set him free, but Silver returned and quickly learned to obey the command: "Hi-yo Silver, away!"

(Continued on page 12)
A playful pink... but it's strictly for grown-ups! There's nothing little-girl about the kiss-me-quick look it gives your lips. This bright new shade of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick does its good work discreetly, too—Pink-A-Boo stays on you, slays off everyone else!

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a blue-red, an orange-red and a definite pink. All three cost less than $2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet."

Maurice Copeland

Groceries to Greasepaint

Dear Editor:

Would you print some information on Maurice Copeland, who plays Dr. Floyd Corey on Hawkins Falls. Where can I write to him? V. S., Lyons Falls, N. Y.

Maurice Copeland was bitten by the acting bug while in high school in his native Rector, Arkansas. When he graduated, he moved to Memphis, Tennessee, to ring up—not curtains—but cash-register sales as manager of a grocery chain store. But, when he'd saved a "grubstake," Maurice hied himself to California and the Pasadena Community Playhouse and graduated with highest honors. Next he appeared on Broadway, then went to Chicago to work in radio. In 1941, he returned to the Pasadena Playhouse as a director, then settled permanently in Chicago, where he has appeared on First Nighter, Ma Perkins, Backstage Wife, and, of course, Hawkins Falls. . . . The Copelands, with their son and two daughters, live in Wilmette, Illinois. Write to Maurice c/o Hawkins Falls, NBC-TV, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Calling All Fans

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

McGuire Sisters Club, Mertie Cooper, East Ave., Barker, N. Y.

Dinah Shore Fan Club, Kay Daly, 3528 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Jan Arden Club, Susan MacFeiggan, 233 Ridgewood Rd., West Hartford, Conn.

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.
ONE OF THE most interesting shows ever to be presented on television has been filmed for The Search, the CBS-TV Sunday afternoon feature. The subject is mental health, and the producers have done it in two parts, for the April 10 and April 17 programs. The films were taken at Tulane University in Louisiana, and are a factual report on the fascinating research being done in the field of mental illness. Actual patients were photographed, and their activities are completely unrehearsed.

CBS-TV has also lined up three interesting presentations for their popular You Are There series. On April 10, they'll do "P. T. Barnum Presents Jenny Lind;" on April 17, "The Emancipation Proclamation;" and on April 24, "The Rise of Adolf Hitler." The "Hitler" show is a repeat of one done about a year ago, for which there have been many requests. Walter Cronkite will be the narrator-reporter on all three programs.

Joan Davis has done her last I Married Joan television film, and her laugh series has gone off the air. Though Joan has stated she is "retiring from show business," it is no secret that she and her sponsor were most unhappy over the rating drop on her program, most of which was attributed to the popularity of Disneyland, her TV-time competitor. The Arthur Godfrey Wednesday night program also suffered a drop in ratings, and that has also been blamed on Mr. Disney and his little friends. At any rate, Joan Davis' show business pals don't take her retirement statement too seriously, and most of them think she's giving up her career the way Betty Hutton did—not really, and not for very long.

Rudy Vallee is back and CBS Radio has got him, starring Sunday nights on the Kraft Music Hall. (Remember when that was the name of Bing Crosby's air show?) Rudy heads up an hour program, originating from New York, replacing Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy and Company. It's Vallee's first regular network show since 1947.

The Phil Silvers show, which was supposed to have gone on CBS-TV this season, will be held over until fall. The network was simply unable to come up with a good time period for it and they are so sure they have a winner, they're willing to wait with it until next season. Meanwhile, Phil and his supporting cast have been shooting his situation comedy, temporarily titled You'll Never Get Rich, and now have almost a dozen shows ready.

There is no definite news on Arthur Godfrey's (Continued on page 24)
Out of the Shadow

The show goes on! Wife June and eldest daughter Cathy are happy to see Bob back in action, chipper as ever. Below: Cathy, June and Bob with the other young Crosbys—Steve, Bob Jr., Chris and their baby sister, Malia.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM

The Bob Crosby Show scores with top entertainment by such stellar attractions as Bob himself (center), Joan O'Brien (left), and Paula Kelly and the Modernaires (leader Hal Dickinson just behind Joanie).

Bob Crosby only sees the sunshine, but his wife June will never forget ten days so near to tragedy

Now that Bob Crosby is well and back on his feet again, the inside story of his bout with pneumonia can be told. According to his wife, June, the events leading up to his brush with death—and the unconcerned manner with which he regarded the entire affair—give a new insight into the personality of the man who, hereafter, will be known as "Old Ironsides" Crosby.

Bob knew he was coming down with something. But "Old Ironsides" Crosby didn't want to complain: First, because he didn't want to frighten his wife and children (especially Cathy, who was planning a trip to Switzerland). Second, because he didn't want to inconvenience the crew of his TV show. And third, he just didn't like the idea of being sick.

June recalls the following order of events on the Friday he was taken ill. "When he left that morning, we had a regular husband-and-wife talk about Cathy's coming departure, and the grades Bob, Jr. was getting at school in Anaheim. Then Bob left for the studio. He didn't say a word about feeling ill."

"I remember," says June, "that he had been complaining about sinus headaches. In fact, he'd had a siege some weeks before with a sinus infection. And, for a time, he said he noticed his voice sounded different when he sang."

When he came home (Continued on page 26)

The Bob Crosby Show is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship. Bob is heard on The Jack Benny Program, CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M. EST, for Lucky Strike Cigarettes.
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
New Patterns for You

9078—You’ll live in and love this wrap-tie runabout. Opens flat to iron. Misses’ Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 4¾ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

9248—The fashion-right casual you have named your favorite. Novel scalloped buttoning, bloused bodice, easy skirt. Misses’ Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

4773—You’ll love this sheath dress with the box jacket. It’s proportioned to fit the half-size figure. Half-Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ dress takes 3½ yards 35-inch fabric; jacket, 2¾ yards. 35¢

Delight in this fragrant protection that keeps you lovely to be near

Stop perspiration odor!
Keep underarms dry!
Delightfully fragrant!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Good for Limited Time Only!

2 for only 1
(reg. $1.50 value)

BOURJOIS - Created in France . . . Made in U.S.A.

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.
9500 Skin Tests Prove

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest!
Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP...
FLOATING SOAP...EVEN COLD CREAM

Palmolive's gentle complexion care
cleans thoroughly without irritation!

There's nothing women envy more... or men admire so much... as that lovely "schoolgirl complexion look." And you too, can have a younger looking, far lovelier complexion just by changing to proper care with gentle Palmolive. It does so much to help you have a cleaner, fresher skin—leaves it so wonderfully soft!

Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irritation, more gentle cleansing. Milder Palmolive brings you these benefits—so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. You'll find no other leading soap gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive Soap. Yes, Palmolive is mildest of them all!

Skin Specialists Say: "Milder Cleansing is Better for Your Complexion!"
Sincerely Yours

Douglas Edwards presents the news
with an ease and warmth that have made him
tops, in talent and personality

His hours at home are precious to Doug—as they are to Sara, who is always understanding about Doug's work.

FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR
Doug, a three-time Award winner, has the oldest TV news show, is called "dean" of TV newscasters.

A newscaster's lot is not always a happy one. On some days, there's too much news to report; on others, there is too little—which usually comes too late. But, in spite of the ups and downs, Douglas Edwards—whom you voted as your favorite TV news commentator—loves his work and always has. In fact, though he is still a young man—in years and at heart—Doug is celebrating his 22nd year as a newscaster. Starting when he was a fifteen-year-old schoolboy in Troy, Alabama, and was appointed unpaid news broadcaster on his friends' 100-watt station, Doug has served at radio stations in Atlanta, Detroit, and, since 1942, he has been a member of the CBS Radio news staff, branching out, in 1947, to include television. His assignments have taken him to Europe, Africa, the Middle East, and he has played a key part in CBS-TV's coverage of the Presidential and Congressional campaigns and elections. (Continued on page 20)

As proud as any father could be, Doug enjoys hearing Lynn play and sing... is a model patient for Donna, "my little nurse"... and follows with keen interest Robert's hobbies and activities in the Cub Scouts.
Something special in everyone's reach . . .

The world's most precious silverplate

You know your future will be shiny bright the minute you're all set with Holmes & Edwards. It's not only the loveliest . . . it's the only silverplate with an extra helping of precious sterling "inlaid" at backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces. It costs a little more . . . but think of the extra years of silver beauty. 52-piece set for 8. and chest. $84.50.

Two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles promise longer, lovelier silver life.
Sincerely Yours
(Continued from page 18)

Although he delivers a total of 20 radio and TV newscasts a week and often works eighteen to twenty hours a day, Doug's pleasant, relaxed nature never leaves him. Friends and co-workers alike agree unanimously that he is one of the most genial, easy-to-work-and-be-with people to be found anywhere. Doug, however, is the first to admit he has had his share of qualms. This is particularly true when films to be shown on his 7:30 P.M. telecast are late in arriving. "They should come in at intervals throughout the afternoon," he explains, "but usually they all come in a rush around six o'clock—unseen, uncut and unknown."

"News work is a job you live with 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year," Doug says. Never content to merely deliver the news, Doug has always helped write and edit it. "And," he adds, "preparation for a newscast doesn't stop until the light flashes 'off the air.' All through the program, writers and editors keep close watch on the news sources, ready to hand me late bulletins while I'm on the air. This sometimes calls for hectic pulling and hauling, adding 15 seconds here, dropping 15 there, so that when time runs out, I'm ready, willing and able to say, 'Douglas Edwards saying, 'Good night, everybody..."'

Although there is this constant, behind-the-scenes bustling, Doug's viewers are the least aware of it for, no matter what goes wrong, he always remains unruffled. Also, Doug believes in the understated approach to television news. He tries to let the pictures tell the story and be as unobtrusive as possible, while at the same time providing an intimate, personal link with his audience.

Because his work is of such an around-the-clock nature, Doug stays in the city Wednesday and Thursday nights. On Friday, his work is usually finished by 11 P.M. and then he is off to Weston, Connecticut, and his family—wife Sara; Lynn Alice, who is 14 and "speaks with a clipped Connecticut accent"; Robert, the most rambunctious member of the clan; and Donna, 7, who, says Doug, "is my little nurse; she tucks me into bed every Sunday night—then pops in with me!" Doug spends most of his weekends with the family—although, he claims, as soon as he gets home, they usually rush off somewhere.

The Edwards' home was built for them about three years ago and Doug describes it as "modified Colonial." Situated on two acres of land, it has proved to be "one of our real great experiences," Doug says. It's strictly a family-type house and though he has never counted the number of rooms, he "figures" there are about twelve.

If he gets the time, Doug likes to play tennis—"I sometimes play a good game"—and, of course, his yearly vacation is a much welcomed event. Otherwise, he enjoys going to the theater, reading, and collecting books and records. He is also a member of the Overseas Press Club, Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalism fraternity, and a member of the board of the National Fund for Muscular Dystrophy. In addition, he frequently writes news articles and addresses civic organizations.

Although, as a newsman, Doug has to concentrate pretty much on events and facts, he says, "I love to get out and talk to people," and he would therefore like to do another kind of show someday, in addition to his newscasts. Meanwhile, he continues to enjoy his work thoroughly and, as always, matches his zeal with a fine, sincere performance—all of which provided the perfect reason for his being voted your favorite TV news commentator.
You feel so very sure of yourself... after a **White Rain** Shampoo!

You're confident you look your loveliest... your hair soft as a cloud... sunshine bright... every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feeling you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

*Use New *White Rain* Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*
Well, well, did I catch you just after you paid your income tax? Or are you just about to? In either case, a little music might cheer you up about now. So let’s call the meeting to order.

And we’ll start off with a bright, new album of “Hit the Deck,” from the old musical comedy and the current Metro movie of the same name. This album is taken right off the movie soundtrack, with such lyrical luminaries as Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Tony Martin, Debbie Reynolds, Kay Armen and Ann Miller doing the songs. You’ll recognize such familiar tunes as “I Know That You Know,” “Hallelujah,” “Sometimes I’m Happy,” and “More Than You Know,” among others. George Stoll conducts the M-G-M Studio orchestra and chorus. (M-G-M)

The Four Aces just keep making one hit after another, and their latest release should be one of their biggest. The boys do “You’ll Always Be the One (for Me)” and a terrific arrangement of the oldie, “There Goes My Heart,” with good musical support from Jack Pleis and his orchestra. (Decca)

Now, if it’s the Irish songs you’re ликин, Miss Carmel Quinn, from Killarney land, and from the Arthur Godfrey shows, has done her first recordings in America, a whole album—full of Ireland called “Arthur Godfrey Presents Carmel Quinn.” Carmel croons such well-known tunes from Eire as “Galway Bay,” “Isle of Innisfree,” “Ballymacauilly Band” and, with the boss-man Godfrey, she duets “Mick McGilligan’s Ball” and “The Humor Is on Me Now.” (Columbia)

Also from the Godfrey clan, The Mariners have come out with “I Didn’t Come to Say Hello,” an up-tempo ballad—which is rather a departure for them—backed by one of their well-done spirituals, “Do As You Would Be Did By,” Spencer Odom’s orchestra provides the background. (Columbia)

Micki Marlo, one of Capitol’s vocal hopefuls, has come up with “Prize of Gold,” which may be just the prize she’s been waiting for. It’s a ballad with a beat, and Micki belts it out in solid style. On the reverse she sings a blues kind of thing called “Foolish Notion.” Dick Reynolds, Ray Anthony’s chief arranger, did the orchestrations and conducts the band.

Eddie Fisher has a new album appropriately called “I Love You,” and the selections are all love songs, natch. Twelve in all, the titles more or less suggest a June wedding, and the renditions are obviously dedicated to you-know-who. Included are such ballads as “The Girl that I Marry,” “I Surrender, Dear,” “My Romance,” “My One and Only Love.” Eddie gets his usual good musical assistance from Hugo Winterhalter’s orchestra and chorus. (Victor)

If you’ve been following the Disneyland TV show, you’ve probably heard “The Ballad of Davy Crockett,” and if you’d like a record of it, you can choose from several versions. Tennessee Ernie, with Cliff White’s orchestra, does it for Capitol; James Brown and the Trail Winders have the M-G-M waxing; Bill Hayes’ version is on Cadence, released a couple of months ago; and even I did one up for Coral. Incidentally, mine is coupled with something that has nothing to do with Walt Disney, called “Very Square Dance,” a comedy song that I have to take the blame for writing, too.

Oops! I knew it. There’s another vocal group on the scene. It’s a male quartet, with the name “The Gallahads,” four lads from New Jersey, and they’ve made a darned good first record. The boys bounce forth with “Ooh Ahh,” a novelty which will probably be the big side, backed with the oldie made famous by Eddie Howard, “Careless.” Good luck, fellas! (Capitol)

Here, then, here are a couple of discs to liven up the party some night. First, Buddy Hackett, the roly-poly funny man now starring in “Lunatics and Lovers” on Broadway, does “The Chinese Laundry” (a sequel to his humorous “Chinese Waiter”) and an amusing version of the famous Glenn Miller instrumental, “Pennsylvania 6-5000.” (Coral) Then Andy Griffith, the young monologist from North Carolina, who is sort of a cross between Will Rogers and Bob Burns, gives out with his version of “Make Yourself Comfortable” and “Kokomo.” (Capitol)

Fran Warren, who can always be counted on when it comes to ballads, has two pretty new ones in “I Need Your Love” and “If You Love Me.” Joe Lipman’s orchestra on both. (M-G-M)

“Marlene Dietrich at the Cafe de Paris” is the name of an interesting new album by the queen of the glamour gals. It was recorded right at the famous club in London when Marlene appeared there several months ago and you’ll hear the audience and crowd noises in the background. Noel Coward does the introduction, in verse, and there are twelve sides in all, including such familiar Dietrich numbers as “The Boys in the Back Room,” “Falling In Love...”
Again, “No Love, No Nothing” and “Look Me Over Closely.” There’s a sensational picture of “Grandma” on the album cover, and the first printing of this set is being doused in Arpege perfume! (Columbia)

Jumping from glamour to rhythm and blues, here’s Bill Haley and The Comets with “Birth of the Boogie” and “Hambo Rock,” both of which are bound to coax many nickels into the country’s jukeboxes. By the way, Haley’s “Shake, Rattle and Roll” has sold over a million copies, which is a mighty fine shake, what? (Decca)

Denise Lor’s “The Man I’ve Been Looking For” may be just the hit she’s been looking for. It’s a pretty new ballad and Denise sings it for all she’s worth. The backing is a cute novelty, “Butter Fingers.” Hugo Peretti’s orchestra plays on both sides. (Mercury)

Looks like George Gobel really started something with his expression, “I’ll be a dirty bird,” which he says so humorously on his TV show. Now it’s become a song, not a funny one, but a lovely torch ballad, believe it or not, and wrapped up in fine style by The Modernaires, with George Cates’ orchestra. (Coral)

Coral is all steamed up about a new album they’re releasing any minute, and I confess I’m steamed up right along with them, on account of it’s called Steve Allen and his orchestra with “Music for Tonight.” We recorded nine old standard tunes: “Long Ago and Far Away,” “Imagination,” “I’m Glad There Is You,” and things like that. Neil Hefti did a whale of a job on the arrangements, using seventeen strings and a rhythm section. In the solo department, it’s Urbie Green on trombone, Sam Taylor on tenor saxophone, and yours truly on piano. I’m really pleased with the way the album turned out, and I hope folks like it. If they don’t, I guess I’ll just have to give it away along with the salami on my TV show.

And the magazine will be giving me away if I don’t get off this page. So bye, for now. I’ll be seeing you next month.

When inviting a house guest, should you—

- Limit her stay
- Leave the departure date open
- Say when

Let this visiting teen be a lesson—she who’s taken over the family easy chair and favorite “funnies”! Can’t blame her for staying on and on, though. After all, her hostess didn’t specify how long. Be definite, time-wise, in inviting house guests; both as to their arrival and exit—say when! Saves uncertainty, embarrassment all around. And when “that” time arrives, don’t be vague about sanitary protection. Say Kotex®, and get absorbency that doesn’t fail... the trust-worthy kind of protection you need!

If you play the coquette, can you—

- Lose Lover Boy
- Join the school band
- Triple your bookings

Even think you could soup up his interest by being unpredictable? Playing games—like breaking dates at the 11th hour? Make no mistake—such tricks will zoom you into social oblivion! Just be yourself. And never let your calendar trick you into date breaking; not when there’s Kotex to give you chafe-free softness that holds its shape. And you just can’t make a mistake—because Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!

To lose that winter white look, fast, try—

- Flying to Florida
- A tint stint
- Par boiling

You know that just-erupt-from-under-a-stone feeling—when everyone else is a glamorous bronze? Outwit those stares before they start! Before you trek beachward, tan your snowy hide with a clear skin tint. No need to cringe on certain days, either, even in your siren-est date dress. For those flat pressed ends of Kotex veto revealing outlines. Why not try Kotex in all 3 sizes, to find the one for you—Regular, Junior or Super?

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Fontane Sisters—Geri, Margi (center) and Bea—win a gold disc for “Hearts of Stone,” may also hit a million with “Rock Love.” (Dot)
Every Time You Use It... New Colgate's
Cleans Your Breath While It
Guards Your Teeth!

Mr. and Mrs. Buzzell—she's Lu Ann Simms—will become parents in July.

Congratulations to two of radio's most popular ladies—Rosemary, who just started her eleventh year on the air, and Our Gal Sunday, eighteen years old on March 29.

Mulling the Mail:
Mrs. K. L., Lemon Grove, Calif.: The Seeking Heart has been off television for some time, and there are no present plans for its return. It was replaced by The Road Of Life, which has become quite popular. . . Miss M. G., Peterborough, Ont., Canada: The best place to write for a picture of Perry Como is c/o CBS-TV, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. . . Miss E. R., Vallejo, Calif.: Many of the questions you asked are answered in detail in the 1955 TV Radio Annual, which is now on your newstand. . . Mrs. W. T., Marion, O.: Baritone Bill Lawrence and baritone Steve Lawrence, of Steve Allen's Tonight show, are no relation whatsoever. . . Miss J. Y., Chicago, Ill.: Yes, Mike Wallace and Iff Coe are separated, though they haven't gone through with divorce plans as yet. . . To all of you who wrote about the Betty White Show going off NBC-TV, Though Betty's program was extremely popular, for some reason the rating didn't please the sponsor enough to renew, and the show was dropped. Meanwhile, Betty is continuing with her filmed situation-comedy show, Life With Elizabeth. . . Mrs. M. K., Edmond, Okla.: Gloria Blondell and Joan Blondell are real sisters, and the two shows you asked about are both off the air now. . . Mrs. F. L., Detroit, Mich.: You are right, and will win the argument with your friend. Liberace's mother's legal name was Mrs. Frances Casadonte, but she petitioned in a Los Angeles court to change her name back to Liberace, the name of her first husband, because Mr. Casadonte, her second husband, is deceased. . . Mrs. B. B., Oakdale, Pa.: The De Marco Sisters only appear on television occasionally in guest spots, as they are currently touring the night-club circuit. . . Mrs. M. S., Minneapolis, Minn.: There are plans for a Fibber McGee And Molly TV show, but not with Marian and Jim Jordan. Another couple,
still unchosen, will portray the McGees. . . Mrs. J.F.K., Crown Point, Ind.: June Crosby is Bob Crosby's only wife, to the best of my knowledge, and all of their children are from this marriage. . . To all who wrote asking about Dr. Jim Kelly on The Guiding Light TV show: Paul Potter, the actor who portrays the role, was off the program for three weeks, during which time he was replaced by another actor, but the producers of the show tell me the character of Dr. Kelly is a permanent one in the script and that Paul Potter will appear from now on.

What Ever Happened To . . .?
Sandra Dee, the blonde songstress who originally debuted in television as Johnny Desmond's vocal partner on the old Face The Music show over CBS-TV? Sandra went into temporary retirement a couple of seasons back to await the birth of her son, Michael. In the past few months she has been back at work, mainly doing dramatic roles on Kraft TV Theater, Danger, and similar shows. Kenny Delmar, who was so popular several years ago on the old Fred Allen show, when he was the humorous Senator Claghorn? Kenny did a couple of Broadway shows, and then did many TV commercials, both live and on film. Now he is back on radio, playing a running part on The Second Mrs. Burton. Kenny is Buck Halliday, a middle-aged romantic character, a part written especially for him.

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, 265 East 42nd Street, New York City 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 we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.
Out of the Shadow

The intravenous feeding lasted two days and two nights. The oxygen treatment, four days.

Young people's reactions to their father's condition were mixed. Cathy was most concerned, because on Sunday she was to leave for school in Switzerland. When the doctor told her her father was in critical condition and he might die, she cancelled her reservation.

"Chris took it with great seriousness," says June. "He was my constant helper, and Bob, Jr., in school in Anaheim, took it like the soldier he is. 'Yes, Mom,' he said. 'Yes, Mom. Okay, I'll say some prayers.' The way he said it pulled at my heart.

Young Steve was excited because Daddy got to ride in an ambulance like I had two years before. But he said he liked the color of my ambulance best. And little Malla went to stay with my mother.

"I don't know what my own reaction was," June sighs. "It was like being run over by a tractor. I was always the weak one in the family. Bob, on the other hand, was strong. He never thought anything could happen to him."

When the hospital identified the germ, the doctor came in to tell Bob what he had. They called it a hemolytic streptococcus blood-eating strep germ. In the 1920's it had been responsible for many deaths.

Under the oxygen mask, not even able to make himself or make himself look brave, Bob said: "Wouldn't you know I'd have to get an old-fashioned kind of pneumonia?"

Bob's own reaction: He was overwhelmed that so many people cared. When the mail started piling in, he sat back with his mouth open. When he was finally able to sit up and read, he said, "My goodness, think of all the country! Can you imagine people thinking enough of me to send all these? I can't believe it!"

But he did care desperately about the letters he received from his thousands of well-wishing friends. Cared more than he did about the fact itself—his own near-brush with death.

True to Himself

(Continued from page 8) wherever he goes, in everything he does, to further sports and sportsmanship.

Judging from the amount of mail he receives and the way he handles it, Mel is fulfilling that aim admirably. No matter what kind of letter he receives—complimentary or criticizing his work, he is being accurate.

an autographed baseball or advice on how to become a sports announcer—Mel always tries to be as honest and as helpful as possible. Naturally, he enjoys getting letters of praise and, similarly, he welcomes letters of criticism. "I try to prove to people that I'm not always right," he says, and he encourages them to tell him. And, when he's wrong. Very often when someone writes him that he's gotten into a rut, Mel realizes they are right and it usually helps him to snap out of it. When it comes to requests for autographed baseballs and the like, Mel explains frankly that he receives too many to fill—and besides, there's an American League rule against it. But he is always willing to give advice to

would-be sports announcers, though most of the time he feels a letter is inadequate for telling them all he would like to. Nevertheless, he always tries to do his best.

Just as important to Mel as answering his mail is being honest and sincere in what he says. And he explains why: "The basis of the sportscaster's craft is being accurate—rate, and accuracy means honesty. You should apply this principle to everything you do." Similarly, Mel is always striving to be a good sportsman. He has never had any feeling of self-importance—"at least I don't think I do," he says. He enjoys getting together with people and being around the crowd. And, as he always tries to "level" with them, so he wants them to do the same with him.

The result of his fine beliefs and practices has been a wonderful life for Mel, one he has always, and continues to, enjoy to the fullest. In all this, plus his genius for adding color, excitement and meaning to sports, Mel continues to be a living symbol of sportsmanship at its best.
Edward R. Murrow

(Continued from page 6) read of Ed's CBS salary and remarked dryly: "I don't reckon there's anything dishonest about making money that way, but I must say Ed doesn't talk any more sense than I hear all the time at the corner store." His mother, a tiny, blue-eyed ex-schoolteacher, once noted that Ed looked tired, told him to take better care of his health, and then added, "But after all, son, maybe it's better to wear out than to rust out."

Some time ago, a group of CBS newsmen organized a "We Don't Think Murrow Is God" club. All members were elected vice presidents. The presidency was left open for Janet Murrow—who, though still starry-eyed about her urbane, six-foot-one husband, doesn't believe blind adoration is the way to help any man. It is typical that most of the newsmen are now staunch Murrow admirers. It is typical also that, as soon as he heard of the club, Ed asked if he could join.

Transportation has been important in Ed Murrow's life. Born in North Carolina, Ed grew up in Washington where he worked after school and during vacations on a timber cruiser and driving the school bus. He went on the air for the first time when he chartered a plane, then hopped a streetcar in Vienna, and got there in time to describe the arrival of Nazi troops in 1938. It was on a train that he met his wife Janet, whom he calls "Kuchen" (German for cook) and whose criticism is the only one he fears. Once, on a train to Washington, Ed happened to meet the owner of the "log cabin" on Quaker Hill in Pawling, New York. Right then Ed decided that was the only house in the East he wanted to own. Ed bought the house without ever having been inside it and, while it is not exactly a cabin—it has three bedrooms and an electric dishwasher—it is made of logs. He bought it because of his "best friend," nine-year-old son Charles Casey, and because "I swore that I wouldn't raise a boy in New York City."

Ed cares about trees the way many men do about dogs. His house is surrounded by evergreens, including one he planted for Casey with the half-smiling admonition to grow "straight and strong" like the tree. Fishing and hunting with Casey, or working together with him on the farm, Ed is completely relaxed. The boy is a true Murrow, with a mind of his own and a zest for arguing about politics and baseball. "He's a logical little fellow," Ed smiles. "About the only thing I've ever known him to do without thinking is to become a Yankee fan." Ed's choice: The Brooklyn Dodgers.

One of Ed's hobbies is golf, and though he is normally right-handed, he holds the clubs left-handed. He has a photographic memory but he generally forgets anniversaries. He's the rare man who enjoys wearing dinner jackets although, he explains apologetically, "It's a dying custom."

His ideal meal, a friend once remarked, would be a candelight and silver setting and a cheeseburger. He helps himself off to sleep with detective stories but, he adds, "You learn things from them, too. I remember one in which the hero always made a point each day to do two things which he did not want to do... One was to get up, and the other was to go to bed. I'm like that guy."

Material possessions are unimportant to Ed. He has no scrapbook and has never kept clippings. The only photographs in his office are one of Casey and one of Carl Sandburg, whom Ed admires greatly. The poet inscribed the picture: "To Ed Murrow, reporter, historian, inquirer, actor, ponderer, seeker."
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7199—The long, full skirt of this doll will keep your electric mixer spotless. Use colorful remnants. Pattern pieces, transfers, directions for mixer-cover. 25¢

710—She'll be party-pretty in her whirl-skirted dress. Use remnants. Add perky bows, embroidery. Pattern pieces, embroidery motifs, directions. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. State size. 25¢

859—Protect and beautify your chairs with this set in pineapple design and spider web. Make a matching buffet set. Chair back, 12" x 18"; arm rest, 8" x 10", in No. 30 cotton. Easy to crochet. 25¢

7067—Crochet this heirloom beauty in pineapple design and plain mesh. Easy-to-memorize pattern; easy to crochet. Cloth, 64-inches square in heavy 4-ply cotton. 25¢

700—Apron jumper, or sundress. Wrap 'n' tie to cinch waist. Note luscious lily—a pocket. Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Pattern pieces, embroidery motif. State size. 25¢

533—Adorable picture-sampler to help your little angel remember his prayers. Letters are large, easy to read. "Now I Lay Me" prayer transfer, 16½" x 18". 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.
she's got

(you can have it, too!)

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 Rose you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni. Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.
Behind the Story

Once a three-letter athlete, Bill enjoys golf with such celebrity-friends as Bob Hope; also likes motorcycling.

It's hard to imagine Bill Stern at a loss for words. For twenty years, the colorful, trigger-quick sportscaster has been calling the plays as fast as they happen in every major sports event across the country. Bill's also been calling the drama behind those events, the strange quirks of fate—sometimes funny, often tragic—that have been played on the men who make the sports headlines. His trademark has become the surprise-ending true story that is stranger than any fiction. His memory is crammed with recollections of the greats and near-greats of sports. But if he tells stories on these figures, Bill is not above telling one on himself. One of his favorites is of the time he found himself speechless.

It was back in 1939, during a thrilling race at the Indianapolis Speedway. Floyd Roberts had won the race the year before and he was the favorite to win again. Broadcasting from near the finish line, Bill's voice transmitted the excitement and tension felt by everyone at the Speedway. He talked of Floyd Roberts and his bright-red car. He's the easiest driver in the world to follow, Bill was saying, "He has a heavy foot on the gas pedal that you can't miss. Floyd Roberts is unmistakable." The red car was out in front and Bill went on talking of the distinct driving style that made Roberts so easy to spot until, suddenly, he felt someone tap his shoulder. He turned around to see the grinning face of—Floyd Roberts. During one of the refueling stops, Floyd's mechanic had taken his place at the wheel. "It was one time in my career," Bill laughs now, "when I had a mouthful of nothing."

But Bill had plenty to say—mostly in embarrassed explanations—when he found himself at the laughing end of a joke played during a Vanderbilt-Alabama football game. Both teams were undefeated, the winner would go to the Rose Bowl, and both bands were blaring "California, Here I Come!" The game was to be broadcast from two small booths and, the night before the game, an unknown—hitherto unsung—comic painted both booths as crimson as the Alabama uniforms. On the front of Ted Husing's CBS booth, the wag had
lettered "Men." On the door of Bill's NBC booth was the legend "Women." The paint was still wet as Bill went on the air, alternately calling the football plays and trying to explain to coeds that the powder room was to be found elsewhere.

These are the stories Bill will tell on himself. However, he rarely talks about the most dramatic story of all. Bill, then a fledgling announcer, had been fired from NBC in New York for trying too hard to impress his bosses. He was announcing in Texas when, one day driving home from a football game, he was in an auto accident. Bill's leg had to be amputated and, for him—one a three-letter man—the loss of his leg meant the loss of the will to live. Then came a visit—and an offer of a job—from the NBC vice-president who had fired him. Bill will never forget the man who had renewed his will to live. Today, he foresakes Saturdays with his family to visit hospitalized veterans. He seeks out those who have given up hope, as he himself once had, devotes his time to renewing their courage and faith.

Bill talks with pride of his family and their lovely home in Purchase, New York. He met his wife Harriet at a resort in Charlevoix, Michigan. She was a distant relative and Bill's mother had asked him to "Please be nice to her." Bill was leery until he met Harriet and found the request the easiest one in the world to fill. They have three children: Peter, a fourteen-year-old sportsman; Mary, an eleven-year-old pianist-in-the-bud; and four-year-old Patty, who "would rather listen to The Lone Ranger." Completing the household are Trixie, a wire-haired terrier, and her children: Michael and Carla. It's a quiet, happy home, a far cry from Bill's jet-paced career. But for Bill Stern, this home is the most wonderful story of all.

Yes, Cyd Charisse uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. 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, fragrant 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.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo
Never Dries—it Beautifies!

Bill warms up for his broadcasts by checking over sports record.
"There's nothing like it," says Mrs. Charles J. Gossner, a radiant Camay Bride. "Cold cream Camay is the perfect beauty soap as far as I'm concerned. It's so mild and gentle on my skin. And so delightfully fragrant!"

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

New millions have tried it! New millions love it! Your precious complexion, too, deserves Camay's Caressing Care. With that famous skin-pampering mildness, luxurious lather, and exclusive fragrance, it's no wonder cold cream Camay is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let its gentle touch caress your skin to new loveliness. Change to regular care ... use Camay alone. Your skin will become softer, smoother with your first cake. And remember, you get the added luxury of fine cold cream in Camay at no extra cost. For your beauty and your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!
TV RADIO MIRROR
Award Winners, 1954-55

You, the readers, elected this issue's stars and programs in our eighth annual poll!

For the eighth time, audiences of America have voiced their opinions of the past season's TV and radio fare—in the only nationwide poll decided by the listeners and viewers themselves! TV RADIO MIRROR is proud to have given you this opportunity, proud to present its coveted gold medals to the stars and programs you have chosen. Once again, your selections of TV Radio Mirror Award Winners prove that—though formats and styles and tastes may vary—audiences still have an eye for talent, an ear for sincerity, and a heart that remembers cherished friends.

There are both newcomers and old favorites among those being honored here for the first time. You—who voted for him in such overwhelming numbers—will hardly be surprised that the smiling Pied Piper of the Piano has won his first TVRM gold medal for The Liberace Show, as the best musical program on TV. Or that Tennessee Ernie Ford—whose records and guest appearances have long made him welcome with listeners everywhere—has now won the corresponding radio Award for

Continued →

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM
Repeater: Winning your Award is a seven-year habit with Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, each morning on ABC Radio.

FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL PROGRAM
Newcomer: It's a first gold medal for CBS Radio's Tennessee Ernie Show, with songs by Tennessee Ernie and Joan O'Brien.
his Tennessee Ernie Show on CBS. George Gobel, NBC's rapid-rising young humorist, triumphed as your favorite TV comedian for 1954-55. His strongest personal competition came from previous Award winner Jackie Gleason—who still added to his medals, when The Jackie Gleason Show was named your favorite TV comedy. Martha Raye, your choice as top TV comedienne, repeats her performance of last year, surpassing Lucille Ball by only the width of a smile. Amos 'n' Andy, which has always ranked high in the polls, finally crossed the tape ahead of all competitors to win its first Award as the best comedy on radio. While creators Gosden and Correll have been proving their own unfaltering ingenuity and showmanship with their brand-new Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall, the continued success of their situation comedy—which has passed the quarter-century mark—proves that the listener-voters are still faithful to many “twenty-year veterans” of broadcasting.

Jack Benny, for instance, who's been on the air for a good proportion of his admitted 39 years, is your favorite radio comedian. This is Jack's fourth Award, tying the quadruple honors already won by Bob Hope, who was his closest rival this year, too. An obviously prettier and more youthful

Continued →

FAVORITE RADIO EVENING COMEDY PROGRAM
Amos 'n' Andy: Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll have long delighted listeners—and recently added a Music Hall!
Award Winners, 1954-55

FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM
Kukla, Fran And Ollie wins for the fifth consecutive year! Center, Fran Allison and her more-than-puppet playmates. Behind them, creator Burr Tillstrom. Right, producer Beulah Zachary. Left, assistant Joseph Lockwood and pianist Carolyn Gilbert.

FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM
Gunsmoke, a real Saturday double-feature (noon and night), merits its first TVRM medal for its documentary-style dramas of the Old West, with virile acting by Bill Conrad as Marshal Matt Dillon, Parley Baer as Chester, Howard McNear as "Doc."
FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA ACTOR
James Lipton—alias Dr. Dick Grant of radio’s and TV’s The Guiding Light—leads the field for his first medal.

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA ACTRESS
Jan Miner—the beloved Julie of Hilltop House—tops all other daytime heroines for the fifth consecutive year!

FAVORITE TV QUIZ PROGRAM
Herb Shriner’s Hoosier wit and fast-talking contestants help Two For The Money add to its radio-TV Awards.

“veteran” is Eve Arden, whose present Award marks the seventh straight year she’s won as your favorite radio comedienne—practically from the first season Our Miss Brooks took to the air!

The Lone Ranger rode to victory as favorite children’s program on radio, after 22 years. It has been close on the heels of earlier winners, but has captured only one previous TVRM Award (for TV). The Lone Ranger is aired on no less than four networks—ABC and Canadian radio, ABC-TV and CBS-TV—so the daring masked rider is sure to give all contenders a real run for their medals from now on. Both the TVRM poll and professional surveys reveal that The Lone Ranger has at least as many grown-up fans as youthful followers—if not more!—which is also true of Kukla, Fran And Ollie, your choice as the best children’s program on TV. This is the fifth consecutive Award to Kukla, Fran And Ollie, which has been having a banner year, now that creator Burr Tillstrom has the kind of fifteen-minutes-a-day schedule on which his pixie characters thrive.

Breakfast Club, which was already on the air for two decades before it (Continued on page 108)
FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA

The Romance Of Helen Trent makes it two-in-a-row, thanks to the listeners’ votes, an absorbing plot, and believable performances by David Gothard as Gil Whitney, Cathleen Cordell as Gwen Sewell—and star Julie Stevens as Helen Trent.
Some say he's Mr. CBS in person—but, anyway, he was on CBS, as usual, broadcasting and telecasting his morning show, when a fly came out of nowhere, circled his head, buzzed his nose, and led Arthur Godfrey to say: "There's that spy from NBC. Will someone please hand me a fly swatter? What happened to my fly swatter? Lost? It is. Too bad."

In the next few days, fly swatters came in from every part of the country. They were made of everything but mink and platinum. Some were crocheted, some were engraved with Arthur's name, (Continued on page 106)
of all

FAVORITE RADIO FEMALE SINGER
and FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER

FAVORITE TV MALE SINGER

Arthur Godfrey’s weekday and Wednesday-night shows feature Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker, who this year continued to add to their collection of TVRM medals!
Living and giving, she breathes a prayer of thanks for being a star, a woman, wife and mother

By DEE PHILLIPS

I think that our every act, and every word we speak, may in some way influence someone else. I believe we should be true to ourselves, true to the best we have in us. I believe in society's moral conventions, because they cannot be violated without hurting someone. I believe that the finest friendships, happiest marriages, and the happiest lives stem from being eager to give, rather than from being eager to take.

This personal philosophy of Loretta Young's has, in every way, permeated the television show to which millions turn, each week on NBC. They turn for enjoyment, perhaps not consciously feeling they expect good drama, good acting... and good taste. But, at the end of the show, when Loretta ties the story into a neat package with a bit of philosophy from the Bible, Shakespeare or the great philosophers, the world seems a little more believable, human nature more understandable, and the miracles which surround us more probable.

"I am in the extraordinary position of being able to project principles which I hold dear," explains the vivacious Miss Young. Fortunately, Tom Lewis, her husband and (Continued on page 103)

Loretta stars in her own Loretta Young Show over NBC-TV, Sundays, at 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Tide and Gleem.

FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA ACTRESS

Every Sunday, Loretta and her husband, Tom Lewis, set out for church together. They carry their high moral principles into the drama series, too—as in the Girl Scout story which their sponsor distributed free.
The most important girl in Martha's own life is, of course, her daughter Melodye.
Today, when Martha sends invitations, everyone accepts. [That one tragic night is gone—but not forgotten.] And, when well-wishers throw a party for Martha, everybody gathers to watch her cut the congratulatory cake.

Party Girl, Home Girl

Martha Raye's the gay clown we all love—the warmhearted woman two men will never forget

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

It doesn't pay to take your eyes off Martha Raye for very long, because—when you do look again—so much has happened, you have to crowd three or four stories into one. Just look at what the lady has accomplished in the short while since I last wrote about her:
She got herself on the front pages by chartering two planes and flying off to marry her fifth husband in the dead of night.

She managed to keep topping herself so consistently that her TV show is one of the best-rated hours on any network, a tremendous achievement for any sensitive star.
She bought and redecorated—with her new husband, Ed Begley—the dream house she has always wanted in Connecticut.
And, as if this weren't enough, she and Ed went to Bimini on a friend's (Continued on page 86)

The Martha Raye Show, NBC-TV, various Tuesdays, 8 PM, EST, for Hazel Bishop Lasting Lipstick, Nail Polish, Complexion Glow.

Home's a quiet, happy place for Martha and her new husband, dancer-choreographer Ed Begley (left). And there's still a steady, enduring friendship between Martha and Nick Condos (right), her business manager—and ex-husband.
Search for Tomorrow

Tomorrow will be better, Joanne Barron had told herself through the grim yesterdays just passed. Then, it had been a prayer. But today, as she looks about her at the Motor Haven, Arthur Tate is at her side, her little daughter Patti plays happily, and Joanne can look to a tomorrow that will dawn bright and shining with hope. . . Yet it had taken all of Joanne’s faith not to lose courage in the dark days of her trial for the murder of the woman who had posed as Arthur’s wife. Joanne and her lawyer, Nathan Walsh, had been able to see little possibility of her acquittal—until Arthur uncovered the trail of the real criminal. . . But, in trying to capture the murderer, Arthur had been almost fatally shot and, finally, on the brink of death, he had identified Mortimer Higbee—the “little man” who hadn’t stopped even at murder in his scheme to take over the Motor Haven. Thus Joanne had been cleared. . . Arthur’s heart had actually stopped beating from the bullet wound he received, but the physician—by massaging Arthur’s heart—had managed to bring him back to life. . . Arthur and the widowed Joanne had been about to marry when the woman falsely claiming to be his wife Hazel had appeared. Then, as Arthur slowly began to recover, Joanne again looked forward to their long-awaited wedding. But Arthur began to doubt whether he would ever be a strong, healthy man again. He became hesitant about marrying Joanne, fearing he might become a burden to her. . . While his fears of becoming a permanent invalid were mounting, Arthur happened to see Joanne—in a moment of gratitude—kiss Nathan Walsh, who had defended her so vigorously during the trial. Added to his depression, this affected Arthur so deeply that he began to lose his will to live. . . As Arthur’s strength ebbed, the doctor grew alarmed but Joanne refused to give up. Finally, she herself proposed to Arthur—and he accepted. . . With the wedding to take place in a matter of days, Joanne can look back and smile at the proposal she had had to make to prove her love. Arthur’s spirits had risen, his recovery had quickened and, in a short time, he was able to leave the hospital. . . Now, Joanne and Arthur face the future, confident and smiling. But have the series of tragedies that have kept them apart really come to an end? What lies behind the sudden apologies and friendship offered by Joanne’s mother-in-law, Irene Barron, who had done so much to hurt Joanne during the trial? Will her selfish intentions continue to mar Joanne’s happiness? Or will other difficulties arise that will challenge Joanne and Arthur as together they search for a happier tomorrow?

Search For Tomorrow is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem.
He's thrifty, 39, and frustrated . . .
generous, ageless, successful . . .
whatever he is, he's your favorite!

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

Daughter Joan and wife Mary Livingstone would be the first to swear that Jack's no tightwad.
The morning after Jack Benny's daughter, Joan, was married to Seth Baker, the Los Angeles Examiner headlined the event, "Benny Daughter Wed in $50,000 Ceremony." The Los Angeles Times duplicated that headline with one exception—the price was quoted at $60,000. (Incidentally, both figures were incorrect.)

Eddie Cantor rushed to the telephone and asked his long-time friend, "Jack, d'ya want to save ten thousand dollars this morning?" In his usual velvety voice, Jack confessed that he had never been hostile to thrift. "Read the Examiner instead of the Times then," was the Cantor advice.

Jack has told the story repeatedly, obviously gets a kick out of it because it indicates how completely the Benny legend has permeated the American scene. He is a man who attracts labels, as if to define him could explain him as a living phenomenon. Jack Benny has been dubbed "The Waukegan Wonder," "The World's Least Appreciated Violinist," "The Most Versatile Worrier the Race of Man Has Yet Produced," "The Funniest Un-funny Man in Show Business," "The Spirit of Mankind's Daily Frustration," and (by George Burns) "The Quiet Riot."

In some respect, each of the designations is true, but—even taken all together—they don't encompass the actor, his act, or the man responsible for both. Actually, Jack Benny is one of the great short-story writers and one (Continued on page 101)

The Jack Benny Program is heard over CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M.—Jack Benny TV Show, CBS-TV, alternate Sundays, 7:30 P.M. (check local papers for variations)—both EST, sponsored by American Tobacco for Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

He gives freely of both time and money to worthy causes. During wartime and after, Jack made many tours to battle areas and hospitals (above, with Rochester).

Show folk all recognize Jack's professional talents—and his personal charm. Such notables as Bing Crosby and George Burns enjoy "getting into the act" with him.

Poised and well-dressed, Jack and his family chat with the Netherlands' Prince Bernhard, in London.
the ED SULLIVAN story

Toast Of The Town is vivid proof that Ed’s only been wrong about one thing—when he thought he wasn’t a showman

By GREGORY MERWIN

Obviously, Ed Sullivan is a genius. He has filled the country’s choice and most demanding hour for nearly seven years, fifty-two Sundays a year. His Toast Of The Town rates as the nation’s top TV variety program, but Ed is not a singer, not a comedian, not a dancer, not an actor, not a musician—in fact, not even a bona-fide emcee (he barely shows his teeth). Obviously, he must be a genius. And this is a sober observation, not mere flippancy.

Ed Sullivan is an exceptional man who is painfully modest, quiet and unassuming. Toast Of The Town is an exceptional show which is none of these things. It is famed for variety that is exciting, sometimes wondrous and (Continued on page 89)

Ed Sullivan is the creator, producer and master of ceremonies of Toast Of The Town, as seen over CBS-TV, Sundays, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST. The program is sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers.
Variety is just the word for Toast Of The Town. Always something new, something different, such as the cavalcade of radio history Ed presented this year. Based on veteran critic Ben Gross' book, I Looked and I Listened, it featured heroines of long-popular serial dramas—including this year's Award-winning daytime actress, Jan Miner (seated, left).

Walt Disney... Oscar Hammerstein II, whose "story" started a new trend... Liberace (at right—Marlo Lewis, co-producer of Toast).

FAVORITE TV EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM
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Blessing in Disguise

Liberace triumphed with talent, faith and hard work—and found the greatest of these was faith.

Liberace says: "My recent siege taught me that an illness can be a blessing in disguise. It gave me time to think, time to look back on my life to see where I’d been. And, in a way, it gave me an opportunity to see where I was going. As a result, I was surprised to find how much living I could get into a 24-hour day—by slowing down!"

Lee says that the first few years of his professional life found him on a performing merry-go-round; he no sooner got off one engagement than he got on another. But he admits that it was his own fault that put him there.

"There was too much time wasted sleeping," he says, "that was my philosophy. I figured if I stayed awake twenty hours instead of sixteen, I could get twice as much work done in half the additional time. The fact that it caught up with me shows that I was wrong.

"For years," Lee says, "I had been succumbing to the lure of the moment. (Continued on page 88)"

FAVORITE TV MUSICAL PROGRAM

The Liberace Show, produced by Guild Films, is seen in most areas of the U.S. and Canada. See local papers for time and station of both the TV version and The Liberace Radio Show.
They love Mama (Peggy Wood), on or off the Award-winning drama: Dagmar (Robin Morgan), Nels (Dick Van Patten), Katrin (Rosemary Rice), and Papa (Judson Laire).

why they remember MAMA

Peggy Wood’s TV children have personal reasons for being grateful to TV’s most beloved mother

By LILLA ANDERSON

In just three emotion-packed words, the young people of CBS-TV’s Award-winning Mama tell why they love the show: “We’re a family.” Unrelated by blood, they have been welded into an association as close as that of the Hansens they portray—because, off-camera as well as on, they share the love and wisdom of that remarkable woman, Peggy Wood, who portrays Mama so magnificently. Her influence reaches deep into their personal lives.

“She showed me how wonderful a family could be, so I decided to get married,” says Dick Van Patten, who plays Nels, Mama’s eldest child.

“Except for Peggy, I would have (Continued on page 96)

FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA

Mama, which stars Peggy Wood in the title role, is seen over CBS-TV, Fridays, from 8 to 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by General Foods Corporation for Maxwell House Coffee, Grape-Nuts, and Grape-Nuts-Flakes.
fine and dan-dan-Dandy
On or off TV, it's a picnic when Jackie Gleason gets together with his gang, and away they go!

By FRANCES KISH

It's Saturday afternoon, at a Jackie Gleason Show rehearsal. The place is CBS-TV's Studio 50, on Broadway, in New York. Gleason is due to arrive any moment and already there's excitement in the air. "Whichever way Jackie does the show—live, as it is now, or on film, as it will be next fall—there will always be excitement, and this will always be a ball for us," Audrey Meadows is saying, seated out in the darkened auditorium while the commercials are being set up on stage. "You can bet on it that Jackie will always break out with ways to keep things from quieting down (Continued on page 78)"

The Jackie Gleason Show is seen over CBS-TV, each Saturday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST. The program is sponsored by Schick Electric Shavers, Nescafe Instant Coffee, Gleem and Prell.

FAVORITE TV EVENING COMEDY PROGRAM
Here's GEORGE GOBEL

Friends and fellow workers agree on just one thing: You can't hardly find a better man, any day!

A kiss for "the real Alice," before George sets off to perform with "the TV Alice"... a bedtime story for two of his youngsters, Georgia and Gregg... that's George, too.

FAVORITE TV COMEDIAN
Viewers vote that the star of The George Gobel Show is the very best kind, even if he doesn't act like a star.

QUERY: What is George Gobel really like? To find out, TV Radio Mirror asked this question of eight of his closest working friends. In all fairness, we had to let George speak, too—so we quote him first.

GEORGE GOBEL: "Don't believe anything you read beyond this paragraph. These people are all such big liars, they should've been lieutenants in the Air Corps."

BUD YORKIN (George's director): "George is cooperative; the most cooperative person I've every worked with. He's always on time, punctual as the studio clock, considerate of others, in that he never makes anyone wait.

"He's completely unimpressed with his own success. Recently, we were doing a show, using a table and rug for props. When the rug got in the way, I said, 'Let's move it.' A grip took the table, then George bent over, rolled up the rug, carrying it to the side of the set. It never dawned on George that the show's star doesn't have to roll up the rugs."

ED SOROS (George's executive producer): "Honesty and integrity—everything George does relates back to these things. He's a success because he believes in the things he does."

JACKIE COOPER (guest star): "George is the only comic I know who thinks and works like an actor. In rehearsals, you can see him stopping—and saying to himself, 'What am I thinking now?'—then doing the (Continued on page 92)

The George Gobel Show is seen on NBC-TV, three Saturdays out of four, 10 P.M. EST, for Armour & Co. and Pet Milk Co.
"EQUAL RIGHTS"

We've found it works both ways . . .

for Ozzie and me, as parents . . .

for David and Ricky, as teenagers

By HARRIET NELSON

ONE OF THE most pleasant aspects of doing our weekly television show is that it affords Ozzie and me the opportunity to get really close to our children and to get to know them well. We both feel that too much is often made of the differences between teenagers and adults, and not enough emphasis is placed on the similarities. After all, they eat the same food as we do, see the same motion pictures and television shows, read the same newspapers—and, in the case of our particular family, do the same work.

Self-assertion is one of the basic human emotions, and we all like to have as much freedom of expression as possible. Ozzie and I feel that teenagers should be given every opportunity to do the things they want to do, as long as what they are doing is consistent with good taste and reasonably acceptable standards.

Ricky, for instance, is an avid record collector, and, about a year ago, his taste ran toward the bizarre and blatant. Without any interference from us, however, he has recently become more and more discriminating—until, by now, Ozzie and I both look forward to his newest platters.

Dave, who is a freshman at the University of Southern California, came to us at the beginning of school last September and told us he had received a bid to a national fraternity. "I think it's the best house on the campus," he said, "and I would like to accept. What do you think of the idea?" Ozzie and I both told him it was entirely up to him, but we thought it might be wiser to wait until he passed his first-term exams. We emphasized the fact that, if he felt he could keep up his studies and the fraternity work, then he could go ahead. Dave thought it over for about a week and decided to put it off. Just two weeks after he was notified that he had passed his first-term examinations, he walked into the house proudly wearing his fraternity pledge pin. By putting our ideas in the form of advice, I feel that we accomplished much more than we could have by parental edicts.

We gave up long ago the idea of setting a curfew on the boys. They come in at a reasonable hour, not because we demand it, but because they have discovered for themselves that it is the sensible thing to do. By treating them as equals and respecting their rights as individuals, we are enjoying not only the affection of two fine sons but also the companionship of two valued friends.

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet is seen on ABC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored alternately by the Hotpoint Company and Listerine. See local papers for other times and stations.

FAVORITE TV HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM
Ozzie and Harriet Nelson first won your team Award in 1947—when their sons were played by child actors.

Today, David and Ricky work with them on TV—and take vacations with them, too, as far away as France.
The Garry Moore Show gets Garry a gold medal—with sterling assistance from Durward Kirby (left), Denise Lor, and Ken Carson.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Garry Moore's desk calendar read: "Thursday—Noon—See the man about the kangaroo." Pointing to that entry, he answered the question, "What do you like best about television?" The man who won this year's TV daytime emcee award with his Monday-through-Friday Garry Moore Show—and whose Wednesday-night program, I've Got A Secret, won the TV panel prize—said with enthusiasm: "This is it ... I'll bet half the desk pads in New York today just say, 'Meet Jones for lunch.' Now, in this business, every day is different. You don't have to solve the same problem twice. (Continued on page 84)
Garry Moore's got it!
Sergeant Friday Speaks

Jack Webb—whose own success created Dragnet—has a stirring message for teenagers about their own futures.
By BUD GOODE

Editor's note: Jack Webb was a child of the Depression; he was raised without benefit of a father's guidance; he lived on the wrong side of the tracks. He had more than three strikes against him before he became a man—but he's never been called out! "Will power" is Jack's plea to today's teenagers: Will power, strength of character, determination—call it what you will—it is this mental iron of which our solid citizenry is made. Jack Webb is his own best example. It is not appropriate that he say this, or point to himself, and he is far too humble to do so. However, we can and do point to Jack Webb as the brightest example of his own philosophy. Now listen to what he has to say to today's troubled teenagers.

- Jack Webb, Dragnet's well-known Detective Sergeant Joe Friday, says: "High-school teenagers, between their fifteenth and eighteenth years, are really young adults. They are old enough to know the difference between right and wrong. They are old enough to be considered responsible for their own actions. "Don't misunderstand me," Jack continues, "I still think that parents, no matter what age their children, are responsible for their children's actions, too. The schools have a similar responsibility. Likewise, the community churches. But in the last analysis," he emphasizes, "the decision to do right or wrong is up to the individual teenager."

Jack does not consider himself an authority on teen-age problems, and he wants to stress that point. But he does have two children of his own—he, too, was a teenager—and, to the extent that Dragnet has covered teen-age problems, he is familiar with them "I do know this," says Jack, (Continued on page 93)

Honeymooner: With bride Dorothy, Jack flies back to Hollywood—and the "one career" in their family.

Jack Webb is Detective Sergeant Joe Friday in Dragnet, seen over NBC-TV, Thursdays, at 9 P.M.—and heard over NBC Radio, Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M.—both EST, sponsored by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. for Chesterfield Cigarettes.

Producers-director-star Jack Webb is concerned with every major aspect of Dragnet. At right with script supervisor Frank Kowalski and Ben Alexander, who is Friday's partner, Frank Smith, in the Award-winning documentary drama.
WANTED: Mr. and Mrs. North

Barbara Britton and Richard Denning
find they could use some help,
in “The Case of the Missing Keys”

By GORDON BUDGE

BARBARA BRITTON AND RICHARD DENNING—Pam and Jerry North, the amateur sleuths of CBS Radio’s Mr. And Mrs. North—desperately try to lead quiet lives away from the microphone. But, somehow, Richard Denning and his wife, Evelyn Ankers, and Barbara Britton and her husband, Dr. Gene Czukor, can’t seem to keep Pam-and-Jerryisms out of their lives. You would think, however, that the most completely amateur sleuths could find their own missing car keys. But not Barbara and Dick!

One recent weekend, for (Continued on page 76)

Mr. And Mrs. North, a John W. Loveton Production, is heard over CBS Radio, Mon., 8 P.M. EST. The TV version can be seen in major areas of the U.S.; see local papers for time and station.

“Jerry’s” off-TV wife is pretty Evelyn Ankers—and they have a daughter whom they call DeeDee.

FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA ACTOR
FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA ACTRESS
a Song from his Heart
As his wedding date approaches, Eddie Fisher finds life becoming more and more “something to sing about”

By MARY TEMPLE

Really there are two Eddie Fishers. . . . One is the boy who sings out of a happy heart and can hardly keep the fun he finds in life from bubbling up and spilling over into everything he does. The boy who can’t quite believe that all the wonderful things which have happened to him are true. . . . The other Eddie is the serious artist who has grown in stature month by month, who is aware of his success. . . . and, even more, of the responsibilities that success brings. The serious young man who is also aware of his good fortune in meeting a girl named Debbie Reynolds (“She’s perfect for me, perfect for any man, but I’m the lucky one she’s going to marry”) . . . and who realizes that marriage will bring its own special responsibilities. This is the Eddie Fisher who welcomes the challenges of his work and of his life and runs forward with a full heart to meet them.

Eddie sat in his dressing room after rehearsal of one of his shows, having a quick lunch served on a paper plate from the drugstore in Radio City. It was one of the rare times when he might be found alone at the studio, without many people crowding into the narrow room, and it didn’t last very long. Soon the room was filled with people coming and going who needed to consult with him—his barber, the manicurist, his friends.

“I am just beginning to grasp all the things that have happened to me during the past few years,” Eddie said. “A couple of years ago, I told you that the responsibility of all this scared me a little at first. I would get to thinking about how many (Continued on page 100)
They create a TV women's

Each of us has our own individual ideas as to what makes a home something unique and special. Collectively, you readers decided that NBC-TV's Home was special enough to be chosen as favorite TV women's program. The choice was a wise one, for—in little over a year—Home has provided its millions of viewers with a fascinating and fantastic wealth of information.

In every home, it's the people who make it the special place it is. So it is with Home. First and foremost, there is Editor-in-Chief Arlene Francis who, with her infectious laugh and sunny personality, creates an atmosphere of whole-hearted enjoyment that is shared by the other Home editors, as well as viewers. One of the most beloved—and active—women in television, Arlene brings to the show

ARLENE FRANCIS
Editor-in-Chief of Home

Home is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, from 11 A.M. to 12 noon EST (in most other areas—10:11 CST; 9-10 MST; 11-noon PST).
An extensive background in the theater, TV and the fashion field, plus a love of cooking, decorating and other household activities. Arlene has found that each day on the program is a new experience for her. "I watch and enjoy the things shown as much as any housewife listening," she says, "and many of the ideas I have incorporated in my own home." This is a nine-room house in Manhattan which Arlene and her husband, actor-director-producer Martin Gabel, redecorated themselves. In addition to the excitement of fixing up her own home, Arlene has had a fair share of thrills on Home. She has descended to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean in a diving bell, allowed snakes to coil about her arms, and taken a jogging ride on a camel—after which she said dryly, "That's the last date I'll have with that dromedary!" It seems now that life couldn't be busier or more exciting for Arlene, and it is this desire to be constantly doing, added to her many-faceted talents, that makes her the perfect mistress of Home.

No home is really complete without a man about it and, on Home, this role is ably filled by Hugh Downs, who serves as host and Shopping Editor. That he is the only male seen regularly each day seems to agree with Hugh. "I love women," he says, adding: "Any man that says he dislikes having a lot of women around him is insecure. . . . Besides, the gals on Home are all a wonderful bunch to work with." An Ohioan by birth, Hugh came to New York by way of Chicago where he was an announcer for NBC shows and star of his own shows. His (Continued on page 84)
all Play, no work

By ROBERTA OWEN

Whenever Bill Cullen hears a woman complain, "My husband built a sink in his darkroom, but do you suppose I can get him to put up so much as a shelf in the kitchen?" he has an urge to offer the lady some advice.

Bill, who breaks up a formidable broadcasting schedule with many a spare-time pursuit, wants to say, "Relax, ma'am. One is work, the other play. The guy will do his regular job better if he gets away from it once in a while. Besides, you can't tell where that hobby may lead."

Likewise, when he encounters the man who expects his wife to break into an ecstasy of admiration each time he waves a photograph at her and announces, "I shot this at f8 and 1/50th," Bill wishes he could impart a few facts of life.

To the offending male, he would like to confide, "You're boring your wife. You're imposing on the fact women are trained to be good listeners. Did you enthuse when she worked out that difficult knitting stitch?"

For Bill truly believes that a hobby, to be any good, must be completely personal, a contrast to one's regular job and a joy in itself. "It should never reflect your all-the-time thinking," he remarks. "A hobby's major importance is that it takes off the competitive pressure. You proceed at your own pace. You are the only one you have to please. But when you have pleased yourself, you'll (Continued on page 83)

That's how a busy schedule looks to Bill Cullen, who discovered a great career through his hobbies
IF you can laugh at yourself in the small unexpected adventures of life, you will better be able to laugh at your big problems, too. Art Linkletter can tell you that the unexpected always happens; it's the way you react to it that's important.

Recently, Art was asked to guest on Toast Of The Town, when Ed Sullivan devoted the entire hour to saluting the pioneers of the radio industry. As Art sat with the other "greats" of radio, they reminisced about the many funny mishaps that occurred during the earlier helter-skelter days of the business.

Art says: "Suddenly a mental picture of a hilarious night came back to me. It was twenty-two years ago, when I was staff announcer and general handyman at KGB, San Diego—just starting my career. My nighttime disc-jockey and chatter show was sponsored by a local mortuary. It was my first sponsor—so I was putting every effort into impressing them and the station management.

"Alone, with just the sound engineer in the studio, I was beginning my evening pitch for the mortuary, when one of life's unexpected adventures began to take place. In those old days, microphones looked like a sort of pot, suspended from a long arm called a 'boom.' As I got into the meat of the message, the boom slowly started to drop. Thinking of the old show-business maxim, "The show must go on," I soon found myself crouching, then kneeling on the floor!"

"The payoff came as the microphone settled (Continued on page 79)
Our Miss Brooks cradles her first-born. (But, to mother Eve, wee Douglas Brooks West is truly her fourth child!)
Daughters Connie and Liza are the eldest of Brooks and Eve Arden West's beloved children.

To Eve Arden, children are always the most blessed event, no matter how they come into her happy home

By GLADYS HALL

Just suppose that you, like Eve Arden, had been married for years . . . and had adopted three children . . . and then had a baby of your own . . . what would you think, how would you feel, what would your reaction be? Surely, the miracle of birth would seem even more of a miracle, at that blessed moment!

Eve Arden—the bachelor-girl schoolteacher of Our Miss Brooks fame—had actually been married eleven years in all . . . a first marriage that lasted seven years, and four years of happy, completely happy, marriage to actor Brooks West . . . before her first baby was (Continued on page 97)

Eve Arden is Our Miss Brooks, as heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, for Anacin and other products—seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EST, for General Foods.

FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIENNE
Every prayer is answered. A fourteen-year-old Scottish lass named Marion knows this to be true. Her life has shown her that a day will always come in the patient future—a day when the faith implied in even the smallest prayer will be rewarded. Roy Rogers and Dale Evans have also led prayerful lives and know that faith is rewarded. Here is a story that ties together these three people—Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, fourteen-year-old Marion—and one prayer: Marion's dream of living in a home.

In 1954, Marion, then thirteen years old, lived in Scotland's Dunforth Orphanage. Her parents had had a hard time making a home for her brother, two sisters and Marion. Dunforth was the third orphanage she had been in. Her brother and two sisters had grown up and "graduated." Fate had been against Marion. There had been times when she had almost been adopted, but something always happened. Either she was too young (or too old) or some aspect of the law could not be met. But Marion never gave up her prayerful dream—to have a home.

Then in the winter of 1954, Roy and Dale, on tour in the British Isles, visited Scotland. (Continued on page 76)


Everyone in the family—except mama Dale Evans and baby Dodie—wears an American cowboy hat like papa Roy's: Dusty, Scotch lassie Marion, Sandy, and Linda Lou. Marion feels more at home than ever before in her life, among the wild heather of California—or listening to Roy's soft Western voice.

Marion's sad song went straight to the hearts of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans—and found her a home
Gene Autry is celebrating his 25th anniversary in radio. "Faith is what kept me here," he says. "Faith I had in myself, but—more important—the faith other people had in me. In fact, I might never have been here if it hadn't been for the faith of others. Here and now, I want to thank them, one and all."

Gene first left his Oklahoma ranch home, at sixteen, to join the railroad as a telegrapher in the whistle-stop town of Chelsea, Oklahoma. During the long nights, he whiled away the hours singing and strumming his guitar.

One night Gene was sitting dreaming out the window, guitar in his lap, when a stranger came up with a message for him to send. Handing it in, he spied the guitar. "You play that thing, son?"

"Yes, sir," said Gene.

"You sing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, would you knock off a ditty for us?"

Gene did. When he finished, the stranger smiled. "Young fella," he said, "you ought to be in radio."

Gene thought the stranger was just making him feel good. But—when he looked at the message—he saw it was signed: "Will Rogers." Since the immortal Will Rogers (Continued on page 95)

The Gene Autry Show is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6 P.M. EST, for Wrigley's Doublemint Chewing Gum. See local papers for time and station on TV.

When Gene first saw the skyscrapers of New York, he said to himself: "Boy, you'll be lucky if you can ever find your way out!" But his path led on to fame and fortune, in the familiar West—riding the range with his fine horse, Champion—and cooking on an outdoor "range" for his beloved wife, Ina.

Gene Autry will never forget those who believed in him, during his twenty-five years in show business
Versatility is the keynote of the Lewis shows. Left to right, in this music-hall skit: Earl Wrightson, Lois Hunt, Jan Arden, Bob, Lee Vines, and Jaye P. Morgan.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME COMEDY • FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME COMEDY
Robert Q. Lewis found himself through helping others, became a star by creating stars

By ED MEYERSON

It was only a year and a half ago that Jaye P. Morgan came East—a virtual unknown from the West Coast. As she says, “I was torturing myself as a band vocalist, wondering whether I was getting anywhere.” But, her first week in New York, she auditioned for the new show Robert Q. Lewis was readying for TV. “I’ve Got the Sun in the Morning,” she sang—and that very same morning, she also got the job.

As a singer on the Robert Q. Lewis Show, and a charter member of Bob’s “family,” Jaye P. Morgan soon became a name that meant more than just high finance. She was invited to Washington, along with Milton Berle and Irving Berlin, to entertain at an affair honoring the President. She appeared on The Jackie Gleason Show when Robert Q. took over for his friend. And then she signed a recording contract with RCA Victor.

“I take absolutely no credit for Jaye P. Morgan,” Bob says. “She was that way to begin with.”

It was Bob, however, (Continued on page 105)

Anything for a laugh—Bob even tackles a xylophone with typical skill, to the amazement of Earl and Lois.

Harmony isn’t just a word, in his “family.” Above, Bob with the Chordettes—Marjorie Needham, Lynn Evans, Carol Bushman, Janet Ertel. Left, he loves everything about show business, has a fabulous record collection.

FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S PROGRAM

Audiences—and Sara Ann Starr, collegiate Queen For A Day—insist on crowning Jack Bailey himself. At right, Jack at home with his own queen, Carol.

Jack Bailey and Queen For A Day are celebrating their tenth anniversary on the Mutual radio network—and all of Jack's millions of loyal listeners agree they couldn't have spent those ten years with a nicer guy.

But Jack claims he is not responsible for the Queen's ten years of success. "The Queen is so alive today," says Jack, "for just one reason: The loyalty of its listeners. I can remember times, during this period, when we were kept on the air only because of the graciousness and loyalty of our fans.

"I'm not generally considered a tear-shedding man," Jack says, "but, in saying 'Thanks to you all,' I could very easily shed one now. As an audience, you've stood by me from the very first day—and, long as I live, I'll never forget that day! Boy, did I fluff!"

It was in June, 1945, that Jack (Continued on page 92)

Queen For A Day is heard over Mutual, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, for Old Gold Cigarettes (P. Lorillard Company) and other sponsors. Check local papers for time, day and stations of the TV version.

Long Live the QUEEN!

Jack Bailey has a heartful of thanks, not for just a day—but always
Fibber and Molly—and Family

Radio has made Jim and Marian Jordan’s fondest dreams come true

FAVORITE RADIO HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM

Jim and Marian Jordan have won a permanent place in listeners’ hearts—along with three Awards to date in TVRM polls—but are proudest about their six grandchildren (above, Peggy and Janice Jordan, Diane Goodman).

Their home and family are the two most important things to Jim and Marian Jordan—your beloved Fibber McGee And Molly—more important to them than top ratings or star billings. This is as true today, with their five-times-a-week radio show, as it was back in their beginning days in vaudeville—when they had only a dream to share. Vaudeville, to Jim and Marian, was a struggle: For years, they traveled the old Gus Sun Time circuit with a group of players known as the Metropolitan Entertainers (the group played a dulcimer, *(Continued on page 88)*

Fibber McGee And Molly, starring Jim and Marian Jordan, is heard on NBC Radio, Sunday through Thursday, at 10 P.M. EST
example, Barbara and Dick did a late show. Barbara’s husband, Dr. Czukor, had to be at work early the following morning. Since the Dennings and the Czukors live but a few blocks apart, Gene asked Dick if he would mind bringing Barbara home. “Sure,” I’ll be home by midnight,” said Dick.

It was midnight when Barbara and Dick finished taping their show. When they emerged into the dark of the CBS parking lot, it appeared to them as a scene from their past. The brightest light poked unsteady fingers through the fog as if searching for something solid. They could barely make out the shadowy bulk of Dick’s car huddling in the far corner.

A small mist of light seeped through the closed CBS doors. Beyond this brief island of illumination, it was dark as a pit. Barbara, the little girl singing, was just as brave as Pam and Jerry. They struck up a chatter of valiant conversation as they gingly picked their way to the car. The door of Dick’s car was cold and fog-damp to his touch. He turned the handle. “It’s locked,” he said, “and the attendant had the keys!”

“Don’t worry,” said Barbara brightly. “Pam and Jerry could find a set of car keys. And so can we. The first thing we have to do is reconstruct the crime! Now, if you were the parking lot attendant, where would you have left them?”

“Inside,” said Dick, brightening, “at the reception desk!”

“Sure,” said Barbara, “that’s where they are!” And they ran back to the lighted doorway. But the lone watchman at the night desk said, “No, there are no keys here. But,” he said, “sometimes they leave them across the street at the Naples Restaurant.”

Barbara and Dick left the warmth of the reception room, picking their way through the dark street toward the Naples.

“Keys?” said the cashier. “No keys here. You can try 39th and Knickerbocker.”

Thinking of the dark blocks beyond the safety and warmth of the Naples, Barbara and Dick said in their quavering Pact, “Just think—Dick—knickerbocker.”

Then they were out in the dark again, as they started to walk up to the “Knick,” their footsteps unconsciously quickened, the need to find them through the murky night. By the time they arrived, they were almost too out of breath to ask for the keys.

Looking at the panting pair in front of him, the cashier, said, “No, there are no keys here.”

Barbara and Dick stared at one another in desperation. “Look,” said Dick quietly, “this isn’t too big for us. But what would Pam and Jerry do now?”

“Well,” said Barbara, “they’d go back to the scene of the crime.”

“Don’t worry,” said Barbara, “we’ll do it!” And they set off for the parking lot. Barbara and Dick peered off into the darkness looking for a clue. Their eyes, now accustomed to the dark, immediately picked out the empty attendant’s shack.

“Of course!” said Dick. They looked at one another sheepishly as if to say, “Why didn’t we think of that before?”

But Barbara answered! “Oh, no!” groaned Dick.

“Now what will we do?” asked Barbara. Very Jerry-like, Dick said, “Just keep calm; we’re too close to the solution to get excited. I’ll think of something.”

“We could burn it,” suggested Barbara, “and rake the ashes.”

“Don’t be funny,” replied Dick. “This door has a simple latch. I could force it.”

The phone rang, and Dick joined the lot. “That’s an idea—we should have thought of that in the first place.”

And back they went to the Naples.

The phone book,” said Dick, “is the most important thing: Where the who are you can find the solution to almost any problem in it.” Two minutes later, after arousing the sleepy owner of Walt’s System Auto Parks, Dick wasn’t so positive. The owner didn’t have the address or phone number of the lot’s attendant. There was nothing he could do until morning.

At 3:30 A.M., Dick and Barbara gave up playing Pam and Jerry North. They called Barbara’s husband and told him their story. Twenty minutes later, he arrived in overflowed slacks and Dick didn’t say anything as they sheepishly slid into the front seat beside him. The doctor didn’t say anything, either, only looked at them through sleepy eyes.

But, as he pulled away from the curb, they heard him mutter: “Some detectives!”

(Continued from page 60)

As usual, they entertained in as many hospitals and orphanages as possible. It was at Dunforth that Roy and Dale first met Marion. Here, for a change, after the stars had entertained, the children sang for Roy and Dale. Marion appeared last.

“She came out,” says Dale, “in a little plaid skirt that tried desperately to hide her bony knees. Standing in the middle of the floor, she didn’t move. She said, ‘I’d like to sing a song—‘Won’t You Buy My Pretty Flowers?’” Her words hit us right between the eyes:

‘Underneath the gaslight glitter
Stands a little fragile girl,
Hiding from the night winds bitter
As they round about her whirl.
While the hundreds pass unheeding
In the evening’s waning hours,
Still she cries with tearful pleading,
Won’t you buy my pretty flowers?

“Tongue a querent and wood
In this pleasant world of ours,
Crying every night so dreary,
Won’t you buy my pretty flowers.”

While Marion sang, Roy and Dale saw the words reflected in her eyes. She wasn’t so much singing the song as living it. And Marion seemed to sense their feeling. During the song she got up, moved to the edge of the lot, and Roy and Dale sat and talked with the children. Marion followed them with her blue eyes.

When Roy and Dale left the orphanage, Marion and her friends came after her and stood and waited. Marion had left her last dream had turned its back and walked away. Driving back to their hotel, Dale couldn’t erase the mental picture of such a great treasure: a little woman who needed a home. When they were in their room, she said to Roy: “Of all those children, Roy, that girl needs a home more than the rest . . .”

(Continued from page 70)

how about it?” She turned to her husband. Roy said, “I was just thinkin’ the same thing.

The next day, they asked the priest for lunch and talked to her about Marion. Marion’s yearning for a home was plain, they told her, and they had fallen in love with the child. Would it be possible for them to take her home to California for a visit in their home? They were surprised to find that Marion was a religious girl. Besides desperately wanting a home, she wanted to become a missionary.

The information the priest gave them convinced them that Marion was the neediest child in the orphanage. This new information only intensified Dale’s and Roy’s desire to have Marion with them.

Word spread fast in the orphanage: It wasn’t long before Marion heard she was to go with Roy and Dale to that wonderful dreamland, America.

Then the news came again—as it always had: English law prohibits adoption of a British subject by an alien living in a foreign country. Marion could not go with Roy and Dale.

Roy and Dale didn’t give up—they went to Chief Constable Merries in Edinburgh. They discussed the situation back and forth for hours. Finally, Mr. Merries suggested that, though Marion could not be adopted, there was no law against her coming to America for a visit.

“That’s good enough for us,” said Dale. “I least you can fill her with sunshine and good food.”

The question now was: Would the special dispensation for the “visit” be granted?

It was highly unorthodox. Roy, Dale and Marion waited patiently for word from Chief Constable Merries. Waiting had always been part of Marion’s life; she wasn’t as fretful during this time as she had been a month ago. To Marion, this was just another time for patience and prayer.

Then in July, 1954, permission was granted for Marion’s “visit” to the United States! She would be allowed to stay until September.

It is now the spring of 1955: Marion is still at home with Roy, Dale and their five other children. After she started school in the fall of ’54, Roy and Dale asked her, “Can’t you stay?” She stood so tall she could finish. Permission was granted. In Scotland, youngsters come of age when they are fifteen—if Marion were in an orphanage at that age, she would have been sent out into the world to work. Marion will turn fifteen while still in school here in America. Legally, she can then make her own decisions. She can either go back to Scotland, or stay on with Roy and Dale . . .

Yes, it is now springtime, 1955. The wildflowers are pushing up on the hills around Roy’s home in the Dardos Valley. It hasn’t even been a year since Marion came to America. But, in that time, the sunshine and food Dale promised her—”we’re spoiled” she insisted—had turned Marion longer and stronger. She has added five inches and twenty pounds to her slim frame—the kiln no longer reaches her no-longer-bony knees! The spring blossoms remind Marion of her own sweet song, “Won’t You Buy My Pretty Flowers?” Who knows better than this little Scottish lass, standing up to her waist in the wild American heather, that there will always come a day in the patient future? A day when every prayer is answered!
WHAT A WONDERFUL BIRTHDAY PRESENT!

Just what we wanted! On Queen for a Day’s tenth anniversary, you lovely readers of TV RADIO MIRROR have named Queen your favorite women’s radio program. This is the third successive year that the TV RADIO MIRROR Gold Medal Award Poll has given Queen for a Day this award. And believe Jack Bailey, he’s mighty grateful.

In the ten years of broadcast, Jack has given the crown to more than 2600 lucky ladies, and has rewarded them with presents worth about $7 million.

Listen every weekday for Queen for a Day starring Jack Bailey 11:30 AM EST* on MBS

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM
The Radio Network for all America

*For exact time and station in your area, check your local radio listings
Certainly there was no fanfare when Jackie arrived indoors, but something electric ran through the theater, the performers, the orchestra, the technicians, the costume girls—everyone seemed moved up to a higher pitch than it had been before. Details have suddenly become more important. When one of the announcers runs through a well-rehearsed script, it is Jackie, standing by and seemingly part of the entourage, who notices that one phrase sounds like the brand name of a competitive product when it's said fast and slurred a little. "Just out of the blue and so suddenly you will get confused," he suggests. No one else had noticed. Only Gleason, the perfectionist.

"I'm just not going to do this," Art Carney says. "Even when you think he's not watching or hearing, he knows exactly what's going on. And it isn't always an error, or a fault, that he notices. He's a guy who's quick to tell you when he's pleased."

Art, who plays Ed Norton, Ralph Kramden's pesky neighbor, who has now a definite part of this program, and Jimmy Bailes and Bill Nimo, the other announcers who have rapidly become closely identified with it, are mauling over their lines and memorizing them, crowding the stage, Judging 78th parade, at the June festivity. Their voices are met with steady applause.

"Places, Everybody," an assistant calls, and the dancers now swarm out of the half-dark and onto the brightly lit stage. Ray Bloch signals with his dace and they start their routines, making a stunning pattern of figures that is seen from an overhead camera and recorded on the monitor screens scattered around the theater.

Suddenly you notice that Audrey and Jackie are on stage, quietly rehearsing. This is it, you realize. This is what passes for "dress rehearsal." You see, after the show, although the lines are still not completely committed to memory—certainly not Jackie's. He holds a script in his hand while he goes through Ralph Kramden's gestures, with producer Jack Hurtle acting as prompter from the sidelines. (Later, there will be a complete reading in Jackie's dressing room and the script will be timed and patterned out. He's supposed to be "half-remembering" and know exactly what he's about, when he steps out before the cameras at eight o'clock.) But now he is still feeling his way through it all, still worrying over technical details—if a window is supposed to stick when he tries to open it, he wants to be sure he can count on that when he's doing the show. If a faucet is supposed to come off in Audrey's hand, Jackie worries over whether it will break off when the right moment comes. He is always the combination production stunt man, costumer, director, and stage manager, even though how many people surround him—and plenty always do, for this is a big show.

When "The Honeymooners" was just a sketch, instead of the practically full-length show it has now become, and the cast used to rehearse it even more casually. Sometimes he would stand on the stage and call out to Audrey, resting out in the theater, to get a read so he wouldn't go off. Audrey would throw it back at him and they would be off, Jackie mumbling part of his lines, substituting "la-la-la-la-la" for "foracreed". But now, when Audrey calling her out. They still laugh about the day when sister Jane Meadows (now Mrs. Steve Allen) came visiting for the first time.

"Is this what you call 'rehearsal' on this show?" Jayne asked Audrey. "This is it," Audrey answered. "What do you think of it?"

For once, Jayne—who is one of television's most articulate panel members—was speechless. She never went to a rehearsal again. The mere thought of our going on, with only that kind of preparation, scared her," Audrey says. "She preferred not to know anything about it. Now we rehearse some on Thursdays and Fridays, because to sustain character throughout a show, you need more preparation, but Jackie is not one to over-rehearse at any time. It keeps the show more spontaneous, his way."

"I would say Jackie not only has a wonderful memory, but has a marvelous gift for ad-lib. makes this arrangement possible. The fact that Art Carney is Jackie's brother makes it easier for him to learn fast, contributes to it. When Jackie and Art get to throwing in lines at rehearsals, some things are so good they stay in. When they ad-lib on the air, the audience knows that they have had a battle of wits goes on, how fast Art has to pick up the ball when Jackie throws it to him, and the other way around. They are the two people you wonder if the filmed "Honeymooners" will be as much fun for everybody, including the viewers."

Jackie is sure it will be, only because the people involved in it will be more relaxed. "Saturday rears its ugly head as soon as Saturday is over," he says, meaning that the TV program is the show as far as he is concerned and that the next week's show will leave the rest of the time more free for some of Jackie's other activities. He can concentrate more on each show, too, as it's filmed, knowing there is always something ready to go on and that this one need not be hurried. He has ideas for personal appearances later on—like the show he put on at the Paramount Theater in New York, which was very successful. There was an engagement at the famous night club, La Vie en Rose. He wants to do more composing and recording, like his Capitol album, and he knows that there is still a "Music to Remember Her." He wants to play an occasional straight role in a dramatic play on television.

There is a plan revolving in his mind for a TV program based on the investigation of psychic phenomena, a subject that interests him deeply. He has bought the movie rights to a book satirizing television, and he wants to make it, since he figures the star in a feature-length film for theater showing, a project still in the discussion stage.

Added to all this, he will personally supervise the half-hour live variety show, featuring the Gleason boys, and the group of musicians, and the June Taylor dancers, the group he inspired June to create. ("When he told me, for the first show, that he wanted six dancers, I thought he was absolutely out of his mind.""

The variety half-hour will precede the "Honeymooners" half-hour on all next season's schedules. There will be guest stars, approved by Jackie, and he will appear occasionally on the show himself, perhaps re-creating some of his famous characters—such as Reggie Van Gleason, the Loudmouth, the Poor Soul, with Art
Carney as his foil—perhaps coming up with some brand-new characterizations. Sometimes he may take over a Dorsey baton to lead the boys in something of his own.

"Whatever he does, it will be in good taste," everyone tells you. "He always remembers that his are 'family shows,' from the standpoint of the time when they go on the air, and also because they appeal to youngsters as well as grownups."

The Gleason gang wouldn't mind a bit if he went back next year to a theater like the Paramount, even with its six-a-day, sixteen-hours-in-the-theater grind of performances. The continuous audiences, but always different, stimulated Jackie. "We put five additional minutes into our sketch before the two weeks were finished," Audrey says. "Jackie came up with some marvelous ad-libbing. There was one real cute segment we later added to the TV show. Jackie really had himself a ball for the whole two weeks, and he loved it."

It was Audrey's sister Jayne who again made one of her classic remarks when she went backstage at the Paramount to visit. The corridors and dressing rooms back there are rather stark and bare, somewhat "institutional" looking, in contrast to the opulence of the lobbies and the theater auditorium. Jayne took one look around, at the clowning Gleason and the rest of the cast and the other people involved in the stage show, all laughing and shouting and carrying on over something Jackie had just been saying and doing. "This looks like a psycho ward at Bellevue," she said, "and you look exactly like a bunch of ambulatory patients!"

"She was right," Jackie admits. "We saw ourselves later in a kinescope taken during a rehearsal, and that was a psycho ward, all right. M-m-m, boy!"

Now Jackie is thinking about building a Television City in the New York area, for filming 'The Honeymooners' and other shows. Maybe right in the middle of New York City.

"If he wants to, he will," the cast says, when you mention it. "Right in the heart of Times Square, if that's where he wants it. If Jackie sets his heart on doing anything, he gets it done."

As Jackie himself would say, "M-m-m, boy! That would be a dan-dan-dandy set-up!"

Is there an air of freshness about you?

... are you really lovely to love?

How confident you feel! There's an air of freshness about you always when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Underarms are dry... and they stay dry. No worry about stains that spoil clothes. No offensive odor. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-checking ingredient now known to science.

You'll love using Fresh, too. It's a pure white cream, with a soft, subtle scent. And Fresh has a fluffy, whipped-cream texture... never sticky or greasy. So kind to your 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.

A Laugh in Time

(Continued from page 67)
toward the floor. There I was—young, budding, ambitious Art Linkletter—on my hands and knees on the floor reading mortuary advertising copy! The humor of the situation just about killed me. No longer able to restrain myself, I started laughing—that's right, smack in the middle of my commercial.

"Anybody can tell you, the middle of a mortuary commercial is no place to laugh. And my friend, the sound engineer, was no help at all! I looked up to find him laughing so hard he couldn't sit in his chair.

"The commercial ended with me flat on my back, the microphone resting on my chest."

Yes, it was a wild night for Art, the end of his first sponsor. But not the end of his career—not at all. It was only the beginning, for it was this ability of Art's—being able to laugh at life's unexpected adventures—that proved so successful for him in later years with his audience participation shows. With these shows, the unexpected always happens, too. Art has proven, it's the way you react to these situations that is important.
### Sunday

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<td>MBS</td>
<td>Sammy Kaye</td>
<td>Cottage Concerts, 7:15 The Name's the Same, 8:00 The Disney Channel, 8:15 Branson's Best, 8:30 This Is Your Life, 9:00 Hollywood Round-Up, 9:15 The Dr. Norman Vincent Peale Hour, 9:30 The Tonight Show, 10:00 It's A Wonderful Life, 10:15 Heart Throbs, 10:30 The Great Gildersleeve, 10:45 Listen To Washington, 11:00 The Big Broadcast, 11:15 Fibber McGee &amp; Molly, 11:30 Great Gildersleeve, 11:45 Second Chance</td>
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<td>MBS</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>6:15 Alex Deierer, Man On The Go, 6:30 News Of The World, 7:00 Alex Deierer, Man On The Go, 7:15 The One Man's Family, 7:30 News Of The World, 8:00 People Are Funny, 8:15 O'Neal, 8:45 O'Neal (con.)</td>
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<td>Sports Daily</td>
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<td>Local Program</td>
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<td>6:15 Alex Deierer, Man On The Go, 6:30 News Of The World, 7:00 Alex Deierer, Man On The Go, 7:15 The One Man's Family, 7:30 News Of The World, 8:00 People Are Funny, 8:15 O'Neal, 8:45 O'Neal (con.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Sports Daily</td>
<td>6:15 Three Star Extra, 6:45 Alex Deierer, Man On The Go, 7:00 Alex Deierer, Man On The Go, 7:15 The One Man's Family, 7:30 News Of The World, 8:00 People Are Funny, 8:15 O'Neal, 8:45 O'Neal (con.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>6:45 Alex Deierer, Man On The Go, 7:00 Alex Deierer, Man On The Go, 7:15 The One Man's Family, 7:30 News Of The World, 8:00 People Are Funny, 8:15 O'Neal, 8:45 O'Neal (con.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>ABC Reporter</td>
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### Wednesday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program Name</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
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### Thursday

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>6:45 Alex Deierer, Man On The Go, 7:00 Alex Deierer, Man On The Go, 7:15 The One Man's Family, 7:30 News Of The World, 8:00 People Are Funny, 8:15 O'Neal, 8:45 O'Neal (con.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
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### Friday

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>ABC Reporter</td>
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## Inside Radio

### Saturday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Doug Browning</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News of America</td>
<td>Garden Gate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>10:05 Galen Drake Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>No School Today (con.)</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>10:55 News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Amazing Mr. Whiz</td>
<td>Amazing Mr. Whiz</td>
<td>Amazing Mr. Whiz</td>
<td>Amazing Mr. Whiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Lucky Pierre</td>
<td>11:05 Half-Pint Panel All League Clubhouse</td>
<td>11:05 Half-Pint Panel All League Clubhouse</td>
<td>11:05 Half-Pint Panel All League Clubhouse</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### News Programs

- **MBS News**
- **Wismer, 4:05**
- **Merry Enchanted**
- **American Dance Symphonies**
- **Billy Christian Symphony**
- **Manion Mysteries**
- **MBS News**
- **3:05**
- **5:05**
- **Little News**
- **11:15**
- **11:30**
- **11:45**

### Roadshow Programs

- **1:45**
- **2:00**
- **2:30**
- **2:45**
- **3:00**
- **3:30**
- **3:45**
- **4:00**
- **4:15**
- **4:30**
- **4:45**
- **5:00**
- **5:15**
- **5:30**
- **5:45**

### Evening Programs

- **6:00 News**
- **John T. Flynn**
- **World Travel Report From Washington**
- **Basil Heatter**
- **6:05 Pan-American Union**
- **Sports, Bob Finnegan**
- **Bob Edge, Sports Afield**
- **News**
- **Sports Review**
- **Capital Cloakroom**
- **News**
- **7:05 At Ease**
- **Lawrence Nevada**
- **Laboer-Management Series**
- **News**
- **7:05 At Ease**
- **Gangbusters**
- **Gunsmoke**
- **Juke Box Jury**
- **8:00 Conversation**
- **Parade Of Sports**
- **8:15 Boston Symphony**
- **8:30 Symphony (con.)**
- **Grand Ole Opry**
- **9:00 Symphony (con.)**
- **9:15 Chicago Theater of the Air**
- **9:30 Tex Williams Show**
- **10:00 Tex Williams Show**
- **10:15 Tex Williams Show**
- **10:30 Town Hall Party**

### Sunday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>News of America</td>
<td>Wings Of Healing</td>
<td>Light And Life Hour</td>
<td>Honolulu Valley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Back To God</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>8:55 Galen Drake Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>9:05 Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>9:15 Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Afternoon Programs

- **12:00 National Farm And Home Hour**
- **12:15**
- **12:30**
- **12:45**
- **1:00**
- **1:15**
- **1:30**
- **1:45**
- **2:00**
- **2:15**
- **2:30**
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- **3:00**
- **3:15**
- **3:30**
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- **4:15**
- **4:30**
- **4:45**
- **5:00**
- **5:15**
- **5:30**
- **5:45**

### News Programs

- **3:05**
- **5:05**
- **7:05**
- **9:05**
- **11:05**
- **11:45**

### Roadshow Programs

- **1:45**
- **2:00**
- **2:30**
- **2:45**
- **3:00**
- **3:15**
- **3:30**
- **3:45**
- **4:00**
- **4:15**
- **4:30**
- **4:45**

### Evening Programs

- **6:00 News**
- **6:15**
- **6:30**
- **6:45**
- **7:00 NBC Travel Bureau**
- **7:05 Heart Of The News**
- **7:15 News**
- **7:30 College Quiz Bowl**
- **7:45 News**
- **8:00 Conversation**
- **8:15**
- **8:30**
- **8:45**
- **9:00 Symphony (con.)**
- **9:15 Grand Ole Opry**
- **9:30 Symphony (con.)**
- **9:45**
- **10:00 Tex Williams Show**
- **10:15 Tex Williams Show**
- **10:30 Town Hall Party**

### Afternoon Programs

- **12:00 Music For Relaxation**
- **12:15**
- **12:30**
- **12:45**
- **1:00**
- **1:15**
- **1:30**
- **1:45**
- **2:00**
- **2:15**
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- **4:00**
- **4:15**
- **4:30**
- **4:45**
- **5:00**
- **5:15**
- **5:30**
- **5:45**

### News Programs

- **5:05 World News Roundup**
- **5:15 News**
- **5:30 News**
- **5:45 News**
- **6:00 News**
- **6:15**
- **6:30**
- **6:45**
- **7:00 Biography In Sound**
- **7:15**
- **7:30**
- **7:45**
- **8:00**
- **8:15**
- **8:30**
- **8:45**
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- **11:00**
- **11:15**
- **11:30**
- **11:45**

### Evening Programs

- **6:00 American Forum**
- **6:15**
- **6:30**
- **6:45**
- **7:00 News**
- **7:15**
- **7:30**
- **7:45**
- **8:00**
- **8:15**
- **8:30**
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- **11:00**
- **11:15**
- **11:30**
- **11:45**

### Technical Notes

- **10:00**
- **10:15**
- **10:30**
- **10:45**
- **11:00**
- **11:15**
- **11:30**
- **11:45**

### See Next Page
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Morning Show—Wake up to Poor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>George Skinner Show—Variety</td>
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<tr>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Gorry Moore Show—He sends you</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey Time—Time for fun</td>
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<td></td>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Home—Arlene Francis, feisty</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Vollent Lady—Stars Flora Campbell</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Love of Life—Daytime drama</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Search for Tomorrow—Serial</td>
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<td></td>
<td>14:45</td>
<td>Strike It Rich—Quiz for needy</td>
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<td>14:55</td>
<td>Talent Scouts—Godfrey’s quiz</td>
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<td></td>
<td>15:00</td>
<td>Entertainment—2½ hours of variety</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Guiding Light</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Portia Faces Life—Fran Colan stars</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Road Of Life—Don MacLaughlin stars</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>Welcome Travellers—from Ch.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Robert Lewis Show—a joy</td>
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<td>Art House Party</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>Liberace—Valentino of the piano</td>
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<td></td>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>The Big Payoff—Mink-lined quiz</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>The Golden Windows—Daily story</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>Bob Crosby Show—Goy &amp; tuneful</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>One Mon’s Family—Serial</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>Concerning Miss Martowe</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
<td>Brighter Day—Daily story</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
<td>Secret Storm—Daytime drama</td>
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<td>First Love—Pat Barry in lead</td>
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<td>On Your Account—Quiz for $5</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>World Of Mr. Sweeney—Clock</td>
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<td></td>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Early Evening</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Liberace—Songs and talk</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Kukla, Fran &amp; Ollie—Cute stuff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>John Doly Comments—News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Million Dollar Movies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Singers—Perry Como, Mon., Wed. &amp; Fri.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Million Dollar Movies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>News &amp; Sports</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Tonight—Steve Allen’s big show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>The Late, Late Show—Feature films</td>
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**Monday P.M.:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Life With Elizabeth—Never dull</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Burns &amp; Allen—Dizzy duet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Life Is Worth Living—Bishop Sheen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Halls Of Ivy—The Calmons in college</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Voice Of Firestone—Langhairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>I Love Lucy—Desi has a ball</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>The Medical—Absorbing, realistic tales</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Big Town—Garth &amp; Grease</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Robert Montgomery Presents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Studio One—Exciting dramas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve</td>
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**Tuesday:**

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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Life With Father—Family comedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Life Of Milton Berle—April 12, April 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Life Is Worth Living—Bishop Sheen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Halls Of Ivy—The Calmons in college</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Norby—David Wayne stars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Disneyland—Nature, fantasy, history</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Godfrey &amp; Friends—Top variety</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>My Little Morgie—Stu Erwin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Sahara—Steve Allen vs. 80's in a big way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Kraft Theater—Live, hour teleplay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Mosqueroody Party—Quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>I've Got A Secret—Mare of Maare</td>
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<td>Studio One—Exciting dramas</td>
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**Thursday:**

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Norby—David Wayne stars</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>Disneyland—Nature, fantasy, history</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Godfrey &amp; Friends—Top variety</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Life With Father—Family comedy</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Sahara—Steve Allen vs. 80's in a big way</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Kraft Theater—Live, hour teleplay</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Mosqueroody Party—Quiz</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>I've Got A Secret—Mare of Maare</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve</td>
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All Play, No Work

(Continued from page 66)
sometimes be surprised at the number of
doors it has opened up.”

The most notable door a hobby has
opened for Bill is that of broadcasting itself.
“Belonging to a camera club in school
started it,” he recalls. “My father, who was
an automobile dealer in Pittsburgh, built
a darkroom for me on the second floor
of the garage. Some of my pictures were
published in the Pittsburgh Post Gazette.
Then they hired me, but I never worked as
a photographer. I took the job only because
they also had a radio station, WWSW, and
I was immediately transferred to it. I had
an all-night disc-jockey show.”

The show, too, went into the hobby clas-
sification, for Mr. and Mrs. Cullen wanted
their only son to be a doctor. “As I saw it
at that time,” Bill says, “my major job was
to get my M.D. I was in pre-med school
and doing well when I realized I didn’t
want to heal, I wanted to entertain.”

Immediately, he changed his direction.
“For four years I applied myself to radio.
I learned all I could in Pittsburgh, then
came to New York and started making that
learning pay off.”

Here, again, a hobby diverted him. Says
Bill, “I had learned to fly before I was even
of legal age. A pilot, who was a friend of
my father, took me up. I soloed at sixteen.
Since I stayed crazy about airplanes, I
put some of my radio dough into a charter
service.”

The charter service brought problems
and Bill concentrated on licking them until
the day he asked himself what would happen
when the business turned profitable.
“That was the second time a hobby showed
me what I did not want to do,” he re-
marks. “It cost me a sum of money, but it
was worth it, for I stayed where I belonged
and now fly only for fun. Nothing has ever
really tempted me away from radio and TV.”

Radio and TV sponsors, listeners and
viewers reciprocate. By rewarding him
with many shows, they have indicated they
are not likely to be tempted away from
Bill. Bill relishes every one and whenever
the pace gets hectic, he applies his magic
antidote for tension—hobbies.

Bill defines a hobby as “anything you
don’t have to do.” In addition to flying and
photography, his include oil painting, carv-
ing boats, repairing a sunken boat and
raising tropical fish. His interest in any
one is intense, but intermittent. When
reading takes his fancy, he will, for a
period, devour every book in sight, then
stop reading for a month or two and scarcely
ly glance at a newspaper. “I’m a diversi-
fier,” he says. “I’ll give myself to anything
only until it starts to hurt. Then I change.
It’s a recipe for total enjoyment.”

He suspects, too, that such enthusiasm,
which usually is the luxury of the amateur
only, also accounts for his zest for radio
and television. “Bill that of broadcasting
through.”

When I start to hurt my head thinking, I’m
through. And broadcasting is always fun.
There isn’t anyone I know who doesn’t
work harder than I do. I’m having a ball.”

INVEST IN

U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

NOW EVEN BETTER

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The Folks at Home

(Continued from page 65) assignment on Home also meant moving his family East—with Ruth, and children Hugh Raymond, 8, and Deirdre, 6. Now they all live in Westport, Connecticut, where Hugh continues to pursue a variety of hobbies from astronomy to composing classical music. Hugh likes Early American furniture, and he and Ruth both enjoy refinishing their own antiques. Hugh also likes to read—history and philosophy particularly—enjoys sailing, and belongs to a yacht club.

Fashion and Beauty Editor Natalie Core adds her share of freshness and charm to Home. A radio, TV, and stage actress, as well as a former model, she is a Washington, D.C., personality, specializing in women's dramatic shows, before coming to New York. Married to actor-playwright John H. O'Hare, Natalie lives in mid-Manhattan. Her off-camera pastimes include painting in watercolor, collecting sea shells and beads and decorating boxes with them, and engaging in sports, from skiing to horseback riding. Concerning fashions, Natalie believes that "women should try to look the best they can by choosing a style that looks attractive on them and sticking with it—no matter what the current fashion is." With this in mind, Natalie concentrates on making her presentations practical as well as interesting for Home readers.

In charge of Home's culinary department is Kit Kinne, an experienced home economist professionally and privately. In addition to having her own cooking show on TV, Kit has served as TV commercial designer for various large food concerns, taught merchandise comparison and sales technique, and was an overseas recreation worker for the American Red Cross. In private life, Kit is the wife of Charles Sigety, a young lawyer and a good cook himself, and mother of a two-year-old boy. Kit and Charles are partners in a business called Video Vittles, and they also serve as consultants and designers of TV food commercials. As Home's Cooking Editor, Kit finds it easier and more interesting, but more economical, too, by presenting good, tasteful budget menus in addition to the fan- cier, more time-consuming 'how to'. Judging from the way the Home staff dives into her food after a show, Kit's ideas and results have found their way to everyone's hearts. Only as well as a home economist, Kit is also an able off-camera food editor, Nancyann Graham finds her present role as Home Decoration Editor doubly exciting. For, in addition to guiding viewers on decorating matters, Kit, a life-long friend of Richard Avedon, is busy doing the same with their own apartment in New York. They decorated it themselves and made most of their own furniture, trying to buy only those items which can someday be transplanted to their dream house. A graduate of Cornell University, Nancyann appeared on a number of women's programs on New York stations and in Boston. It was while in Boston that she met her husband, then a Navy man and now a businessman.

Possessor of Home's greenest thumb, Will Peiglebeck brings to his column a wealth of helpful and interesting material in his role as Gardening and How-to-fix-it Editor. Before joining Home, Will had taught agricultural courses and given demonstrations on TV, and people interested in the shows of his own radio show. Just as with growing things off-camera as on, Will, with the aid of his wife Erma and their children, Gary, 11, and Karla, 8, maintains a 1½-acre flower, vegetable and plant farm in Metuchen, New Jersey. "You have to plan way ahead when dealing with growing things," Will explains. "I'm planting now the things I'll need next year." And Home viewers are looking forward to the results, knowing that Will will do all he can to make their thumbs a little greener, too.

Just as there are so many facets to home life and lore, so Home tries to be as versatile and far-reaching as possible. Covering a wide range of topics, author Dr. Leona Baumgartner, Commissioner of Health for New York City. Whenever a portion of Home is devoted to family affairs, hope Van Wagoner Dufy, who heads her own news bureau, is Washington Editor; and, since last January, Marjorie Trumbull, popular San Francisco TV personality, has served in the newly created role of West Coast Editor. Then, too, from time to time, there are guest experts from all fields of interest.

Although Home is still a comparatively new magazine, it has made tremendous strides in fulfilling its aim to be "a woman's magazine that comes alive . . . a television wonderland." And, with an eye to the future and the endless, exciting people, places, events and subjects Home is planning to cover, viewers can rest assured that "the best is yet to be.

(Continued from page 56) Television gets you into all kinds of things."

Getting into all kinds of things is, in Garry's opinion, a condition much to be desired. In his case, "I'm not a young man. He paused for a moment to reflect. "Now I'm a fairly unspectacular kind of guy—I love my wife, enjoy my kids, go home at night. I don't have that kind of a life."

But when I think of the things that have happened to me in the past five years...

Any enumeration of the things which have happened to Garry Moore might well have included such items as presenting comedian George Gobel in his first network television show, and introducing "Operation Penny," which brought in enough one-cent pieces to build a much-needed little schoolhouse in Indiana . . . "giving away" Durward Kirby for a weekend . . . and showering a young Michigan couple with an unexpected eight thousand dollars when he suggested that viewers each send them a nickel, "just for nothing."

Garry, however, focused on a more adventuresome phase. "Do you realize I've met more than two hundred wild animals face to face? I've ridden an elephant, wrestled an alligator, sailed a raft in the Amazon, gone python and outwitted an angry ant-eater."

Personal encounters with such creatures would have provided a professional exper- tise with material for a dozen lecture tours, but Garry has no such tall tales of travel. He does his big-game hunting without ever leaving his mid-Manhattan studio—and gets into it just by chance: "It all started the day we invited Ivan Sanderson to make just one appearance, bringing in one of his wild animals. Now Ivan, in addition to being a fine performer, also is an interesting and learned naturalist. It turned out to be so much fun we've had him back four times over, and he just dares us."

"Fun," one of Garry's favorite words, may serve him as a description of the happenings which ensued, but some of the most memorable experiences have not only happened to Garry but to his viewers as well. They have watched a few of his encounters with their blood close to curdling. In Garry's efforts to learn an animal trainer's technique in front of four million cameras and in full view of a goodly portion of the populace, he has had a number of close calls.

But rectifying the alligator gave his back- stage assistants, Shirley Reesser McNally and Marcia Durant, a fine case of shudders. "Ross Allen, the handler, brought it from the Reptile Institute of Florida," says Marcia. "He weighed three hundred pounds and was kept in a huge box of sand. Allen told Garry to be sure to stay out of reach of the 'gator's fifth leg. Garry tried to not only make cooking and cleaning the box but the next day, the sand had warmed up and the alligator had warmed up. Instead of being sluggish, it was wild and vicious. We all got excited and Garry flipped it over, easy as you please. Our brown problem turned out to be how to get rid of the sand after the show was over. You can't just dump a quarter of a ton of sand out of a room!"

The wresting bear is Shirley's candidate for no-return-engagement. "Its trainer said that the trick was to keep back and never let the bear's paws hang down. If the bear once got its paws pushing down, he would be able to throw his whole weight on Garry. It sounded simple. But, on the show, the bear moved in and Garry had to push him pretty hard to keep from getting hit. We got more scared, just thinking about what could have happened, for then the trainer bluntly told us that only two other people have ever stood beside the bear without getting hurt. Those men, he also informed us, were both heavyweight boxing champions. Garry, who certainly is no heavyweight, felt pretty pleased with himself."

His self-satisfaction lasted only until the mail came in. "Some of the letters were very irate," says Shirley. "People wanted to know what Garry meant, hitting that poor bear."

In contrast, not a single squawk resulted from the bloodiest injury to occur on the show. Two supposedly tame beavers went berserk. Just before the cameras turned on them, one gashed the owner's hand, then scurried down to hide in Howard Smith's planters. When the show began and the beavers were not to be found, Garry's dog tried to tell everybody that the beavers were all right. It was just the owner who got hurt."

Having a rock python get a strange hold around his neck didn't even make Garry's
for goodness sake

(Continued from page 43)
yacht, and Martha made more headlines.

Well, I went trotting over to NBC's Central Theater, where Martha was in rehearsal for her show, and sat down with Ed Begley for a while. I'd never met Ed before, and my first impression was that—if this was the man the Ultra-Violet had ra-... tions that they'd do without.

The young man to whom I had just been introduced was good-looking, soft-voiced, with the rather shy manners of an Ivy League college senior. When he looked at Martha, who was up front haggling with the orchestra director over an arrange-... it's wonderful.

"We've known each other a long time, you know," he told me, "two or three years, at least. And then, one evening when we were out with the Eastmans— they're Connecticut real estate people—and old friends—we decided we had to be married right away. You know, not in three days or even the next afternoon, but right now, before we could change our minds or get bogged down in red tape or new shows."

He laughed, remembering, "The Eastmans were all for it, of course, so the next thing we knew, we were at the airport chartering a couple of little planes to fly us to Washington. The Eastmans were under the impression you could get mar-... and liquor enough for an army. And nobody came. Oh, a few of my closest friends were there, but that was all. That's when I promised myself that, someday—if it took me till I was eighty—I'd be on top again. So in my head, I'd have a party, and people would turn up, by heaven!"

I said, "So you've made it."

"But I didn't realize it," she said, "until Ed and I got off the plane at LaGuardia Field. There were all those reporters and I saw the front pages of the Mirror and News. The whole page of each paper devoted to Ed and me and our marriage! Then it hit me. I've had a few real thrills in my life. Having my baby was one of them. This was another, one of the great-... you don't know."

"I think I do," I told her.

"No, not unless you ever flopped com-... and everybody will come."

She laughed, a genuine, cheerful laugh that reflected not triumph but restored self-esteem. "Now I don't need the party. I'd rather go over to Ed's folks' house for Sunday dinner. . . ."

There was more to Martha's immediate story than I'd heard about, and I knew exactly where to go to get it. I found Nick Condos in his suite at the Park Sheraton, surrounded by the kind of people who are always in his immediate b... with Nick, who had asked Martha's, too—actors, musicians, agents, each trying to top the other's gags or stories. The air was tense with energy and... sipping from a glass, and I knew exactly where to go to get her."

"I know Ed and like him," he said. "He's a fine boy. If he can make Martha happy,
that's all that matters." And, for the record, that's all of his official attitude toward the marriage. He gave them their first supper after the wedding, and is still her manager. On the afternoon that Martha called Nick in and asked him to arrange her divorce papers, she also insisted that he draw up a legal contract of management.

"I don't need papers with you, baby," Nick said, but she was adamant.

"I don't get it," he said. "With these papers you get rid of me, and with these you get me to stick around."

"It's the woman in it," she said. So that's the way it was.

The story of the Bimini episode, so garbled by many newspapers, is simply just the kind of thing that happens occasionally to great stars (as Nick explains it) because part of the public considers a famous public personality fair game.

Martha and Ed, on vacation in Miami, had accepted the invitation of some old friends to board their yacht and go fishing off Bimini, in the Bahama. After a radiant day at sea, they put into Bimini for dinner and afterwards went to one of the local night clubs where a famous Calypso band was holding forth.

"If you know Bimini," Nick said, "you remember it's just a street that peters out at either end and has a small, town-like cluster around the harbor. Well, this place was the best and biggest place in town. And you know Martha, too. She went for the Calypso singing in a big way. Decided to buy the singers each a beer and take it over to them herself. Got this big tray loaded with beers at the bar, and started back for the other room.

"And there in the doorway, leaning on the bar and blocking the entrance with his back, was a big guy. Martha said, 'Say hey, could I get by, please?" The guy ignored her."

I said, "Ignored Martha? Hoo boy!"

"So help me, all she did was nudge him with the tray, easy as not to spill the beer, and say, 'Look, can I please get by?"

"At this, the man straightened up, made a short speech about American stars who thought they could push people around, and then he hit her over the head with the bottle. Fortunately, it broke, because otherwise—"

"The guy was standing there with half the broken bottle in his hand," Nick said. "Her friends rushed up and grabbed him. That's the last time, of course we've seen him—I've got affidavits from a whole lot of people that's how it was. The publicity was bad and Martha's public has a right to know the truth."

I know that this story adds up to a pretty mixed portrait of Martha Raye as she is today (oops! I mean as at the time of this writing). It's mixed because I got it directly from the girl herself and her two men closest to her. And all three have a slightly different point of view about the girl.

That's not hard to understand. Martha is many girls wrapped up in one small dynamo of a body. She is an explosion of talent and courage and heart, and sometimes that gets her into trouble. And she is a sentimental woman (and mother) who truly wants, most of the time, a quiet home life in a quiet house in Connecticut, with an understanding husband and a loving daughter to come visiting from school on weekends.

No one would ever try to predict Martha's future—except that, from every indication, she's headed for continued stardom. But everyone surely wishes her a big great share of the best in the world—because she has earned it with might and main.
Fibber and Molly—and Family

(Continued from page 75)

musical bells, a piano, and a musical saw, and all sang harmony). Though they were constantly on the road, playing split weeks of two- and three-day stands, they never made enough money to have any in their pockets—ten dollars earned was a big night.

But, during these times, Jim and Marian never lost their sense of humor. They’ve always bragged that—all the world’s vaudeville acts—there was the only one that never played the Palace. Says Jim: “If all the vaudevillians who claimed to have played there really did, the Palace would have been full of performers every night!”

Because vaudeville life was always hard, they felt there was no security traveling on the road. That is why security for their family and its attendant happiness has always been more important to them than star billing. It was their dream to have a home.

Marian well remembers one Christmas early in the vaudeville career which gave them a taste of this family closeness they so desired. She says, “It was the first time in our marriage that, as a family, we were all together with our children. We remember it as our 1922 Christmas one-a-kind. There wasn’t much money, I think we only bought baby clothes for Katherine—young Jim wasn’t born yet—but what we lacked in money, we made up in time.”

Thirteen years of vaudeville separated Jim and Marian from their ever-present dream of family security. Then in April, 1935, they were invited to New York for their first radio broadcast of Fibber McGee And Molly. Jim played his Fibber character more broadly than now—he was then a bucolic hayseed who more than lived up to the name, “Fibber.” Marian played Molly more Irish—especially when angry with Fibber.

At the rehearsal, they overheard some radio people discussing their first show: “Who’d want to listen to those corny characters, they were saying. “It will never go.” Jim’s and Marian’s hearts sank. They were fearful that this first great chance at security—opportunity that radio could give them to be able to stay home and raise their family—would be lost.

But they needn’t have worried, for Fibber McGee And Molly was a success. As time went on, their show gradually grew into the highest-rated property on radio. But the highest ratings were due to the fact that Jim and Marian were now together with their children, Katherine and Jim, Jr., in a home.

Christmas, 1935, their first in radio, was another which they will never forget. “That,” says Marian, “was the Christmas we not only were together with our two families, but one thing we never need to afford presents for every body!”

Today, Jim and Marian Jordan are doing a fifteen-minute, five-times-a-week radio show. Their new schedule actually takes less time than their previous one-a-week, half-hour live show: They work Mondays, Tuesdays, and an occasional Wednesday afternoon, taping the whole week’s worth. That remainder of their time belongs to their family—now numbering six grandchildren!

When one knows about their early struggles on the vaudeville road, it is easy to understand Jim’s and Marian’s gratitude to radio—for, today, it is still giving them the security and family happiness that, to them, has always come first.

Blessing in Disguise

(Continued from page 56)

Since I loved to play the piano and I jumped at every invitation. If I had an unfilled evening and a concert was offered, I couldn’t say no. Once, I played nineteen consecutive concerts in San Francisco. One of them was with Father, a young man who had come by Lee’s house when newly ordained. “We had a picture taken together,” says Lee, and when he read in the paper that I was ill he took it on himself to get an Apostolic Blessing for me from the Pope. This came during the first part of my illness, when I was very depressed. When it arrived, I felt a lift, says Lee. “And a plenary indulgence, too!”

Here is the copy of the blessing: “Most Holy Father, Liberae, humbly prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, begs the Apostolic Blessing to be granted to me, the faithful Lee, that I may be able to rest in the Holy Name of Jesus.”

With the Vatican seal, it was signed by the Pope and dated November 27, 1954.

But Lee’s heart strain proved itself a blessing. For one thing, Lee learned how many thousands of loyal fans and friends he has. The mail came to him from every corner of the country. One letter came from a priest in a small town in Nebraska. The letter came from a priest in a small town in Nebraska.

“Lee, you are one of the few men I have ever met who is not himself great,” he wrote. “You are one of the few men in the world who has been given the grace of the Holy Name of Jesus.”

So Lee went to bed, staying there for nearly four weeks. “The doctor let me get up for Christmas,” says Lee, with a smile.
The Ed Sullivan Story

(Continued from page 48) always entertaining, though forever touched with dignity. When it celebrates its seventh anniversary this June, Toast will have presented more than nine thousand performers comprising some three thousand acts—quite a record for the show and for Ed, the man who selects the acts, edits the material, travels endlessly on talent hunts, writes the scripts and creates the new ideas. It all takes more than a touch of genius—the kind worthy of such other great showmen as Ziegfeld and Barnum. Ed's got it. But he went through more than half of his life not knowing it.

Until he was thirty, if anyone had suggested that he entertain, Ed would have laughed them off—which is exactly what he did, in the spring of 1933, when he was asked to head a show at Broadway's Paramount Theater. That particular event was to be the turning point in his life, though, at that particular moment, all of Ed's experience had been as a newspaperman.

Ed was born in Manhattan in 1903, and raised in Port Chester, a suburb of the big city. As a youngster, Ed won twelve letters in school sports—plus good grades—then graduated to the Port Chester Daily Item as sports, police and obituary editor at ten dollars a week. At eighteen, he moved into the big city as a sports writer. Twelve years later, he seemed a more likely candidate for Big Story than Toast Of The Town, when the managing editor of the old Graphic assigned Ed to write a Broadway column.

"It was the first year I was doing the Broadway column that I got a call from Boris Morris, who was manager and director of the Paramount Theater. He offered me $1,500 to come into the theater for a week and head a vaudeville show. I gave him a flat no and hung up."

"I had organized some benefits around town, but had no fancy idea about being an emcee," Ed recalls. "I tried to explain to Boris it had nothing to do with money. But Boris kept calling back every half-hour and raising the ante. He also explained to Ed that the movie coming in was a weak one, and he felt Ed would draw crowds to make up for it. Ed just couldn't see it. "By noon, his offer for one week's work was $3,250. And, by that time, I figured maybe I could do it for the money, after all. So I said maybe."

Before Ed accepted, he went into conference with Gary Cooper, who was making a personal appearance at the Paramount. "Coop told me to go ahead. He said there was nothing to it. All you had to do was walk onto the stage and mumble a little. It didn't occur to me at the moment that all Gary Cooper had to do was put on a cowboy outfit—and smile—to make the audience swoon."

So Ed agreed to go on, and immediately broke into a sweat. "How was he going to do and how was he going to do it? As his own specialty, he decided to show some old films which he had already begun to collect. He prepared a kind of comedy travelogue of New York. He invited friends to drop around—which meant there would be surprise guest stars at most of the shows. He was organized, but so scared that he avoided publicity until he was to open, with comedians Block and Sully rehearsing him."

"I thought I'd get at least one break. The first show went on before noon, when you'd figure they would have to pay people to come in, so I hoped the theater would be practically empty and give me a chance to try the act out."

But the Paramount Theater which

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MOTHER'S FRIEND

89
normally seats up to 3,650 people, looked as if it were holding 3,651. "It looked like an indoor coliseum. So big, and so many people! I nearly dropped dead—I tried hard enough, but couldn't. I was so ner- vous that I didn't eat that week."

At the end of the week, Ed collected his $3,500, gave half of it to a car-
ter (who had been running a continuous buffet backstage for Ed's friends), went back to his apartment, and collapsed in bed. Unknowingly, however, he had been inoculated. For, when he was asked to do a stage show at another theater a couple of months later, he accepted. Short-
ly afterwards, he organized his "Dawn Patrol," a stage troupe which toured for the next four years. He even had his own radio show on CBS.

On that CBS show, Jack Benny made his broadcasting debut, more than twenty years ago. Others who rode the kilocycles for the first time, with Ed, were Jack Pearl, Jimmy Durante, Gertrude Niesen, Jack Benny, Frances Langford. It was no acci-
dent then, that was no accident now that Vallee, Hope, Bogart and Laughton, Rita, Lana and Hedy have made their TV debuts on Ed's present show.

The reason Ed has more "firsts" than anyone else on TV is quite simple. The stars trust his great talent as a showman. And his judgment of material is always excellent. He can select an act that runs thirty or forty minutes—then pick three minutes for the TV show. He has an unerring instinct for the best. It's an instinct which his daughter Betty either inherited or acquired. In her pre-
marital days, she served as an unofficial scout for Ed.

Now Betty lives in Washington, D.C., with her husband and infant son. She write about shows that open in Washington before moving into Broadway. Her predictions of success or failure, and her analyses, are always prove to be right.

Sylvia, Ed's wife, doesn't have that same instinct, but she doesn't need it. She's got Ed in, and with Ed, the fun and work of the business. Some of their nights each week are spent at first-night openings. But, generally speaking, Ed has cut out the late night-club routine. Occasionally, he will dash over to a club, catch a floor show for the sake of seven or eight, or just to be home by midnight. Ed is neither a drinking nor a party man, contrary to what people may expect of a Broadway columnist. The Sullivans like to visit with friends, read, and watch TV.

Ed, Sylvia and "Boje," his gray mini-
ature French poodle, have a suite of rooms in a Park Avenue hotel far the past ten years. In the smaller of their two tiny kitchens, where they prepare coffee and oatmeal. Then Ed walks into the living room about ten and gets to work on the phone and the typewriter. Ed's beloved collection of quotes, sages, aut-
ditions. A connecting door leads to the the working office and several desks and file cabinets, and hundreds of autographed pictures of more celebrities, and Ed's office as-

ual: Caroline, Ethel, and Jean Bomb-
ard. Ed's normal working day is ab-
normal—from ten A.M. until two P.M. Add to this Manhattan schedule his talent hunts abroad—"on holiday" since forty trips in the past six years.

Last year, he bought himself a farm, after twenty-four years of living in a hotel apartment, south of the Hundred and thirty acres of land, with a handsome home, fifty head of cattle, and a tenant farmer. As Ed says, "It's quite a sight to see Boje, with his French crewcut, investigating cows after being limited to fire hydrants on Park Avenue."

Unfortunately, even in a Lincoln Capri, it takes an hour and forty-five minutes to get to the farm. In the center of the country, where Ed will get much time for the

farm, considering how much of the re-
sponsibility he takes on at the show. A long time ago, he was asked why he did everything himself. "The way I see it is that I'm the fall guy if the show doesn't click," he explained, "so I may as well have the pleasure of digging my own grave."

Ed isn't afraid of traditions, critics, temper-
ament. He began changing the order of things long before television. When he bought into his "Dawn Patrol," he decided to revolutionize the business a bit. One of vaudeville's ruts, he decided, was the format. Whether you were watching a stage show in Peoria or Radio City on Broadway, the show had the same pro-
gram. Open slow with a dog act, wheeze a second breath with an indifferent boy-
girl-number—with everything good saved for a variety of songs and eventually break-
off with something exciting, and it would brighten up the whole show.

Ed prevailed, and broke a tradition that has stuck with vaudeville. Today, he's still doing things they tell him he can't or shouldn't do. This winter he scheduled an excerpt from the Menotti opera, The Saint of Bleecker Street, Ed was advised that it was long, high, and-brow. Ed went ahead, put on the opera, and was stormed afterwards with enthusiastic calls and letters and wires.

"It's a great feeling to discover over and over that your faith in your public's good taste is justified," he says.

Ed is very proud of the artists who have performed on Toast Of The Town. They are, literally, the very toast of the world: Alfred Lunt, Marian Anderson, Gloria Swanson, Charles Laughton, Lauritz Mel-
chior, the late Bill Robinson, Tehudi Men-
tho, Greta Garbo, Lena Horne, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Raymond Massey, Ethel Waters, Helen Hayes, and Beatrice Lillie. There are dozens more. But, for Ed, the ChampionshipLoungton's appearance as one of the most memorable and thrilling. This has been reported before—but never before with the verbatim dialogue which led to the wonderful performance.

Laughton phoned to ask about his scheduled appearance on Toast. Mr. Laughton's voice was laced with sarcasm suggesting that, perhaps, he would be asked to do a imitation of Frankie Laine or Howdy Doody.

"Now, Ed, you wouldn't let me get up there and just read from a book—now would you?"

"Why not?"

"But certainly not the Bible. You wouldn't approve of Bible readings on a variety show, would you?"

"Why not?" Ed asked. "After all, it is a Sunday show."

Mr. Laughton, more stunned than startled, nevertheless had the stamina to continue the conversation.

"And could I write in my own camera di-
rections?"

"Of course," Ed said. "You know more about camera work than I do."

Charles Laughton appeared on the show, on his own terms, and he was superb. A producer, Paul Gregory, saw the show and it started a chain of events in Mr. Laught-
ton. Ed, in his TV series, which is a new TV series, a tour of the country with "Don Juan in Hell," "John Brown's Body," cul-
inating in the smash production of "The Caine Mutiny." Ed is a man of daring and imagination. As quiet and good-natured as he appears, he can take a stand—and it can be a stand of importance.

January of this year, The Chicago De-
fender, a Negro-edited newspaper, chose Ed as one of eleven citizens, including President Eisenhower, to be nationally honored. It is one of the most highly prized in the field of
race relations because of the prestige of the Chicago newspaper among Negroes. The newspaper did not mention any specific reason for the award, and it is doubtful that the editors knew of a story which goes back to 1948 when Toast first went on the air.

Radio had earned for itself, at best, a timid reputation for being non-discriminatory. You could strain yourself deaf trying to find such great Negro entertainers as Billy Eckstine, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Fats Waller and Marian Anderson on a live network program. Some producers entering TV tended to follow the same policy. But not Ed.

His sponsor of that period manufactured items which were popular-priced in tens of thousands of stores. The sponsor had called a meeting of his distributors, in New York, and Ed addressed these people.

In the course of giving the distributors an idea of the kind of shows he planned to do, Ed mentioned that he would be featuring great Negro entertainers as well as white. Several distributors were afraid it would antagonize customers.

Ed disagreed. They argued, but Ed had his way. "Since then," he says, "for the past seven years, he has been abiding by the spirit and letter of the Constitution, disregarding race, creed and color when it comes to selecting acts.

"I respect people," Ed says, "I have faith in their intelligence and decency and sense of fair play."

He doesn't claim originality on this thought. "I like to quote George Arliss on this subject," he says. "In his biography he wrote in asides to young actors, and of one of them, wrote like this: 'Sometimes, if you tour the country as Mrs. Arliss and I have, you'll find yourself in a small town, perhaps in the lobby of a hotel or the local drugstore. The townspeople will introduce themselves to you and, judging from their embarrassed attempts at conversation, you may get the impression the town is inhabited by morons. I urge you not to be deceived, because, when assembled under the roof of one theater, you'll find their mass instinct is perilously close to intelligence.'"

Ed recalls playing golf with Tex Rickard, the greatest showman and promoter in sports. Sometimes Tex would be upset by criticism of his judgment as a matchmaker and he would say, "Look, Ed, I don't make matches for myself. I make them for the people." Another thing that bothered Tex Rickard was one of the Barnum legends. Tex insisted that Barnum was too great a showman to have said that there is a sucker born every minute.

"Years after Rickard died, I came across an autobiography of Barnum in a hand-bound book and I could bet I took the book home," Ed says. "And there it is, the first proof that Rickard knew what he was talking about. On one page, Barnum had written, 'I'd like to find the Broadway wiseacre who quoted me as saying that there is a sucker born every minute. Nothing could be further from the truth.'"

It is to the sentiments of George Arliss and Rickard and Barnum that Ed subscribes. Yet, on one Sunday evening, Ed entertains between forty and sixty million people—a larger audience than the greats of former years had to reckon with in a lifetime. It is a gigantic audience. And it is a fabulous job which Ed performs, for each program is a fresh challenge—each week there are different acts, frequent format changes, and bold experimentation. There are no tryouts before an audience, no chance to "doctor" the performance. It takes a remarkable talent—genius—to do this job.

Ed Sullivan, great showman that he is, does it every week on Toast Of The Town.
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Long Live the Queen

(Continued from page 4)

Olly Goodman. He has joined the show.
The show is doing better for the

First joined the show for a day (then

wasn't old). He had originally come from

station KGB in San Diego to KJH Mutual

in Los Angeles, as a staff announcer on the

early morning Rise And Shine show. The

audition on Queen was Jack's first crack

at the big time. "I was to take over on a

trial basis for two weeks," he recalls. "But,

after the first minute of the first show, I

probably for a few days."

"I was doing the show live, and the script

and I got confused."

Jack was supposed to say: 'Now go out and

buy the sponsor's product...'. But

the second and third pages of the script

were interchanged. Jack cut from the

middle of the commercial message—"go out

and buy"—to a gag on the top of page two,

reading, "all the old railroad ties you can

find!"

"Confused!" says Jack. "Why, I jumped

into myself three times trying to escape

the howl from the audience. I remember

asking the folks if I couldn't start all over

gain. They were kind enough to let me..."

It was Jack's humility in the first

moment of his first Queen show that forever

won the hearts of his studio and radio audi-

cences. As the show went off the air, the

producer, the late Bud Ernst—impressed

with Jack's ability—advised and quickly

recovered—said to Raymond R. Morgan,

owner of Queen: "If you don't sign this boy

Bailey right now, I'll quit!"

That day was my first experience with

the graciousness of the Queen's audience,"

says Jack. "And, for your graciousness, I

thank you."

Jack's second "thank you" came five

years later. Some prospective agencies felt

the show was "slipping." Because Mutual's

500 stations reach many small towns not

covered by rating services, no one knew for

sure whether or not Queen had any

listeners.

"One day," Jack recalls, "Mr. Morgan

visited Carol and me at home. While ad-

miring the house, he said, 'I've got an idea

that I believe will tell us how many listen-

ers we have. For twenty-five cents, we'll

offer an assortment of tulips to your audi-

ence, and you will have to tell us whether

it was a Jack's or a Carol's.' The returns

should give us a rough idea of the size of the

listening audience."

"Rough idea!" says Jack. "There couldn't

have been that many people in the United

States—they must have heard our show in

Holland! The first day after our offer, the

Hollywood post office was swamped.

Before we had the reading—thanks to our

loyal friends—we had fifteen girls sorting

returns. We had quarters by the handful.

For a while, it looked as though Carol and

I would have to dig up our own bulbs to

meet the demand!"

Did the returns prove Queen had many

loyal listeners? Before the counting was

over, Olly Gold joined Queen as a new

sponsor—they've been there ever since.

Finally, Jack wants to thank all his lis-

teners for the ten years of letters they

have sent in. He reads them all, and some

of them touch him deeply—especially

those that tell him how the Queen has helped

them in some way. "Some people," says

Jack, "feel they are left alone with their

problems. But when they hear the Queen,

they realize they are not alone—and

they are encouraged."

"When these nice folks write to us with

their thanks, saying, Queen For A Day has

helped them in some way, once again,

'Thank you for helping us."

Here's George Gobel

(Continued from page 54)

routine. George gets emotional."

PAT KELLY (George's MCA agent):

"George is the same sweet little guy he

was when he first walked into our offices.

He hasn't changed a bit. But he has

added to his resume. He's a very big

success story."

"His success story is that he's a

people person. He's got a sense of

humor. He's a great salesman. He's

realized that a lot of people will

go for the show because of the

people..." Pat Kelly

JOE HARRIS (George's technical direc-

tor): "George has a sense of humor.

You may think that's a funny statement,

but I've known comics who don't have a

sense of humor. And he's fast with an

ad lib. Last week the director called out, 'Are

you ready, sir?' George said, 'Wait one

moment. I must consult my book on

Stanislavsky!' His humor is infectious. It

keeps the audience laughing and relaxed.

As a result, the work gets done faster,

easier, and without pressure. George is a

naturally funny man.

RALPH KANTER (George's head writer):

"George's biggest asset: he

thinks objectively: he thinks

every line in the script. And he's

critical. If he doesn't like a line, we
discuss it. But he's agreeable too—he'll
always listen to our suggestions. He

entertains people. He's good at

getting people involved in the

show."

JEFF DONNELL ("Alice" on the George

Gobel Show): "George is a gentleman.

The first time I came on stage, he offered

people a drink. I was introduced to everyone

on the set. Everybody knows everybody,

and it shows in the work; everyone works

for the good of the show. And there's

never any tension—no shouting, even on

the set. George has a great sense of humor.

While at the studio, I've been on sets that

fell apart on show day. Not the George

Gobel Show—you'd think we were all

there for tea!"

"My husband and I come to all the

shows in LA and we've thrilled
together."

HARRY WINKLER (one of George's

writers): "George is a humble liar. For

example, he made a trip to Cincinnati not

long ago and when he turned out to be

out to greet him! When he came back,

asked him, "How was Cincinnati, George?"

"Oh," he said, "pretty good—wish you

had been there! More than twenty thousand

people say, "pretty good!" But

that's George."

GEORGE GOBEL (star of the George

Gobel Show): "What'd I tell you? They're all

a bunch of liars."

EDITOR'S NOTE: But they're the best kind,

aren't they, George?"
Sergeant Friday Speaks

(Continued from page 59)

"There is more teen-age trouble today than ever before. More important, the proportion of teen-age crime is increasing."

Why is this problem growing? Though, as Jack repeats, he is no authority, he does have the unique position—as producer and star of Dragnet, with its documentary treatment of police problems—to help him formulate an opinion. Some of the reasons he lists as follows:

"That major pitfall," says Jack, "is that the kids are not far-sighted. They can't see the consequences of a spur-of-the-moment action. They don't understand, for example, that the very friends they choose to run with are setting the pattern of their own futures.

"I remember, for example, a young man in high school who was a fine athlete. But he made the wrong kind of friends: During the first year of the war, he wanted to join the Air Force. He qualified physically and mentally, but they kept him out, I later learned, because of his character references—a result of his failure to look to the future."

The decision between right and wrong is always up to the individual: When teenagers select their friends they make just such a decision. When Jack Webb was a high-school student, the local malt shop was a breeding ground for teen-age trouble. In his three years in school, Jack never set foot in this corner store. Not that he was prissy—but he knew that the malt shop's hangers-on could only reflect ill on him. In short, he was looking ahead.

"Experimentation on the part of the teenagers," says Jack, "is another reason for the increased crime rate. They want to know what it's like to drink, to smoke, to carouse. Why do they experiment? For many reasons: Because they want to know what it's like; because they don't want to be left out—they want to feel that they belong to the crowd; because their emotions are on their sleeves—they change with the wind; because, since they are youngsters, they think they are not being watched; or because they think they can get away with a 'first time.'

"What they have to learn," says Jack, "is that experimentation, presumed pleasure for a fleeting moment, can rob them of the permanent things in life. One drink in a speeded car can kill. One affair can destroy an entire family forever. Our society allows no quarter for the first large mistake—the first mistake is often the last. And the growing crime rate shows these mistakes to be increasing."

"Learn without experimentation," says Jack. "It is the thing we have to get across to the kids. There are many ways for them to learn. Books, magazines, newspapers, all tell them in plain terms the drastic results of alcoholism and narcotics. Their teachers can show them what alcohol does to their insides. The schools, with their auditorium calls, the churches with their educational films, and the parents, too, can explain and, in many cases, show the results of dope addiction or sexual delinquency.

"We are obliged to show them the consequences of this behavior. Then they have to use their own judgment. The decision is theirs—and the future is their future."

Why doesn't Jack show the consequences of teen-age alcoholism or dope addiction on Dragnet? "Because," he says, "it is not entertainment." His descriptions are a convincing argument. There's no enjoyment watching a youngster in the process of wrecking his life; there's no fun watching a future flame up in the fiery
Go on, go on, I know you want to hear about the story...
Thanks, Pardner!

(Continued from page 71)

... wasn't a screen star at that time, Gene hadn't recognized him by sight. But everyone knew who Will Rogers was, by reputation. Gene figured that, if Will Rogers believed he should be in radio, there must be something to it!

It was this belief expressed by Will Rogers which started Gene on his way. Shortly after the meeting, the Depression hit the railroad. Gene was laid off. "I got a pass, then," he says, "and headed for New York. Mr. Rogers' words encouraged me to believe that I could sing for my supper." I left the old B & O railroad in New Jersey and crossed the Hudson River by ferry. It was early in the morning and, as I stood looking at the New York skyline, I remember thinking, 'Boy, if you get in amongst those tall skyscrapers, you'll be lucky if you can ever find your way out!"

Gene eagerly made the rounds of the record and radio companies. But nothing came of it until he met Art Satherly, then in charge of country music for American Records (now Columbia Records). "I had been doing a poor imitation of Rudy Vallee," says Gene. "So wonder nobody listened to me. But Mr. Satherly said, 'Young man, you can do it if you'll just be yourself. Now go back to Oklahoma and get some experience.'"

Art Satherly had shown faith in Gene Autry. Gene took his advice; he went back to Oklahoma for "experience." "I worked at KVOO, the Voice of Oklahoma," recalls Gene. "During this time, I also wrote some songs with my wife's uncle, Jim Long. He had been a dispatcher on the railroad and we used to sing and play the guitar together."

Jim Long encouraged Gene, too. He saw the young man had talent and urged him to keep at his singing, playing and songwriting.

One of the songs that Gene and Jim Long worked on together was "Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine." "Then," remembers Gene, "Art Satherly saw a copy and asked me to come back to New York to record it." Gene figures he must have had his "experience" for "Silver-Haired Daddy" grew into his first million-selling record.

Will Rogers, Jim Long and Art Satherly all had faith in Gene's ability. He feels it was their encouragement that helped him along the road to his first big success.

Then came motion pictures. Gene was introduced to his producer, Armand Schaeffer, as "that young singing fellow." Mr. Schaeffer was unimpressed—until one day he and Gene went to Sacramento on a personal appearance. There Gene performed for a group picnic in an Old West setting. Mr. Schaeffer immediately saw that, though not completely polished, Gene had a quality the people loved. He couldn't wait to get back to start their first picture.

Armand Schaeffer had faith in Gene. But, after they saw the first rushes, Gene wasn't sure he had faith in himself. "Goodness," he said, "I better go back to radio!"

"Just a minute," said Mr. Schaeffer. "It's a better picture than you think. Just be patient."

The picture, when released, was a success. "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," Gene's second, was an immediate smash, too. Then "Mexicali Rose," "Red River Valley" and "South of the Border" followed in quick succession. Mr. Schaeffer's faith in Gene was paying off. Today, twenty-odd years later, he is still the producer of Gene's Flying A Productions.

"Yes," says Gene, "faith is what got me here—whatever faith I had in myself, but, more important, the faith other people had in me. If it weren't for them, there'd be no twenty-five years of thanks!"
Why They Remember Mama (Continued from page 51) stumbled into a bad marriage,” says Rosemary Rice, who plays Katrin on the program. “I call my own mother ‘Mum,’ but to me, Miss Wood will always be Mama,” says Robin Morgan, who has grown up on the show from a wide-eyed seven-year-old to a bright, keen-witted thirteen.

As if preparing a sequel to Mama, entitled “I Remember Peggy Wood,” they tell what she means to them. The fun stories come first—picnics at Peggy’s home in Connecticut, post-vacation parties at her Manhattan apartment, laughs during moments of relaxation over coffee at rehearsals.

Next they tell of her professional help. “She advises me which Broadway roles to accept,” say Dick. Then she’s right there, suggesting, criticizing, making sure I give a good performance.”

Her help for Robin began with the child’s first appearance on Mama, when, carrying a white rabbit, she was required to fall. “The rabbit squirmed and I was scared I’d hurt it,” Robin recalls, “Mama asked, ‘Are you having trouble?’ Then she showed me what to do.”

“Showing Robin what to do” has gone on ever since. Peggy has taught her to embroider and knit: “When I finally learned to purl, she showed it to everyone, saying, ‘I told you Robin could do it.’” They exchange recipes and Robin brings samples of her cooking for Peggy to taste. Both are proud of their Norwegian pancakes. Robin shows her report card, “She’s quick to discipline me, but quicker to praise.”

Always, Mama is concerned about her stage children’s happiness. Says Rosemary, “It upset everyone when I became engaged to a man who was so jealous he insisted I quit the show. Peggy made me see I was an individual, not a doormat. She said, ‘Are you sure he’s right for you, and you for him? Take your time. Don’t let pride stand in your way. Better to break up now than divorce later.’ I was touched that she cared so much what happened to me.”

Breaking that engagement cleared the way for Rosemary’s happy marriage last year to Jack Merrell, a young insurance man. “Jack is proud of me and proud of the show,” Rosemary confides. “He told me he knew I’d always need to create something. You don’t know what that meant to me. This isn’t just a TV job. We’re a real family, and if I had to quit, I’d feel just awful.”

Dick, when he came under Mama’s kind influence, was twenty, and finding out just how much footloose fun a young actor can have. “I never intended to get tied down,” he says, “but I wasn’t here long before I wanted a family of my own.” He found the girl when dancer Pat Poole wandered in from the Jackie Gleason rehearsal next door. “Our wedding was a real thrill. Mama cried just as many happy tears as my own mother. Judson Laire—he’s Papa—was an usher, and all the family was there.

All the family gathered again when Pat’s and Dick’s son was baptized. “Peggy and Jud are his honorary godparents,” says Dick proudly. “His name is Richard Nels Van Patten, and of course we call him Nels.”

A more formal accounting of Peggy Wood’s life also is impressive. Her starring and leading-role credits cover two full columns in Who’s Who in the Theater and range from singing the lead in “Naughty Marietta” with Ziegfeld to dramatic roles in Shakespeare, Shaw and Noel Coward plays. She has also published a novel, an autobiography and many magazine articles. She first wed the poet, John V. A. Weaver. Eight years after his death, she married William A. Walling, head of a large printing company. She has a son, David, and two grandchildren who are a great source of happiness.

For her inspired portrayal in Mama, as Marta Hansen, the Norwegian immigrant who gave her family, through love, the security it lacked financially, Peggy Wood was decorated by King Haakon of Norway with the Royal St. Olav Medal. Lake Erie College conferred on her the degree of Doctor of Fine Arts, and many civic groups have also made citation in her honor.

With a mature actor’s viewpoint, Judson Laire, who plays Papa Hansen, comes as close as anyone can to defining the magic of Mama: “Peggy set the pace and, long ago, we all stopped regarding this as ‘just another show.’ Instead, each episode is truly a family problem. We work it out together.”

And each will always remember Mama.

It might have been my daughter!

When you listen to radio’s “My True Story,” you hear an emotion-packed episode that might easily have happened in your town, your own street—your own home. For here are true-to-life stories, taken right from the files of “True Story Magazine.” They deal with the loves and hates, jealousies and fears of real-life people. And understanding their organizing emotional conflicts may help you to avoid heartache for yourself or your loved ones. So be sure to listen.

TUNE IN “MY TRUE STORY” AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS No one understood why the Reverend had married her—the town’s spinster. Only she knew his shameful reason. Read "MURDERESS!" in MAY TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newsstands now.
Eternal Miracle
(Continued from page 69)
born. But Eve herself doesn't think of her firstborn as her first baby. During her earlier marriage, Eve adopted her Liza, now nine, and Connie, who is seven. After her marriage to Brooks, the Wests also adopted Duncan, now two. Then... on September 17, 1954, in Hollywood's Cedars of Lebanon Hospital... Douglas Brooks West was born— weighing in at a husky 9 pounds, 4 ounces.

To our Mrs. Brooks West, wee Douglas is her fourth child. "The physical act of birth does not make a mother," Eve explains. "The child himself—by whatever means he comes to you—is the miracle. I... Adore the baby, of course," she smiles. "He is utterly enchanting. However, in spite of having him, I cannot believe— I do not feel—that he is any more a part of me than my three other babies."

"I bristle," Eve adds, bristling, "when people say to me, 'Now that you have your own child—' I dislike the phrase, 'my own child.' I get so very annoyed when people speak of the 'natural mother.' The physical act of birth does not, I repeat, make a mother. Giving birth to a child deepens your feeling for all children, yes... But, when people say to me, starry-eyed, 'Now that you have a child of your own,' my answer is: 'This is just a baby that came a different way.'"

"Strangely enough, I always felt that I was going to adopt children. And, by 'always,' I mean just that— for, ever since I could toddle, I was taking care of every infant in the Mill Valley, California, neighborhood where I was born and raised. Pleeth let me take your baby, Mith Joneth," were, my family used to tease me, almost my first words. They were certainly the words I used most frequently. For some reason or other—which is not quite clear, even to me—I always thought in terms of 'taking' a baby rather than of 'having' one.

"And in fulfilling this ambition, I was— at the age of three and a half—a kidnapper! This I have, straight from the lips of an eyewitness in the person of my maternal aunt... who came out of the Mill Valley post office to find a distraught mother wailing, 'Someon's stolen my baby!' Casting an experienced eye around her— and finding me gone—Auntie patted the frantic female on the shoulder and said: 'Calm yourself, Madam. I think I know what has happened!' whereupon Auntie took off just in time to see me rounding the corner with the baby buggy."

"But no one wanted it, Auntie," I explained, 'so I took it.'

"Instinctively I must have felt what I have continued to feel ever since... that there are so many children 'no one wants,' so many children who really need a home; that it behooves someone who feels as I do to adopt them. And the way I feel, I can best explain by quoting the late Judge Ben Lindsay, who said: 'I love the child, not because he is my child, but because he is a child.'"

"This doesn't mean that I didn't want to have a child by birth, for not to want this would be to ignore a basic need in the nature of every normal woman. It does mean that, had I been unable to give birth, I would not have been neurotic about it. I was never a child by doctors. In fact, after I'd been married a couple of years, that I couldn't have one. I just didn't. And so, without the slightest feeling of frustration, I made up my mind to adopt some. And this, I suppose, had been tucked away in my mind," Eve laughed, 'ever since my 'taking ways' first alarmed the neighborhood.'

"As soon as it became known that I was
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HICKIES
INSTANTLY!

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Going to adopt, however, the sisterhood gathered, flapping their sable wings. "How do you know what you are going to get?" I was asked in voices dark with dire foreboding. 'How would I know,' I parried, "if I gave birth to a child, I might get one like my great-aunt Hettie!" So then the question was settled, You get no guarantees with any of them!' "When Liza turned out to be as lovely as she is lovely and Connie's arrival was being planned for, the crookers exclaimed, 'How do you know that your luck will hold?' I don't know,' I flipped, 'Who does?"

"When Connie arrived and was a personality right from the start... and then—quite a few years later—Duncan, who is just plain gorgeous... the crookers crooked no more."

"Our three adopted children were and are heaven-sent. If I had drawn specifications, they could not come nearer to my heart's desire. Mentally, they are bright as buttons. Temperamentally, they are delightful, well-adjusted little people, fun to live with. Physically, they seem small to me... so beautiful that, after I knew Douglas was on his way to us, I said to Brooks, only half in fun, 'Won't it be awful if this one is the duck?'"

"He isn't!' Eve laughs—and proves it by showing a picture of the brand-new, beautiful Douglas, taken at three and a half months but looking almost twice that age and size. And then, why, don't ask me a picture of Douglas in one hand and a picture of Duncan in the other, Eve adds—surveying both pictures with obviously impartial love and pride. —'What is more, they far-off drums beat, like blood brothers, they look so alike, except that our red-headed Duncan is the fair type, and Douglas is dark.'"

When Eve knew that she was pregnant with Douglas, she was not as surprised as one might suppose she would be after eleven years.

"I was prepared for this," Eve points out. "Here's how and why: When we adopted Duncan, we were all set to go to Europe for two months. After we'd had Duncan for a month, long enough to establish him as a member of the family, we took off, leaving him and his nurse and the two girls with good friends in Connecticut. A first trip to Europe is a milestone, an adventure with a capital A—a romantic adventure, exciting and wonderful—and I'd been looking forward to it. So had Brooks.

"So—what happens? I felt miserable. All over Europe, I just felt so miserable. Three weeks in Paris, which was our first stop—Paris!—and even in Paris, I was miserable; I was an extraordinaire. Wretched, limp, Loppy. I'd just done a season on TV, as well as radio, and that, I told myself, accounted for the fatigue. I didn't quite believe myself, though—for, after all, I'd done enough and made it clear to TV and never felt like this before! I couldn't understand—not nor could Brooks understand —what ailed me. But, when we got back to Connecticut, I realized...

"The way I was told I was pregnant for the second time is quite a rather amusing story. It begins the evening before, when I was sitting on the couch and the we took room, hooking a rug and watching a telecast of the Emmy Awards, which were being made that night. For some reason or other, slightly asked, 'Divorcé—(we were in process of moving to the farm at the time, and I'd been out feeding the chickens, no doubt) and my hair not done,' which was obviously causing some concern to my public relations agent, Dennis Rose, who was watching the telecast with Brooks and me.

"Suppose," said Glenn evening my smugged facade. 'that you should win Mmmff, said I, or sounds to that effect. 'There's a chance, you know,' Glenn said, and if you should, the photographers will be here before you have time to—" "Relax, honey," I said soothingly, calmly looking away. 'Not a chance.' No sooner were the words out of my mouth than an Emmy Award was announced—and the phone started ringing, and all I could think of to do was to wash my face, which I did vigorously, and then photographers started to come in, met by a properly scrubbed and shaven, somewhat flabbergasted, Miss Brooks!"

"The next morning my doctor called when I was busy on another phone. Dr. Auerbach was the first, and immediately, the congratulations! And Brooks said 'Thanks, yes, isn't it fine she won?' And Dr. Auerbach said, 'No—that is, yes—I mean another woman I'd used to know—on the television—perhaps a little Oscars.'"

"We did hope, though, to keep the secret our secret for as long as possible... and, for a little time, thought we had a chance. And then, of course, the telephone cast—of all people—didn't realize I was pregnant. This was all the more remarkable because, every morning at 10 o'clock, I had to have watermelon! Had to. Watermelon wasn't in season, either.

"Then, one morning, columnist Mike Connolly called, briskly asking: 'When?'... and we knew our secret wasn't our secret. How did they know? They knew. Don't ask me how any columnist knows things about you, which, very often, you don't know about yourself. By osmosis, I think."

"We weren't going to tell the children so early—waiting is hard for children. But, once they knew, they would almost certainly be told by their playmates... 'I know something you don't know!'... 'Your Mama is going to have a baby!' And this, of course, wouldn't do. So we sat them down and we said: Remember, we were talking about something we really want for the family, now that we're mov- ing to the farm? Well, we said, 'we're go- ing to have another baby.'"

"Liza spoke up first: 'Is it a goat?'"

"'No,' I said, with really commendable gravity, 'not a goat.'"

"Connie: 'A dog?'"

"'No.'"

"'When we finally managed to get over to them that it was a baby we were getting, we were then careful to explain that this one was not going to us the way they had come—or Duncan—but was, in fact, with us right now. 'Right here,' I said, patting my midrift, 'in Mommie's tummy.'"

This, I could see, was going to take quite a time to comprehend. Before they were old enough to understand or analyze the word 'adopt,' we had made it a familiar thing. And so, after a while, they began to understand that 'to adopt' means 'to choose'—and to choose something, whether toy or kitten, or baby boy or girl, you want must be realistic. When we adopted Duncan, both Liza and Connie went with us. And, when Duncan was brought home, they received him with us. Liza even brought her kitten with her. When we adopted Duncan, to please 'adopt' another baby—never to 'have' one. And so Liza and Connie were fascinated, of course, because this baby was the first one to come to us this way.

"Every now and then," Eve smiles, "Brooks and I bring up the fact of how lucky we are—pretty smart, too—to have such a wonderful child. It's true. Some of this how-blessed-we-are—with you feeling much has rubbed off on them ... for, inspecting young Douglas the day we brought him home from the hospital, Liza said, 'You didn't pick out Douglas.' To which Connie added, sounding just the
least bit patronizing. "No, you didn't... and he's a pretty little fellow, too!"

"No," Eve says (in answer to the question 'What did you want, a boy?'). "No, I wanted a girl. I'm a little partial to girls. Also, we had just adopted a boy. Now, of course, I can't imagine anything but a boy. Yet, although I wanted a girl—or believed I did—we were so sure it was going to be a boy that we decided, right off, on a boy's name—which, right from the beginning, was Douglas. When it came to choosing a girl's name, I said, 'Let's take a look at it first, and then decide.' I am a great believer, anyway, in fitting the name to the child. To my mind, Lila and 'Connie' fit Lila and Connie as smoothly as made-to-order gloves. Duncan, our red-headed Scotsman, couldn't be anything but Duncan. And Douglas is right for young Doug, or he would have been retitled," Eve laughs, "after the first 'sneak preview!'

"When, at last," Eve resumes, "'my time' came—don't tell me it was only nine months!—and I was on my way to the hospital, with Brooks at the wheel, I was determined to keep it all light and gay for Brooks. I'd take off, I'd promised myself, laughing! I did, too. And although there were a few hours—from 11 P.M. or so to 5:41 A.M., when Doug was born—that I'd just as soon forget, I got a few laughs, too! In the Prep Room, for instance—which was my first port of call—I went all the way when a very pedantic little woman came in, saying cooly, 'Isn't it nice to have Miss Brooks with us?' 'Miss Brooks' yet!

Later, in the pre-labor room, when the smile was getting a little set, little pixies kept coming out of the wall, pencils and paper in hand, and the change—'Don't bother,' they'd say, sympathetically, 'with any message. Just sign your name—Eve Arden, you know, then Our Miss Brooks.' 'Our Miss Brooks'—while I was having a baby!

'I wanted to be conscious—I wanted very much to be conscious when my baby was born—but I wasn't. There was a period of oblivion... and then I remember rolling over and seeing a little baby, my little baby, having his hair washed! The next thing I remember is complaining to the anesthetist that they hadn't laid him on my chest for my personal inspection. I remember seeing Brooks in the hall, as they wheeled me out, and watching him as he inspected the baby. And I remember hearing Dr. Kurzbick, who was my obstetrician, saying to Brooks: 'Very fine delivery, Mr. West. No problem at all.'

'An hour later I was up, walking around, talking to everyone on the phone, making plans with Brooks for moving to the farm which is now our year-round home. Our suburban house just seemed wrong with four children. They need the freedom the farm provides, the activities, the animals... we realize this when we watch Lila, who has her own horse, saddling him and going off for long rides.

'And so,' Eve glows, 'when the time was right and the marriage was right, that 'basic need' in my nature, of which I spoke, was fulfilled. And the marriage, Brooks' and mine, is so very right. He is incredibly patient with the children, and understanding beyond anything I have ever known.'

'I wouldn't have missed this experience, for anything in the world,' Eve says fervently. 'At the same time, I say again that I would not have been neurotic about it if I had been unable to have this experience. I may have another baby—I don't know. And I may adopt another. I'd like to have another little girl. Either way, it will be richly rewarding. And either way,' says Eve, "Our Miss Brooks' was born rather before ever she took or bore a child—it will be equally rewarding."

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A Song from His Heart

(Continued from page 63)

people were involved in all my shows, and my recordings, and in every bit of the work I was doing, and what it would mean if I failed them. (I didn't want to sound im-
portant, but you know what I meant. They were doing other things, if they
weren't working with me, but at the mo-
ment their work was bound up with mine
to the very best of my ability.) I sometimes wondered if I was
big enough to handle everything I had
started to do—television, radio, rec-
onal guest appearances, records.

"Now I know that I am ready for this
responsibility. I have had experience. Fine,
solid experience. Older, wiser people have
helped me to pace myself, to work without tension and strain. Everything has
become less difficult. And I have learned a
wonderful lesson—that when you take
tings as they come, and really enjoy what
you are doing, nothing is too hard."

Milton Blackstone, Eddie's personal
manager, came in just then. Milton is the
man who has guided his career from the
beginning.

"Eddie is right," Milton said. "He's re-
last now. He has a more understanding
approach to his work and to life. Things
which would have bothered him a year
ago, he now takes in stride."

His work week right now is a full one.
He has his network radio shows for Mur-
ray and two network television series
(Continued from page 63)

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JUNE issue of
TV RADIO MIRROR

on sale MAY 5
Jack Benny—Man or Myth?

(Continued from page 47) of the great editors of our time; his yarns have gone over the air, instead of down on paper, which makes him a throwback (with microphone) to the days of the traveling minstrels who brought gossip and song to the scattered populace.

The radio and TV Jack Benny is a character created over the years, his idiosyncrasies deepened by traits sharpened until he steps out of speakers and tubes as real as those risen-from-ink myths of Sherlock Holmes, Paul Bunyan, Pollyanna, Elsie, Fifi, Vance, and Scrogg. Especially Scrogg. Not long ago the following classified advertisement was run in the Sacramento (California) Union: "For women about Jack Benny's age would like small unfurnished house. Would like to pay what Jack Benny would like to pay." To at least one hundred million Americans, this description of prospective renters and their financial status was perfectly clear.

Children by the dozen have written Jack to ask for options on any cubs produced by Carmichael, the bear that roams the Benny premises—in radio scripts only. During the war, the conservation board hit upon an ideal way to call public attention to the need for scrap iron; They asked Jack to donate his fictitious 1924 Maxwell to the scrap drive.

It is clear that, in times to come, "Jack Benny" will become part of our language, along with such names as Steve Brodie and Annie Oakley. A "Jack Benny" will be a genteel swaggering, mildly four-flushing show-off who always gets his comeuppance in a deceptively harlessly vain, perpetually frustrated and somehow likable "fall guy."

Long ago, when Jack was still in vaudeville, slowly bringing the Benny character to fully realized form, the drama critic for New York's erudite Times commented, "Jack Benny's is the most civilized act in vaudeville.

A celebrated actress, after having lost a movie plum she had believed certain, after having banged up her five-thousand-dollar automobile after having staged a battle with her husband that sent him to a hotel to recoup, announced to a friend, "I feel exactly like that newspaper etching of Jack Benny—know, the one advertising his TV show."

This economical sketch, reproduced throughout America, depicts a pair of tragic eyes, a pair of crossed Mona Lisa-like hands, and an air of productivity and a recessive. Essentially sad, it is also essentially funny because nearly everyone recognizes one of his own moods in that projection of bewildered despair. We all get "canned back" by salespeople, taxi drivers, and police officers. We all overstep our knowledge of our abilities and fall flat on our faces. The "Jack Benny" character, suffering such disaster with us, reduces our fate to a subject for laughter.

So much for the myth that makes us smile. What of the living, breathing man who has created this character?

First of all, he wasn't born in Waukegan, Illinois. He debuted into this world in Chicago, on Valentine's Day, just 39 years ago (or in the year Jack and Mary have always looked somewhat younger than 39, having— as General MacArthur phrased it—"a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vision of the emotions," that keep him timeless.

His proud boast that he is the world's worst violinist is open to challenge. His show-business start came at a direct result of his proficiency with the fiddle. At 16, he toured for two vaudeville seasons with a pianist, a woman old enough to be his mother and having a mother's conviction that the Benny lad had talent—even if he had been kicked out of school for answering his teacher's questions. In 1916, with a female partner (Lyman Wood), Jack Benny and violin played the Palace, that famous goal of all vaudeville artists. Benny wasn't asked back until 1924—and, by that time, he was carrying his fiddle onstage merely as a prop—but his musical abilities cannot be denied.

During the war, Jack was invited to do a benefit for Greek War Relief. In white tie and tails he strode onto the stage, tucked his violin into place, and played a highly involved concerto arrangement of "Love in Bloom." After finishing his performance, he bowed solemnly and strolled backstage, where a friend congratulated Jack euphorically, saying that he'd never realized that Jack had not been kidding about his violin lessons all those years. Jack's deadpan response: "Listen—when I was younger, they used to call me another Heifetz... not this Heifetz—another Heifetz."

Second most persistent of the legends with which Jack libels himself is that he's a slow man with a nickel. This gag started during Jack's 1924 Palace engagement. It seems that the country was suffering from a mild post-war slump, prices were high and money scarce. Looking over his audience, Jack realized that there were many couples in attendance only because the concert had been living on peanut-butter sandwiches for a week. Wisely, he said that he had been thinking of taking his gift to the audience—because down the street there was theater where, in blazing lights on the marquee, it said: "The Woman Pays." This produced such understanding howls that the character of the man clinging deceptively to his dough was born.

In actuality, Jack is not profligate (never gambles, cares nothing for betting on the horses), but his checkbook is always open to worthy causes. During the war, he spent well over a hundred thousand dollars for telephone line charges to bring his shows to servicemen.

He pays the highest salaries of any comedian in the broadcasting business, and recently sent a generous check to Walter Winchell for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, with the understanding that the fact would not be publicized.

Many a man, professionally generous, is personally parsimonious, but Jack could never be accused of domestic penny-pinching. The Benny's live in unassuming, unmistakable elegance. Their Beverly Hills home cost $250,000 when built in 1939, and is furnished in a deceptively simple style best described as "comfortable contemporay." Their Palm Springs home was purchased in 1951, at a cost of $75,000. The main house consists of living room, dining room, bedrooms, and the family bedroom suites. There is also a pool, a palm-shaded patio and a guest house which always seems to be occupied.

In small things, as in great, Jack is not ineradicably stingy. When his daughter, Joan, reached the age of telephoneitis, he had a private line installed for her (use unlimited—as long as she did her homework etc.,). Jack and Mary have always had their own private lines so that Jack's often-lengthy business calls would not interfere with Mary's active social life.

The Benny family have always been considered among the best-dressed in Beverly Hills, and Jack himself is considered by his tailor, Eddie Schmidt, to be the 10 best dressed men in the world today. At latest inventory, Jack owned around 80 cashmere sweaters, about

---

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Another charge leveled against Jack Benny, the character, by Jack Benny, the man, is that he can’t act. "The Horn Blows at Midnight," a Benny motion picture, has come in for much scathing comment from Jack. Truth is that "Horn" made Warner Brothers a nice piece of change. The ability of an actor is so subtle that it often escapes notice, but—like air—if it were missing there would be obvious discomfort. All comedians suffer from a quaint handicap. Practice: the layman tells the director how to cure the common cold; he tells a professional musician about his uncle who played piccolo for Sousa; he explains how to fire a gun and how he tells jokes to comics. It is likely that Jack has now heard, in multiple versions, every joke perpetrated. But his laughter rings out in hearty enjoyment of any and every story, quip, pun or gag inflected upon him. He, looks as if he enjoyed it, he laughs as if hearing it for the first time, he thanks the teller as though this gumb might save the Sunday show.

Statistics about the number of Maxwells manufactured are clouded by time and unsteady reporting, but they must have paralleled the hallowed off the average nuts at Halloween. Wherever Jack goes to make a personal appearance, someone has thought up the great gag of meeting him at airport or station with a vintage Maxwell. Without fail, this line works like a charm. The man who examines the relic with tenderness and gives every indication of being grateful for the implied familiarity with his program. When he was on 150 tours, and they were losing he went—no matter how mud-choked or artillery-raked the camp—Jack was greeted by a convulsing sign: "Welcome, Fred Allen." He never failed to make a big thing of this, he told the Los Angeles Times: "Comedy is an idea—fraudous fever. He never failed to get in some mention of the sign in the show.

Jack still owns and operates a pretty good garage. The sign there for which he doesn’t receive a topper from some local prankster. Such a gift is acknowledged with a correspondingly merry-ha ha.

The "Jack Benny" of radio and TV characterization would seem to have no emotional nature beyond a tender regard for his dog and the welfare of his wallet, but the man behind the mountebank is—in every sense—a gentleman. In speaking of the people connected with his show, Jack alway who is a black man with me"—not for me." When meeting times are being set for discussion of the next show, Jack never mentions an hour and adheres to it. He says, "What time would be good for you?"

He and Mary Livingston were married in Waukegan, at the Hotel Clayton, on January 14, 1927. (She fainted at the end of the ceremony, a fact they say worried Jack ever since.) When Jack is away from Mary, he writes every day, telephones whenever possible. In Korea, he lined up with the GIs in order to send flowers by air and as the other men were doing for their wives. Sometimes he tells Mary, “For your birthday, go buy something you really want but usually don’t.” He hands her a check for weeks in advance, presents it with a small boy’s heart-filled grin.

Perhaps the unkindest dig of all is the charge sometimes made that Jack Benny, bully, is not an amusing man. There has been an assumption that his admittedly tremendous abilities reside in situations built up to a payoff. Such phrases as “flawless timing,” “masterful inflection,” “an uncanny ear for the inner rhythm of laughter,” have been tossed off to explain audience guffaws at Benny. One colleague once observed: “The only way he Misses Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

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Loretta Young—At Heart

(Continued from page 41)
producer, has exactly the same set of principles. In accord, they have established a pattern of simple constructive scripts which remain, as far as I am concerned, as close to the high standards of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis.

It was more than two years ago that Tom Lewis sniffed the adventure-jacket of television for his Academy Award-winning wife and said, "Let's go, Ma'am!" "Not," responded his ever-loving wife, "without Norbert Brodine, ASC, man-genius of camera work, and the producer, a new outfit in movies. Now, the producer became a trio, and Loretta was off to absorb the new medium. Aividus curiously, she threw herself into learning any and everything about television. A actress might have collapsed under the demands made upon her. Because the story is different every week, Loretta spends much time with wardrobe and wig but there is a new outfit in human speech and new script. Then, too, her love for gracious living being supersedes the shooting schedule. Because they shoot on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Loretta sleeps at the studio Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights so she'll be ready for the early start. Extremely fashion-conscious, she has long and careful sessions with Wardrobe, a pin-up star in the gowns for television. To date, Loretta has portrayed more than seventy women in different walks of life. Each one of those characters, whether star, orنغ green, or in excellent taste. She leans heavily on Werle's artistry, personally, but —since Loretta believes, "You get out of fashion what you put into it, just as you do out of life—the way you prepare your dress are as evident in her portrayals as in the philosophical ones.

With this hectic work-load, it would be easy to sink into the insidious quicksand of complete concentration on self. But Loretta learned her lesson about that very early, and has never forgotten it. She was sixteen, and she envied the glamorous life of Hepburn—non—a star. She was quite humanly wallowing in the wages of success when she met a Jesuit priest, who changed the whole course of her life. "You know," said the priest, "I had no trouble with you, that God didn't give you your talent just so you could glory in it for the gratification of your ego? It was given to you to develop for His glory. You are in a position to be an example to others. You have no right to lead a selfish personal life. For—whether you want it or not, Loretta—as a star, you will be an example.

It was from this meeting that Loretta's introspection took only enough time to delve for truth and then turn to an outward interest in those around her. Quietly she made a converting faith with faith, prayer, tolerance, graciousness, and a real interest in others.

In her ascendancy, attainment and per- manent turning away from Hollywood's temptations, whenever she felt the pulsing of personal self and ego, Loretta returned to the knowledge that, before anything else, she was a child of God and goodness. "The actor shares the same moral responsibility as his fellow men and seeks spiritual guidance with the same humility and the same faith," she explains earnestly. "No person in the world who has, in his material progression, lost himself spiritually. No man is a failure who keeps his sense of humor, his enthusiasm, his devotion to doing his job well, no matter how humble that job may be. There are some musts, I believe, for those of us in this absorbing, fascinating entertainment business. Never try your powers—" I ventured one of my constant self-admonitions. Take your work seriously—every phase of it—but never your all-too-vulnerable self. Study, study, study. As an actress, you can never know too much about people.

Intertwined with Loretta's personal philosophy is a moral conscience which pervades every field of her work: "Just as you would nurture your love for your husband, so I believe you should nurture your conscience. A conscience is not very strong, to begin with. Its strength begins to develop, never neglected. If you don't listen to your conscience, you can commit the same wrong a second time and then the shock is less, far. The third time, you can see no reason why the shock is there! Watch your conscience, and it will police your life magnificently.

"I do not hold with those who think it is all right to do whatever you want, as long as it doesn't hurt anyone. I think that nonsense. There are very, very few things one can say or do that are without influence or possible hurt to someone."

As happily stimulating as her theory of nurturing—rather than ignoring—conscience are Loretta's clear-headed attitudes toward anticipation and worry: "I do not do much that anticipation is greater than realization. I think it is possible to destroy enjoyment by exaggerated anticipation. You are living in the future when you anticipate greatly. In saying that one is living in the future, I mean that I believe in spending every nickel one earns as soon as it is earned. There is a lack of perspective—and responsibility—in a lack of thrift."

"But," she continues, "I do believe it is possible to worry our lives away over trifles. And one has to watch oneself on that! I say to myself: Think of what you worried about last week. Did you accomplish anything by your worries? And haven't most of them melted away into thin air? I like the motto, Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday. I don't think of a single problem I ever solved by worrying."

An honored guest once wrote in the Lewis guest book a summation of Loretta's thoughts which she cherishes: "Give us the strength to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed. Give us the courage to change the things that can and should be changed. Give us the wisdom to distinguish the one from the other."

Perhaps the pattern of Loretta's life was to learn all these things early and so surely that they could not be lost after she dare not take every advantage. Diving into a new medium, uprooting one's way of life and filling one's mind with a myriad of new experiences is usually the time when human nature overcomes the calm and balanced. But Loretta's served her well, during the first intricate months of mastering television. Then, too—with Tom and Loretta as a parcel of the ideals and philosophies—there was little left to be discussed in the nature of underlying motivations and good taste for the show. Tom personally supervises scripts, and can say at the business end of the show, leaving Loretta free to concentrate on her needs as an actress. But her restless and attentive nature always seems to be exploring all the fields—cutting, music, sets, and scripts.

Actually, Tom and Loretta do not sit around ten hours a day discussing their personal philosophy and how to integrate it into the show. In fact, they don't delib-

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erately instill any of it. It is a natural outcome of Tom’s holding the production reins and Loretta’s acting. The richness, warmth, and positive, uplifting feeling from most of the films comes from the Lewises’ combined searching for the right scripts and the right presentation.

This part of Loretta, her beliefs and philosophy, is not necessarily seen on the show... it is only felt. She is the idealized picture of womanhood to millions across the nation. Her charm, vivacity, and good-naturedness are never more than delicately, “fragile as a flower” appearance is exceedingly deceptive. She is, indeed, a strong orchid... abounding in strength and vitality.

Tom was once asked by Greta Garbo, “Where does Loretta exercise when she’s in New York?” Tom stared for a moment in amazement, “Exercise? My beloved wife wouldn’t walk across a room if she could get a ride!” Loretta insists she doesn’t need formal exercise. She uses up her boundless energy daily, as she jokes, peeks, and逗, absorbs the life one goes on in New York.

She is a wonderful human contradiction... the epitome of virtues, faults and vagaries of womanhood. She loathes prejudice, gossip, cringe, and self-opinions. She is a perfectionist. Full of an insatiable curiosity about people— and things— she adores dinner by candlelight, fragile china, heavy crystal, cob-webby linens, old silver, gracious conversation.

Now in the throes of television, she has put aside gracious entertaining, except for the occasional sample welcome that come in her beloved Ojai Valley. In the lovely wooded valley, with family and friends, Loretta savors the enjoyment of leisure hours, free from the entanglements of the world. She composes poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning... comfort, jungle rhythm, and antiques. She wears filmy nightgowns, ear plugs— and a sleep mask—to bed. She also leaves the earplugs in during the day... while the household buzzes around her— she blithely ignores it. She is glad she is a star, a woman and a mother— and, most of all, Mrs. Tom Lewis.

Loretta uses everything she knows in her show. She will remember a speech she read for the Variety Club in Minneapolis five years ago. One day, Tom is called to look it up, but she was right about the speech. Her memory is two-edged. Some things she can never remember, but she will never forget.

With all the press interviews she has given, she never yet has learned the meaning of that precious word (to the writer) fame. Dealing with a little story, a human bit— that takes on the color of the speaker. One day, her friend and public relations counselor, Helen Ferguson, set up a mass interview with her. Loretta was surrounded by eager novices, questioning, probing and touching. Finally she broke away from the group, sailed across the room with a studious little boy clutching her hand. As they went by, Loretta sped up to Helen and said, “Helen, you’ll have to go to work. This reporter wants an antidote.” Helen looked at her with a knowing smile, snapped at the boy, she said: “You have your antidote.”

The brilliant star of stage, screen and television, Miss Loretta Young, does not know what an antidote is.

Both Tom and Loretta are constantly on the lookout for simple human dramas to be translated into scripts. One day, they overheard their children talking about a Cub Scout who had lost a precious rating because his parents hadn’t attended a family night meeting. The simple drama of carelessness and a heartbroken boy beseeching the nurse at last, is a most successful script. Entertainment-wise, it met with a sensational reaction. In a good- will move that will do a lot of good, the American Legion and Cub Scout headquarters for distribution throughout the country. It touched perennial chords in the hearts of many children with a bit more tolerance and understanding of another one’s problems.

The thrill of personal reaction to the story lines has come to Tom and Loretta many times. The Christmas Eve story of the poorhouse, where the children were taken care of but the aged forgotten, brought a spontaneous response. People in three different communities worked to put together television sets in the recreation rooms of the county homes for old people. The story and the entertainment values were brilliant and the love of the viewers have gone past the satisfaction of enjoying good drama. But the underlying theme, “Let us forget,” captures the best in every audience.

“T he greatest way to use my personal philosophy,” says Loretta, “is in playing women from all walks of life and adapting them to the character I’m playing.” Among others, Loretta has played a woman doctor solving a murder mystery, a public-ity girl for a resort (the script did not call for her to ask anyone for an “anti- dote”), a woman having a nervous break- down, a woman who believed in Aladdin’s Lamp, a girl on a jury, a Girl Scout leader, an English teacher, a dancer, pianist, nurse, a young, a wing, an old maid, and a pickpocket.

Loretta has managed to submerge herself, through serious study of each woman, to look at life. Embracing the characterization completely, she becomes the woman she portrays. Consistently, however, each role conveys an intangible aura of Loretta’s personal philosophy. For she believes that, in every walk of life, the basic tenets are the same: “Maybe you are richer or poorer, younger or older than I am. But one thing we share: No one is too poor, too old or too young, to pray.”

Prayer and faith are the nuclei of the inner and outer-personality known as Loretta. There is no grain of truth that is pulled out in every gesture, expression or utterance you see weekly on your television set. That inner radiance is as much a part of the actress as she is of living the external now, doing now—not the things we want to do—but the things that we know are the right things to do. I believe that, through the mechanism of things, we must do the best we can each day. Be as kind as we possibly can to each other.”

Loretta lives each day as fully as time allows. Kipling, not knowing that the world would take on the harried, hurried time clock as a boss—not that television would stretch the twenty-four-hour day to become the twenty-four-time twenty-hour day—it is possible. “I love my philosophy,” she has said. In his poem, “If,” He could have written it for Loretta: “If you can fill the unforgiving minute.” And sixty seconds’ worth of distance run, Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it. And speak to children capturing those sixty seconds with complete awareness of their meaning, living richly from her full experience, looking outward for fulfillment of her personal philosophy, which becomes Young’s by a natural and soul.
“Q” Is For Quality

(Continued from page 73)
who had picked her at that audition and exposed her to a nation-wide audience on the CBS Radio and TV Network. And it was Bob who gave Jaye her chance to do more than 15 people more old Ray than they’ve ever seen before—not only his singing, dancing and clowing, but his serious side, too.

In the case of Don Liberto, who had pre-
viously been known only as a dancer, he was equally impressed by his singing. “He has some of the same quality Eddie Fisher has,” So Don sings as well as dances on the TV show. Bob even used him as a singer on the Saturday morning radio show to replace Jaye P. during some of her absences.

Since appearing on The Robert Q. Lewis Show, the Chordettes have come up with their fabulously successful recording of “Mr. Sandman,” and Lois Hunt has realized her ambition to be an opera star. When she was invited to sing “La Traviata” in Philadelphia, Bob plugged her appearance so faithfully on his programs that the Philadelphia Opera House found itself sold out for the first time in years. And, before she even made her appearance at the City Center Opera Company in New York, Bob started in plugging as soon as he heard the news.

If Bob has a special talent for developing other people’s talents, it lies in his uncanny ability to make the public see what he sees and share his enthusiasm. He can not only stir up excitement about a promising newcomer but revive interest in an old-time he feels shouldn’t be neglected. Even if he does platy on radio, back on Station WHN, Bob was able to bring singing an old record—Ted Weem’s “Heartaches”—until it became a national best-seller. And several years ago, CBS built a special program—The Show Goes On—around Bob’s special abilities to develop other people’s abilities.

Toni Bennett, the singer, got his start on this show. Other performers who have been boosted on the way to stardom by “exposure” on Bob’s radio and TV shows include Rosemary Clooney, the Ames Brothers and, just recently, Norman Brocks (the singer similar to Jolson) who is now under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox.

According to Bob, “The public is always ready to accept something new—something fresh and different. There aren’t enough people in show business ready to give this young talent a break.”

If Bob is so particularly ready, it’s be-
cause he can’t help it. It’s his idea of fun—helping others to succeed in the business he likes best—show business! And, though Bob would be the last one to brag about it in all this, it’s true nonetheless. Something about the man who cast his bread upon the waters and had it returned to him.

By this time, Bob has found him-

self with a steadily mounting popularity, the most loyal fans in the business, a full schedule of sponsors, and your votes for the best daytime comedy shows on both radio and TV!
The Greatest Talent Scout of All

(Continued from page 38)

Toni product he would recommend. Of course, a lot of boxes—such as games and books—come from manufacturers who hope to intrigue Arthur into a close plug. All of these are sorted out and re-shipped to those institutions and similar organizations.

"Then there was the day the quail arrived," Doreen says, "and I didn't know what to do with them, and Arthur wasn't interested. They were attractive to the man, but they taste like chicken, so I went to see one of our writers who is from Ohio—I figured he should know about quail. 'Do you think they're any value, Mrs. Hughes?' I asked, and he didn't think so.' Then I opened the box—and they flew. They were all over the office for an hour."

Arthur has to be extraordinarily of what he says to any firm. There was the day he mentioned piccalilli, said he hadn't tasted the old-fashioned kind in years. He got piccalilli—pails of it. He didn't mention corset-type binders for Tony Marvin, but they came, anyway—as a gag. One morning, Arthur complained mildly about the way the curtain stuck to him under a shower. So five manufacturers offered him towels, huge towels, and women sent in weights in the pound.

While there is such fan mail, and packages, there is breakdown in some of the mail. Just as parents write with pride about Junior, they also unloading family worries. Because Arthur does not expound on family, they are aware of how thoughtless and hateful he is.

You will find in the files, kept by Doreen and her assistants many letters of gratitude from institutions and individuals who have toiled hundreds of such letters, for they keep only the recent ones. No effort has ever been made to record or publicize the good work that is done. In the Godfrey office, it is a day-to-day routine—it is done because it is the right thing. And so the letters in the file are a haphazard collection. A director of an orphanage wrote, for example, in an incident here. The Queen of Greece expressed to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt the desire to visit us, since one of her friends had written of the kindness of Susan Roosevelt, who was having a very important—well, and we wanted them to be very quiet and well-behaved. When the letter arrived, it said, 'We have learned they had been disappointed, and why: When told someone very important was coming they all expected to see Arthur Godfrey. Arthur was very important to the children through the many packages he has sent them."

Arthur's interest—active interest—in children is perhaps unparalleled in show business. Valentine Waring knows the country from local papers about a hospitalized child receiving an unexpected phone call or flowers or a toy from Arthur Godfrey. At the end of these acts, and no one sends out publicity stories. Frequently Arthur's personal secretary is the only one who knows about them.

This past fall, Mrs. Lilli Lewis, of Newport News, Virginia, had a phone call from a man she had never met before. It was Arthur. He had heard that her son was sick, and he wanted to know something. After a few minutes of the call, he asked if he could send the boy a gift. His mother said he had been asking for a paint set. It took a couple of days for the paint set to arrive, but the lad had flowers from Arthur that same afternoon.
Another woman, in the Midwest, had written Arthur about her twelve-year-old son, who had given up and would not walk after an operation on his legs. For six years prior to the operation, he had worn heavy braces. His mother wrote Arthur, and Arthur wrote the boy. And this is how he answered his words:

"Even though you're busy, Arthur, you took time to write this little boy who loves you so dearly. Everyone who came to the house to see this cherished letter. In fact, I'm told by many times that one of the men who work in the office for his daddy had the letter framed in order to hold the pieces together. But, all of the time, you took a few minutes of your precious time, Bob decided he was going to walk. And that is just what he did. He does a beautiful job of walking now, without braces. Through it all, I'm always pleased. Thank-you for forty-eleven thurs.

A hundred to will feel
'tff' bra
is liv*y
hurricane
Now, also tall,
also asked
about a bra—features "four freedoms," Arthur, who collects scalps of advertising men, went after some laughs. A couple of listeners thought he was desecrating the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Of course, who knows Arthur knows that he worshipped FDR. Ed Murrow's album, Hear It Now, records Arthur weeping at the funeral procession.)

Arthur has a lovely, personable way of working on his mail and, when you meet the six girls, you begin to realize the "Godfrey family" is larger than those you see on television. You find the same feeling, the enthusiasm for work, in the office that you find among those in the studio.

Alison Bartlett is a tall, attractive blonde who worked with cancer research before joining the Godfrey office: "That was like coming from a world of pessimism to a world of optimism. We get a lot of work, and I don't mean just laughs. It's fun to be doing something constructive—doing good for lonely people and convalescents."

And then to Ann Kirkland, another blonde and a cute one, who picks up the telephone while Arthur is on the air. During broadcast time, a hundred calls will come in on "quiet" days—and half of them will be long-distance.

"Some people want to ask Arthur to a christening," Ann explains, "and others have a new joke for Arthur and they get him on the phone and tell me the ending.

And there is Jean Eger, also blonde and similarly cute, who also answers outside calls. "There's one man who likes to phone in "knock-knock" jokes and, when I take a break in the studio, everyone looks at me as if I'm crazy."

Brunette Barbara Scott sometimes feels as if she were in charge of a travel bureau. They send her to New York on a vacation and want to know where they should stay. Some of them ask Arthur to meet them at the railroad station. They feel close to Arthur. They turn to him for advice.

Joan Zacher, another in the brunette minority, expands that one: "Arthur has been asked for advice on medical problems, contractual arrangements, dating, everything. One mother, concerned about her daughter, asked Arthur if nice girls join the WACs. He answered that one that they do.

These young ladies highly respect Arthur, and it's not because he is a national idol. To them, he is a kind and considerate man. During the summer, when he is on the farm, it is not unusual for him to phone Manhattan and tell the girls to knock off early on a hot day. He was aboard his airplane when news came in of a hurricane sweeping into New York. Arthur radioed his staff to go home.

"Arthur is deeply concerned with the welfare of others," says Doreen Partin. "He got quickly touched by misfortune and, frankly, we try to spare him many of the heartbreaking letters, for no man could survive it all. No one is stranger to the mail room than Arthur. Most people realize this. They write the way they would to a father or a brother. They want to share with him. They want to tell him how much they love him. They feel just the way we do, who know him well. I think the 'Godfrey family' runs into the millions."
TV Radio Mirror Award Winners for 1954-55

(Continued from page 36) even experimented with TV, has won its sev-
enth straight Award for jovial Don McNeill—
this year, as your favorite radio daytime
variety program. The corresponding televi-
sion Award goes to a comparative new-
comer, The Bob Crosby Show, after only a
couple of seasons on the CBS-TV network.
Two frequent winners walked off with
husband-and-wife team honors: ABC-TV's
Ozzie And Harriet (of the famed Nelson
family) and NBC's Fibber McGee And
Molly (Jim and Marian Jordan).
As your favorite radio quiz program,
Strike It Rich garnered still another gold
medal for emcee Warren Hull and pro-
ducer Walt Framer, to add to the fateful
already won in previous classifications (in-
cluding TV and "Best Program on the Air")
Two For The Money, a radio Award
winner last year, took the TV quiz prize
this year, despite a strong bid by previous
title-holder What's My Line? The panel
prizes went to two first-timers: CBS-TV's
I've Got A Secret and CBS Radio's Make
Your Mind, both novelties in their
— the latter a unique daytime program
indeed, as a panel show which is both en-
tertaining and informative.
If there is a "serial queen" in broad-
estcasting, it must surely be Jan Miner—the
lovable Julie Nixon of Hilltop House—
whom you have voted your favorite radio
daytime drama actress for five years in
a row. Perhaps Jan's winning ways are
catching, for her husband, Terry O'Sulli-
van, has also been voted your favorite TV
daytime actor, as Arthur Tate in Search
For Tomorrow, for the second consecutive
year. Or perhaps talented Terry is catch-
ing the habit from sweet Mary Stuart, who
plays Joanne Barron in Search For Tomor-
row—and who has just won her third
straight Award as TV daytime actress!
Mary's closest rivals were the popular
actresses in two serials produced by Rich-
dard Dunn: Peggy McCay, charming star
of Love Of Life, and Virginia Dwyer, who
was then appearing in The Secret Storm.
Search For Tomorrow, a strong contend-
er last year, gets your nod as the best TV
daytime drama, with a well-deserved bow
 toward producer Myron Golden and di-
rector Charles Irving. Since the hottest
competition for your votes is in this end-
field of dramatic serials, The Romance Of
HeLEN TRENT—directed by Ernie Ricca and
starring Julie Stevens—can be especially
proud of its second straight victory as your
favorite radio daytime drama. James Lip-
ton, portraying Dr. Dick Grant in The
Guiding Light, also deserves great credit
for his first triumph as your favorite radio
daytime actor. Incidentally, The Guiding
Light—you last year's prize daytime drama
— was a close runner-up in both radio
and TV this year, as produced by Lucy
Perri and directed by Ted Corday.
In the field of evening dramas, Lux Radio
Theater has chalked up its eighth succes-
sive prize as your favorite radio dramatic
program, receiving the golden medal as the
best program on radio! Barbara Britton and
Richard Denning, the sleuthing Mr. And Mrs.
North, repeated their last year's victory as your favorite radio
actor and actress. Mama again won as the
top TV evening drama, with Kraft Tele-
vision Theater — also a previous winner—
not far behind. It was the second consec-
tutive year for lovely Loretta Young as
your favorite TV evening drama actress,
and the third for Jack Webb as TV actor.
With Dragnet also winning its third TV
Award — as mystery-adventure program—
star-producer-creator Jack Webb can now
count up at least ten TVRM prizes for both
the show and himself, in both radio and
tv. Probably no program has been
scored by Gunsmoke, in capturing the
radio mystery-adventure Award. Though
Western in theme and set in an earlier day,
Gunsmoke is almost documentary in its
treatment, with psychological undertones and
skillful characterizations.
In the straight Western category, two
hard-riding, sweet-singing cowboys con-
tinued their photo-finish race, and the re-
sult was simply a switch in the Awards
they won last year. This time, the star
and program honors went to Roy Rogers
and his NBC-TV show, to Gene Autry
and his CBS Radio show. In sports and
news, your votes also went to previous
Award winners. Bill Stern was your fa-
favorite radio sportscaster, with five earlier
Awards already to his credit—and the in-
teresting topper in our very first poll. Mel
Allen, who won twice in radio, now re-
ceives his second citation as your favorite
TV sportscaster. Edward R. Murrow
earned his third Award as top radio news
commentator, and Douglas Edwards be-
came a three-time medalist as your TV
entertainment commentator.
Queen For A Day, the Mutual "Cin-
derella show" emceed by Jack Bailey, also
made it three-in-a-row, as your favorite
women's program on radio. But your
Television votes went to that kaleidoscopic
newcomer, NBC-TV's Home. And it was
the spectacular man with the spectacles
who scored a unique triumph by winning
two Awards this year, in both radio and TV.
First, for his Monday-through-Friday Robert Q.
Lewis Show on CBS-TV and his Saturday
Robert Q. Lewis Show on CBS Radio!
In the field of emcees, the prize
prizes, with most of them going to those
dynamic personalities who handle more
than one show. Art Linkletter—whose
rollicking House Party is seen and heard
on both CBS Radio and CBS-TV, and
whose People Are Funny is a nighttime
feature on both NBC-TV and NBC Radio
—achieved his seventh consecutive per-
spective Award, as daytime master of
radio's ceremonies, radio division. Bill
Cullen—busiest as anyone on radio and
TV, and now running a real Saturday-
night marathon on NBC's Roadshow—gets
the sixth annual radio Award, for his achieve-
ments on CBS's Stop The Music and NBC's
Walk A Mile during the past year.
Day and night, in both TV and radio,
the two superstars of the medium were
hard-pressed by such previous medalists
as Bert Parks, Bud Collyer, Groucho
Marx. It took a careful recount to prove
that Garry Moore — whose big TV daytime
show won many votes in the two categories
—and whose evening panel program, I've
Got A Secret, did walk off with a prize—
has snatched the TV daytime emcee Award
from the popular Moore. And the race was
almost as close for the TV evening honors, which were ultimately
won by Ed Sullivan.
Sullivan and his mammoth entertain-
ment program, Toast Of The Town, got three gold medals this year. It was the fourth per-
sonal Award for Laughing Ed, the third
consecutive year for Toast Of The Town
as your favorite TV evening program.
Sullivan and Toast's first victory as the best pro-
gram on television! A proud achievement
indeed, and one that gathers greater glory
by virtue of the strong competition from
Arthur Godfrey and his programs.
No one has yet topped Arthur and his "Little Godfreys" in the number of
TVRM Awards your votes have given
the popular Art both in radio and TV. To
the five Awards Sullivan has won this year,
Arthur Godfrey has added his latest
two to the collection of many Awards, as your favorite radio
evening variety program, and two of his
fine singers virtually sweeping their en-
tire category.
This has been Eddie Fisher's great year,
and only Eddie was able to break the
chasm which almost gave all four singer
Awards to the Godfreys soloists. Actually,
this year, he and the married double-act
cornered battle, in both radio and TV,
with Frank Parker, Eddie Fisher and Perry
Como in all there swinging, right up
to the final count. Result: Eddie gets
his first medal, as your radio favorite
—and Frank gets his fourth, as your TV
choice this year. Marion Marlowe, your
favorite female singer, won TV honors for the
second straight year, in both radio and
tv. The Godfreys作案s have been
grateful for the discrimination and enhu-
siasm you have shown for your favorites—
both winners and near-winners—which
will help guide our selection of stories and
pictures throughout the coming year.

$1,000.00 REWARD

. . . is offered for information leading
to the arrest of dangerous 'wanted' criminals. Hear details about the
$1,000.00 reward on . . .

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Every Sunday Afternoon on MUTUAL Stations

The SERGE RUTHEINSTEIN STORY—Too Many Women, Too
Many Motives—the payoff of a playboy whose hobbies were
women and money—in May TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE at
newsstands now.
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. When you buy a shampoo, keep in mind one thought — the condition of your hair. It is either dry, oily or normal. There is a Breck Shampoo for each of these hair conditions. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition leaves your hair soft, fragrant and lustrous.
Great day in the morning! **Flavor** in a filter cigarette!

WINSTON tastes good—like a cigarette should!

It's got real flavor! And draws so easy!

Winston brings flavor back to filter smoking!

- No wonder Winston has changed America's mind about filter cigarettes! Winston tastes good—like a cigarette should! It's got real flavor—the full, rich flavor real smokers want. You're sure to enjoy Winston's finer flavor!

- Winston also introduced a finer filter that works so effectively, yet doesn't "thin" the taste. The fine tobacco flavor comes clean thru to you because Winstons are easy-drawing. You'll really appreciate Winston's finer filter!

Smoke **WINSTON** the easy-drawing filter cigarette!
“THE HONEYMOONERS”
Audrey Meadows and Jackie Gleason

Why everyone loves Jackie Gleason
BY AUDREY MEADOWS
NEW MILLIONS HAVE TRIED IT! NEW MILLIONS LOVE IT!

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"New cold cream Camay is my idea of the perfect beauty soap," says Mrs. Jess Altman, an enchanting Camay Bride. "It's so mild and gentle, I just love the feel of it on my skin. And I love the way it keeps my complexion looking its best, too."

Yes, gentle, luxurious Camay with its caressing care can be the best friend your complexion ever had! With its skin-pampering mildness, velvety lather, and exclusive fragrance, it's the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let it caress your skin to new loveliness, too. Just change to regular care . . . use Camay and Camay alone. You'll see your skin become fresher, more radiant, softer with your first satin-smooth cake. And remember, there's precious cold cream in Camay—added luxury at no extra cost. For your beauty and your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world.

Let it help you to a fresher, clearer, more radiant complexion!
No wonder families see eye-to-eye on NEW IPANA!

(It's the best-tasting way to fight decay)

Once your family tries new-formula Ipana, we're sure you'll all agree with the enthusiastic users above. Because Ipana's wonderful new minty flavor makes brushing teeth a pleasure.

In fact, new Ipana tastes so good it beat all three other leading tooth pastes hands down—after nearly four thousand "hidden-name" home taste tests.

Destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria with WD-9

Even more important is the way wonder-ingredient WD-9 in new-formula Ipana fights tooth decay—stops bad breath all day. It destroys most mouth bacteria with every brushing, even bacteria your tooth brush can't reach.

So enjoy new Ipana . . . and trust your family's precious teeth to it. At all toilettry counters in the familiar yellow and red-striped carton.

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Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulphate).

Special introductory combination

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Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn’t the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn’t tell her.

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**Often a bridesmaid...**

**Never a bride**

A Product of The Lambert Company

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH**

4 times better than any tooth paste
Countless WABD viewers have found help, happiness and inspiration as the result of watching or writing

A letter to Lee Graham

By ELLEN TAUSSIG

Because of the personal nature of each guest’s problem, Lee has them face her, not the camera, on her program.

Most of her off-camera hours are spent working, but Lee saves evenings to be with husband Lawrence and friends.

EACH OF us, at some time in our lives, has been faced with a problem we could not solve alone. And whether the problem is great or small, the important thing is that there is someone to advise or help us. For thousands of Station WABD viewers, that “someone” is Lee Graham. Each day on her program, Letter To Lee Graham, seen at 2:30 P.M., she interviews and advises a guest who has written to her for help. The problems dealt with are varied and always universal...a woman who wants to put the spots back in her marriage...a man “over 35” who can’t find work...a young girl whose parents disapprove of her boyfriend. And one thing is always certain: Lee will do everything she can to help solve the problem, even if it means being “brutally” frank. “I put frankness above trying to get people to like me,” says Lee. This, however, has endeared her all the more to her viewers who consider her “a friend who comes in every day.” The purpose of her show, says Lee, “is not to be sensational, but to teach.”

In addition to benefiting from her programs, an average of 1000 people a week receive from Lee either a personal reply to their questions or one of her 15 self-help charts, ranging from “Ten Ways to Make Your Marriage Happier” to “How to Stay on a Diet.” (“I don’t let anything go unanswered,” says Lee.) Then, too, Lee is an instructor in human relations and family problems at the College of the City of New York and author of two books and numerous articles on the subject.

A born and bred New Yorker, Lee was 17 and a sophomore at Hunter College when she left to marry Lawrence Graham, a successful New York businessman. She resumed her studies at Columbia University, majoring in psychology. To round out her background, she studied fashion and journalism at the Traphagen School, followed by courses in advertising, promotion and interior decorating. During World War II, Lee was a member of the Red Cross, serving at the Blood Bank Center and as a case worker in the Home Service Department. Following the war she began to write professionally, lecture, give vocational guidance, and appear as guest on radio and TV shows.

Happily married for twenty years, Lee has combined marriage and a career with a perfection that characterizes all her actions. She and Lawrence live in a hotel-apartment in Manhattan, opposite Central Park. Their home is attractively adorned with mementos from their wide travels. They buy something in every country they visit, but never take any pictures—“mostly because we’re not good at it,” Lee explains. Lee also collects statues of angels and has them beautifully arranged in her living room, along with several handsome paintings. Because their kitchen is closet-size, Lee only cooks in about twice a week, but the Grahams entertain often—for dinner. As proud as any husband could be, Lawrence has a TV set in his office and watches Lee’s program every day. There is a great deal more that could be said of Lee Graham—her personal charm and sincerity; her tireless efforts in serving as “a guide to happier living.” But all that could be said would only be adding a P.S. to the already perfectly “written” Letter To Lee Graham.
Lee receives an average of 1000 letters a week and personally answers all those of a specific nature.

Lee has a varied and attractive assortment of hats she trims herself.

Vacations mean travel far the Grahams. Below: Dining at sea, bound for Europe.

In her cozy kitchen, Lee prepares a frosted for Lowrence.
STEVE ALLEN'S
TURNABLE

Hi, there! It's me again, back at you for our monthly record roundup. I guess it's Maytime, or spring cleaning time, or something, but there's always time for music, so let's see what's doing in the disc department.

Joni James, that pretty lass with the plaintive voice, has a new release of an oldie—which is just right for her style—"When You Wish Upon a Star." This could be the new hit Joni has been wishing for. On the backing she asks the musical question, "Is This the End of the Line?" (M-G-M)

If mambo is your meat, you'll like Perez Prado's latest album, "Mambo Mambo," which will be released in a couple of weeks. Some of the tunes include "April in Portugal," "Mambo a la Kenton," "Mambo a la Billy May," and "Mambo de Chattanooga." (Victor)

Jumping from mambo to mish-mash, if you will, here's a confusing album title for you: "Hipsters, Flippers and Finger Poppin' Daddies, Knock Me Your Loving." That's the name of it—for real—and it's done by Lord Buckley, the West Coast musical maniac, who does parodies on Shakespeare, with "hip" language, jazz phraseology, and so on. This particular set was originally recited to a background of jazz standards, but the music was deleted because it drowned out the "recitations." (Victor)

Columbia Records have signed two talented newcomers, with big hopes for both of them. One is a baritone, Steve Clayton, who debuts with two ballads, "Where You Go, Go I," and "Aladdin's Lamp." The other is Cathy Johnson—discovered by The Four Lads Quartet, by the way, in Buffalo, New York—and her first two sides are "Rockin' and Yodelin'" and "Guilty Shadows," Good beginning, kids.

"Les and Mary" is the simple title of a fine album—by Les Paul and Mary Ford, of course. They have some standard favorites and given them the usual Ford-Paul touch. Included are such familiar chestnuts as "Tico-Tico," "Falling in Love with Love," "Sunny Side of the Street," "Just One of Those Things," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." (Capitol)

Dolores Hawkins, the "George" girl, has a new blues recording of "Smoky Morning," which I kinda like. The backing is a rhythm and blues tune, "No Such Luck." Don Costa's orchestra on both. Dolores did a wonderful job on my Tonight TV show a few weeks ago when she previewed both of these sides. (Epic)

M-G-M has taken some of their big single sellers of the past few months and put them together in an album called "Pop Parade," and it makes for a good variety set. Included are: Joni James' "How Important Can It Be?", "All of You," by Rush Adams; "The Finger of Suspicion," by The Naturals; Pat O'Day's "Earth Angel"; Tommy Mara's "Pleading My Love"; Bing Crosby's "Sincerely"; Franklyn MacCormack's "Melody of Love"; and "Ballad of Davy Crockett," by James Brown.

The Chordettes have come up with their first single record since their big hit, "Mr. Sandman," and you should be hearing it for quite a while. The gals have chosen a tune in the novelty groove, called the Dudesacks Song. This side has German lyrics and some unusual Scotch bagpipe playing. The backing is a rhythm song, "Lonely Lips," with some "bump-de-bum" beat sounds in the background "rendered" by conductor Archie Bleyer. (Cap) Molly Goldberg and comedian Red Buttons are just about the last two people you'd ever think of for a platter duet, but Columbia thought of it—and very happily—and the results are: "Practice, Darling, Practice" and "My Mother's Lullaby," with orchestral accompaniment by Jimmy Carroll. On the "Practice" side Molly urges Red to please practice his fiddle because, as she tells him, "You'll be a Heifetz yet." Al Martino is one crooner who has really improved tremendously, following his European sojourn. Al studied voice seriously while on the Continent, and you'll notice the difference in his quality on his first record since returning to America. He sings an inspirational ballad, "Love is Eternal," and a jump dirty, "Snowy, Snowy Mountains," with Monty Kelly's orchestra. An interesting sidelight to "Love Is Eternal" is that the lyrics were written by Jean Stone, the wife of Irving Stone, who authored the best-selling book of the same title. (Cap)

After all the hubbub with the male quartet, it now seems to be the singing sister groups who are riding high—The DeJohns, The De Castros, The McGuire Sisters, and so forth. And here come The DeMarco Sisters, five of the nicest kids in show business, with what looks like just the hit they've been waiting for—"Two Hearts" and "Dreamboat." (Decca)

Lawrence Welk and his orchestra have recorded two instrumental numbers which should appeal to Welk fans, "The Elephants' Tango" and "Lazy Gondolier." The Welk accordian is very much present, but Lawrence seems to have left out some of the extra sound effects he usually employs for his "Champagne Music" bubbles. (Coral)

If you like jazz, give a listen to an album titled "King Richard The Swing-Hearted." This one is by Dick Collins, the new trumpet discovery, who sounds so much like the late, great Bix Beiderbecke. In fact he has been tagged "Bix" Collins by many musicians and record people, and big predictions have been made for the Collins musical future. (Victor)

Ginny Gibson has waxed the cute new novelty, "Whatever Lola Wants," backed with a lyrical warning, "If Anything Should Happen to You." Well, something just might happen with this record, especially the "Lola" tune, which could turn out to be another "Hernando's Hideaway" kind of thing. (M-G-M)

Two new sides by Eddie Fisher—"Take My Love" and "Just One More Time"—and I think they're just about the best recordings he has ever done. "Take My Love" is a rich ballad, with a tender lyric, from the M-G-M musical, "The Glass Slipper." It was written by the composers of "Hi Lili, Hi Lo" and has much of the same charm. "Just One More Time" is a bouncy rhythm ballad. (Victor)

If you follow the Arthur Godfrey shows and would like to take a trip to New York, but can't get there, maybe you'll settle for a new album called, "A Visit to New York with Arthur Godfrey and All the Little Godfreys." It's just what it sounds like—a musical tribute to the big town by Mr. G. and his entire cast: Frank Parker, Janette Davis, The Mariners, Marion Marlowe, The McGuire Sisters, Hale-loke, and the newest Little Godfrey, Carmel Quinn. (Columbia)

And I should be going, as my space is gone. So long for now—be seeing you next month with the June tunes.
Helene Curtis sponsors the
Pretty Soft Look

Helene Curtis SPRAY NET® keeps your hair prettily in place all day, but with a bewitching softness.

How should your topknot look this season? Grimly lacquered into place? Wildly waving in the breeze?

Never! This season the look is soft and shining hair that stays put in the prettiest way.

For Helene Curtis dipped deep into a chemist's tube and came up with a delightfully different hair spray. A hair spray so silky... so soft it couldn't possibly make hair dry or stiff or brittle. Yet it held each curly straggler in place. Waves behaved despite humidity. Flyaway hair tamed down nicely. In a word—it worked! And softly, prettily!

So here, from Helene Curtis to you, with flattery in every swoosh, is SPRAY NET. The ladylike-way, the pretty soft-way to curb your curls and hold your wayward waves!

* T.H. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Change your hair style without a bit of trouble, for SPRAY NET brushes out instantly. It doesn't flake or ever get the tiniest bit sticky.

No drooping curls on rainy days. With SPRAY NET your hair pays no mind to dampness or humidity. Curls and waves stay in, weather or no.

Set your pin curls in a hurry. Just roll them up, make large loose curls on top, smaller ones at your neckline, then spray with SPRAY NET. They'll dry in minutes, they'll look soft and pretty.

Use SPRAY NET every day, as often as you like, for it contains exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion. Keeps your topknot soft and silky.

Now there are two types of Helene Curtis SPRAY NET
Let your hair be the judge. If it's "baby-fine" or you like the casual look, the new Super Soft spray net, without lacquer, will be beautifully right. For hair that's thick, harder-to-manage, for elaborate hair-dos, use Regular SPRAY NET... already the favorite of millions!
What goes on while the record's spinning on a TV show?
If it's a Donn Tibbetts program on WMUR:

**ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN**

The records spin and the fun goes around right along with them on The Donn Tibbetts Show... a disc-jockey show which is seen as well as heard on Station WMUR-TV, weekdays at 4:05 P.M. and Monday at 7:30 P.M. ... a variety show spiced with hilarity. ... Donn himself might pantomime, introduce a litter of puppies, fly in an Air Force jet, or spar with a live bear as one of today's hit records is played. Or Jeff Cuddy may step up to the easel to do an on-camera sketch illustrating the tune. Pert Jay Stewart and the Company—sometimes joined by Donn—might pantomime a number with a complete "prop" set. Or a top recording star might turn up to pantomime his own latest hit and dance with Donn's teen-age guests. Young Bert Houle makes a twice-weekly appearance to gales of laughter and applause for his pantomimes and, twice a week also, Donn calls a recess from records to give parents an off-the-campus look at teachers from the Tri-State area of New Hampshire, Vermont and northern Massachusetts... The man behind the merriment, Donn Tibbetts, is a Manchester, New Hampshire, native. He was born November 29, 1930, and began broadcasting ten years later—through a tea-strainer over a make-believe network. He's loved radio ever since. And, though greater metropolitan centers may dangle more glittering radio bait before him, Donn refuses to bite because he also loves the Granite State "where mountains, beautiful scenery, lakes and fresh air are everyday things and not just vacation memories." ... Donn met his wife Jane when they were both in high school and he followed her home to find out where she lived. The address today is a Manchester apartment, just a few minutes from the WMUR studios. Jane and Donn share it with their sons Don, 3, and Gary, who will soon blow out his first birthday candle. ... A home movie enthusiast, Donn has taken some 8200 feet of film of his family, doing his own splicing, editing and titling. He enjoys water-skiing at his folks' camp at Lake Massasecum and, as of last winter, he is also "an amateur snow skier." For the future, Donn hopes "to build a big ranch house on an acre or two of land, with plenty of room for the kids to play and ride horses if they like." The land, of course, will be located in New Hampshire, where WMUR-TV viewers have a new bit of mountain lore: Anything can happen on Donn Tibbetts' shows, but whatever happens, it's sure to be fun for everyone.
Now—be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

PIN-IT

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

NEW! For today's softer hair styles! Gives that picture—pretty look!
NEW! No ammonia! Leaves no odor!
NEW! Exclusive hair styles in every kit!

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!

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

... look for it in the smart gold-foil package
Beautiful Hair

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions.

A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is mild and gentle in action and not drying to the hair. The Breck Shampoo for your hair condition leaves your hair soft, lustrous and fragrant.

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

Ted Mack is back on television—finally, after a couple of false starts this past season—with a half-hour afternoon show, Monday through Friday, on NBC-TV called Ted Mack’s Matinee. In contrast with his former Amateur Hour show, which featured unknowns, Ted’s new show introduces “undiscovered” professionals, with the top performers awarded a five-day engagement on the show.

Truth Or Consequences, one of the top radio shows for many years before it switched to video, is back on the air again, after having been off for some time. It has a Wednesday-night time slot, half-hour, on NBC, with Jack Bailey handling the emcee chores. The TV version continues in the Tuesday-night schedule.

The Inner Flame is the new name for Portia Faces Life. Cast and story line remain unchanged on the popular CBS-TV daytime serial.

Because of the tremendous number of requests for repeat telecasts of ABC-TV’s Disneyland programs, the network has been running return performances of the very popular Walt Disney shows. The schedule through June 22 will include: “Davy Crockett at the Alamo,” May 11; “Wind in the Willows,” May 18; “A Story of Dogs,” May 25; “Cameras in Africa” and “Beaver Valley,” June 1; “From Aesop to Hans Christian Andersen,” June 8; “Man in Space,” June 15; and “Cavalcade of Songs,” June 22. On June 22 also, Disney will introduce an entirely new program from the “Fantasyland” realm of Disneyland. And, early next fall, Disney will launch his new Mickey Mouse Club, an hour-length television show for children, which is now being produced in Hollywood.

Gary Crosby has signed an exclusive contract with CBS Radio, so it looks like Papa Bing lost out in his plans for Gary to finish college. The Groaner had wanted Gary, who is twenty-one, to get his diploma before embarking on a full-time career in show business. Meanwhile, Gary has been singing on the Tennessee Ernie Show on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and CBS is planning to star the lad on his own series later. Gary’s contract with the network also allows for some guest appearances on CBS-TV, such as the one he did recently with Jack Benny.

Don McNeill and his Breakfast (Continued on page 12)
WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 11)

Club gang are now being heard by American servicemen stationed overseas in a special half-hour version of the morning variety show, beamed through the Armed Forces Radio Service. The Monday through Friday radio broadcasts of Breakfast Club are condensed into a thirty-minute transcription for daily transmission to the troops abroad. Servicemen have, in addition, been receiving the programs of Martin Block, Fibber McGee, Tennessee Ernie and Bob Hope.

NBC-TV has a new summer variety show, which may be scheduled even before the hot weather arrives. It's called Musical Chairs, and will star that talented singer-composer, Johnny Mercer. Bill Leyden, the popular Hollywood disc jockey, will be the emcee, and Mel Blanc, he of the "Woody Woodpecker" voice, will handle the comedy corner. Guest stars will be top recording personalities.

This 'n That:

Funnyman George Gobel will probably make his first movie for Paramount, with the title still to be chosen. There are several tentative ones — "Fast Shuffie," "Don't Fall In Love With Strangers," "Don't Play Cards with Strangers," "Take It Big," and "There You Are" — in addition to twenty-three other suggestions, believe it or not.

Ann Sothern, the country's most popular Private Secretary, is trying to buy the television rights to her old movie series, "Maizie." Ann doesn't want to play in the series herself, but wants to produce it, using another actress, for her newly formed Vincent Productions.

Betty Hutton finally wed Alan Living-ington, Capitol Records executive, in Las Vegas, Nevada, a third marriage for each. And, about the same time, Martha Raye began to have marital discord with her fifth husband, in her new home in Westport, Connecticut.

Hoping for the same success that Liberace, Frankie Laine and Florian ZaBach have had with their filmed TV shows, bandleader Ina Rae Hutton has just signed with Guild Films to shoot thirty-nine half-hour programs. They'll be called Ina Rae Hutton And Her All-Girl Show, featuring the Hutton gal tooters, and all feminine guest artists.

Donald O'Connor and the Texaco Star Theater will not be partners in television as of the end of the current cycle. The Texaco people have already signed Jimmy Durante to do all thirty shows for the 1955-56 season, with fifteen to be done live and fifteen on film.

Joanie O'Brien, the pretty lass who sang on the Bob Crosby TV show and with Tennessee Ernie on radio, has temporarily retired to await the birth of her first baby. Joanie is Mrs. Billy Strange.

CBS Television has signed exclusive contracts with four performers whom they expect to build into big TV personalities: Barbara Ruick, the blonde songstress and former M-G-M starlet; actor Gale Gordon; writer-comedian Bob Sweeney; and Johnny Carson, a comedian who will probably have his own laugh show this summer.

NBC has been doing some signing, too. They handed producer-director Max "Spectacular" Leblanc a new five-year contract providing for his services on both the network's spectaculars and other related functions. NBC also made a deal with Jack Webb. The contract provides that they shall have first call on his services for a ten-year period. It also gives NBC the right to future properties Webb is developing—among them, "Pete Kelly's Blues," which is now in production as a movie for Warner Brothers. But Webb also has plans for "Pete" as a video-series, possibly to be shown next year. Comedians Bob (Elliott) and Ray (Goulding) are now back on the network scene, replacing Dennis James as emcees of The Name's The Same. Dennis reached an amicable parting of the ways with the show's producers because of an increasing stress on humorous and off-beat commercials, which he just didn't feel were up his alley.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. M. O. Bellefontaine, O.: Most radio and television performers are not permitted to accept any unsolicited material for their shows, and this also applies to songs. . . . Mrs. K. R., Kansas City, Mo.: There was some talk a while back that Irene Beasley would have her own TV show, possibly on the lines of her very popular Grand Slam radio program, but nothing ever came of it. Miss Beasley still lives at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, New York, and is not active at all professionally at the present time. . . . Mrs. H. B., Topton, Pa.: Spike Jones doesn't do a regular television series at the present time, but he may have a scheduled program in the fall. He just recently returned from a personal-appearance tour to Australia. . . . Miss L. H., Chicago, Ill.: Liberace was named Honorary Mayor of Sherman Oaks, California, a section of the San Fernando Valley, where he has his home, and he was "installed" in office at a civic gathering.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Martha Tilton, who sang with Curt Massey on radio for so long? Martha hasn't worked in radio, or in television, since the program went off the air, but has done some personal appearances at the Orange Show and at benefits in California. She is presently living in West Los Angeles with her husband, Jim Brooks, and their children.

Curt Massey, who sang with Martha on the same show? Since the program went off, Curt has been spending most of his time with his family at their ranch in San Diego County, and hasn't worked at all. However, there is talk at NBC in Hollywood of a TV show for him this fall. If it goes through the Massey-Tilton singing combination would be reunited.

Hal Peary, The Great Gildersleeve, whose air show was so popular several years ago? Hal has been doing well for himself with a local early-morning radio show over Station KABC in Los Angeles. Shep Fields, whose "Rippling Rhythm" dance orchestra has been heard for years on remote broadcasts from dance spots all over the country? After twenty-three years of touring with his band, Shep recently settled down in Houston, Texas, and has taken to being a disc jockey over Station KLBS there.

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, 206 East 42nd Street, New York City 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 we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

Private Secretary Ann Sothern wants to create a "Maizie" series for TV.

Genial Ted Mack is back on TV presenting undiscovered talent.

CBS-TV is making big plans for pert songstress Barbara Ruick.
How to make your life a bed of roses...

Relax to the satin feel of flowers on your skin, the heady scent of flowers in the air...
the sheer luxury of having every inch of you soothed and sweetened with Cashmere Bouquet

cashmere bouquet
Talcum Powder

59¢
29¢
Plus Tax
Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Bewitching" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.

Only softly feminine hairstyles here

because these hairdos were made with Bobbi, the special pin-curl permanent—never tight, never fussy

These pictures show—better than we can tell—the softly feminine curls and waves you get with a Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. A Bobbi is specially designed to look soft and natural from the very first day.

A Bobbi gives your hair the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves are exactly where you want them. And they stay there week after week after week. Just put your hair in pin-curls. Apply Bobbi's Special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later, rinse with water. Let dry, brush out...that's all.

If you love softly feminine hairdos, then Bobbi is the pin-curl permanent for you.


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.
Josephine McCarthy is celebrating her fifth successful year as WRCA-TV's

Culinary Queen

On a busman's holiday, Josie prepares to entertain dinner guests by setting her table with extra-large chop plates. At the office (below), she and her secretary, Mary Ann Bernath, answer the many letters received from her viewers.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, as the saying goes. Likewise, the proof of Josephine McCarthy's cooking skill is in the hundreds of grateful letters she receives each day from WRCA-TV viewers who look forward to her sessions on The Herb Sheldon Show With Josephine McCarthy, weekdays from 8:55 to 10 A.M. Now in her fifth year at WRCA-TV, Josie is admired and loved as a person and as one of the finest and most industrious culinary experts. . . . Born in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, Josie specialized in home economics at San Francisco Teachers' College and the University of California. However, she did not use her skills professionally until she was left a widow with a three-year-old daughter to support. Then she became a dietitian for Schrafft's chain stores and later was a food director for several concerns. She made her radio debut over Station WNBF in Binghamton, New York, with her own program, Mrs. McCarthy Goes To Market. Then, in 1948—after broadcasting on the Yankee Network for 12 years—she made her TV debut at Station WTVJ, Miami, Florida. She joined WRCA-TV on May 2, 1950. . . . Off-camera, Josie can point to her three-room apartment, near by the WRCA-TV studios, which she decorated herself. She had originally planned to have it done by a professional but, after receiving estimates up to $3000, did the job herself for about $800. . . . Every weekend, weather permitting, Josie boards a plane for Cocoaanut Grove, Florida, and her ranch-style house which she shares with her daughter Millicent and ten-year-old granddaughter Joan, who is Josie's pride and joy. Joan is an active Girl Scout and Millicent is a troop leader.

"The house is always filled with Scouts working at one project or another," laughs Josie. "Keeps you young, always having young people around." . . . Josie's main hobby is collecting herbs and cookbooks—of which she has more than 200—from all parts of the world. When her viewers write in asking how to cook such dishes as an Italian Easter Wheat Pie, Josie always begins her research with her own books. . . . Preparing her twenty-minute cooking show keeps Josie busy ten to twelve hours a day, but she still finds time to appear at store openings and speak at club meetings. She is always eager to help others and is often heard offering advice on what to feed a best beau or how to plan a party menu. And, if the pressure of her busy schedule ever begins to get Josie down, she always uses the same remedy: "I just stop for a minute," she says, "and give thanks for my many bountiful blessings." During the past five years, more and more WRCA-TV viewers have come to count Josie as one of their blessings.
YOU hold the Key

Those who bring happiness into the lives of children with muscular dystrophy find their greatest reward in just a humble thank-you, or a grateful smile. And, as can be seen here, the delight of those who help—in this case, top performers in broadcasting—almost matches that of the ones they help.

MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY is a progressive disease which attacks the muscular system, robbing a person of the use of his muscles. Although it attacks thousands of people from one to 80 years old, the majority of cases are children . . . and they rarely live beyond adolescence.

Says the National Foundation for Muscular Dystrophy: "The key to the muscular dystrophy problem is help . . . it is in your heart and hands. With your help the door to life will be unlocked . . . the priceless treasure of a muscular dystrophy cure will be in reach of thousands of children, women, and men . . . who offer in return a grateful prayer of thanks . . . to YOU." And, the Foundation adds: "Don't give till it hurts—just give till it helps!"

Marrowbone the dog with two devoted friends.

Frankie Thomas, Skippy Blythe and Jack Grimes dispense cheer and gifts.

Skippy Blythe's presents and Corny Clown's jokes produce big smiles.

Helene Curtis

SHAMPOO PLUS EGG

WITH HAIR-CONDITIONING ACTION

2% fresh whole egg

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.

It's egg-stra good for your hair!
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!

See the difference with your own eyes!

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!

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.
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. It 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!
Ask the company doctor or the staff nurse. They're very apt to tell you that the Tampax user is much more likely to take "those days" in her stride. But the girls themselves are still most impressed by the freedom and assurance that doctor-invented Tampax gives. Here are some of the things they say:

"I can't be bothered with all that other rigmarole; Tampax is quick and easy to change." . . . "I must have protection that prevents odor." . . . "No telltale bulges for me; not, of all places, in the office!" . . . "Tampax is so comfortable, I almost forget it's 'time-of-the-month.'"

Girls starting work often decide on Tampax because of admiration for some older, perfectly poised woman in the organization who uses it. From its daintiness of handling to its ease of disposability, Tampax seems made for the woman who has to be on the go all the time, who has to meet people with charm and assurance under any circumstances.

The druggist or notion counter in your neighborhood carries Tampax in all three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse or trunk in the back of a drawer. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
Every pillow first-quality.
Every pillow made the Playtex way, of whipped foam latex.
Always plump, always cool, permanently non-allergenic.

Save now—while savings are plump—while you can afford to modernize every bed in your house with PLAYTEX "HEART REST" PILLOWS. They're the best buy in the world even at regular prices—a must buy at our May White Sale reductions! Remember, you're not buying just pillows—you're buying sleep—deep, cool, restful, healthful sleep... the kind only Playtex knows how to build into a pillow.

Every pillow is zipper-covered in extra-fine sanitized cotton with corded edges. Every one is perfect—first quality.
Perfect Fit
any way you look at it!

New Playtex living Bra

OF ELASTIC AND NYLON

"Custom-contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone . . . no matter what size or in-between size you are! The secret is in the bias cut elastic side panel that self-adjusts to your measurements. The drama is in the nylon cups that lift and lure into the high, round look of Paris. The magic is the Playtex Living Bra . . . the most fitting, most beautifying, fastest selling bra in America! See it—you'll want it! Wear it—you'll love it!

Look for the PLAYTEX living BRA® in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming WHITE, wonderfully washable—without ironing!


Information Booth
(Continued from page 18)

Jack Mahoney
buildings and fighting duels as a stunt man. He was spotted by Armand Schaefer, president of Gene Autry Enterprises, who signed him for some Autry films and then to play the lead in The Range Rider TV series . . . Off camera, Jack is married to Margaret Field, a former actress. They have a daughter, Princess Melissa. Margaret's two children from a previous marriage also live with them. An all-around athlete, Jack is also a student of Oriental philosophies, mystic religions and Indian lore. He's a "great cook," loves tangy foreign dishes, black roses, emeralds, pastels, shopping for his wife and sailing. Moccasins are his usual footwear and he's most comfortable in shorts, bell-bottom sailor pants or levis. He treasures a ring made of a 4500-year-old scarab and always wears a small crystal ball containing a mustard seed. You can write to him c/o The Range Rider, Flying A Pictures, 6920 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

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

Gisele MacKenzie Fan Club, c/o Holly Fleischman, 1616 E. 50th Pl, Chicago, Ill.

Eddie Fisher Fan Club, c/o Martha Jane Gates, Box 458, Stinnett, Texas.

Dotty Mack Fan Club, c/o Andy Hal- lum, 202 Beverly Pl., Cayton 9, Ohio.

The Club Crosby (Bing), c/o Margaret Plaga, 806 Adrian Ave., Jackson, Mich.

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.
Puts Dancing Highlights In Your Hair!

NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS, OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!

Hair's so satiny after a Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can't always wear a satin dancing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair every day! You'll find that never before in your shampoo experience has your hair had so much shimmer, so much softness.

Double Lanolin Is The Reason

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty Instead of Drying It!

Lanolin Lotion was purposely formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness... double the lanolin polish and beauty for your hair. For even problem hair—hair that's had its beauty oils dried away... washed away... bleached away... benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only feels twice as rich—it actually is twice as rich. Don't confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called "lotion" or "lanolin" shampoo you've ever tried before.

Billows of Fleecy Foam
Leave Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has any shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy lanolin lather—lather that actually POLISHES hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No old-fashioned "lazy-lather" shampoo can shine your hair like this—'til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

The radiance of your hair shampood this new way will be instantly visible to everyone—but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. So after you've brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampood hair, take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll see how much more brilliance dances in your hair!

And this shampoo is so good for hair... for there's twice the lanolin in it! It can't dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, temptingly soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in your hair! All the vibrant, glowing tone... the natural softness. Treat your hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29c, 59c or $1. On sale everywhere!

*PROOF THAT NEW SHAMPOO OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS

OCEANS OF LATHER EVEN IN HARD WATER!

An amazing built-in water softener in this Lanolin Lotion Shampoo gives you piles of lather that rinses quick, leaves hair bright—even in the hardes water!
Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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 powerfully 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.

ZONITE—The Ideal “ALL-PURPOSE” Antiseptic-Germicide

New Patterns for You

9048—This gay casual wraps and ties. Slip into it in a jiffy. Opens flat for ironing. Use colorful rickrack trimming. Misses’ Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 4¼ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

9068—Cool, scooped-neck dress plus cover-up bolero makes an outfit you’ll wear everywhere. Misses’ Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 dress, 4¼ yards 35-inch fabric; bolero requires 1½ yards. 35¢

4714—Full-cut to flatter the larger figure. Note extra-wide bodice straps, built-up backs to conceal bra. Women’s Sizes 34-48. Size 36 blouse and skirt, 4⅞ yards 35-inch fabric; bra and shorts, 2⅝ yards. 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, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.
You are young at heart listening to MUTUAL—the radio network for all America...

...there's your "COKE TIME" favorite,

**EDDIE FISHER, TUES., THURS., 7:45 pm EDT**

...On MUTUAL RADIO there's

**YOUNG LIVING with CLAUDIA HATCH**—
starring the talented Young Living Editor of Seventeen
—for youthful listeners (of all ages) on

**SATURDAY, 11:55 to 12 noon EDT**—then...

There's young romance with young singer

**JOHNNY DESMOND** whose heart-throb notes

thrill millions at **PHONORAMA TIME** on

**SATURDAY mornings, 11:30 to 11:55 EDT**, and...

...There's **LES PAUL and MARY FORD**...

they make your hearts young and gay with their multiple

recordings of blended sounds on your radio each

**WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY,**

7:45 to 7:55 pm EDT,

...You will all be young at heart and very much alive—listening to

**EDDIE FISHER, CLAUDIA HATCH,**

**JOHNNY DESMOND, LES PAUL** and **MARY FORD**—

and you'll know, too, that "Radio's Alive in '55"

on the 565-plus stations of the

**MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM**
mother
and daughter make
a hit...
in dresses
dyed-alike with
RIT

Daytime Diary

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

BACKSTAGE WIFE Actor Larry Noble now knows something of the despair to which his wife Mary had been driven through his association with Elise Shepard, for in her efforts to develop interests of her own Mary has become strangely entangled with film producer Malcolm Devereaux. At first drawn to Mary by her possibilities as a film star, Devereaux now knows he is in love with her. And Larry believes the worst. NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Even if his son had not fallen in love with Sandra, Reverend Richard Dennis would have taken a great interest in the man who followed Sandra to New Hope, for he sensed from the first that Robert Ralston was a thoroughly evil man. Ralston's murder increases Dr. Dennis' concern, for he cannot stand by and see innocent people suffering from the aftermath of such a wicked life. Will he endanger himself for justice? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE The breakdown of Kit Christy throws Maggie Marlowe's life into an emotional turmoil. If the girl is her daughter, can she ever love her again—and if she is not, can she ever be free of responsibility for her? Struggling to find the truth, Maggie counts heavily on Jim Gavin's help, not suspecting how badly Jim is crippled by the emotional demands left over from his past and his family ties. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE A rising young doctor like Dan Palmer needs an attractive, intelligent wife—but does he need one who has been called "remarkable" by some of the town's most important men? If Julie gets a reputation for being too clever, will Dan's career suffer? Or will she be able, as she was in the case of the children's hospital, to maneuver so tactfully behind the scenes that she wins her goal without stepping on toes? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE Having weathered the first, almost fatal, storm of her married life, Laurie has made certain plans and promises to herself about the future. She knows that Zach will always be difficult to live with, and she feels strong enough now to make all the adjustments she once disdained. But is there a trial waiting for Laurie which she could not possibly have anticipated? NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT Dr. Eve Allen finds it hard to know how best to help her troubled younger sister, whose broken marriage and serious drinking problem leave small hope for her future. And through Fran a new complication may affect Eve's professional life, for Ned Blackman appears to be something besides an attractive, understanding, tolerant man. What is his connection with the eager young couple who want a baby? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Despite the tragic mistakes she has already made, Kathy is young enough to profit by the important truth she realized when her ex-husband, Dr. Dick Grant, disappeared. Recognizing she still loves him has kept Kathy from deceiving herself into a false romance with Dr. Kelly. But, far away, Dick tries to launch a new life and inevitably makes new contacts that may become very important to him. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS The only important thing wrong with life in a small town is that one knows too much about one's neighbors, and vice versa. Lena and her husband Dr. Floyd Corey haven't had too many secrets to keep from their friends, but sometimes they would be glad if a doctor's work didn't force him to carry around the secrets of others. Is one of these secrets working up to a problem for them? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie's husband, Reed Nixon, is a successful business man, and he sees nothing wrong in agreeing with Julie's cousin Nina that her husband Dr. Jeff Browning will have to put up a bigger front if he expects to become a successful specialist. Julie is concerned over Reed's inadvertent interference in the Browning's affairs, but she may have to interfere herself to keep Nina from a drastic mistake. CBS Radio.
THE INNER FLAME  Pretty, restless Dorie Blake turned up just at the worst moment in Portia Manning's marriage, when Walter's resentment over her wife's ability made him increasingly bitter about what he felt to be his own inadequacy. Now the situation is complicated by the serious trouble in which Walter finds himself. Despite his promises to himself and Portia, will his affection for Dorie develop into something else? CBS-TV.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. Joyce's efforts to help the Bellmans rebuild their family life go far beyond her duties as a doctor, but she knows that because they all respect her she may be able to give them their only chance. How will she protect herself if her advice—which has been called meddling—should lead to some unexpected and unhappy results? Will lawyer Mike Hill, rushing to her defense, reveal the truth about his feelings? NBC Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL After the difficulties which beset his own family had been straightened out, Bill Davidson was once more free to turn to helping with the troubles of his friends. But, even though Bill feels that it is his mission in life to help when he can, he sometimes wonders if he is right in exposing his loved ones to the dangerous consequences that often result from other people's battles. NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle, believing she has Roger Caxton's help, fights desperately to help Lorenzo regain his memory of their marriage. But Roger now has other motives, and by careful scheming has succeeded in making Belle and Lorenzo suspicious of each other. As Lorenzo is wracked by doubts and self-distrust, is it possible that he will draw farther away from Belle, and make their separation irrevocable? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Nobody knows more surely than Paul Raven what an implacable enemy he has in his ex-wife Judith—or how desperately she will fight to ruin his marriage to Vanessa. Frantically trying to protect Van, Paul does not realize he is driving her away. And Van's sister Meg, entangled with Hal Craig, creates an even greater danger as she finds herself unable to draw back from an attack she regrets. CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Ever since their first meeting, Gladys and Joe have been happy together despite the difficulties that kept coming, one after the other, to complicate their romance. But the birth of their child is the biggest trial yet, for not even Ma is sure that Gladys could weather the tragedy fate may have in store. If ever Ma's wisdom and strength have been needed by her loved ones, Gladys and Joe need them now. CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY As Leslie Northurst continues his attempts to wrest the title and estates away from Sunday's husband, Lord Henry Brinthope, Sunday searches desperately for a way to foil the schemes of this suave but vicious man. What will happen when Sunday is forced to conclude that Lord Henry would be better off without her? Will Lord Henry realize in time what lies behind her strange behavior? CBS Radio. (Continued on page 80)

You can see your shining future in the world's most precious silverplate

Like love, Holmes & Edwards has a glow that lasts! It's the only silverplate with extra sterling 
*inlaid* at backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces . . . for extra years of silver beauty. 52-piece set for 8 in chest, $84.50.

Two blocks of sterling *inlaid* at backs of bowls . . . and handles promise longer, lovelier silver life.

HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE MADE ONLY BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
LILTING, LEAN and LIKABLE

That's Carl Stuart, who has captivated New Englanders with his wonderful country music.

Carl, who taught himself to play the guitar, gets a request from a young fan.

A young man from Kansas, Carl Stuart—wearing a broad-brimmed hat under which the eyes twinkle and the grin is wide and handsome—brings a breath of fresh mountain air to the very pleased residents of Boston and all points within hearing range of Station WCOP. Twenty-six-year-old Carl plays recorded country music and sings, to his own guitar accompaniment, as he stars on Hayloft Jamboree, heard weekdays from 9 P.M. to midnight, and Saturdays from 8 P.M. to midnight. Carl also devotes some time on each program to inspirational music. He feels—and his listeners' reactions bear him out—that America is returning to its deep-seated belief in God. . . Carl's career started with long-hair music but, in between lessons in classical piano playing, he would listen to country music on the radio. One day he borrowed his brother's guitar and, after that, the piano ran a poor second. Today, Carl owns four guitars, including the one he borrowed from his brother Alfred. The family still argues about whether Carl ought to return this one. . . Carl's professional radio debut came in 1939 and, between then and 1948, his role as a country and folk singer took him all over the eastern part of the United States. The Stuarts fell in love with New England and, in 1948, they settled there and Carl began broadcasting on Massachusetts stations and leading an eleven-piece band at personal appearances. . . During the Korean war, Carl served with the Armed Forces Special Services, entertaining troops throughout the country. Then, in 1953, he became singing deejay on Hayloft Jamboree . . . Last February, Carl realized a long-held ambition when he guested on Grand Ole Opry. Featured at the recent World's Championship Rodeo in the Boston Garden, Carl played a big part in drawing the capacity crowd of more than 13,000. . . One of Boston's most eligible bachelors, Carl lives with his mother and brother in, naturally, a ranch house in near-by Randolph. There are no horses or cattle within twenty miles but the neighbors enjoy Carl's exuberant bursts of "Home on the Range" and watching him leave for work in his "country" clothes. And, judging by the mail that pours into WCOP's studios, most everybody in Boston feels mighty neighborly toward this easygoing guy with a guitar, Carl Stuart.

Singing deejay Carl Stuart presents live and recorded country music.

Home is a five-room ranch-style house in the region Carl and his mother love.
I dreamed I was a designing woman
in my *maidenform* bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette® in nylon taffeta, lace satin, cotton broadcloth, dacron cotton batiste. From $2.00.

MAIDENFORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., COLUMBIA, S. C. PAT. OFF.
EXTRA REASON TO LOVE
AMERICA’S NO. 1 BEAUTY SOAP!

like getting
this extra
one free!

4 FOR THE PRICE OF 3!

4 cakes of pure, mild Personal Size Ivory cost
about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

Extra savings—and in the bargain—the wonderful purity and
famous mildness of Ivory! And remember, the milder your beauty
soap, the prettier your skin. More doctors recommend pure,
mild Ivory for baby’s skin—and yours—than any other soap. So,
add it up: extra soap for your money ... extra beauty for you
—a radiant freshness America calls “That Ivory Look!”

PERSONAL SIZE IVORY IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY!
Why everyone loves Jackie Gleason

Working with Jackie, Art Carney and I learned to respect him—not only as a master showman and comedian—but as a sensitive, considerate person.

By AUDREY MEADOWS

All clowning aside, it's a privilege to tell the world about my boss—and fellow "Honeymooner"!

JUST IN CASE I might be accused of "apple polishing" because Jackie Gleason is my boss, I had better start with a few of his faults before I tell why everybody loves the man! They do love him, you know. The people who work with him now, and the ones who knew him when he was a struggling comic in down-at-the-heel amusement spots (they will tell you he has never forgotten any kindness done for him in those rough, uphill days). The people who watch him on television,
There's an electricity about Jackie, on stage or out of doors. He's always doing something to cheer others, and appreciates it so much when others do something for him—like that birthday party while he was still on crutches.

There's an electricity about Jackie, on stage or out of doors. He's always doing something to cheer others, and appreciates it so much when others do something for him—like that birthday party while he was still on crutches.

Why everyone loves Jackie Gleason

(Continued)

and who have put and kept him at the top. And all the little people he has helped, because he is too kind ever to turn his back on anyone in trouble.

I have a theory that Jackie's greatest fault is the result of one of his nicest and most lovable qualities—the quality of being unusually sensitive to other people and their moods. It makes him want to please everyone, and to be liked by everyone. And it leaves him wide open for people to take advantage of him. Some of them do. I suspect he often knows this and lets it go on, rather than admit to himself that he has been imposed on. Or face up to doing something drastic about it.

Jackie's quick, keen mind is hardly a fault, but it does make him get out of patience with those who think more slowly—or, worse still, execute ideas slowly. People who aren't used to the way he follows through on an idea, in a flash, don't always realize that he hasn't the time to spend on the slowpokes. They don't understand that this is a man who wants to accomplish so much that he has no time to tarry along the way. This is a man who, in only about five years of television, has proved himself a master performer and showman, and an instinctive musician with some gorgeous recordings to prove it. A man so full of energy and know-how that he didn't hesitate last winter to take on a two-week engagement at New York's huge Paramount Theater (doing as many as six performances a day), along (Continued on page 86)

The Jackie Gleason Show is seen over CBS-TV, each Saturday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT. The program is sponsored by Schick Electric Shavers, Nescafe Instant Coffee, Gleem and Prell.

Ray Turk, of the Cleveland Transit System, presents "bus driver" Jackie with a special cap and gold badge.
"The Honeymooners": Jackie and I as Ralph and Alice Kramden, Art Carney and Joyce Randolph as Ed and Trixie Norton.

Hard work ahead for both the star and producer Jack Hurdle—but, wherever Jackie is, there'll be fun, too.

June Taylor expects perfection from her dancers and so does Jackie—but oh, how the girls enjoy his gags!
Happily ever after

STAR OR NO STAR, EARL WRIGHTSON LED A WANDERING MINSTREL'S LIFE UNTIL...
Meet the family—and the boss: Earl brings daughter Wendy Ann and wife Markey backstage to visit Bob on The Robert Q. Lewis Show.

By GREGORY MERWIN

It's a genuine Hollywood-type dream come true, every time Earl Wrightson sings on The Robert Q. Lewis Show. It's also the happy climax of that Hollywood-type story about the rise and fall—rise and fall—rise and fall of a musical matinee idol. "I've been up and down so much in my career," says Earl, "I feel like a second-hand ocean wave. I've been discovered by Walter Damrosch, Max Gordon, Al Goodman and Paul Whiteman—to mention a few, besides Robert Q. himself!"

Earl Wrightson, star baritone of the Lewis shows on both CBS-TV and CBS Radio, is amusing, cheerful, and unpredictable.

He notes that he is not tall, dark and handsome. He could pass for a six-footer—since he's already (Continued on page 98)

Earl Wrightson sings on The Robert Q. Lewis Show, CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories (Alka-Seltzer), Helene Curtis Industries (Spray Net and Lanolin Discovery), General Mills (O-Cel-O Sponges and other products), Johnson's Wax, Swanson Frozen Poultry, Mazola, other products—and The Robert Q. Lewis Show, CBS Radio, Sat. 11 A.M. EDT, as sponsored by Helene Curtis (Suave and Shampoo Plus Egg), Fine-Sol, Perma-Bleach, others.

HE WAS RE-DISCOVERED BY ROBERT Q. LEWIS
Meet the family—and the boss: Earl brings daughter Wendy Ann and wife Markey backstage to visit Bob on the Robert Q. Lewis Show.

By GREGORY MERWIN

It's a genuine Hollywood-type dream come true, every time Earl Wrightson sings on The Robert Q. Lewis Show. It's also the happy climax of that Hollywood-type story about the rise and fall—rise and fall—rise and fall of a musical matinee idol. "I've been up and down so much in my career," says Earl, "I feel like a second-hand ocean wave. I've been discovered by Walter Damrosch, Mac Gordon, Al Goodman and Paul Whiteman—to mention a few, besides Robert Q. himself!"

Earl Wrightson, star baritone of the Lewis shows on both CBS-TV and CBS Radio, is amusing, cheerful, and unpredictable.

He notes that he is not tall, dark and handsome. He could pass for a six-footer—since he's already!

(Continued on page 80)

Earl Wrightson sings on The Robert Q. Lewis Show, CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories (Alka-Seltzer), Hostetter Curative Indi-"saries (Spray Net and Indications), General Mills (O-Cel-O Sponges and other products), Johnson's Wax, Swanson Fresh Poultry, Marcus, and others.

By GREGORY MERWIN

Robert Q. beams as Earl sings with Lois Hunt. Bob doesn't need any explanations of such "love scenes"—though Wendy Ann did.

Happily ever after

STAR OR NO STAR, EARL WRIGHTSON LED A WANDERING MINSTREL'S LIFE UNTIL HE WAS RE-DISCOVERED BY ROBERT Q. LEWIS
There are very human reasons why Dave Garroway lives so completely for this moment, for this minute

By ED MEYERSON

A young housewife once wrote to Dave Garroway with a complaint about Today, his early-morning show on NBC-TV. It seemed that her husband shaved while watching the program, and there was a daily “trail of lather and drippings” between her living room and bath. “It’s a wonder he doesn’t slash his throat,” she concluded. It’s a wonder in many another home as well, for Today is on the air between those breakneck morning hours just before work or school, when family activities revolve about the bedroom, kitchen and bath. But the TV set’s usually in the living room. So, in order to watch Today, people not only have to do two things at once—they frequently have to do them in two different places at the same time.

How do they manage? Dave Garroway himself has wondered, and once asked his TV audience: Doesn’t viewing Today interfere with your normal daily life? He received thousands of letters (Continued on page 88)

Dave is seen on Today, NBC-TV, M-F, 7 to 9 A.M. (all time zones). Friday With Garroway is heard over NBC Radio, Fri., 8:30 to 10 P.M. EDT.

There’s one young lady Garroway always finds time to entertain, when she flies in to visit him—his daughter Paris, 10.
All the Brothers are Valiant

All hands on deck: Mariners Tom Lockard and Nathaniel Dickerson, “Cap’n” Godfrey, Mariners Martin Karl and Jim Lewis.

It hasn’t always been smooth sailing, but the Mariners found a wonderful home port on Arthur Godfrey’s show

By MARTIN COHEN

When Arthur Godfrey’s Mariners first met, they were—collectively—one hundred and two years old, measured close to twenty-four feet in height, and weighed six hundred and eighty-five pounds. Today, the four show a gain of ninety-eight pounds in weight—purely aside from having increased their numbers to a count of twenty-one. They have gained in other ways, too—materially and spiritually.

For the past twelve years, they have been together five to seven days out of each week. Long days. Hot and cold days, too. Being in a quartet is a bit like being stranded on a desert island. It can be a little nerves-wracking. It can be. It doesn’t have to be. The Mariners don’t have scars.

“We respect each other’s viewpoint,” Nat Dickerson says, “and that’s lucky, because each of us has a different viewpoint.” No one’s the boss. No one’s the leader. And, professionally speaking, you will not find another such quartet with so much musical education, training and artistic experience. Any one of the boys is a self-
Tom Lockard, baritone—and former Coast Guard cook—still fancies himself as the family chef. But it takes his music to get all of Tom’s and Ginny’s children together, sitting quietly for the cameraman! Seated around Tom, left to right, are daughters Paula and Marlayna, son Keith, wife Ginny (Virginia, a former member of the Chordettes) and baby Kathleen.

Nat Dickerson, tenor, had to keep marriage to his beloved Ellen a secret for a year, while pursuing his vocal studies and a distinguished concert career. But there’s no secret about Nat’s and Ellen’s happiness today, in their ranch-style home, with daughter Natalie and son Nathaniel, Jr. Even the Dickersons’ prize brindle boxer is accepting congratulations!
All the Brothers are Valiant

(Continued)

contained concert. "It's not safe to step out of the room if you have the lead," says Tom Lockard. "You come back and someone else has stolen the solo."

They are rugged individualists and free-wheeling thinkers, but their private lives are as pure and wholesome as a chord in C. "Maybe the most dreary thing about us is that we're so serious," says Jim Lewis. "You know, we don't lead glamorous lives."

Certainly Martin Karl doesn't. He's got five kids. Although Martin is the youngest of the Mariners, he has the largest appetite, the biggest family, and an eleven-room house on Long Island. "We have one bedroom empty," Martin says, "and we consider it a challenge."

The better half of this production team is named Alma. She is a lovely blonde and a fine singer in her own right. She and Karl met while working for the Chicago Opera Company. Karl once played Escamillo to her Carmen. "This was before World War II," Martin says. "We were seventeen when we fell in love."

They both, luckily, have the same philosophy about

Martin Karl, tenor, is married to a singer, too—although Alma has given up professional music-making in favor of raising a music-loving family. Little Mark, above, was born just last December. Others in the group picture below are young Karl and April (at left), Robin (kneeling), and Alming (in foreground).
Jim Lewis, bass-baritone, likes to collect pipes, rare wooden objects—and, apparently, the letter "J"!
Jim's wife, a public health expert, is the former Janice Brooks, but they invented their own J-initial names for their two girls: Janeen (seated on Daddy's lap) and baby Jacyn (who was also born just last December).

large families. They like the sharing, the give and take. They have three boys and two girls. The oldest is Karl, ten. The youngest is Mark, born this past December. In between, there are Robin, almost nine, Alming, going on six, and April, four this spring. "When they walk around together," Martin says, "they look like an escalator."
The three oldest take piano lessons, and all but the baby study dance. Young Karl, the leader, is a talented artist. He astounds his parents with his studies in natural history. On birthdays, the kids can make up the menu for their parties—and Karl requested lungfish for his tenth. He seriously explained that it was a native delicacy in Africa.

"But he's still a ten-year-old," Martin says. The other day, Martin was shaving when a ruckus developed in the hall. Seemed that Robin had hit Karl with a belt. Martin told number two son to apologize to number one. "I don't want an apology," said number one. "I just want to hit him back."

Martin has a theory about discipline. You don't say no to a child unless it's a matter concerning his safety or welfare. As a result, there are quite a few pieces of broken furniture and several unsolicited wall murals in the house. Martin grins: "As long as they don't break up the stairway, so we can still get to the second floor, I don't care." The stairway holds together, as do the Karls.

Most of the time, the kids, two dogs, a cat and eleven rooms are in the sole care of Alma. The Karls have no help—except for her parents—but the only thing that bothers Alma occasionally is her voice. She'd like to use it, and gets little chance. She enjoys singing, but only infrequently sings at church affairs.

All of the Mariners serve the community or humanity in one way or another. In the case of Martin Karl, it is the PTA of the community school. Martin is president. One month he put in four nights and three days for the PTA. This is more time than he has free some months.

Weekends he makes himself very useful—he'll cook or wash windows or paint or make repairs. Martin is one of those rare men who doesn't gripe about chores around the house. His only regret is that he gets so little time with the family—"You'll hear everyone kick about that." It seems that the boys have been filling so many of their weekends with out-of-town concerts.

"You get so lonely at times. You get as lonely for your wife as if you were overseas," Martin says. "But I never have to worry about the kids. Alma's a wonderful mother. She understands that this 'basic security' everyone talks about for kids is (Continued on page 69)
Our Gal Sunday

A clause in a will, and a suave stranger, threaten Sunday's and Henry's birthright to love

Love always has something of the magical about it, but for Our Gal Sunday, love has been a Cinderella dream-come-true. A poor orphan raised by two old miners in Colorado, Sunday became the wife of Lord Henry Brinthrope, England's richest, most handsome nobleman. . . . Their great love laughed at those who warned that two people so opposite in birth could never overcome these differences. Now, however, Sunday finds herself confronted by a threat that makes a "happily ever after" ending seem like a fairy tale indeed. . . . Leslie Northurst has appeared out of the past, claiming to be Lord Henry's cousin and the true heir to the Brinthrope title and fortune. The sophisticated, elderly Englishman dismisses the story of his supposed death in World War I with an easy explanation. He announces that the will by which Henry inherited his title and fortune had a provision stating that, if Henry did not marry a titled Englishwoman, he renounced all rights of inheritance. . . . Leslie's schemes do not stop with demands for Henry's title and fortune. Boldly, he tells Sunday that she can remain Lady Brinthrope by divorcing Henry and marrying him. . . . Heretofore, Sunday's dislike of Leslie Northurst was instinctive but it changes to horror when she meets Cecily—Leslie's wife, who has been ill for several years and is terrified by the fear that Leslie plans to kill her. . . . Unaware of what Sunday has learned about the will, Lord Henry is baffled by her strange actions. For Sunday is convinced that Henry would be better off without her, and has deliberately set out to lose his affections. . . . Will the unselfish, unsuspecting Sunday play right into Leslie's hands before Lord Henry has time to realize what is behind her puzzling behavior? What action can Henry take to defend his title, his fortune—and his wife? . . . Sunday, too, has a birthright—to love and happiness. Yet, where is the answer to this vicious threat which seems destined to destroy the happiness of Our Gal Sunday?

Our Gal Sunday, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, for Anacin, Chef Boyardee. Vivian Smolen and Alastair Duncan are Sunday and Lord Henry, pictured at right.

Henry is unaware that Sunday—to protect his family inheritance—has decided to step out of his life.
Teen times: Warren attends Professional Children's School on Broadway, with such other youthful TV performers as Patti O'Neill (his girl friend, Debbie, in *The Secret Storm*), Sari Clymas and Joey Walsh. He lives with his parents in Brooklyn, where—like any young student—he consults his dad, Elias Berlinger, about his homework, and plays with his tiny niece, Gail.
AGE of DISCOVERY

At 17—like Jerry in The Secret Storm—young Warren Berlinger faces a man’s world with clear eyes and hopeful heart

By FRANCES KISH

Everyone’s heard stories about stars who were discovered as fast as you could say “television audition” or “screen test.” The beautiful girl found sitting at the corner soda fountain . . . the handsome young man tending a tank in a gas station . . . Warren Berlinger (pronounced with a soft “g,” please) went them all one better. Warren—who is now young Jerry Ames in the daytime drama, The Secret Storm, and also has been acclaimed, this season, on Broadway, as the juvenile comedy lead in “Anniversary Waltz”—was first discovered at the age of eight and a half, while playing cops-and-robbers with the neighborhood gang, on his own street in Flatbush, (Continued on page 94)

The Secret Storm, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

The Secret Storm stars Peter Hobbs (above, right) as Warren’s TV father, Peter Ames. Below, left—Mrs. Frederick S. Hoppin, director of Professional Children’s School, chats with Warren and Joey Walsh as they eat in the school’s lunchroom. Right—Warren hastens to the theater with Macdonald Carey, his stage father in the Broadway comedy, “Anniversary Waltz.”
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Below, Lucy tries the traditional way to a man's heart—right, a modern way of never being separated from Desi by even "the length of a golf course!"

Forever near her Heart

Fate almost parted Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz—but fate forgot the strength of a woman's love

By ALJEAN MELTSIR

I think that every marriage has a point of no return, a turning point, a place where you have to make the right decision—or else," Lucille Ball said slowly. "For me, that time came at Christmas, almost nine years ago."

On Christmas Day, 1946, most of the 9,710,325 residents of the state of California were comfortably stuffing themselves with turkey and enjoying the warmth of home. Among the few who weren't, the two most miserable were Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball. At their sprawling ranch in the San Fernando Valley, there was not even a Christmas (Continued on page 89)

Lucille and Desi Arnaz star in I Love Lucy, on CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EDT, under alternate sponsorship of Philip Morris Cigarettes and Cheer. The Lucy Show is seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 6 P.M. EDT, for Dorothy Gray, Lehn & Fink Products.
Caesar’s Finest Hour

The smile on Sid Caesar’s face today has many meanings—but the greatest is the new happiness he has found.

By GLADYS HALL

Across the desk in his private office—a massive, richly carved desk at which Rome’s Imperial Caesar might have sat—TV’s inimitable Caesar sat considering, with somewhat wry amusement, the answer to the improbable question of what he would do if he had one day off.

"Improbable" because young Sid Caesar—who looks ten years younger in person than on a TV screen, and twice as handsome—works seven days a week,

Continued

Headman Sid has a million and one details to supervise. Then there are the necessary and usually harried conferences with cast—Howard Morris (left) and Nanette Fabray—and writers—Charles Andrews (rear) and Aaron Rubin.
The result of hard work: Sid stays in the TV spotlight, as do Nanette Fabray, Carl Reiner and Howard Morris.
Material possessions are important to Sid, but above all he values his wife Florence ("She is my career") and his two children.

Sid’s major regret is that he hasn’t more time to be with Ricky and Shelley. But, maybe someday, he muses.

or 84 working hours, in order to bring you one hour, Caesar’s Hour, on NBC-TV from 8 to 9 P.M., three Mondays each month!

But, since playing with ideas, however fanciful, is part of the antic Caesar’s stock in trade, Sid played with this one, saying, “If I had a day off—which I haven’t had, and won’t have unless an eighth day is added to the calendar—but if I had, if, if,” Sid punched the word home, “first thing I’d do, I’d sleep late... oh, until about nine-thirty, as against the seven or, at latest, seven-thirty I get up every morning. Then I’d like to have the kids in bed with me, just loaf in bed with the kids, tell jokes, play, no eye on the clock—what is the clock? Then I’d get up and have corned beef hash and poached eggs (my favorite breakfast). How many eggs? Only two, but under those two,” Sid’s strong fine hands described a generous arc, “a lotta hash. Then I’d take a real hot, leisurely bath, instead of the customary quick, cold shower. Just lie there... not thinking... floating—mentally as well as physically. Then I’d get dressed up, but real lackadaisical: Sport shirt, slacks, moccasins. Then I’d put everybody in the car—everybody meaning Florence and the kids—and we’d drive up to some country club. At the club I’d take a dip in the pool with the kids, after which Florence would stay with the kids and I’d shoot a round of golf—
Ricky and Shelley, to whom he is just Daddy. And almost as important are the few days each month when he can be by himself.

nine holes, not eighteen! Then I'd go back to the clubhouse, where I'd meet some friends, I hope ... funny thing, I'm afraid of being alone. It's the only fear I have that I know of, but it's real. I don't like to be alone.

“So then we'd sit on the clubhouse porch, my friends and I, and talk. I love to talk. Must be that I'd rather talk than eat—for, whereas I sometimes forget to eat, I never pass up a chance to talk. We wouldn't talk about show business, though. Carl Reiner is a good friend of mine. So is Howard Morris. So are all the kids on the show. After the show on Monday nights, Carl and his wife, Howie and his wife, Florence and I usually go out to dinner somewhere—to Danny's Hide-a-way most often. But other than the gang I work with, I have very few friends in my own profession. Two of my good friends are doctors—one, a psychiatrist; the other, a medical doctor. Let's suppose I meet up with the doctors, who probably don't want to talk shop, either. So maybe we talk about science. I love to talk about science. Like about this new spark—this man-made spark which travels (Continued on page 72)
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the doctors, who probably don't want to talk shop,
either. So maybe we talk about science. I love to talk
about science. Like about this new spark—this man-
made spark which travels (Continued on page 12)
BORN TO BE A HUSBAND
As Vanessa’s mate in Love Of Life, Richard Coogan can be a romantic problem ... but, at home with Gay . . .

By ERNST JACOBI

Richard treasures moments at home with Ricky and the Coogan menagerie—two parakeets, a canary, and Shadow, a cocker spaniel—or time out to admire cowboy Ricky’s midget stagecoach.

Gay and Ricky enjoy the TV adventures of Paul Raven, but their choice of roles for husband and father Richard is as leader of family vacation jaunts.

At twelve-fifteen on the dot, the maid knocked at the door, entered the bedroom where her employer was still asleep, deposited a cup of coffee on the night table and turned on the television. “I’m sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Coogan,” she said. “But you sure don’t want to miss Love Of Life, do you?”

Gay Coogan—whose husband, Richard, was then rehearsing for a Broadway play, besides appearing four to five times a week as Paul Raven in Love Of Life on CBS-TV—had been up working with him till three A.M. She had risen at seven to get their son, Ricky, dressed, fed and off to school . . . had given her husband his breakfast at nine . . . and finally tumbled back into bed (Continued on page 77)
For Peter Lawford, TV’s “Dear Phoebe,”
private life is really a paean of praise to “Dear Pat”

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Eventually,” said Peter Lawford, casual-like, to the striking brunette across
the dinner table from him, “I’d like to
be married to you. Would you?”
“Why don’t you ask me?” Pat Kennedy
breezed back.
“Will you?” he said.
She would.
And so they were married. And,
simultaneously, Peter Lawford—once Holly-
wood’s most eligible and elusive bachelor—
has soared to new career-heights advising
the lovelorn. . . . (Continued on page 81)

Peter Lawford stars in Dear Phoebe, NBC-TV, Fri.,
9:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Campbell Soup Co.
Unlike Margot of Valiant Lady, Katherine Anderson has fought for peace of mind—and won her fight.
Valiant Lady is a title which might not fit Margot herself, but it well describes Katherine, who plays the role.

By PETER CHARADE

LAST DECEMBER, when CBS tried a color telecast of Valiant Lady, Margot Finchley did the expected. She wore the reddest dress in town—just as any dyed-in-the-wool temptress should. But she only proved what everyone already knew in black-and-white. No matter what she wears, no matter what she does, Margot Finchley is still the most sympathetic villainess in daytime drama. She can be working her wiles on another woman's man. She can be as menacing as the TV Code allows. But she's so believably real, her motives so disarmingly human—you don't hate Margot, you feel sorry for her. You can see she isn't really bad, she's just plain, everyday unhappy.

To make an audience see all this takes more than acting technique, it takes an understanding heart. And Katherine Anderson, who plays the part, is brimming over with both. "Margot is very real to me," she says, instantly rushing to her defense before anyone can say a word against her. "It's her background. She was born on the wrong side of the tracks. That's what mixed her up."

But Katherine's sympathy goes deeper than psychological insight. It's practically self-identification. "I can't bear to see the hurt in Margot," she says. She knows what they are—those deep-seated hurts that start in childhood and last us a lifetime, those painful insecurities that twist our desires to senseless drives: "Actually, you see, we're very much alike."

But Katherine has long since outgrown her own private hurt. So what she really means—and it's almost a prayer of thanks—is that there . . . (Continued on page 96)

Katherine Anderson is Margot Finchley in Valiant Lady, over CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, as sponsored (on alternate days) by General Mills, Inc., and The Toni Company.
1. Jill Malone shows an old photograph of her dead mother to remind Jerry and his new wife Tracey of the first Mrs. Malone, whose memory lingers on.

2. Jerry also finds himself in the midst of a conflict at the Clinic, as Dr. Ted Mason and Marsha determine to have their own way with their plans.

Each of us treasures souvenirs from the past—or remembers with a flicker of pain or regret an episode we'd prefer to forget. An occasional glance over the shoulder can reveal the lessons to be learned from yesterday—but it is on today and on tomorrow that our eyes should really be focused. Dr. Jerry Malone's daughter, Jill, and his new wife, Tracey, have still to learn this.

Jill, a confused, groping adolescent, clings to the memory of her dead mother, Anne—Jerry's first wife. Angered and hurt by Jerry's decision to marry again, Jill withdraws into herself and, when Jerry and Tracey return from their honeymoon, they find her unresponsive and hostile. During their absence, young Jill had taken a photograph of Anne Malone and placed it on the ebony grand piano which was one of Jerry's and Tracey's wedding gifts. The picture declares for Jill all the antagonism she never openly states. It is her reminder that there was—and still is—the first Mrs. Malone. However, Jerry's mother had insisted that Jill remove the picture from the piano.

Cold and impassive, concealing every emotion natural to a sixteen-year-old, Jill begins to make little comments in Tracey's presence—comments which might mean nothing in themselves but in which, taken all together, Tracey is forced to read deep meaning.

In her opposition to Tracey, Jill plays a waiting game. She takes refuge with her grandmother, but Mother Malone sees that Jill is trying to draw her into taking sides in a conflict that must someday come out into the open. Wisely, Mother Malone refuses to let her granddaughter use her.

See Next Page—→
However, David, the young boy whom Jerry has taken into his home, does take sides. He understands Jill’s desire to force Tracey to leave Three Oaks so that she will no longer have to share her father with anyone. On the other hand, David—who will enter college next fall and who hopes to become a doctor—sees in Tracey an ideal of the mother he has never known.

Jerry and Tracey find that Jill’s attitude makes a closer relationship between them practically impossible. This—plus her discovery of Anne’s letters to Jerry—makes Anne a very real person to Tracey, who finds the ghost of his first wife has become a living part of their household. The ebony piano, which has come to symbolize a coffin to Jill, takes on the same dark meaning for Tracey—who had been a concert performer, but now refuses to play. To Tracey, the piano seems to play without anyone being there to touch its keys. She hears herself playing—and sees Craig Brando reflected in its polished black surface.

Tracey is haunted, not only by Jill’s reminders of Anne Malone, but by her own past, which she has tried to conceal. Nothing can make her forget the tragic events that led to her flight from Craig Brando, who had once guided her career—and her life. The memory of that night clouds Tracey’s happiness with Jerry, and he knows there is something in the past which sets up a barrier to the happy marriage he had hoped to build.

Then Craig Brando appears. Tracey, after her long

3. Jerry has taken young David into his home and now he helps him in his plans to become a doctor. Jill watches fondly, having fully accepted David as her brother. But she feels keen resentment of David’s open admiration for Tracey.
4. Tracey has never been able to escape the memory of that tragic night with Craig Brando. Now Craig appears once again and Tracey’s fears grow with each meeting.

5. As Mother Malone urges Jill to accept her father’s new wife, Jerry hopes Tracey and Jill can be friends. If Jill refuses, must Jerry Malone choose between them?

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Dr. Jerry Malone .............................................. Sandy Becker
Tracey Malone ................................................. Jone Allison
Jill Malone ......................................................... Rosemary Rice
Dr. Ted Mason .................................................... Bob Readick
Marsha Mason .................................................... Elspeth Eric
Mother Malone .................................................... Vera Allen
Craig Brando ...................................................... Bret Morrison
David ................................................................. Bill Mason

Young Dr. Malone is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Crisco and Joy.

flight, once again comes face to face with this strangely important man from her past life and begins to experience real fear. There would be nothing to fear if she would confide in Jerry, but Tracey cannot bring herself to speak of the happenings of that horrible night.

Even as Jerry seeks a way to break the conflict between Jill and Tracey—and the conflict of each with the past—the trouble which has long been brewing for him at the Dineen Clinic bursts into the open. Dr. Ted Mason has married Marsha Sutton and the Sutton money and influence seems likely to tip the scales in Ted’s favor. One thing becomes clear to Jerry: Marsha and Ted are trying to gain control of the Clinic!

Jerry’s work at the Clinic and with his own patients—and the experiences of his own life—have given him a deep understanding of human problems. Can he find from this wisdom a guide to winning Jill’s acceptance of Tracey and building a happy future around these two people whom he loves so much? And will Jerry be able to help his wife overcome the tragedy of her past before this strange menace drives Tracey to a desperate action? What lies ahead for Dr. Jerry Malone?
ROMANTIC ADVENTURER

Jim Bannon may not get the girl in Hawkins Falls, but he's a real he-man hero to all who know him.

Script girl Marilyn Lassen is one of many in TV who find Jim a grand guy to work with.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Had he been born a hundred years ago, Jim Bannon says, he would have painted "California or Bust" on a Forty-Niner's covered wagon and trekked out in search of gold. It would also have been fun, he thinks, to have been the swashbuckling sidekick of Sir Francis Drake. High adventure appeals to him. His taste for it might even explain why he became an actor: "I've had a chance to play those guys and a few more besides. I like action stuff."

Rangy, lithe, easygoing—and possessed of a slow drawl and a dry humor—Jim suits the type. He is six-feet-three, weighs a lean one-hundred-and-eighty pounds (Continued on page 92).

Jim Bannon is Mitchell Fredericks in Hawkins Falls, as seen on NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, at 4 P.M. EDT.
DORESE BELL

If ever a perpetual-motion award were created, one of its leading contenders would certainly be Dorese Bell. One of the busiest, brightest and most beautiful young ladies in radio, she airs her stimulating Dorese Bell Show twice a day on Tuesdays and Thursdays over ABC. The rest of her time is spent gathering the wealth of news and information she presents, interviewing celebrities, and covering any and all the events of interest to women. "My work keeps me busy almost 24 hours a day, seven days a week," says Dorese, adding enthusiastically, "but I love it. It is my life, my love—everything." . . . Dorese was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and was graduated with honors from Arlington Hall College in Virginia. Then she studied for two years at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The day after she left the Academy she won a leading role in the Broadway production of "Junior Miss." This was followed by a season of summer stock in Milwaukee and a part in "Many Happy Returns," with Mary Astor. During the war, Dorese toured the East as the United Nations Victory Queen, selling War Bonds. Then, after spending a year in Hollywood, she settled down in Rochester, New York. Since there were no dramatic openings there, Dorese decided to try something different. "One night," she explains, "I shot up in bed and said to myself, 'That's it—radio!'" The next day she visited one of Rochester's stations, and talked officials into hiring her. The result—she became Women's Editor and Radio Commentator at Station WRNY, and later was femcee, writer and producer of the WHAM-TV show, Hi Neighbor. When the yen to travel came again, Dorese moved to Washington, D. C., and appeared as hostess on shows such as G-E Theater and TV Card Party. However, she discovered her true niche when she was given her present-type show. . . . Since January, Dorese has been broadcasting from New York, but weekends she commutes to Washington to visit her folks. Because she has been such a girl-on-the-go, Dorese hasn't had time to "collect" hobbies—except for her beloved little Cairn terrier, "Tiger." And, in spite of her hectic pace, Dorese says, "I've never been sick a day in my life. I get my sleep on trains, planes and buses. I even take a three-minute nap in the studio, just before air time." As to the future, Dorese looks forward to even more work, and hopes to have her show on TV as well as radio. When this occurs, folks across the land will have the pleasure of seeing as well as hearing this delightful, talented young lady.
ART WANER

ART WANER was destined to be a musician—even though he enrolled at New York University intent on becoming a schoolteacher. Soon, however, he realized that teaching was no easy chore, so he switched to music. Why? “Because I just happened to like it.” Many other important things “just happened” to Art. After he had graduated from college, he happened to be walking by the once-popular Leon and Eddy’s night club and decided to stop in and see the manager. It just so happened that the club’s pianist was sick and, when Art said he was a pianist, the manager hired him for the night. That one night turned into an eight-year stint and the makings of Art’s career. Upon leaving Leon and Eddy’s, Art formed a larger orchestra than the one he’d had and moved on to the famous Latin Quarter. He’s been there ever since, playing music that’s “sweet with a beat.” ABC listeners have also been enjoying “the piano of Art Waner and his orchestra” each afternoon on Latin Quarter Matinee. As added spice, Art provides record collectors with some of his own songs on the M-G-M label. All of which makes his life a continuous but happy one of music, music, music.

Latin Quarter Matinee, ABC Radio (not WABC), M-F, 4 P.M. EDT.
STARS and STORIES of the day

ABC Radio serves its listeners across the land with a tasty daytime fare of music, news and drama

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Latin Quarter Matinee: Stor Art Waner provides lovely musical accompaniment for guest star Jerry Colonna as he believes a serenade to Latin Quarter chorny Kay Kier, Sue Mengers, Beverly Richards.

Doreese Bell comments on news and people over ABC Radio (except WARC, New York), 11:05 A.M. and 4:25 P.M. EDT.
WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A marriage, to be truly successful, must be based on mutual understanding. Without this, a man and wife would find it impossible to weather the storms that can besiege even the happiest partnership. Throughout their married years, Joan and Harry Davis have known great happiness together and, though their love has often been tested to the fullest, it has never been found wanting. There is much to be learned from Joan and Harry; they are to be admired and respected for showing others—that there is, come what may, everything to gain When A Girl Marries.

When A Girl Marries, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, is sponsored by Air-Wick, Nylast, other products.

WHISPERING STREETS

Along all the infinite highways and byways of the world there are many whispering voices to be heard—of people past and present. A baby's cry... a telephone conversation... a shout of anger... a song of love... each is a clue to some personal drama that can prove to be filled with excitement, happiness, tragedy. Hope Winslow has always been particularly sensitive to such sounds, and, as narrator of Whispering Streets, she introduces her listeners each week to a new, dramatic story that takes us one step farther down life's path and helps us to understand more fully the whisperings we ourselves hear.

Whispering Streets, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:25 A.M. EDT, for Carnation Evaporated Milk and Friskies Dog Food.
The eternal triangle has a happy ending, as acted by William Windom, Lorna Lynn and Lon Clark, on My True Story.

MY TRUE STORY

Life has many lessons to teach all of us. Sometimes, we must learn these lessons through suffering and seeing others suffer. But we should never forget, when we find ourselves in troubled times, that there are others who have been through a similar experience . . . and are all the wiser for it. And, when these people tell their story—their own true story—they open the door to happiness for countless others. This is what happens on My True Story, which, each day, dramatizes a chapter from the book of life. Each episode, taken from the files of True Story Magazine, is a real-life drama which shows how people have met and triumphed over the universal problems of love, jealousy and hate, hope, fear and despair. The people involved could easily be your friends . . . your neighbors . . . your own family. The problems they have to solve might well be the ones you are facing. My True Story brings to life—and right into your life—the stirring, heart-rending experiences which have helped untold listeners avoid tragedy and find living ever more worthwhile.
Like Margie herself, Gale Storm takes life joyously—
but with an abiding faith which gives her the

Answer to Her Prayers

By BUD GOODE

One day at Sunday school, when Gale Storm was just six years old, the teacher was talking about faith, hope and charity. "I knew what hope and charity were," says Gale, "but, to a six-year-old, faith was like the mysteries of long division in kindergarten. When I came into my mother's sewing room that afternoon, I asked her.

"'Honey,' she said, 'faith is like a bank account of prayers. In order to increase your belief you have to deposit your prayers every day.'"

Gale's mother, Mrs. Minnie Cottle, painted a word picture she could understand. The example Mrs. Cottle set for Gale, her brothers and sisters, made religion a way of living. When Gale was a child, every Sunday, with their mother in the lead, the Cottle family trotted off to the local Methodist church, following one another in stair-step order, right down to little Gale. At two and a half, fair hair bobbing, she toddled along six heads below her older brother's shoulder, very much like the family's pet duck.

Continued
My Little Margie sets off for radio—while Lee and sons Phillip, Peter and Paul are still watching for Gale on TV.

Both Lee’s insurance business and Gale’s broadcasting, as the Bonnells relax with Phillip (below, left), Paul, Peter, and Jolie.
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Continued
Answer to Her Prayers

(Continued)

Gale's very industrious mother, supporting her brood of five with her sewing, had one foible: Nearly every Saturday night—late—she insisted on starting a needle-and-thread project. Sunday, after church, of course, she simply had to finish it. When Gale pointed out that Sunday was a day of rest, her mother said, "When the ox is in the ditch, you have to pull him out. That's straight from the Bible. Now you children go out and play." The fact was that Mrs. Cottle had to sew on Sundays to keep her family going.

Today, Gale still likes to do some of her own sewing. (She picked out the material for the curtains in her new home; in their former house, she made the curtains, drapes, and denim bedspreads in the boys' room.) Sunday is Gale's only day free from TV and radio. When her husband, Lee Bonnell, says: "Today is supposed to be a day of rest," Gale replies, "When the ox is in the ditch..." It's one of her favorite expressions.

Gale and Lee had the same religious background and training. This was very important to them when she and Lee decided to get married. Marriage is the most reverent act in all our lives, and, in taking the step, it's good to have many things in common—a spiritual bond is one of the most important. When Gale and Lee decided to marry, the first thing they wanted to do was join a church.

"My Little Margie," says Gale, "had nothing on me. I was just as zany as she is. When, at seventeen, I told my mother, 'I've just met the man I'm going to marry,' she said, 'Yes, dear,' in a maddeningly patronizing way. When I said, 'It's really him—I know it is,' she looked at me as if there were no hope.

'But a year later, when I told her, 'We're seriously looking for a church to join together,' she changed her mind. Mother thought this was the most sensible thing two young people could do, who had marriage in mind. 'There might,' she (Continued on page 84)

Gale Storm is My Little Margie—as seen on NBC-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for Scott Paper Co.—heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Philip Morris Cigarettes and Campana Sales Co.

Counter service for Peter and Paul, with Gale as short-order chef. "Bricks" in fireplace are really petrified wood.
The Mariners

(Continued from page 39)

nothing but love, and she gives them plenty." He grins, "Anyway, there's no chance of her ever being lonely."

The man who doesn't see quite eye-to-eye with Karl on a "family unlimited" is Nat Dickerson. Nat has two children and—considering today's cost of living—thinks two is just about right. And he has another thought: He and his wife Ellen are looking forward to the day when they will get a little time for each other.

Ellen, although she stands only five-two, is so feminine and charming that it's almost impossible to imagine keeping her a secret for a whole year—but that's what Nat did. Ellen was a secret bride, and it was wholly a result of career problems.

Nat was born in Waycross, Georgia, but he was still a child when the family moved to Philadelphia. That's where his musical education began. Later, he went to Fisk University and was a featured singer with the renowned Jubilee Singers. He then studied voice at Juilliard School of Music. He appeared in the Broadway production of "Porgy and Bess," and gave a concert at Carnegie Recital Hall. He won the coveted Marian Anderson scholarship which enabled him to study voice privately for one year. Nat had a great voice. But he wasn't rich, because concert singers don't get rich very quickly or very often. And when, in 1945, he fell in love, his troubles began.

Nat had sponsors, several wealthy people who were contributing to his advanced study. They believed in Nat, but they paid his expenses for art's sake, and they thought marriage would interfere with his progress. "A lot of people feel that way," Nat says charitably. "People have the idea that an artist can't have time for a family. It's not necessarily true."

After quite a bit of debate, inner and outer, Nat and Ellen were married. They told only his parents and her parents. Beyond that, not even brothers and sisters knew. "And I made wonderful progress with my voice," Nat says.

In his honeymoon year, he won a place in another Broadway hit, "Finian's Rainbow." That same year, the Mariners became a permanent fixture on the Godfrey show. However, not even the boys in the quartet knew he was married.

Finally, in 1947, Nat and Ellen sent out formal wedding invitations—but the announcement was dated for June 22, 1946. "We're already married," Nat explained. "We're just a little late with the invitations."

Nat has two children, a little girl six years old and a boy who will be four this July. Ellen has insisted that they both be named after their father so they are, respectively, Natalie and Nathaniel.

The Dickersons recently moved from Jersey into a new ranch-style home in Stamford, Connecticut. Ellen has furnished the house in modern with a touch of Chinese. She enjoys working with colors, whether it's in the garden and the house or in choosing clothes for Nat. She always selects Nat's suit and tie and shirt for the next day. "She has to," Nat says. "I pick terrible combinations."

For the quartet's top tenor, the day starts at five-thirty. The kids are up, too, and Nat's good for a short game of hide-and-seek while he's shaving. They all breakfast together. Nat has learned to eat soft-boiled eggs for the sake of the children. Now he can do it with hardly a grimace. Between seven and seven-thirty, he catches a train into Manhattan. Usually, when he gets home, everyone is asleep.

The children are devoted to Nat and,
The kids once woke Tom Lockard gleefully to tell him the yard was flooded!

when he is home weekends, dog him around the house and through the dogwood in the yard. But from Natalie—for whom he lear-ed to eat soft-boiled eggs—Nat got a knuckle-rapping. She and her brother were arguing over a book—a book that didn’t belong to either. Father, angry, snatched it out of her hand. “She didn’t say a word,” Nat recalls. “At least a half-hour went by, and then she came up to me and noted, ‘Daddy, you shouldn’t grab things from people. It’s ill-mannered.’” Nat adds: “That’s the first time I had the feeling she was really growing up. I think very soon now Ellen and I will have our independence.”

Ten minutes away, in New Canaan, with Norwegian spruce instead of dogwood, lives big Jim Lewis. Jim is the man who submerges for those low bass notes. Jim is tall and handsome. His appearance generally belies his intensity.

Jim was born and raised in Birmingham. As a child he studied music and, by the time he got to high school, was singing solo and leading the school orchestra. He graduated from Talladega College with a major in sociology. But, when he got to New York, he auditioned for Bill Robinson’s Broadway production of “The Hot Mikado” and was hired. Afterwards, Jim played the Ruban Bleu and Cafe Society night clubs.

Jim was working in the recreation office of the U.S. Coast Guard station at Manhattan Beach, New York, in 1942, when the Mariners first organized. Each of the boys was performing individually at camp functions until an officer asked them to sing as a group. “Even though each of us was kind of a prima donna,” Jim recalls, “we tried it and liked it. We thought we’d like to stick together.” An admiral heard them and decided that they would. So for the duration of the war, as the Coast Guard Quartet, they performed at hospitals, canteens, theaters, bond rallies and on radio programs.

Even then, Jim Lewis began to handle the business end of the quartet. Maybe that’s why he was the last to marry. Jim didn’t marry until well after the war. When he met Janice Brooks, she was at Columbia University working on her master’s degree. Her major was public health and she held a B.S. degree from the University of California, besides being a Registered Nurse. Jim found her charming, intelligent and nice to look at.

“We kind of stalled about getting married,” Jim says. “We were in love, but I wasn’t ready. Then Janice went back to her home in California, for she had really come East only to study. She was back there a year when I proposed by phone.”

They married in 1948 and, until a year ago, lived in New York. Now, in Connecticut, they have a handsome, white, split-level house that is loaded with J’s. “We’re not superstitious or anything,” Jim says, “but it just kind of happened. We named our first baby Janec, after her mother and her grandmother Jane. That was four years ago. Last Christmas day, we had our second little girl, and she is named Jacyn.”

The names, Janec and Jacyn, are inventions of Jim and Janice. So is the name of their Airedale, Juba. Jim is keen about dogs and, until recently, raised sheep and herds. He’s taken courses in training and breeding but, for lack of time, has given it up as an avocation.

The band is furnished in what Jim calls “conservative modern.” They have designated one little room as the television room so that it won’t monopolize everything else. In the dining room there is a picturesque “chow, low key,” which Jim himself designed to hold dishes and which he calls a “China boy.” He also designed another unit which is the storage place for paraphernalia and record collection. Jim collects mostly old recordings of great singers—discs like those of Battistini, Caruso, Chaliapin, and others from the golden age of singing.

He is keenly interested in painting on weekends by such elemental plantings as scrubbery and rhododendrons. This past spring, he started a rock garden. “Collecting rocks in Connecticut is like carrying coal to New-

The photographs are Nat Dickerson’s hobby and his favorite subject is his family.

in a house that was only five blocks from a restaurant at a place called El Monte High School and Pasadena Junior College—both schools had cafeterias. Later, he majored in music at U.C.L.A.—and walked by a diner almost every day. He sang on concert tours and radio; he had an engagement with the Los Angeles Opera Company—and at this time met a baritone who cooked spaghetti. So, naturally, the Coast Guard made Tom Lockard a cook.

Tom is one Mariner who never stopped “marinating.” He has always lived near or on the ocean. He has had boats whenever he could afford one. Today, he has a twenty-five-foot Owens cabin express cruiser. His home is so close to the sea that occasionally the tide comes halfway up his terrace.

Tom’s wife, Ginny, is a petite blonde, one of the founders of the Chordettes. Tom and Ginny met when the Chordettes were members of the Godfrey family. They were married in 1952. Ginny continued singing until the Chordettes went on the road. Then she quit and became a housewife.

They live in a single-level, white brick house. It originally had seven rooms but they have added two. “Had to do it for the kids,” Tom explains. Every weekend and during vacations, they have four children in their home. Ginny and Tom have both been married previously. Tom has two daughters from his first marriage, Paula, almost seven, and Marlayna, ten. Keith, nine, is Ginny’s first child. Tom’s and Ginny’s baby is Kathi, who is one-year-plus.

During the past winter, Ginny taught the children a little barber-shop harmony. Tom gave lessons at ice skating. With warm weather, they will have the boat out and begin their excursions to the cottage
on Fire Island, just off Long Island. Tom's home is in Freeport, Long Island, and he has a street address, but the house is situated between two canals, the nearest being within a hundred yards.

One night, Tom thought he heard water lapping on the lawn. He went back to sleep figuring it was his imagination. At six, the kids woke him and they were delighted with the sight from the window. The tide had moved in a hundred yards and was halfway up their lawn. "I figured that another three feet and it would be in the living room."

Tom phoned the fire department—why he chose them he still doesn't know—and he asked what was the time for high tide. They told him six and, since it was just passing six, he stopped worrying. The kids were still having a ball and, with glee, pointed out that the station wagon, parked at the curb, was half-submerged in water.

"I was supposed to get out to the airport," Tom recalls. "The quartet had a date out of town." The firemen came to his rescue and toted him out of the house.

Otherwise, Ginny and Tom live quietly. "We go to a night club about once a month or even less often," he says, "and that's just for the fun of getting dressed up and getting out. We always get bored quickly and go home early."

Tom and Ginny may sing together for friends or just for the fun of it. Tom bought Ginny one of those instruments called a "recorder," and he takes to the piano for instrumental duets. She has recently begun to study voice again.

Ginny has staged benefits in the community, for she has had enough experience in the business to coach both the dancing and singing. Tom always helps out on the program by donating a couple of solos. Ginny is also a "den mother" for the Cub Scouts. "She wears a Boy Scout shirt and overseas cap to the meetings," Tom observes. "No den mother should look as cute as she does."

Tom is by far a better cook, but Ginny does most of the cooking and finds it quite frustrating—for Tom, with no warning, goes off and on diets. A diet, however, doesn't stop Tom from making his specialty, Hungarian goulash. "You'd think I was crazy if I told you how I make it," he says. "The only thing that doesn't go in it is Hungary. That stays in Europe."

Tom, like his children, is happy-go-lucky to a degree. He is also very serious. He takes both his work and people seriously. He likes and trusts people—never locks his garage or home or his locker at the Y gym. He's a thorough optimist.

But it all began for Tom and the others in the hold of a troop carrier en route to the South Pacific. A tornado was raging and the war was still on with the Japanese. At that moment, they decided to go professional, and chose the name of The Mariners.

The pact was made in face of tremendous odds, but they've kept it. With Arthur's blessings, they have established precedents in the field of entertainment. They have overcome individual ambitions to function smoothly as a team. They've "grown up" together.

"We're closer than friends. We're more like a family," says Martin Karl. "And you know the way a family gets. In spite of divergent views, you get to be a little alike. It's an abstract kind of thing."

They have proven their faith in the idea that men can work together. Not least, they have proven their faith in those millions who have become their audience. The Mariners have had a wonderful success, and it couldn't have happened to four nicer guys.
Caesar's Finest Hour

As boys in Yonkers, New York, Sid and his two older brothers worked as bouncers in their father's restaurant, the St. Clair Lunch. It was while listening to the thunderous recitations of the patrons who wanted long lines and the company of Caesar began to amass his extraordinary repertoire of dialects, accents and "foreign languages.

With "human comedy" as his source of material, Caesar has been a part of the show for hours of the day and night, and everywhere—adding to his amazing virtuosity.

All this—and the business administration of Shelley, too! For, although the spoken words of Shelley are popularly misinterpreted by NBC-TV, he is a fanatical stickler for the air time, they render unto Caesar the monies for the show, and it is Caesar who pays his own salary and the salaries of his personnel and hires himself. He also takes the tab for the rental of Shelley's offices, which are sumptuously housed on two floors of a mansion on Broadway, one of the West 57th Street. On the lower floor the producer, dance and music directors, writers and secretaries have their well-equipped offices. On the lower floor also is the restaurant, which is vast and airy and hung with silk draperies the color of the sun. On the upper floor is Sid's private office and this is quite a deal! The colors of the office are white and unfurnished and its size is monstrous; man-size chairs, a wide, deep, extra-long davenport wall-to-wall carpeting—are mostly strong greens and reds. The ceiling-to-floor draperies are putty-colored. There is a 21-inch screen color television set. Among the many paintings on the walls (browsing about art galleries and collecting guns are Sid's two rather incongruous but good hobbies) is a Picasso and a Rouault. Over the massive desk, a skylight opens to the heavens. Sid's lunch is served him at his desk. It is prepared in a small kitchen situated at the corner of the corridor leading to the office, by Homer, the pleasant-faced man who eats to the inner man of Shelley Corp.'s headman.

In this office, and/or the rehearsal hall, I spend more time, Sid told me, "than I do at home."

With Caesar, as with Steve Allen, Jackie Gleason, Bob Hope, and other heads of literary luminaries on TV—time—or the lack of it—is the chronic and common complaint, as common as the common cold. Lack of time for rest and recreation, for friends, for hobbies like writing novels, which Sid says holds to be the greatest of all—for as he so wisely says: "If you have a high TV rating, that's good, that's fine, that's what you're working for, what you want but—the rating that really counts is the one you have with your family."

Caesar's rating, both on TV and at home, which is a comfortable, large apartment on New York's West Side. The view is, as of now, slightly astronomical.

That his TV rating should be up There is to be expected, if the rewards of honest work stand all they're cracked up to be. But for the satisfactory state of affairs at work and at home, Sid thanks the cue he has found for the "common complaint" (said to be incurable) among the TV great.

"What I do," says Sid, "I take three days out of each month (three days out of the one week we're not on the air) and go home to Woodbridge, New York—where Florence and I first met when I was entertaining the summer guests at the Lodge and she was a counselor at a near-by girls' camp. These days out are not to be confused, by the way, with that 'one day off' dream about. These days have a purpose,
they are therapeutic. For what do I do up there? I just walk about by myself. Quiet down, Figure out what has happened in the whirlwind I just left. Maybe get up some empty bottles for target practice.

"In the evening, I like to play pinochle. I go into the town, into the back room of a little luncheonette, and play with three pals of mine—Steve Slater, who is a garage mechanic; Ray Rethel, a farmer; and Bernie Chonin, a gunsmith. Our stakes: We play 25 cents for 1200 points. Firehouse pinochle—if very unlucky, you can lose about two dollars! After the game we may sit around a while and chew the fat. Their fat, not mine. We talk about guns and earthenware and cabbages. Those tons of cabbages Ray bought, thinking there was going to be a shortage and there wasn't and Ray was stuck with tons a'wasting. We'll tell our wives to put up sauerkraut, we told him; we'll eat cole slaw three times a day. It's good talk, good for me. I'm in three other worlds."

"But during the days—all three of them—I sit by myself, or I walk around by myself and figure what is happening to me, and in me. I sit back and take stock and I say, as Fred Allen put it, 'It's a treadmill, through with one show, start another.' But for every working man, I think then, every working day is a treadmill, and some more uphill than others. So don't try to frustrate yourself, I advise myself, by thinking, I could be doing this, or that, and that the grass is greener on the other side. It isn't. And when you rationalize, you know that you must adapt to what you can do and be, to what you are. Like I might want to be a Shah, but I can't be a Shah. You can take it from there. . . ."

"I think about the things I've got to be thankful for and I know the most thankful thing I've got is that I've got healthy children. If there's a fever of 105°, as Richard had when he was coming down with chicken pox; (only we didn't know it was chicken pox) then you really go crazy! I think about Richard and how big he is, 62 pounds at three years of age, 4 feet, 3 inches tall, big and fine. And about how we're bringing up Shelley to be an individual. It's hard, they tell you, for the children of movie, stage or TV stars to be individuals because, they say, 'They're in the shadow.' Shelley is not in the shadow of anyone, nor Richard. Not in mine, they're not. I cast no shadow. I'm not 'The Star' at home, I'm just Daddy.

"I think about money—who doesn't—and I think the money is as important as you make it. It's nice stuff to have around. I like to buy paintings with it, and guns. We want a house in the country—Florence is looking for one this very day, in Riverdale, New York. I like a good car, good food, good clothes. But the person who wants only material things is a very poor person, indeed, no matter how much money he's got in the bank.

"I think about Florence. I think about her in relation to my career and about how she is my career. For she is. She is all of it. Because, if we have an argument and if I don't have time to talk it out with her, it reflects in my work, it affects me in my work. It affects me.

"In a man's career, as in a game of chess, I often think, the queen is the most powerful piece on the board. In the game of chess the main job of the queen is to protect the king. In life (also a game) there is this difference—the queen can either protect you or attack you! A smart and intelligent queen makes your life so much easier. And you should treat her like a queen. Main thing is not just coming home with flowers and candy—some of that, of course—but more important to kiss her when you say goodbye in the morning, but a real kiss . . . only takes two seconds! And if there is something unresolved between you, talk it out—it can only help!"

"I understand Florence more than I used to. Until recently I didn't understand women (plural)—what made them do certain things, say certain things, what did they want, where were they going. It's only when you come to know that a woman has the same need for warmth and affection you have, that you can't just take the warmth and love, you have to give it, and in the same measure—only then do you find a state of happiness.

"I have found a true state of happiness. My three days of quiet each month have helped me find it.

"I help myself in other ways, too—I take twenty pills a day," (whereupon, before my amazed eyes, Caesar swallowed ten of the twenty; monsters they were, too). "Twenty pills a day," he repeated.

"Vitamin pills—Vitamin C, B, B-Complex, A, Brewer's Yeast, and so on. Why not? Want a car to get you some place, got to take care of it. If a man has a store, he sees to it that the stock is in good repair, the books in order. He minds the store. I am my own business and I've got to look after it. I mind the store, too!"

"I'm also trying to disprove the theory that youth is wasted on the young by taking care of myself now. And it's paying dividends—for, since the mental attitude stems from the physical condition, I not only feel better, I think better, am more alert, more alive than I have ever been in my lifetime (23 years of it)!

"And happier. I'm happy because I have a wonderful state of mind now. I'm happy at home. That says it all. Because when you're happy at home, you're happy everywhere."

Hail, Caesar!

**NOW! SOFT, GLOWING HAIR IN 20 SECONDS!**

Condition your hair this new non-oily way! New Improved SUAVE—with Helene Curtis greaseless lanolin—relieves dryness and brittleness instantly! Gives dull hair satiny glow—makes it obey the new soft way!

Gives hair healthy-looking glow! suave sparkles hair to a healthy-looking glow! Adds highlights, never oily look—thanks to greaseless lanolin.

Controls hair—makes arranging so easy! suave tames wispy ends and stubborn strands. Perfect hair-dos in a jiffy! And it keeps hair in place so softly.

Hair dry, dull, brittle, abused? Helene Curtis suave brings back softness and luster instantly, invites hair to wave—and protects your hair, too!

Makes hair exciting to touch! suave hairdressing gives you soft, shimmering, perfectly groomed hair. Don't wait—get New Improved Helene Curtis suave today!

**NEW! with amazing greaseless lanolin**
Inside Radio
All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

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- National Broadcasting Company
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**Inside Radio**

_4th Edition_
NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, MAY 8—JUNE 7

Baseball on TV

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Monday through Friday

7:00 | Morning Show—Everything’s Jack

8:55 | Herb Shellenberger, Host

10:00 | Gorry Moore Show—Moore fun for all

10:30 | Ding Dong School—TV nursery

11:00 | Arthur Godfrey Time—Time to relax

11:30 | Way Of The World—Drama

12:00 | Strike It Rich—Hull-hearted quiz

12:30 | Volland Lady—Flora Campbell stars

12:45 | (At 2:30) The Guiding Light

1:00 | Inner Flame—Portia faces life

1:15 | Croire Monn—for health & beauty

1:30 | Rod Of Life—Don Macloughlin stars

1:55 | Welcome Travelers—from Chi.

2:00 | Food For Thought—Virginia Graham

2:00 | Robert Lewis Show—Modern

2:30 | Linkletter’s House Party—Welcome

3:00 | Jinx Falkenburg—Mrs. McCrory calls

3:00 | Big Boy—Flintstones—Games

3:30 | Ted Mack’s Motetee—Real nice guy

3:30 | Bob Crosby Show—Variety with verve

4:00 | The Brighter Day—Drama

4:15 | Hawkins Falls—Serial

4:15 | Secret Storm—Serial

4:30 | First Love—Pat Barry in lead

4:30 | Tea—Young Comedians—Comedy quiz

5:00 | World Of Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles

EARLY EVENING

7:00 | Kuklo, Fon & Ollie—Puppets

7:15 | John Daly Comments—News


LATE NIGHT

10:00 | Million Dollar Movies—Some schedule as above

11:00 | News & Sports

11:00 | Liberace—Concerts by candlelight

11:15 | Tonight—Steve Allen’s allotment

12:45 | The Late Late Show—A.M. cinema

Monday P.M.

7:30 | Life With Elizabeth—Betty White

8:00 | Burns & Allen—Jumped耦合ed comedy

8:30 | Co-Hosts’ Hour—Sid with Nanette & Don McSorley—M. D. M. Showcase

8:30 | TV Digest—Articles dramatized

8:30 | Talent Scouts—Godfrey’s spotlight

9:00 | Voice Of Firestone—Long-hair recital

9:00 | Love Lucy—Don’s dizzy Ball

9:00 | The Mid-Week—Mazie’s TV shows

9:30 | December Bride—Springy stuff

10:00 | Robert Montgomery Present

10:00 | Entertainment One—Fine hour dramas

10:30 | Big Top—Mark Stevens as Steve

Tuesday

8:00 | Life With Mother—Family comedy

8:30 | Milton Berle—May 10 & 24; Mother May, 17; Bob Hope, May 31.

8:30 | Life Is Worth Living—Bishop Sheen

8:30 | Halls Of Ivy—The Ronald Colman

9:00 | Meet Millie—Dazzling, dazzling blonde

9:00 | Fireside Theater—Filmed stories

9:30 | Red Skelton Show—Howlarious

9:30 | Circle Theater—Live dramas

10:30 | U.S. Steel Theater—Elgin Theater

Wednesday

7:30 | Disneyland—Fascinating always

8:00 | Godfrey & Friends—Variety

8:30 | My Little Margie—B. A. N. C. of the Air—Stories of heroism

9:00 | The Millionaire—Stories

9:30 | Kroft Theater—Fine, live teleplays

9:30 | Mosque Party—Costume quiz

9:30 | Marcia’s panel quiz

9:30 | Who Said That?—John Daly knows

10:00 | Blue Ribbon Boxing—May 25

Thursday

7:00 | Guy Lombardo—High color mix

7:30 | Finders Keepers—Robbins’ nest egg

8:00 | Mr. McNeilty—Merry Millard & The Phony Fraulein—Life—Groucho

8:30 | Climax—Hour suspense drama except May 12, Shower Of Stars—musical

9:00 | Star Tonight—Original plays

9:30 | Four Star Playhouse—TV tales filmed

9:30 | Ford Theater—Filmed stories

10:00 | Pond’s Theater—Hour-long teleplays

10:30 | Public Defender—Reed Hadley stars

10:30 | Lux Video Theater—Dramas

10:30 | Willy—Comedy Havoc with June

10:30 | Rocket Squad—Reed Hadley again

Friday

7:30 | Life With Elizabeth—So cute

8:00 | Mama—Inspirational

8:30 | Secret Files, U.S.A.—Adventures

8:30 | Ozzie & Harriet—Always fun

9:00 | Tupper—Hocus-pocus comedy

9:30 | Life With Elizabeth—Gay & giddy

9:30 | Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas

9:30 | Big Story—Newsmen in action

9:30 | Mr. & Mrs. North—Wah享受nts

9:30 | Our Miss Brooks—Evo Ardently yours

9:30 | Door Phoebe—Peter Lawford

10:00 | The Vise—Hair-raisers from England

10:00 | The Line-Up—City detectives at work

10:00 | Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety

10:30 | Person To Person—At-home interviews

10:30 | Mr. District Attorney—Drama

Saturday

7:30 | Beat the Clock—Bud Collyer, prizes

7:30 | Show Wagon—Hold’s talent salutes

8:00 | Leslie Uggams—Gleeften comedy

8:00 | Tony Randall—B. A. N. C. of the Air—Zoot Sims

9:00 | Two For The Money—Quiz, Shriner

9:00 | Imogene Coca—Guaranteed delightful June 4, Max Liebman Present

9:30 | My Favorite Husband—Lotta laughs

9:30 | Durante—O’Connor Shows

10:00 | Donny & Company

10:00 | George Gobel—Prince of clowns

10:30 | Doman Runyon Theater—Stories

10:30 | Your Hit Parade—Musical skits

Sunday

6:00 | I Love Lucy—Reprise of 1951 Shows

7:00 | It’s People Are Funny—Funny

7:30 | You Asked For It—You get it

7:30 | The Merv Griffin Show—May 8 & 22. Other Sundays, Ann Sothern’s Private Secretary.

7:30 | Mr. Peepers—Wally Cox comedy except May 22, Max Liebman Present

8:00 | Townsend—Town—Variety

8:00 | Comedy Hour—Gordon MacRae, emce

9:00 | G.E. Theater—Ronald Reagan, host

9:30 | TV Playhouse—Hour-long plays

10:00 | Anatole in drama

10:00 | Life Begins At Eight—Panel show

10:00 | Appointment With Adventure—Drama

10:30 | Loretta Young Show—Stories

10:30 | Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz

10:30 | What’s My Line?—Job game

10:30 | Bob Cummings Show—Comedy
Born To Be a Husband

(Continued from page 51)
a round ten, when the maid arrived for the day. She was still half asleep when the sound came in on the set, the commercials were over and her husband appeared on the screen—her husband, Richard Coogan—smooching with his beautiful young screen bride, Vanessa.

"Oh, no," Gay murmured, jumping out of bed. "Not that!" And, with a sharp twist of her hand, off went the set.

Gay Coogan insists her reaction had nothing whatever to do with jealousy. Six years before, when she was expecting her first child, Ricky, she'd looked on without flinching while Dick nightly held an embrace with Mae West through six successive curtain calls, during the run of "Diamond Lil." She'd seen him make love to a number of glamorous actresses on screen or stage without paying the slightest attention to it. But, as she explains it, she, too, had finally reached a point where she was temporarily getting mixed up among the multiple lives of her husband.

She'd long observed the public's tendency to confuse reality with make-believe, where her husband was concerned, though she'd always considered herself immune from it. She'd been vastly amused at the uproar Rick, Jr., had caused in a motion picture where they'd taken him to see his father in "Three Hours to Kill," with Dana Andrews. Rick didn't like it at all, when he saw his father get a beating in a highly realistic fight scene toward the end of the picture, "That man is going to kill you, Daddy," he protested loudly.

Dick tried to reassure him, pointing out that he was, after all, sitting right next to him, but it didn't help. "Watch out! He's going to kill you, Daddy—he'll kill you." Dick waited, sending the audience into hysterics during the film's most exciting moment.

At another time, Dick's eight-year-old niece, Sandy—who, along with his twenty-two other nieces and nephews, is a loyal and devoted follower of Love Of Life—was quite shocked upon learning that Van was expecting a baby. "Oh, dear," she piped up, "does Aunt Gay know about this?"

Even on the radio, when Dick played Abie Levy in Abie's Irish Rose, neighbors used to stop him all the time, advising him in all seriousness whether or not to move to the country and buy Rosie her house with the "pickle" fence.

Later, when he was television's Captain Video, small fry and grownups alike used to greet Dick as "Captain." "I gave up the part in the nick of time," he says. "Imagine any kid having Captain Video for a father! It would have been kind of tough, being a hero twenty-four hours a day. And I would have had to disillusion Rick."

But, when it comes to being identified by the public with a specific role, Dick has reached his peak as Paul Raven in Love Of Life. It is hard to believe that this should happen in a presumably hard-boiled and sophisticated city like New York, but rarely a day goes by that Dick isn't given advice of some sort by some well-meaning stranger. Not long ago, as he was leaving a Fifth Avenue bus, he was confronted by a middle-aged, well-dressed lady. "Now look here, Paul Raven," the lady said kindly. "You listen to me and come clean with Van. It's never any good trying to hide secrets from your wife. Especially not with that sister-in-law of yours."

As is well known to several million followers of Love Of Life, Paul Raven is burdened by the memory of an unhappy marriage in his past. To add to the confusion, Deputy Sheriff File—who Dick Coogan portrayed recently on Broadway in "The Rainmaker"—had a similarly unpleasant secret in his past: A wife who ran away with a traveling salesman. However, unlike either of these harassed men, Dick in real life is happily married to his first and only wife—the girl he met, as a very young man, among the cast of the production that gave him his first walk-on part as a professional actor.

Dick Coogan and Gay Adams both made their stage debuts as members of the cast of the late Leslie Howard's notable 1936 production of "Hamlet," Dick carrying a spear and understudying the role of Fortinbras, and Gay as a lady-in-waiting. They did not it, may be noted, fall in love at first sight.

"Gay had a couple of very cute wire-haired fox terriers that followed her around at rehearsals," Dick recalls. "Each time I came around trying to pat one of them, wanting to be friendly, she'd take off, taking them for a walk or something. I loved dogs, but I began to despise those two interfering mutts."

Gay claims today that this was strictly accidental, but admits she thought Dick was too good-looking for comfort. Tall, slender, long-limbed and striking-looking, Gay Adams had already made something of a reputation for herself as one of the first of a crop of talented society singers...
who were quite the rage at the time. But she was still quite young— as was Dick— and not entirely sure of herself. The dead-
lock between them was finally broken by what could have been a serious accident.
Leslie Howard was notoriously near-
sighted and was almost struck by a cab one evening, in front of the theater. Dick pushed him out of the way but was knocked down himself. As a result, Gay
started coming around to inquire how Dick was coming along. Dick recovered, mar-
rried Gay, and the two have been devoted to each other ever since. Needless to say, they don't regret the accident that brought them together! They have one son, Rich-
ard, Jr., now five and a half, a mighty handsome lad who is the light of their lives.

Gay has since given up her own career but shares her husband's intense interest in his work. She cues him, helps him rehearse his scripts, and never tires of dis-
cussing his professional problems with him. Dick has implicit confidence in her judgment. "Gay is probably my severest critic," he says. "She'll never hesitate to tell me I'm miserable. She does, frequently. But when she tells me I'm good—then I relax."

Aside from the interest they share in Dick's work and in their child, they think alike in other respects as well. Like his wife, Dick Coogan comes from an old and honorable family. One of his forebears owned and gave his name to the piece of land still known as Coogan's Bluff, up where the Giants play their home games. Dick, however, was born and grew up in Madison, New Jersey, being one of ten children, six boys and four girls. All of them were highly energetic and some-
minded, and Dick claims that, until a few years ago, his mother could beat any of them at tennis.

Dick also was—and is—a crack athlete who spent much of his younger years in the pursuit of sports. Possessing strength, stamina, and a high degree of natural co-
ordination, Dick tried everything in sports and was good at everything he tried. His passion for sports very nearly cost him his life, however, and indirectly led him to seek a career as an actor.

As a child, he once suffered a mild at-
tack of pneumonia. Thinking he'd outgrown it, he didn't pay much further attention to it, for knowledge of the dis-
ease wasn't as far advanced then as it is today. Whenever there was snow on the

$1,000.00 REWARD

...is offered for information leading to the arrest of dangerous "wanted" criminals. Har details about the
$1,000.00 reward on...
“It looks as though most of the breaks I get come in pairs. Usually, whenever I’ve latched onto something pretty good in radio or television, sooner or later I get a chance to do a play, as well.”

Dick, who’s been with *Love Of Life* since its beginning three and a half years ago, made his first movie, “Three Hours to Kill,” last summer, and was recently featured as the second lead in “The Rainmaker,” a solid Broadway hit which was recently sold to the movies.

Dick’s biggest problem in holding two time-demanding roles was trying to get enough sleep and keeping fit. In addition to his six evening and two matinee performances a week in the play, he portrayed Paul Raven on television a minimum of three times and frequently as often as five times a week. Each minute on the screen requires approximately an hour of preparation, and—on matinee days, especially—Dick’s schedule was sheer bedlam. Fortunately, Dick has an almost photographic memory, enabling him to remember his lines after only a couple of readings. He keeps from going stale by trying never to let his acting become stereotyped. As Paul Raven, whose character appeals to him, anyway, he finds the challenge of portraying continuous growth, change and development very much to his liking.

Dick nowadays rarely is sick nor even catches cold, and he gives a major share of credit for his fitness to his long-time physician, Dr. Weinberg, who keeps a watchful eye on him. Despite his old heart condition, Dick is permitted to do enough exercise to keep himself in good physical condition. His weight of 196 hardly ever varies by more than a pound or two, and there isn’t an ounce of fat on his hard-packed, 6’3” frame.

Since he’s no longer allowed to play tennis, Dick’s great passion today is golf, which he plays consistently in the low eighties, with his score frequently going down into the seventies. He plays it summer or winter, whenever he has the time—and practices putting in his living room, when he hasn’t. Although his son Ricky is strictly a cowboy at this point, Dick gave him a set of quarter-size golf clubs last Christmas and expects to get him started soon. He’s already taught him to ski and roller skate, and beams with pride when telling of his boy’s pluck and coordination. During the summer, Dick also does a lot of water skiing on Long Island Sound, where the Coogans have a summer cottage. He is considered an expert at it and has a couple of reels of film to prove it. Taking 8 mm. movies is another of his hobbies, as are carpentry and painting.

Dick paints in oil and has done mostly landscapes so far. His work is surprisingly good for an amateur who’s never had any formal instruction. He’s particularly proud of a small landscape for which a stranger, who watched him paint it, offered him fifty dollars. (He didn’t accept.)

In New York, the Coogans live on the East side of Manhattan, in a neighborhood that’s just on the outer fringe of being ritzy. Their apartment is very pleasant and comfortable, consisting of a large living room, hall, two bedrooms (a large one for Gay and Dick, and a smaller one for Ricky), a small television den whose walls are covered with souvenirs and photographs, a large kitchen, and—since they’re located on the ground floor—a combination back porch and hobby room, and a garden. Their furniture is good, large and comfortable, their color schemes warm, and the over-all effect inviting and relaxing. They love to entertain friends, though at present Dick prefers quietly spending what little free time he has with just his wife and son.

Aside from the Coogans, the apartment is shared by Shadow, their old black cocker spaniel, a couple of parakeets and a canary. All three Coogans love animals and would probably have half a dozen dogs if they had enough room. Usually mild-mannered and gentle, Dick is liable to lose his temper when he sees an animal being mistreated.

Not long ago he was taking Shadow for a walk when he heard a dog squawking in the dark ahead of him. Catching up, he saw the dog’s owner trying to “train” the pup to heel by kicking him each time he strayed to the wrong side. “I had to make an effort to keep from hitting that man,” Dick recalls. “Even so, I must have scared him out of a year’s growth, the way I yelled at him. I just hope he’ll never kick a dog again.”

Dick admits to being conservative in money matters. He feels that an actor with a family to support should try to save what he can, during good years, so he’ll be able to weather the lean ones which always may be just around the corner. But—conservative or not—he’s never yet been known to let down a friend who’s really been in need.

Despite the heavy work load he carries, Dick Coogan gives every indication of being a happy and contented man who is grateful for the chance to be as busy as he is, and for doing as well as he does. He would like to be able to spend more time with his family and see more of his friends, but he finds his work tremendously gratifying and rewarding. Each year of his life has, so far, brought him a little further along in his career. And he’s doing what he set out to do when he was a kid in high school.

He likes his life just as it is, being a busy actor, proud father—and a very lucky husband in real life.

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PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Carter Trent has what he believes to be the best reason in the world for disappearing—a desire to keep trouble from his family. But if he could see Peggy's anguish as each ray of hope turns into woe, he might reconsider his decision. Even if he is found and the truth exposed about the crime he did not commit, can Peggy's faith and trust ever be fully restored? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Because there is an unhappy secret in Lois Monahan's past—and because she works for a wealthy, influential man—a combination of curious circumstances collects around her and eventually explodes in a crisis of far-reaching consequences. Will Perry Mason's understanding and previous knowledge of Lois make it easier for him to get to the bottom of this important case and discover his hidden adversary? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS With Carolyn in serious peril, Miles refuses to believe he must choose between his political career and his defense of her. Arnette Thorpe has tried hard to persuade him to leave Carolyn's defense alone, but Miles has learned that as far as his private life is concerned, Arnette can be ruthless and untrustworthy. Will he discover that this is just as true of his political life? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE The double game that Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn are playing goes bitterly against the grain, but the hope of reversing Jocelyn's deportation sentence is enough to keep them at it—Jocelyn pretending to enjoy Armand Monet's attentions and Jim allowing Sybil Conrad to believe that he cares for her. Will he win proof of Sybil's guilt before this dangerous girl guesses she is being hoodwinked? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TREN'T Jilted by Brett Chapman, Helen Trent has once more realized that the real love of her life is lawyer Gil Whitney, and for the first time in her life, Gil dare hope for a future together as he seems on the verge of persuading his wife Cynthia to give him a divorce. But Brett, free once more to pursue Helen, is not likely to accept this blow to his renewed feeling for her. Will Helen and Gil find an unexpected enemy? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Springdale is a small town, and Rosemary is accustomed to the kind of neighborliness that is more than a word. But Diane Thompson's twins are disinclined to fit herself into the neighborly pattern, though she appears interested and friendly enough on the surface. Bill, absorbed in his anti-novice campaign, does not share Rosemary's disturbance, and Station Manager Jeff is help wondering about Mrs. Thompson. CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Miraculously exonerated from the murder charge that might have cost her her life, Joanne Barron has every right to anticipate a brighter future. But much suffering has made her cautious of anticipating happiness, and she faces almost without surprise the possibility that her vengeful mother-in-law may still be able to prevent her from settling down to a contented life in Henderson. CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan Burton, his wife Terry, and Stan's brother-in-law Lew Archer are the first to admit that the desperate scheme of Stan's sister Marcia to marry off their wealthy brother would be a great relief to all of them. Marcia hopes that a new life of her own will keep Mother Burton from running her children's lives. But the half-humorous efforts of the four conspirators may have some highly dangerous results. CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Pauline Tyrell's enmity for her brother-in-law, Peter Ames, increased rather than diminished when her sister's death left him a widower, and when Jane Edwards came into his life it assumed pathological intensity. For the first time, as Pauline makes her most serious effort to wreck him, Peter wonders if he will ever escape from the hatred of this woman who once wanted to marry him. Can she take his children now? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Wealthy Ada Dexter relentlessly pursues her insane plan to force a divorce between Laurel and Dick Grosvenor, so that Laurel will be free to marry Stanley Warrick, Ada's son. Meanwhile Stella, who has dedicated her life to promoting Laurel's happiness, tries desperately to restrain the daughter she loves so much from making an irreparable mistake. But there are some decisions not even a mother can make for her child. NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DIKE The brief months of Nora's marriage were the happiest she had known, and since Fred's death only her desire for justice for his murderers has kept her from breaking down. Evelyn Robinson's revelations bring her closer to her goal, and with the help of the District Attorney, her roommate Marguerite, and a persistent, quick-witted reporter, Nora comes closer to the truth. Will she reach it in time? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY There was a time when Helen Emerson would willingly have turned to Bill Fraser for comfort after the death of her husband. But Bill's realization that he loved her came far too late, and now he watches resentfully her illnesses and her dependence on her friend, Bill Will. Helen's concern over her son Mickey's troubles defer her own decision about Chris? Or will it be his insane wife who controls the end? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Life is a small-town editor has not been as dull as Wendy sometimes feared it might be. And the first day she stepped into the middle of a tense situation with repercussions sufficiently important to involve the FBI. But more significantly, to the lonely, wide-eyed Wendy, she has at last found an attractive, lonely man and his delightful little daughter. Are Aunt Dorrie's prophecies justified? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Even after years of a successful marriage, a man begins to question himself if he is suddenly unable to provide for his family. Though Harry's financial difficulties rose out of no fault of his own, his impatience and resentment complicate the problem. Joan already has with her old friend Phil Stanley, for she knows Harry would be furious if she accepted the help Phil can easily give. ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE No family is without its problems, and, as James and Jessie Carter learned years ago, the more children, the more problems. At the moment they are contending with the doings of every age group, from infant grandchildren up to their eldest son Jeff, a fully adult young man. Half amused, half concerned, Jessie wonders if there is ever an end to a parent's trials. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Although Dr. Jerry Malone is aware that his aspirations for the Dineen Clinic fall short of what a more ambitious man might wish, he does not realize that steps are being taken to take control of the Clinic away from him. Has Dr. Ted Mason made the worst bargain of his life in marrying wealthy, power-hungry Marcia Sutton? And will Jerry's troubles be tragically complicated by the jealousy of his young daughter Jill? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN When Dr. Anthony Loring jilted Ellen Brown, she determined to put him out of her mind and to ignore as far as possible the vindictiveness of his scheming wife, Millicent. But Millicent's fear that Anthony still loves Ellen keeps her hatred alive, and leads her to attempt to crush Ellen completely to preserve her own security. How will the reappearance of her former husband affect Millicent's plans? NBC Radio.

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The Magic of Marriage

(Continued from page 53)

But Pete would be the first to acknowledge that portraying Bill Hastings—alias "Phoebe Goodheart," the lonely-hearts editor on NBC-TV's successful comedy show, Dear Phoebe—is anything but "typecasting." Answering all those who write him for advice on domestic matters requires some thought—and even more imagination. Until he fell in love with lovely, poised Patricia Kennedy, Peter Lawford was among the country's least-informed living authorities on that subject—and had little inclination to be well-informed.

With his warmth and whimsicality, the handsome British-born actor early captured hearts on and off the screen. For all his background, he preferred to swim at the public beach in Santa Monica. His impeccable jitter-bugging tweeds were more familiar to the Palladium on Sunset Boulevard than to Piccadilly Circus in London or Park Avenue, New York. But Pete's pursuit of Hollywood glamour girls was always a polite and well-mannered (though agile) retreat.

Cornered now, Pete readily admits: "Pete's the only girl I've ever met that I could be married to. Actually, I never cared much for society. And neither could she, as a matter of fact. Pat hadn't wanted to get married, either."

But they fell in love during a Christmas holiday. They were engaged in February. They were married in April. And now, a year later, they're the parents of a son whom the proud father-to-be early decided—after thumbing through thousands of names—should be christened Christopher, whether boy or girl. For two people so avowedly heart-free and so determined to continue in that happy state, as Pete grins now, "We've made rather a thorough go of it." And the tone indicates he wouldn't trade half of today's fate for all life might have offered otherwise.

But their romance is too defectively casual ever to be found in any successful lonely-hearts column. And let's face it—while not even "Phoebe" himself would advise proposing matrimony on bended knee, these days, neither would he suggest proposing almost as an ad lib. Nor would Phoebe Goodheart advise conducting a campaign of the heart amidst the apoplectic atmosphere of a national political convention. Particularly, between two people of different political beliefs.

Although they first met "at some party" in 1949, when Patricia Kennedy was in Hollywood working as production assistant with the Family Theater radio series, their friendship didn't really ripen until they attended the Republican National Convention together in 1952. Pete was the house guest of Henry Ford—"He was going to the convention, and I went along."

Pete was in Chicago visiting her sister, Jean. They were all staying at the Ambassador-East and they attended the convention together daily. Seated beside him, Pat would simmer audibly and vehemently: "Oh—those Republicans! Who are they kidding? How can they say such things?"

And Pete would volunteer several-score reasons how, in his opinion, they could. "We don't discuss politics any more—period," Pete grins, with the wisdom of one who not only married a girl with opposing political beliefs—but married into a whole family who really work at it. Pete's brother-in-law is Senator John F. Kennedy, Democrat from Massachusetts.

His father-in-law, Joseph P. Kennedy, Boston financier, was Ambassador to England during Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration. And another brother-in-law, Bob Kennedy (Democrat), is now chief counsel for the Senate Investigating Committee. "Pat and I used to get into some terrible arguments," Pete recalls. "We were always friendly—never to the point of choosing seconds. But we just stay away from the subject now."

Pat remained in Chicago for the Democratic Convention and Pete returned to Hollywood—impressed, but little realizing that his own campaign was about to get under way. As he says, "Nothing really happened with us until a year ago last December"—when Pete was in New York to guest on Milton Berle's show. "One day, I ran into Miss Kennedy walking down Madison Avenue in her mink coat—shopping for groceries. I had always felt drawn to her. I admired her complete honesty. She's one of the purest individuals I've ever met."

At this time, Pat Kennedy was producing a Catholic family show on NBC-TV in New York. She and Pete had dinner, together several times. They discovered they were both spending the holidays in Palm Beach, Pete with a friend and Pat at the Kennedys' palatial family home. "Neither of us likes to fly alone, so we decided to fly to Florida together. It turned out to be a real hand-holding flight. Actually, we were clutching each other. Over Tampa, we got into an electrical storm—the roughest I've ever been through." Even the weather, at this point, was on Pete's team."

They dated often, during the ten days they were in Florida. Nostalgically, Pete

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Even drove Pat past the place where he once was employed for thirty dollars a week, including tips. "I took her to the parking lot where I used to work when I was sixteen. That was a nice Democratic touch—and nice Republican, too. During the holidays, they decided they were in love. Pat was about to embark on a tour around the world, and one night Pete remarked at dinner that eventually he would like to marry her—and Pat agreed. It was agreed--so reaching up for the handle of a French window, he missed the handle and ran his arm through the window, cutting the main artery and the arm forever.

"Eventually," as it happened, was practically "now." Since Pat was taking off for Tokyo on the first lap of her tour, they flew back to the Coast together. After she'd gone, a lonely Pete went to San Francisco for the weekend. By nature, he's a man of few words, and the first knowledge his mother, Lady Mary Lawford, had of theirs was a serious romance was the following Monday, when Pete breezed in to pack his bag.

"Who is that girl out in the car with you?" his mother asked. "It looks like Pat."

"It is Pat." Pete grinned. "I thought she was on the other side of the world."

"She was. But I called and asked her to come back—and marry me." He was flying back with Pat from New York that night to ask her father's consent.

Hollywood executives were finally convinced that the prince of their brotherhood was about to bite the dust. At the Plaza, they chased an escaped carat diamond ring and startled his pal, Bob Neal, young Texas oil man, by inquiring casually, "Would you like to do me a large favor? Would you come to my wedding and be best man?"

With the Reverend John J. Cavanaugh (formerly president of Notre Dame) officiating, Pat, 28, and Pete, 30, were married a year later in St. Thomas More's Catholic Church, New York City. In the past, when pressed on the subject, Pete had hazarded a guess that he would marry when he reached the median age of thirty years. "It looks as though I really planned it that way, doesn't it?" he says laughingly now.

Nobody knows who's surprised that Pete didn't marry sooner. He's always had some doubt about how that might work out—two egos battling for a place in the Hollywood sun. One thing sure, he used to say, "You can't marry out of an ultra-career-conscious girls . . . always looking around as if they've lost something. Peeling a room to see whom they can see. You know-girls who can't eat without first looking to see if a director is watching them."

That description certainly wouldn't fit Patricia Kennedy. On the other hand, Pat wouldn't be thrown by the challenge of acclimatizing herself to show business and its demands on her husband-to-be. Not even four thousand of Pete's clamoring fans screaming outside the church—and knocking the bride's princess cap and wedding veil askew to get nearer her—would seriously disturb her. As Pete would say: "She's much too intelligent for that."

The spotlight's no stranger to her, coming from a family so active politically. But, with her natural reserve, Pat's happier out of it and she's convinced she has no place whatsoever in Pete's career.

Nor would religious differences be a barrier. Pat comes from a staunch Catholic family and Pete was brought up in the Church of England, but from childhood he was taught by his mother to be tolerant of all religions. "I don't care if you worship a totem-pole on Thursday Island—as long as you're religious," Lady Lawford would say. "All religions lead to God, anyway." Pete didn't give up his own church, but he took instructions in Pat's faith for the wedding ceremony, and agreed their children would follow her faith.

Their wedding was a day to remember. The bride traditionally beautiful in her Hattie Carnegie imported-satin gown. Excitement, what with fans and church-bells ringing, would have given twenty-three policemen couldn't control it. The reception at the Plaza Hotel rosily aglow with pink candles, pink table arrangements, champagne, a profusion of dogwood. Their first dance together as man and wife, to the strains of their favorite, "Stranger in Paradise." And taking off into the blue yonder, bound for their Hawaiian honeymoon.

But Pete's pals will never let him forget that . . . for all the love scenes he'd played so smoothly before the cameras with Janet Leigh, June Allyson, Kathryn Grayson and other movie queens . . . in his nervousness to get back down that aisle—he forgot to kiss the bride. "That was a real mab. All remember was saying, "Let's get out here!" Pete says now. He was playing this one for the most illustrious audience ever. Royalty, diplomats, senators, socialites, statesmen-philosophers such as Bernard Baruch, and motion-picture stars such as Greer Garson, who was starring in "Mrs. Miniver" when Pete was working as an usher in a theater and got one proud line in the film. Thronging that small church were names that are legends in their own fields—and who'd touched the lives of Pete and Pat at one time or another . . .

Logically, their own wedding would have crossed years before Pete finally introduced them in Hollywood. They might have been married in Pat's own native England in 1937, where Pat was United States ambassador to Great Britain and sailed there with his pretty Irish wife and family of nine. But, in 1937, Master Peter Lawford was born on the balcony of the American Legation in the Middle East, where her July 4th wedding was planned. A specialist prescribed a warmer climate and, together with his parents, Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, Pete sailed for Santa Barbara, California. The inevitable rains soon began to heal again. However, the injury ruled out the military career for which Pete had been enthusiastically headed—and he headed for near-by Hollywood.

"We were all reaching for some reason for the accident at the time it happened. I'd always been so athletic. I kept wondering what I'd ever done that would do this to me. But apparently it was for this," Pete has said, of his Hollywood career.

From childhood Pete had always been keen on the theater, but his parents decreed a military career. When he had an opportunity to audition for a London movie studio, Pete and his mother made a bargain that if they didn't have any talent then he'd be "general." He passed the test then. Lady Lawford was so sure they would be of that opinion, she consented. They shook hands in front of his tutor that afternoon, and Pete was signed him—and she couldn't go back on her word. English papers front-page "British General's Son Goes Into Films," and Pete was launched on the road to the starring role as an actor. People were convinced that his grandfather immediately cut Pete out of his will. (Time, however, spared that dignified gentleman from seeing his son portrait as an editor in one of the newspapers named Phoebe Goodheart on television.)

Meanwhile, labor laws prohibiting any child from working in films soon nipped Pete's career in England. Then, in Hollywood, their wedding tour was nothing but a job. There was nothing to do until the process was complete. About this time, war broke out in Europe. The Lawfords income was cut to the bone. They moved to Palm Beach, Florida—where the paths of Peter Lawford and Patricia Kennedy might have crossed again. Pete got a job parking cars at "Mr. Brockenfield's lot" near the Everglades Club—and about a mile from the Kennedys' estate. But Pat Kennedy wasn't home...

By the time she was back in America America attending Rosemont College in Rosemont, Pennsylvania, Pete was getting into the groove in Hollywood—and cutting quite an American rug at the Palladium. He was getting to be a regular at the theater in Westwood, and he got his foot inside the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios one day when an agent passed the word that he was "the best young talent in the world. Mr. Miniver." Pete got somebody to take the theater door, rushed to the studio, read for Director William Wyler, did his part—one line—and was back at the door before the three minutes were up.

Metro had a flock of English-background pictures on schedule and they kept Pete busy in "Yank at Eton," "The White Cliffs," "Doctor, You're Drunk." They signed him and he was soon on his way up.

The Lawfords lived then in a little white bungalow, in which autographed photographs of kings and queens and the Prince of Wales divided their billing with a large colored poster for "Son of Lassie" Pete had begged from some theater. Lady
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I didn’t call her. And, if I should call now and say, ‘I’m not coming home for dinner,’ she wouldn’t say a word. I wouldn’t have to say very much at all. She would say ‘Of course not.’ You call that ‘understanding,’ I suppose.”

The same delightful understanding works both ways. Pete doesn’t suddenly make any new plans, even for a day, if his wife wants to go to church, or go skating. It’s all part of the Lawfords’ casual, harmonious pattern for living.

However, for all her admiration and affection for both of them, Pete’s mother felt that they were being just a little too casual when she had to learn from Walter Winchell that she was going to be a grandmother. Half an hour after the newscast, Pete happened to drop by.

“What is this I hear about you?” his mother said, still visibly excited. “I don’t know what’s this all about.” It was just the kind of thing she had been listening to Walter Winchell. He says you’re going to have a baby!” she said. “Oh, that,” said her son. “Oh, yes.”

Admitting that it was going to be a little strange when he learned who he would be a father was far less underplayed—though, by way of preparation for parenthood, he insists: “I looked at life with Pete for a while. I thought of a child like a comedy show,” he grinned. However, he soon found his name: I got a peculiar idea nobody else seemed to agree with. I liked Christopher—whether we had a girl or a boy. It’s being done in England.” Pete says, a little defensively. “They call girls Christopher there.” Thinking of himself as a father, he admitted from the first, was a stage function, and I must confess the feeling is even stranger now that the event has occurred.

Pete’s flair for the lighter touch and his genuine comedy twinkle are still with him, even long ago—long before he clicked in for a while in films or television—in a little clipping he pasted carefully in his scrapbook: “The only thing that makes happiness, the only thing worth doing is making other laugh.” To this, Peter “Phoebe” Lawford is now dedicating his days and nights—frequently including Sundays. It’s a frenetic thing, turning out a weekly comedy-drama column, Daily Mirror, England, and American, and has such a wonderful fireplace. And we both love the water, anyway.” With the so-eagerly-awaited Christopher, they are building a new house, a 3,000-square-foot, two-story, modern home in a garden space. Quarters were already a little cramped as it was, what with Pat’s white Mercury, Pete’s Cadillac, jeep and Austin-Henley.

Take his own word for it, Pete’s hardly qualities to advise the lonely—hearted or anybody else. Husbands, particularly. He has no advice to give. He barely has enough for his own personal use.

“For one thing,” he confesses, with a disarming grin, “I procrastinate. We both do. But I procrastinate more. Such as when we get tickets to go to Mexico, or Honolulu and, at the last moment, when we’re catching the plane—I still haven’t called for the tickets. But Pat has—for the line-up.”

“And I forgot our anniversary completely,” Pete continues. “Our first—six-months anniversary, Pat had said, that morning when I was leaving for the early show. ‘Let’s have a few people over this evening,’ and I said, ‘Fine.’ That evening, they brought in a cake and began singing Happy Birthday and I just forgotten all about it. I just stood there with cake on my face. I said something like ‘Oh, no,’ and Pat said, ‘Oh, yes.’ Whereupon, according to her husband, I truly put a biscuit on it. Thinking how happy we’d been together, I said something like, ‘It seems like thirty years.’

“But we have so much understanding.” Pete and his wife have a way with them that difficult time couples are supposed to have adjusting at first. In some strange way, we have more understanding than many could have at home. The most important thing is, we just don’t ask me how it’s happened—or how it could happen . . . so soon . . .

Pete suspects, however, that it could be because they were at the Ballyhoulis. During a lesson, they continually referred to one another by their Christian names.

“Tis,’ says Gale, completely threw Peter. He didn’t see how married folks could be so formal. At the end of the lesson, he said, ‘You’re not really married, are you?’

To their church, Dr. Kleihauer, the Bonnells’ minister, impressed Gale, in a sermon, with the fact that the dinner hour is the children’s hour. At the Bonnells’, this period reflects their basically religious attitude toward life. When the family sits down to eat, they all hold hands around the table, taking turns saying grace.

**Answer to Her Prayers**

(Continued from page 68) told me, ‘still be some hope for you!” Before their marriage, Gale and Lee looked earnestly for a church they felt would fit their needs. They didn’t want a church to one to which they still belong—the Hollywood Wesleyan Christian Church. Gale says, “It wasn’t too big (we like a certain intimacy) and there was a good church school for the many children we planned to have.”

When Gale’s oldest child, Phillip, was two and a half, she entered him in the Sunday school, and when he was left alone in the strange new environment. So Gale stayed with him until class was over. At the end of the hour, she learned that the church needed Sunday school teachers. Gale volunteered. She taught every class from kindergarten to high school for the next six years—1946 to 1952. Dr. Kleihauer, minister of the church, says, “Gale’s little-boy pupils waited Sunday mornings on the steps in front of church; they didn’t want to miss a chance to talk upstairs with their pretty teacher.”

Gale and Lee also decided to take part in the church’s “Operation Youth” program. The first six weeks, they put on a play, with the high school drama group, which was a great success. The second six weeks, they conducted a forum on “Charm, Good Manners, and a Christian Personal-
“Lee and I don’t discuss our own problems then,” says Gale. “We save this time for the children. They discuss their day. If there is a problem, and there generally is—somebody’s club has picked on Phil’s club, or Peter fell into the pool and can’t get up—we discuss these problems at the dinner table.”

Gale is pleased when the boys’ thoughts and actions reflect this basically religious attitude they have learned by example from their parents. “Sure,” she says, “my three boys are just like other youngsters. They argue and fight like all brothers, and there are ‘gold star’ times when they are especially thoughtful of one another. One summer, for example, Paul had a chance to spend a weekend at a friend’s ranch. I remember the joy I felt inside when he turned to his brothers and said, ‘Gee, I’m sorry you guys can’t go, too.’”

Gale’s religious routine today, she says, “is one I pretty much stick to. When I wake up—and I have a hard time waking up!—I splash water on my face. I do my spiritual reading, then I say a short prayer by way of thanks, reaffirming my source of strength and my need for guidance throughout the day.”

“Then,” she says with humor, “I do my exercises. Lee says I should do my exercises first. He says the exercises work up your mind, clear your head. But,” she laughs, “I couldn’t do my exercises if I hadn’t prayed first to give me the strength.”

Gale doesn’t talk prayer; she lives it. After eating a hearty breakfast, she takes off for work. It’s easy to see that Gale’s a tower of spiritual strength, for it seems as though everyone on the set drifts toward her. One of the girls at the studio says, “Gale is bright and gay, a lady but not a prude, and she never preaches—but you can see, from the way she lives, she’s basically a religious person. If everybody could see what religion has done for Gale Storn, there wouldn’t be an atheist in the world.”

At lunch, Gale, again, leaves time for prayer. She always takes something to read—the Bible or some spiritual book—though she admits that, because of the press of work, she doesn’t always get time to read.

“Finally, when I come home at the end of the day,” she says, “I plop down on the bed, sit for fifteen minutes, and I pray. I find it relaxes me. I don’t think it’s fair to the kids for me to come in tired, taking the nervous edge off them. The fifteen minutes alone and the prayer do the work.”

Today, Gale remembers her mother’s words, “Faith is like a bank account of prayers.” Her religion, having been a daily way of life, has filled this bank to overflowing. As she looks around to count her blessings, she sees this: Her handsome husband; three happy, happy sons, all set against the backdrop of their lovely new Royal Oaks home.

If anyone were to ask Gale Storn for her formula for success, she would simply say, “I pray.”

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Why Everyone Loves Jackie Gleason

(Continued from page 30)

with the big Saturday-night TV show. And who plans for next season a complete filmed series of "The Honeymooners," plus a key role in the new teleplay show—a show which he will produce (with the expert help he always gathers around him) and on which he will frequently perform. Plus a half dozen other projects—another TV program, perhaps, a play in New York, more personal appearances, and who knows what else!

Jackie's sensitivity to other people and his quick wit make him unusually uncanny. If he knows you at all well, he knows without your telling him whether you are happy or whether you are brooding over something, I found that out a long time ago.

I went to rehearsal one day with a problem on my mind that I couldn't seem to solve, thing-by-thing, I pushed it away, because I have always believed that, when I'm hired to do a job, my personal life should never get in the way. To everyone else that afternoon, I'm sure I was the same carefree, happy fellow who always stays late to go along with a gag and to join in the laughs. But during rehearsal, when there was a short wait, Jackie stood next to me and asked, "What's up, Aud? What's bothering you?" I was too surprised to do anything but shake my head and say "Nothing at all"—quite con vincingly, I thought. But Jackie went on, "Let me tell you, if there's anything I can do to help." Just that, but it was enough to tell me he knew and sympathized, whatever it was. Only he had sensed some subtle trouble in the room.

Being a sensitive person himself, he gives other people credit for being sensitive human beings, with feelings that can be wounded. He never gets off in a corner and when people come to him about problems, some directors do that ends up by making the whole cast jumpy, wondering whose work is being given a going over. Jackie is fair, and kind, to everyone. Almost from the first, he has done little more than direct the action for Art Carney and Joyce Randolph and me—like suggesting that, on a certain line, we stand closer, or, on another, we walk to the door—and this mainly for camera angles. As soon as he found out we knew what we were doing, he respected that knowledge. But more than anything, he respects the actors who play incidental roles on the show as if he were telling them what to do, although he knows how every least little thing should be done to keep the whole sketch right.

Jackie will say to a newcomer something like this: "What you are doing is fine, but on television that won't get across. This is a show that's very close to the audience, and they can't be too close, or, on another, we walk to the door—and this mainly for camera angles. As soon as he found out we knew what we were doing, he respected that knowledge. But more than anything, he respects the actors who play incidental roles on the show as if he were telling them what to do, although he knows how every least little thing should be done to keep the whole sketch right.

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Jackie never takes things so big that he forgets to be considerate. Many others in our business—people who are genuinely nice, well-meaning citizens—feel that lapses from their usual code are justified when they work under pressure. But not Jackie. To me, he will stop everything and carefully explain his reasons for wanting something done in a particular way. Next to his terrific knowledge, he is one of the most patient people I have ever met. Almost everyone agrees that patience is one of his most outstanding qualities.

This shows in so many ways. Art Carney tells how he got a call to be on Jackie's show when Jackie was doing Of Stars, for Du Mont. Art met him for the first time at the studio. "Gleason looked me over—none too hopefully, I thought," Art says. "I could tell he was wondering if I would do, but he didn't say anything. When I came down in makeup, he asked me if I was doing a part as Reggie Van Gleason's father, the role I was to play that night, he said okay. The next week, I had a call to come back, and I asked him how it came about. Then, one day, I got home to find he had telephoned. When I called back, he said, "Oh, it was nothing special. I just wanted to say how much I like working with you." Then, he told me how he had telephoned to tell me he was in the show and doing fine. But not many stars would have bothered personally to call up a supporting player to say something like that.

Before I got the job of playing Jackie's patient but loving wife Alice, my manager, Val Irving, took me to see Jackie. Jackie tried hard to be kind, all the time he was nagging me for the part, too, pretty, too sweet, to play the slatternly and acid-tongued Alice. It was the nicest turn-down any actress ever had, but I think I wanted that part very much. I felt right for it.

Val felt I was right, too, and laid plans to prove it. He told me not to get up in the morning until after I had seen the rehearsal of my apartment the next morning. "I don't want you to do a thing to your face before we get there," he said. "I want you to look exactly as if you first get out of bed, tousled and a little limp. I want you to look a little sleepy. And to wear an old kimono or a housedress you have been meaning to throw away but haven't got around to it yet." That's the way they took the pictures. When Jackie saw them, they tell me he gave out a whoop and said, "That's Alice! That's exactly how she'll look!" I attempted to admitting he had been wrong about me. And he has been wonderful ever since. I can't begin to say how much I have learned from working with him.

There's a standing joke on the show, that, whenever I make a fuss about anything, or want to take a vacation, Jackie says "You're nuts. You're not having enough fun. You need to laugh more." Once, when I had a bad cold and the doctor had warned me to get home early and go to bed, Jackie insisted that a party of us go to the Object Club. He rounded up the gang and we had a wonderful time. I never felt better than I did that next day.

Jackie likes to turn everything into a laugh, especially the difficult things. When one of the June Taylor girls was having eye trouble and came in wearing dark glasses, he turned up with pairs of dark glasses for all the other girls, just to make them laugh. If you had to tell him anyone is ill, his hand is on the telephone to order flowers before you have finished talking. He hunts for amusing presents for the entire cast, or funny little presents to make each one forget his aches and pains. If you tell him someone is in trouble, he's trying to figure out a way to help while you're still in the middle of telling him. For instance, Jackie came down with a bad case of laryngitis and, even with all the doctoring and dosing, it hung on for days. One of the nurses, before he went on, would soothe his throat, so I brewed it backstage and brought it to him. Next day he sent his secretary to see if there were any left. "We made tea for him every day until he got well. You never saw such pleasure for such a small attention. Maybe he didn't always have time to drink the tea, but he liked being the one who was indulged, for a change. Most of the time, the Gleasons of this world are on the giving—and not..."
the receiving—end of small kindesses.
Jackle does many kind things which no one hears about. He saw a little item, buried in a New York newspaper, but for some reason or other it touched him. A man had died, in Brooklyn, and there was, no money to bury him. The family had been evicted from their apartment. Perhaps it was somewhere near Jackie's old home neighborhood. Perhaps there was a nostalgic something that caught his attention. At any rate, he got in touch with the family, paid for the funeral, and saw that they were installed in an apartment, before he was satisfied that enough had been done.

This is the serious Gleason. Yet this same Gleason giggled like a schoolboy when, after the new contract for "The Honeymooners" was signed, I talked to him on the telephone. He was out when I put in a call for him, so he called me back. As soon as I picked up the phone and said hello, in his voice said, "This is the Aga Khan." And then, with much hau-
teur, "Is there anything I can do for you?" Which broke me up completely, and set me giggling and he broke up, too. It was his way of acknowledging the wonderful success that had come to him, with a little play-acting and laughs—and a lot of hu-
mility.

Interviewers have asked me at times if there isn't something I can say about Jackie that is just a little bit on the mean-
side, to make the story more interesting. I can't. The only mean things I know about him are the ones that have been done to him, not by him. He had plenty of tough breaks as a boy. His father walked away from the family, his brother died as a young child, his hard-working mother died, too, before he could do a hundredth part of the things he wanted to do for her. I think all this has made Jackie more understanding, more kind, more thoughtful, more sensitive. And more eager to get all the laughs he can out of life, and to give to others.

Recently, people have begun to ask me if I think filming "The Honeymooners" will be as much fun as doing it live. All I can say is that, wherever Jackie Gleason is, there will always be excitement. I once told a newspaperman that working with Jackie was a lot like sitting on the edge of a volcano, with my feet dangling over a crater that could erupt any moment. But there the analogy ends, because—um—what happens when a volcano erupts—
with Jackie, everything turns out to be fun. Magnificent, glorious fun.

That's certainly the secret why everyone who works with him loves him!

MORE MEADOWS!
This month, you've heard from Audrey, of "The Honeymooners"... next month, read about sister Jayne and her handsome husband, Steve Allen, and their HONEYMOON IN THE SUN... complete with color pictures!
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Man of Today

(Continued from page 35) in reply, all adding up to the same surprising conclusion. Given a choice between Garraoway and Garroway, most fans are determined to have their cake and eat it, too. Many viewers, Dave found, bring a kitchen to bed and dress around it in much the same way their grandparents once "dressed around the old wood stove." The majority, for example, watch someone else "relax." More particularly, Dave is a "relaxing" person. And, in the morning, people need a little relaxation. Today is like that morning. Dave found that the breathing space that gets a man set for what's about to come. Take it easy, Dave seems to be saying, you'll get there just as.

Certainly, in his own life, Dave exemplifies the moral of that old story about the tortoise and the hare. In a business where he could make, say, the second or third million, the race for success sometimes goes to the fast-talking, the overly ambitious, the self-pushing. Yet Dave—slowly but surely, and even quietly—has outstripped many who could have而且 went directly to the top. He claims it's just luck and cites instance after instance to prove he got the breaks. But is it that simple? Or is it that Dave, by taking it easy, has had the perspective to size up his breaks and know what to do with them? At least, his getting into radio in the first place was matter-of-fact experience. "That was in 1937," Dave recalls. "I was a student of Fine Arts, fresh out of Washington University, where I had majored in abnormal Psychology and English. He didn't know what he was doing and his ambition doesn't explain how he happened to be selling piston rings in Boston. But perhaps it explains why—as he says—"I didn't sell one single node in my life,"

"So then I found myself in New York," he continues, "trying to sell a book to schoolteachers. One day, I happened to be in a hotel lobby when I ran into a woman who had written a show for the same girl I had. At the time, we were arch rivals, but now—years later—the passion had all cooled off. He said he needed a man for a bridge and that's how I ended up in a game with the Assistant Manager of Guest Relations for NBC. She happened to mention that NBC was looking for page boys and, boy, I sailed through two or three rooms. It was in uniform—in Rockefeller Center.

It was there, in a training class for future announcers, that Dave wound up with a job at twenty-three. "I couldn't believe it was that bad," he says, "I was sure it must be some mistake." It probably was—for, one month later, Dave got the best job of anyone in the class. He was assigned a morning show at Station KDKA in Pittsburgh. And the mistake, if it was one, also proved a lucky break.

"For the first time in my life," he admits, "I was filled with a burning ambition." Not that he was out to world on fire. He just wanted to prove himself—and he did. One year after getting his first job, Dave was assigned a man a staff job at Station WMAQ in Chicago.

Dave's now-famous "relaxed" style and demeanor, a by-product of World War II. "I was instructing in a yeoman school at Pearl Harbor," he recalls. "At night, during my off-duty hours, I was given permission to listen to the local CBS radio station in near-by Honolulu. After my daytime duties, however, I was too tired to plot a program and write one. So I would take thirty minutes and said anything that came into my head."

It turned out to be perfect practice for his next lucky break. When Dave returned to Chicago after his discharge, WMAQ assigned him to a disc-jockey show in the middle of the night, because he was the only staff announcer who didn't have anything to do. Dave dug into the music library and played all the recordings he had missed during those three years in the Navy. And, because he was late at night, he relaxed as he had in Honolulu—talking about anything under the sun. That was when the fan mail started arriving in such quantities that the station had to have a special file for it.

In 1949, when NBC opened its TV lines to Chicago, Garrooway At Large was one of the first shows to emanate from that city. This was not luck, of course. Dave had been an exception in radio. But it was a break being given such a low budget for a variety show. Unable to compete with the high-priced imports, Dave was forced to use the old-newspaper and TV screen came alive. The show somehow managed to rise above the style doesn't explain into visual terms. It not only made history in the early days of TV, but there is now talk of reviving it again this fall. And, luckily, at the time, it paved the way for the biggest break of all.

It was in 1952 that Dave took over his present assignment as host and emcee of his own TV show. It's a daily news and feature news and special events at an early morning hour. In addition, Dave still has his own radio show, Friday With Garrooway. For twenty-three years, however, the relaxed style which has brought Dave so much success on the air allows him little time to relax in his own private life. For the truth is, Dave manages to get all this by great effort, the effortless performance which comes from thorough preparation and hard work. Today may sound informal, but it can take six months to come together.

"The show takes all my waking time," Dave admits. "I've got thirty-half-hours a week in front of the cameras, and then there's the business incidental to the stars, the those, the laundry sets and costumes of New York telecasts, Dave substituted imagination and a new kind of TV comedy. In Garrooway At Large, there was no soap, no innuendo, only jokes—just a quiet, off-beat kind of humor that had the nation chuckling to itself. Sometimes, there was no set—just the bare walls of the studio—and there was no script. But there was a flight of stairs. But thanks to brilliant camera work and inventive staging, the TV screen came alive. The show somehow managed to rise above the style doesn't explain into visual terms. It not only made history in the early days of TV, but there is now talk of reviving it again this fall. And, luckily, at the time, it paved the way for the biggest break of all.

Most women, however, have too much to do to allow for the luxury of remaining abed in the morning. While Garrooway is on the air, they, iron, tend the baby, sew, knit or crochet by the TV set. The man of the house cooks, wash dishes or make lunches. These women not only get their housework off to work in time and their children off to school, they also run and present the entire show without postponing the housework. Their letters prove that far from interfering with normal daily life, Today provokes a remarkable contribution to supplement—their welcome, as the morning newspaper.

By now, some four-and-a-half million viewers have changed their habits—some have dropped the second breakfast in order to accommodate Dave's early morning TV show. This is a tribute not only to the adaptability of Americans to new ideas, but to the widespread popularity of a good-natured guy with horn-rimmed glasses and a happy bow tie—the most comfortable personality in TV today.

Trying to explain the nature of Dave's appeal, critics invariably call him "re- laxing"—as though four-and-a-half million people would stagger out of bed at seven-thirty for an hour to watch someone else "relax." More particularly, Dave is a "relaxing" person. And, in the morning, people need a little relaxation. Today is like that morning. Dave found that the breathing space that gets a man set for what's about to come. Take it easy, Dave seems to be saying, you'll get there just as.
his one attempt at marriage ended in an amicable divorce. Adele Dwyer, his former wife, recently re-married, and all parties concerned are the best of friends. Dave misses not having Paris with him all the time, but he knows that it's best for her to have the regular family life which her mother can give her and he cannot.

Outside of this, however, Dave has no dissatisfactions with his present existence. It is significant that he is identified with a show called Today, for that is the keynote of his philosophy of life. As he says, "I never know what I'm going to do tomorrow. I never constrict myself as to where I might go." By living completely in the present, Dave takes each day in his stride, making the most of the given moment, and not complaining about what happened yesterday or might happen tomorrow. At ease with himself, he is at ease with the world about him, so that the familiar relaxed manner is not a mannerism—it comes sincerely from within. And perhaps the best expression of it comes at the end of each program when Dave raises his hands in a kind of blessing and says: "Peace!"

It's only one word. But every weekday morning, some four-and-a-half million Americans get the message.

Forever Near Her Heart

(Continued from page 44)

The fireplace was bare, the electricity turned off, the five cocker spaniels boarded with friends.

Desi was in San Francisco with his band, playing dance music in a hotel ballroom decked with holly and "Merry Christmas" streamers. After the show ended, he had Christmas dinner sent to his room. It was not a large Christmas dinner—a cheese sandwich on toast, one pickle, and a cup of coffee—but he didn't have much appetite. He was remembering Christmases at home. The living room was empty, Lucy was sleeping on a spit, the way he and Lucy had talked until 5 A.M., last Christmas Eve, and opened their presents just as it was turning light.

They were supposed to spend this Christmas together, too, this Christmas of 1946, but they didn't. Lucille Ball was not even in the state of California. She was in the state of Washington. She had been touring in a play. Three days before Christmas, right on schedule, the play closed down for the holidays. But, that night, an unhappy happening happened. The "second lead" became ill. By the next day, half the cast was stricken with the same serious influenza virus. By Christmas, almost everyone connected with the play was in bed. The doctors were between Walla Walla, Washington, and Portland, Oregon.

Miss Ball was one of the few who wasn't sick, and she spent Christmas Day walking the corridors of several hospitals. When she returned to her hotel room, it was to look at the luggage she had bought her husband for Christmas and then to cry a little because she couldn't spend Christmas with him. And she, too, had no appetite that night.

She could have gone to meet Desi in San Francisco. However, as she explained on the telephone: "There's nothing I can do. Some of them are pretty sick, and they're away from home. Desi, I've got to stay."

"But..."

In the end, they hung up, almost angry.
at each other. That was Christmas, 1946.

Lucille Ball told this story, looking at it from the vantage point of 1955. She stretched out her chair and looked at the sun like a woman contented with her marriage and her children and the world.

But even now she wouldn't laugh at it.

"It wasn't funny," she said. "That Christmas night—that miserable Christmas night—was an important night in my life. In a way, spending that Christmas away from Desi was one reason why we are so happy today."

"I think of that night," she said, "as the point of no return. That's what airplane pilots call the place where they have just enough gas left to turn back or to go on to their destination. And they know that, if they don't turn back before they reach the point of no return, they'll never be able to. I think every marriage has a point of no return, a turning point, a place where you have to make the right decision—or else."

She might have said, "A point where the people in it have to become mature—shrewd, shrewd, and we had, but she didn't need to. Instead, she continued: "I sat in my hotel room that night and thought about my marriage and my career, and I knew I had to make a decision."

Lucy's contract with M-G-M, her tour- ing, kept her tied to one side of the continent, while Desi's work kept him on the other side. She had worked hard for her career and she thought that, if her contract was broken, she would never work again. But the constant separations were wearing the marriage thin, she knew. And Desi left.

"I sat in my hotel room and thought about those separations. For years, we had been passing each other on the highway, getting an hour together in Chicago or Des Moines between trains, or five minutes together while I was dressing to go to the studio and Desi was undressing to go to bed. We had had six years of this type of thing, and the strain was beginning to show. We weren't a marriage any more. We were like a rubber band that is stretched until it starts to break."

"That night, I thought about all the bad times, the mixed-up plans, the way I felt going home after work when Desi was away on tour. It had gotten so bad that I would do almost anything—visit friends, eat a late dinner out, stay at my mother's—to keep from going home to our empty house."

"And it was worse on Desi than it was on me. At least, I had the house, the dogs, and our families. Desi had nothing but a hotel room. He would get so homesick, he would call three or four times in one day—sometimes just to ask how the garden was doing."

"I thought: You can't have a happy marriage unless you're together some of the time. I ran my fingers across the suitcase I had bought him and remembered how it was away when all the important little things happened at home. For example, we were so proud of our first watermelon that we named it: Minnie the Watermelon. We watched Minnie for months. Then, when Minnie was finally ripe, Desi was on tour."

"I thought back further, to the time we started to get a divorce, and how that, too, in a way was caused by my being alone and having to deal with things myself . . . ."

The Arnaz attempt at a divorce lasted only a few months, and it started the last year of the war. In a way, it was the house that caused it all. The house had just been redecorated, and it sparkled with white drapes, a thick white rug, and new furniture.

It was a windy spring day, and the people next door were having their roof painted. They called Lucy up and told her that the painters, being in the neighborhood, would do her roof for a low price. It sounded all right, and Lucy called Desi, who was away, to check.

If she thought it was all right, he said hesitantly, he would take her word. Yes, she thought it was all right. So Lucy okayed the job, set the men to work, and left for a shopping tour in town. Unfortunately, the men knew little about their job, and they painted over the walls, the cats, and the dogs, and the strong wind carried the paint over the rest of the yard.

When Lucy returned at 9:30 that night, the first thing she noticed was that her white drapes were a pale red. The dogs ran to greet her. The dogs were all the same pale red color. So was the floor where they had called the furniture they had sat on, the rugs they had walked across.

By morning light, the damage was even more apparent: trees, shrubs, and chickens were all pale red. The grass and flowers were not only red—they were very, very dead.

To have such chaos repaired in the last year of the war was a difficult thing. The man who sanded the paint off the floors had never used a sander before—but he didn't tell Lucy this. When he was through, the floor was red, and the fact that the telephone was a good medium for urgent messages but not a good way to settle misunderstandings.

And now Lucille Ball sat in her hotel room and thought about all this and more . . . .

One time, Desi was in New York for a band engagement, and he had told her he would call her at the studio. She waited for his call, but she was through work early. So she decided to go home. She told the studio operator to have Desi call her at home.

When he called the studio, she had left. But, when he called the house, she had not arrived. Then he had to go back on stage.

When she got home, she called his number. He had not arrived, but the hotel operator, whose name was Evelyn, would tell him that his wife had called. Lucille looked at her watch. It was getting late, and she had a six-o'clock call the next morning at the studio.

"Please tell him I called," she told Evelyn, "and that I'm going to bed now."

Desi arrived at the hotel and called his wife again. Evelyn refused to put the call through.


"Okay," Evelyn said. "But you'll be sorry."

The call woke Lucy up. Desi's first words were: "Where in blazes were you?"

"In the studio," Lucy answered.

"You say you're going to be somewhere, you should be somewhere."

Lucy hung up. Desi called again. Lucy hung up again. The next call was from Evelyn. "Look," Evelyn said. "Maybe I explained things..."
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FREE""
(Continued from page 61) and has gray eyes which can either meet one’s gaze steadily or twinkle in a mischievous grin. His friend and former colleague, Hugh Downs, now on NBC-TV’s ‘Home’, gives this characterization of Hickok: Jim conforms to a man’s idea of what a man ought to be. He has steel nerves and you can’t fluster him. Whatever the situation, he reacts instantly, instinctively, and promptly. You might even say he has the male equivalent of feminine intuition. And he usually turns out to be right.

Professionally, Jim finds his adventures through the days of the chromium-originated NBC-TV daytime drama of small-town life. Jim describes his role as Mitchell Fredericks: ‘I was on the lam when I blew into this town. I was the honest attorney who refused to defend gangster clients. Next, I sort of drifted around, making up my mind what to do. Now I run the newspaper, so again I’m all mixed up in everything.’

Like Jim himself (who has been married) Mitchell Fredericks is, at this writing, unmarried and eligible. Jim says, ‘In Hawkins Falls, Dr. Corey bogged me of a big time—when we were both courting Lona, so I guess Bill Barrett, who scripts the show, has been trying to make it up to me ever since. I’m always interested in some pretty girl.’

Jim has seen that kind of situation before—with variations. He makes a comparison. ‘Of course, I’ve never yet got the girl, but I’ve got a big time. That’s more than the movies do for me. All I ever got in a Western was a horse—or a sock in the jaw. I’ve lost more fights to guys half my size.

Losing such filmed fights occurred when Jim took a leave of absence from Hawkins Falls to go back to Hollywood to make what he calls ‘a flock of Westerns.’ In every one, he was cast as the villain. Appearance of the films on television brings him such greetings as, ‘Boy, did Kit Carson clean up on you last night!’

Jim meets such sallies with an easy grin and a retort about his wage scale. ‘I hope they realize that every time I bite the dust, it was a two-hundred-dollar fall.’ He also insists that it is his ability to go from a laugh to tears that gives him the edge in the movies. ‘It is a lot easier for a director to teach an athlete a little acting than to teach an actor a lot of athletics.’

The explanation is over-modest, for Jim—who was born in Kansas City and graduated from Rockhurst College—drew his first rave notices for work in school plays. He was a radio announcer in Kansas City, St. Louis and at several California stations. Columbia Pictures signed him and started building him up in minor roles. One, as a priest, he recalls with special pleasure. When Picture director saw a picture of Jim’s favorite brother, Father John Bannan, who teaches history at St. Louis University. They look so alike, he got Jim into the movies. ‘It’s a lot easier for a director to teach an athlete a little acting than to teach an actor a lot of athletics.’

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Jim played the lead in one mystery, but it was before the screen captured his fancy. ‘I had been around livestock all my life. I could ride a horse and handle a steer. In school, I had been an athlete, so it looked like I was a natural to trouble that put me in a few epics and I decided the Western was just the thing for me.”

Young America agreed with him when he won stardom as ‘Red Ryder.’ Jim recalls, ‘As you do in the West, I guess I played Red Ryder more off-camera than I did on-set. Get a kick out of it, too. For one thing, that was that car...’

The sensible, grown-up reason for “that car” was the promotion campaign which sent Jim to make personal appearances in television film series was playing. The private reason for Jim’s ascension was that Jim enjoyed it almost as much as his young fans did. The vehicle started out as a Buick Roadmaster convertible, but turned out to be quite a bit more. When Jim installed tilled-leather upholstery, used an antique long-barreled Colt revolver as a shift lever, and replaced the chrome-plated horses. The crowning touch was a pair of longhorn steer horns spreading out as a hood ornament.

Jim used its effect. ‘I’d drive up in front of a theater and, within half an hour, every kid in town had come a-running. ‘Course, I dressed kind of quiet, too. Just a big wide hat, gambler’s-stripe pants and the wildest shirt I could get.’

Today, he would just as soon forget the role—living with it off the set, as well as leaving the style of it. Even Jim can have a good thing—his was a gift—but people at WNBC, where Hawkins Falls originates, either hold fond memories of their own Saturday-afternoon shows; or all somewhat less captured fans. Hours spent escorting small fry to the flicks. Jim takes as much of a ribbing over his role as he does his later villain’s doings by Gene Autry, Kit Carson, or his original western, The Trio of the West. Jim has even revised the usual studio-door sign which reads: ‘Do not enter when red light is on.” Light was crossed out and Ryder substituted.

The role can still have advantages, too. Last Christmas, Jim headed for California. His car, loaded with luggage and gifts, was conventional, but his driving clothes—levis, boots and a red Hudson’s Bay jacket—were unintentionally “Red Ryder.” Stopping for the night in a small Kansas town, he worried about possible theft and decided to ask the local police where to park. Striding up to the desk sergeant, he began, ‘I’ve got a problem...’

The officer’s recognition was instant. ‘Who’s your trouble, Mr. Bannan?’

They solved it fast. The sergeant not only kept the car safely in the lockup overnight but he also arranged to have the town’s Cadillac agency open early to service it—money included a wash job, with their compliments.

Jim’s large collection of Western clothes can, upon occasion, turn into a community asset at Chicago NBC. While Ben Park, the producer for Hawkins Falls, was also working on the Eddy Arnold film series, he insisted on historically authentic costumes. When Park specified shirts were to be more western-style collars, Joan King, the wardrobe girl, found the order hard to fill until Jim turned up with two.

His own sartorial trademark on Hawkins Falls is the turned-up collar. The Springs. The shirt was cheaper but much more attractive. ‘I’m a bummed trench coat from everybody on the set, including stagehands,” he says. “My own is too light-colored for the camera.”

Jim has no problem borrowing, for he is as popular in person as he is in the script. Like the show’s heroine, Bernardine
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Flynn, and the producer, Ben Park, Jim is thoughtful, considerate and friendly. That mood they set helps make Hawkins Falls an easy, happy company.

Evidence of this high morale is the good-natured kidding which goes on. Jim takes the brunt of the cowboy gags, but also gives as good as he gets. He calls seventy-eight-year-old Butler Manville by the unvanerable title of "Bubbles" and claims Mr. Manville is his best audience for a rib. Pretty Marie Pettillo is "No-Talent" and the bestowal of this nickname marked her official acceptance into the clan.

It happened shortly after the young actress came to the cast. Daughter of the music czar, James J., Marie realized, as well as anyone else, that the name "Pettillo" can be formidable in any television studio. To some people, she seemed aloof, but Jim diagnosed her trouble as shyness.

Seeing her eating alone, one noon, he shouted half the length of a cafeteria, "Just because we don't play instruments doesn't mean you can't associate with us. Come over here and sit down." Delighted, Marie joined the group and the ice was broken. She since has become a frequent date of Jim's.

When the Hawkins Falls people come to dinner at his bachelor apartment, Jim proves an excellent chef. Characteristically, he says it is all due to his fine maid. "If she didn't come in to do the dishes, I'd turn into the best restaurant patron in town. Since she takes care of them, I'm the great culinary experimenter. I pick up a cookbook and wonder, "What kind of trouble can I get into today?" Mostly, I like to try curries and stuff like that." He has a terse appraisal of his own skill: "They haven't carried out any bodies yet."

Jim has a deaf hand, too, for hobbies. While in California, he grew interested in woodcarving and making miniature furniture. Now, he prefers ceramics and made all the cufflinks and tie pins he gave the crew last Christmas. "You can whistle all day," he says, "and maybe all you end up with is a bunch of toothpicks. But I like working with colors and, in this enameling, I see immediate results. I also have room for it. I can set up my enamels, and the dentist's klin I use to fire the stuff, atop a card table, and I'm in business."

His real enthusiasm is hunting. A favorite spot, within reach whenever he has a few days off, is the Teal Lake Lodge, in Wisconsin, operated by Mary and Nelson Ross, who are Bernardine Flynn's sister and brother-in-law. The Rosses regard Jim as part of the family. Recently, when Jim was the center of much commotion in the Hawkins Falls plot, Mary Ross wrote him, "You're getting into too much trouble down there. You'd better come back."

He hopes sometime to hunt mountain lions in Utah or Arizona. But, he remarks, "I've been trying to get away for five, six years. It begins to look as though, by the time I do, the lions will be extinct."

His vigorous independence carries into all situations. When a hout with an ulcer put him into the hospital, he proved to be what can mildly be described as a "reluctant patient." Sharing his room was a much more acquiescent man who was utterly amazed by Jim's cavalier treatment of rules, regulations and authority. "Honestly, Mr. Bannon," he said one day, "I don't know how you get away with it."

"Easy," said Jim. "I was born a colonel and never got to be a private."

Self-sufficient though he may seem, Jim holds no brief for single blessedness. He defines his present romantic temperature: "I'm just setting back and looking at the moment." Then his eyes twinkle. "But in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns... Well, who knows? Maybe by June it will have turned again."
Age of Discovery

(Continued from page 43)

Brooklyn. Warren was then just a snub-nosed, bright-eyed kid who—up to that moment—would have blinked and said, "An actor? Me? Are you trying to kid someone?"

That day, Mrs. Tracy, a neighbor whose daughter was a dancer, called to Warren in the street and asked him to walk along with her to his home. He was quite willing, thinking she might want to get his mother's permission to take him to the movies. Mrs. Tracy had been watching the little fellow with the wavy brown hair and the alert eyes under sweeping dark lashes, and Warren went on at the ends with a quizzical quirk to give the boyish face an unexpected touch of humor. (They still do, these nine years later.) Now, instead of taking him to a movie, she thought he had a chance to be in one.

Mrs. Tracy knew that Warners was casting small-boy roles for the motion picture version of "Life with Father." Would Mrs. Berlinger let her little boy try out? Mrs. Berlinger said, "Why not? Let's see what he can do—if he would like to to it." "Sure," said Warren, dreams beginning to shape themselves around an actor, "I think how he could get to be a big movie star, like Roy Rogers or Hapalong Cassidy, and have a gun and a horse of his own."

Warren had had his first big heart-break. Talent scouts in each city made their choice of boys, and he won easily in New York in his age group. But in the end they chose a West Coast boy. Warren's family then moved to Philadelphia. He had a break with the kids, his dreams of glory in the Old West temporarily clouded.

Only temporarily, however, Through the back door came word of the interest of a Mrs. Bedford at Warners', who recommended him to Oscar Hammerstein for "Annie, Get Your Gun", the Broadway-bound stage play which was getting ready to open out of-town. Warren was picked as one of four boys—which finally narrowed to three—two to appear regularly in the show and one as alternate and understudy. He was regular and joined the cast in Philadelphia.

It was Warren's first time on any stage, anywhere. He had never even been in a school play, and he would have considered dramatic lessons a sort of "sissy," if anyone had so much as mentioned the subject. Cops-and-robbers, cowboys-and-Indians, were the stuff his dreams had been made of up to then.

Now, at seventeen, an experienced young actor of television and stage, and a high school senior (his best subject, U. S. history; his hardest, French), Warren is getting ready to enter Columbia University in New York and work toward a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree, then, later, a Master's. And he plans to do one solid work in the dramatic arts course, because he loves what he's doing, wants to keep doing it better, and looks forward to a life in his chosen field. He wants to act in the "Secret Storm" a long, long time.

"This kid Jerry, whom I play on television, would get off to a bad start," Warren explains. "He had tough breaks with his parents. His mother was killed in an automobile accident, and Jerry wanted to punish the people in the car responsible for it. His mind got so twisted that he actually believed it was his duty to avenge his mother. Jerry's father has made some serious mistakes, too, and the boy has had a rough break all around. I want to see him pull out of this thing and become a decent citizen and a happy guy.

"Peter Hobbs, who is Peter Amos in the show, is a great guy who treats me as if I were his own son."

"Contrary to her role, Haila Stoddard—who plays Pauline Harris, my dead mother's sister—is a real wonderful person."

And Barbara Joepke—who is Jane Edwards, the woman my father loves—is as sweet as all get-out.

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Sometimes people ask Warren if it wasn't hard for him to be on the stage, and now on television, during the years he was growing up. "The only truthful answer I can give is that I have enjoyed every minute of it."

I would like to be just an average kid going to high school and getting ready for college, probably with an engineering course. Warren, who is seven years older than I am, Larry thinks my being on TV and the stage is kind of crazy, I suppose, although he seems to be a little proud that I can do it. My mother used to tell me that I was acting before I was three, the "actor," but I persuadered her to leave out 'the actor' part. 'Let people find that out for themselves later, if they're interested,' I told her. So now she doesn't do that any more."

With a work schedule like Warren's, there isn't much time for girls and formal dating, but two Sunday evenings a month are dedicated to this important subject.

"I don't want to get married until I am twenty-five," he hastens to say. "Not until I know all about girls."

"Then he grins at the thought of being twenty-five. "I mean, at least until I understand girls better, if I ever do! Anyhow, I know I should be much more mature before I even think of marrying."

The reason he sets apart two Sundays, and only two, is a double one: First, he has to catch up on homework at least every other weekend. Second, he likes to give a girl a really nice time, which usually means some cab fares, dinner in a good restaurant (he himself prefers Chinese food for such occasions), a downtown movie—more than twice, to be exact—and a legitimate show, if there is a Sunday night performance. All this knocks out a fellow's budget. Theater friends often give Saturday-night parties for the show and he can't get there by, for an hour or so. But that's about all the social life he has time for.

Being a product of modern times, Warren enjoys "booths" with boys unless it is a formal date pre-ar- ranged. "All of us had a big argument about this on the set one day—whether a boy can pay for a girl's lunch or a Coke, or something like that, when they just happen to be together. We fellows think the only time there should be no question about our footing is when we actually take a girl out. But the girls don't seem to go for that." He grins, and shrugs, as if to imply that already he finds the ways of women quite inscrutable.
Like most of his friends, he believes it's a lot more fun to date in couples. "Two couples are just right. A friend of yours, and a friend of hers. You have another boy to talk to part of the time, and the girl has another girl along." Most of the girls like this arrangement, too.

He likes girls to be themselves, natural and feminine. "A girl should be a girl, and a boy a boy, and that way everything works out wonderfully," is the way he puts it, with more wisdom than he realizes.

When you ask about his favorite type of girl, Warren gives you that grin again, as if to remind you that he is really only a high-school boy and, therefore, it's a little silly to have too many definite ideas yet about women. Then he answers quite seriously.

"I like a girl for her personality, That's all. She doesn't have to be good-looking. She doesn't have to be an actress, or any kind of career girl. I think I might prefer a home girl, although I don't have much chance to meet girls outside the theatrical profession any more."

One of Warren's regrets is that being an actor has taken him away from the old contacts with both girls and boys in his neighborhood. He had to leave Public School 208 in Brooklyn and enroll in Professional Children's School, where classes are adapted to the working hours of the students. He works now when his old friends are ready to go out and have fun.

Warren hopes that attending college will widen and broaden his list of friends, as it undoubtedly will, even though he will have to stagger his classes in order to work in his acting jobs.

An ordinary day for him runs something like this: He is up by 8:15 A.M. (He probably got home a little after midnight the night before, after the curtain came down on "Anniversary Waltz," and he had a sandwich and Coke and watched Steve Allen on television until Steve went off the air. Then maybe he did a little homework before turning in.) He is due at school in midtown Manhattan at 9:45 and stays there until 2:15, except on matinee days and days he is on the television show, when he gets a chance to sleep a little late and do his school work at home. He always gets in a short nap before dinner. After dinner, he's due at the theater.

Once a week he crowds in a singing lesson. ("I'm a high baritone, or an alto tenor, I can't decide which.") The singing is to broaden his talents for possible musical roles later on. He loves music, listens a lot to records by Eddie Fisher and Frank Sinatra, likes the songs they pick. He would like to sit for hours watching TV. ("I'm on it, and I love it. But, ironically, the only chance I get to do much looking is after midnight or on Sunday.")

He used to play softball, but there isn't much time for that now. He swims when he can, wants a small car of his own to go jaunting in on Sundays to beaches and to the country. He's stamp collection, started by his brother, is now neglected. "I'll pick it up again someday," he says hopefully. "My map collection, too. I'm fascinated by maps."

Warren's first TV appearance was an interview on the Howdy Doody show when he was about eight or nine, before they even had the Peanuts Gallery. He has been on You Are There and Personal Story, but considered himself a stage actor (except for one movie, "The Window," and some commercial shorts) until The Secret Storm happened in early 1954. Before Secret Storm, he played the young lad, Bibi, in "The Happy Time," starting in the Broadway cast and going on tour with the show all across the
Head in the Stars

(Continued from page 55)

There, but for the grace of God, go I . . .

She was in her teens when she stumbled upon the line in Plato: "Love is the desire for the everlasting possession of the Good, and all men desire the Good." "It set my imagination on fire," Katherine recalls. "Time goes on, love in the impersonal sense became my creed."

It was a line written by an old Greek philosopher, dreaming of Utopia. But a young girl in Alhambra, who has been two thousand years later, can also dream of an ideal world. And maybe that explains why she was going to be a great woman who wanted to live in this world, you create a world of your own, a world where everlasting goodness can truly exist.

More than the goodness, however, what she really wanted was love. For Katherine's parents were divorced, and the hurt in her childhood stings from this. She not only wanted love, she wanted the everlasting possession of the Good—which is security. But she was too young to know this, and too inexperienced to understand that people sometimes fear the very thing they want most. It was a strange creed for a healthy young girl, but by making love impersonal, she had removed the hurt from it. And, by desiring the everlasting possession of the Good, she was committed to be an head-over-heels in love with the unattainable.

Her creed of impersonal love, however, manifested itself in a sincere desire to help others. By the time she was eighteen, Katherine was the director of the Alhambra Playground. Here she directed the children in original plays which she wrote herself. And her love could get in the way, because the kids were crazy about her. After seeing a pageant which she produced on a shoestring, the playground supervisor allotted five thousand dollars to stage a big production the following season.

"He believed in me," Katherine says—still amazed, still grateful. For the five thousand dollars, the playground gave a combination play and pageant—with a cast of two hundred children—which Katherine wrote,
produced and directed by herself. Because of her success, she was engaged as a writer by a major Hollywood studio. But she only remained two months. Something even more wonderful had happened the year before, when she had taken five girls from the streets to give Walter Hampden act on the stage.

Walter Hampden is still a fine figure of a man, playing kindly old-gentleman parts in the most varied ways, as he was Cyrano de Bergerac. He was Hamlet. To the young girl in the balcony, he was a god! For there, in a man, was the physical embodiment of the Good. "Oh, my head was so in the stars!" Katherine sighs.

This was a severe case of hero worship! Though, at the moment, Walter Hampden was still only a name to her, and a great many daydreams Katherine constantly conjured up, there was always the wild hope that she could actually meet him. Oh, just to shake his hand to him ... maybe even shake his hand. This all might be ... if it weren't for the stage manager who kept saying: "Absolutely no!"

Somehow, Katherine managed to hide backstage. "I wouldn't have had the nerve to do it if I had been alone," she recalls. "But with five girls waiting outside—well, you can accomplish a lot, if you're put up to it." At midnight, her hero came out from his dressing room. All Katherine can remember of that fateful meeting is that Mr. Hampden said, "She is a fine girl!" She said yes, she was—forgotten for the moment the half of her that's Scotch. It must have been the right answer. He agreed to let her meet her hero when she came out for a dress rehearsal.

Next day she read. It didn't stop Mr. Hampden from continuing on tour with his company. But it didn't stop Katherine, either. Her letters followed her. "You should have seen them," Katherine blushes. "All transport and hero-worship!"

But they worked. After a year, Walter Hampden wrote to her, inviting her to join his company. It was Katherine's first job. She had a career mapped out for her in a Hollywood studio. At a word from her hero, she dropped everything. Hampden needed her. "You're sent for her," he says.

"Actually," she says, "he probably just wanted to stop those letters."

She moved to New York, but her first season with Walter Hampden was mostly spent on the road. At last, she engaged as leading lady for the Barter Theater in Virginia. Then, returning to New York, she continued in the theater and broke into a happy new life.

But she had outgrown hero-worship as naturally as she had outgrown her teens. And, like all people on the stage, she had come to prize reality as the one luxury. She still had not got as good as she was used to be. She was no longer afraid of love. She was ready to have it attainable...

Katherine describes Paul Y. Anderson as "a great man and a great friend." When they met, he was Washington correspondent for The St. Louis Post-Dispatch—a Pulitzer Prize winner. They married, and all at once Katherine began to blossom. She had been looking for. But, after a year and a half, her husband met a tragic death. "It took me seven years to get over it," Katherine says.

Katherine moved to New York, desperate to forget herself in work, she set a gargan-tuan task for herself. It took her entire capital of five hundred dollars to do it, but she dramatized, illustrated, and worked out in verse-choir Vachel Lindsay's "The Congo." It was produced in Madison Square Garden for The Greater New York Fund, and then on radio's famed Columbia Workshop. Then, faced with the necessity of making a living, she returned to the theater, where she played Queen Guinevere in the revival of "A Connecticut Yankee," Death in Somerset Maugham's "Sheepy," Mrs. Taylor in George Kelly's The Deep Mrs. Sykes, the Mayor's wife in Ferenc Molnar's A Miracle in the Mountains, and the bigot in "The Grey Eyed People." In addition to all this, she became well known in radio, playing in such shows as Against The Storm, Run For Happiness, The Kate Smith Show, and Ellery Queen. Then she broke into TV, where she has been seen on Kraft TV Theater, Armstrong's Theater, Comedy Hour and Studio One.

A high point in Katherine's professional career came last summer, when Columbia Pictures needed an actress for a part in "The Great Caruso." Katherine was the perfect woman for that part—she hadn't remembered her from a screen test seen more than three years before.

But, in those years following her husband's death, her career held little meaning for Katherine. Her drive had never been for success, it had been for love. But now, even the impersonal variety seemed unattainable. Loving humanity meant helping humanity. And, knowing that she was at the Alhambra Playground, she had dreamed of being a teacher with a school of her own. She would teach dramatics, because that was what she knew best. But, remembering some of her own teachers, who had been too "theoretical and silly" to really be of help, she had determined to get actual experience first—in life, as well as the theater. Well, she had gotten the experience, but now...

"I don't think someone who hasn't satisfied his own ambitions is ready to teach," Katherine says. She had become, from her own point of view, the sort of person whom it would be impossible to run a school of her own. For it is Katherine's philosophy of life that each of us is "two different people." No, not good and evil (since "all men desire the Good"), but optimistic and pessimistic. Our optimistic self, of course, is our "better self." And, when our "evil self is in control, the Good is possible. We have the strength to put it into practice.

Katherine knows now that "the whole business of life is to learn to be happy." An unhappy person—such as Margot Finchley, for instance—is no good to herself or to anyone. And what is happiness?

"Dear old Polonius," she says, remembering her "Hamlet," "I think he put it best—This above all: To thine own self be true."

That takes courage. "But every unhappy thing that you rise above," she reminds you, "makes you that much stronger."

And then, we are not alone. No one is. "Beloved in God—that's the whole secret of having the will to live."

But it had taken Katherine a long time to learn that secret. She had kept searching through the years—searching for the Good. And then, one day, she suddenly understood. The Good all men desire is God. And God is Love.

Then she remembered something her husband had said to her once, if he believed in God. "No!" he had replied, "don't you know that, if I believed in God, I would have spent my whole life serving Him?"

And that is why, one day, Katherine Anderson will have her own school. She knows now that "the thing you want in your heart to do is the thing that God wants you to do."
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(Continued from page 33)

five-eleven—but, being scrupulously honest, he insists on waiting till he reaches his full growth. Although he photographs on your screen romantically dark, he actually has light-brown hair.blue eyes, and fair skin. However, the Doug Fairbanks mustache is not false, and neither is the very bright disposition.

"When I was young—when I had been discovered only a couple of times," he recalls, "I was just a big yarn to most women. Now, suddenly, when I'm Jack Benny's age, I get a lot of mail from women. Some even mail me a telegram in a fancy box—and they write as though they mean it. These letters I give to my wife to answer."

Earl and wife Markey and daughter Wendy Ann live on the fashionable North Shore of Long Island, in a home with only one fireplace. Their previous home had been the result of installing a couple more—one for each bathroom. This whole business of renovating houses started in 1930 when Earl went into the real-estate business because he was making no money in his newspaper. I bought up old property and renovated it. The first house I did over wound up twelve thousand dollars in the red. After I lost my newspaper—because I got the house—I got so I lost only forty thousand."

"Anyway, when it came to decorating our present home, I let Markey enjoy the fun and she did a wonderful job." The Wrightsons have been married sixteen years. They were born and raised in Baltimore. Earl has been a worldwide traveler ever since. It was just about the time most New Year's Eve parties were folding up on January 1, 1916—at six A.M. He was the youngest in a family of eight children. His father was a Methodist minister, who died when Earl was eleven. His mother was a musician and former teacher. ("Sunday evenings, we were all together making beautiful music," Earl recalls, "and eight or nine people can really play loud.") As a boy soprano, Earl lent his voice to the church choir. At sixteen, he decided he didn't want to tell you "lessons," the choirmaster told him, "but you haven't got much of a voice, so it wouldn't be honest to take your money."

In his junior year, Earl quit high school. "I quit because I was bored," Earl tells you, "and I have never regretted it." Earl was not irresponsible. He took on after-school jobs when his father died. He had an evening newspaper route for years. From the time he was thirteen, he paid for all his own clothes. But he was bored, so he quit school and got his first job in a bank which his brother Frank managed.

"I was operating an adding machine next to a slum, below," he grins. "She was conscientious and wanted to attend to work—and I wanted to talk."

The girl was Alta Markey. So Earl quit —to her relief and also that of his brother, who had since become the president of the biggest bank in Maryland.

Earl found a job as designer in a jewelry firm, and the Alta Markey continued mostly in restaurants, hot-dog stands, diners, ice-cream parlors, candy stores—anywhere there was food. Eating happened to be the favorite sport, avocade. How I got to sing on the 49th Street. In the way Earl signed up with NBC's artists' bureau. "And, with such success, we began to move uptown," Earl remembers. "We moved from our fifth-floor walkup on 39th Street to a fifth-floor walkup on 49th."
Earl was booked for concerts and toured with opera companies. He and Marky entered 74th Street. On December 23, 1941, Wendy Ann was born. ("We both wanted a girl," Earl says. "We didn't even have a name for a boy.")

War broke out that same month and, although Earl was in prime condition, the draft board put him in a classification for men with dependent—which made sense, for he had to support his wife and baby. Earl, however, wanted to do his part and signed up with the USO to go overseas. He went to the South Pacific—"It was a little lily, but I got malaria in the islands, a back injury when he helped unload .50 calibre ammunition from a ship, and a slight concussion from a downed plane." He got his G.I. bill, and when he returned to Australia, he was back on the receiving end of 27 bombings and lost 30 pounds. "I had to report to my draft board, and the doctor examined me and said, 'You look as if you're going to die tomorrow.' I told him, 'That's a fact.' The medic said: 'You're 4-P now.'"

Earl had his clothes shrink and audi- tioned at the Max Keith's revival of "New Moon." He was chosen to co-star with Dorothy Kirsten.

"And there I was discovered again. This time it was by Gordon Parks. He became about to produce a new musical, 'Firebrand of Florence,' by Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin. Max gave me the male lead and I was very much a hit. With a big Broadway show, I figured I'd get fame and fortune."

The big Broadway show was a $300,000 flop. But in the audience, before it closed, was Al Green, the AFN music director for radio. "For the next three years, I was in clover," Earl says. "There was the Prudential Hour and the Cities Service, Coca-Cola and RKO. When I opened for Earl's concert recordings—and Wendy's collection of Eddie Fisher. There is the Wrightson collection of pater. There is a spinet piano and an Earl's concert recording for Markey. (Earl still calls her Markey: "We began calling each other by our last names when we met at the bank, and we still do.")"

And their appetites have never diminished: "A big night out finds us in an expensive restaurant reading a menu like it was the New York Times. While Markey does most of the cooking, Earl considers cookery his hobby. Most of his recipes feature garlic. He likes garlic in everything but vanilla ice cream. There is an ice cream dish he recommends which lacks garlic. It's our favorite sandwich. You toast some white bread, Earl directs, 'spread it with peanut butter and fill with thin slices of onions. It's really delicious. Honest. You hardly miss the garlic.'"

The garlic is sometimes a little rough on Linda, but that's no problem. Earl is on the show. But Lois is used to it. She teamed up with Earl on his own television show a few years back. She and her husband and friends are the "Wrightson family."

Daughter Wendy Ann, is really conservative, at thirteen, favors ordinary hamburgers. She is a bright, pretty child, a combination of both parents in looks. She has Earl's eyes and Lew's brown hair. A few years ago, when she was about nine, she was upset by Earl's TV romancing. "She caught me coming into the house and took my hand and led me up to her room," he recalls. "She gave me a talking to about making love to all those women. She was so serious about it that I was almost afraid of her. Making love to someone on television was no more real than her playing an angel in the Christmas play."

Earl, without making a thing of it, had mother and father's love. They were apart from show business. "Now Markey can be very accurate in her criticism of music and singing," Earl says, "but that's as far as it goes. Generally, she is cheery and modest and a very good listener. Anyway, I talk too fast for her to interrupt my inter-ruptions."

They live in the most ordinary, orthodox lives. Between Earl's property and that of the nearest neighbor there is a pond. In the winter, the whole family skates there. In the spring, it's walk and, in the sum-mer, it is fun for Earl is a Scout counselor and Wendy is a Girl Scout.

Earl's a happy man. "I just hope the bottom doesn't fall out, this time," he says. "What I mean is—I hope that I don't have to be discovered again. I hope this one takes."
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