"I fell in love at first sight" says Toni Gilman - Young Dr. Malone - Warren Hull Strikes It Rich

Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe

Johnny and Penny Olsen
Two Special People

Florence Freeman in Wendy Warren's adventure

Vaughn Monroe and the home a song built
LET CAMAY TAKE YOUR SKIN

"out of the shadows" and into the light of loveliness!

As this Camay bride proved—a clearer, brighter complexion can be yours with your First Cake of Camay!

A girl who has hopes of popularity and romance—of a marriage proposal and all the bliss that it brings—may hope in vain if her complexion wears a mask of dullness!

Never let your complexion be marred by shadows! Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women, can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and you'll marvel at the fresher, clearer complexion your very first cake of Camay will bring!

For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. The mildness of Camay is so kind to your skin. And Camay's rich, creamy lather cleanses so gently. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty awaits all your skin!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings all your skin that "beautifully cared-for" look! It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. For more lather, more luxury, use big Beauty-Bath size Camay.

MRS. CHARLES RONALDSTATON, this lovely bride, sings Camay's praises: "After I changed to regular care and Camay, I was amazed at the clearer, fresher look my skin had. It came about so quickly.

Camay
the Soap of Beautiful Women
Rather be "Cut Out" . . . or "Cut In"?

So much depends on You

Sometimes a very small thing spells the difference between neglect and popularity. Take Jennie's case. It's typical. It might be you. At almost every party the boys simply cut Jennie out . . . danced with her once, if at all, then snubbed and ignored her. And she, poor, bewildered child, never suspected what her trouble was. Once she found out and corrected it. My! . . . how the boys came flocking!

Why Risk It?
Why let halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, extra-careful precaution against it? Listerine Antiseptic is the proven precaution that countless popular people rely on.

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath For Hours
Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth and on the teeth.

No Tooth Paste, No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Germs Like Listerine Antiseptic
Although tooth paste is a good method of oral hygiene, no tooth paste . . . no chlorophyll . . . kills odor-producing germs with anything like Listerine's germicidal efficiency.

So, when you want that extra assurance about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . stops bad breath for hours KILLS BAD-BREATH GERMS BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE . . . BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL
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Cover portrait of Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe by Ozzie Sweet
Far Superior...Far More Foolproof...for Every type of Hair!

Procter & Gamble guarantees that

No Other Home Permanent Today

makes hair look..feel..behave so much like the loveliest

Naturally Curly Hair!

Here's why, for your hair, or for children's hair, Lilt is far superior!

1. Lilt's one Waving Lotion is far superior...safer, surer for every type of hair...even for children's hair! No other Home Permanent today has such a foolproof Waving Lotion!

2. Only Lilt has such a superior Neutralizer! It gives as long-lasting a home wave as is possible today. And Lilt leaves your hair softer, lovelier!

3. Only Lilt gives such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look...and the Lilt method is so quick, so easy, so sure!

4. Only a Lilt wave is so easy-to-manage. A Lilt requires less frequent setting than any other home permanent wave!

Home Permanent
Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Makes hair look...feel...behave far more like Naturally Curly Hair!
New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- Protects better, longer. New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
- Creamier. New Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot of discolor finest fabrics.
- The only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
- Delicately fragrant. New Mum is useable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.

Love of Life
Dear Editor:
Can you please give me some information on Richard Coogan, who appears on Love of Life over TV?
M. S., Norwalk, Conn.
Richard Coogan, whom you see as Paul Raven on the Love of Life program, was born in Short Hills, New Jersey, into a family of ten children. As a child, Dick thought he would like to go into a sports career—but somehow he changed his mind and drifted into theatrical work. He's been in many stage plays, including Leslie Howard's production of "Hamlet," where Dick met his wife, Gay Adams. The Coogans have one son, Ricky, age two. Dick's most exciting moment in radio was acting with Helen Hayes in "Miracle in the Rain."

Miss America
Dear Editor:
When was Bess Myerson, of the Big Payoff show, Miss America?
R. S., Buffalo, N. Y.
Bess was Miss America in 1945.

Rhythm Boys
Dear Editor:
Who were the other two members of the trio Bing Crosby used to be in?
M. L., Ardmore, Okla.
Bing Crosby, Al Rinker and Harry Barris made up "The Rhythm Boys."

Hollywood Reporter
Dear Editor:
Has Louella Parsons been reporting on Hollywood for a long time?
V. J., Wilmington, Del.
Louella certainly has been movie-reporting for a long time. She wrote the world's first motion-picture column, way back in 1913.

Serenade
Dear Editor:
What is the theme music I hear on When A Girl Marries? I think it is beautiful.
R. O., Chattanooga, Tenn.
The theme music is Drigo's "Serenade."

Cerf's Got a Family
Dear Editor:
Does Bennett Cerf, of What's My Line, have a family?
K. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Bennett Cerf married the former Phyllis Fraser in 1940. The Cerfs have two sons.

Kate's Maggie
Dear Editor:
Is it true that Kate McComb started her acting career quite late in life?
S. C., Bennington, Vt.
Yes, Kate McComb was a forty-four-year-old New England housewife when the "show business bug" bit her.

(Continued on page 18)
Be gay ...

Be at ease ...

Wear what you please!

Invisible

Playtex® Pink-Ice gives you a look-twice figure

You'll never know how slim you can look, how free you can feel, how blissfully comfortable you can be in the fun-loving clothes of summer until Playtex Pink-Ice becomes part of your life.

For nothing in the world sleekes you so beautifully, gives you such freedom and ease as this slender sheath of smooth latex. There's not a seam, stitch or bone—and Playtex Pink-Ice is completely invisible, even under your slimmest swim suit.

So convenient, too, it washes in seconds, dries with a towel, ready to wear again immediately, under all your clothes!


Playtex ... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube

International Latex Corp'n. ... PLAYTEX PARK ... Dover Del. ©1952 Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada
Summer is a time when portables compete with the sun for your attention and phonographs spin for patios and living rooms, with popular records getting dated and disappearing quicker than surf into the sand. We'll try and keep you posted on a few numbers which are worth collecting, and a few artists who are worth noting.

Just to start with, we figured there might be someone in our reading audience who'd be interested in winning a new-type three-speed Victrola now being marketed by RCA-Victor. Take pen, pencil or typewriter in hand and complete the sentence: "I like listening to Perry Como because..." in twenty-five words or less. The person, who, in our opinion, gives us the most interesting sentence will win the phonograph. There's a

This new RCA-Victor three-speed changer will be given to a Radio-TV Mirror reader winning our Perry Como contest.
EXCITING RECORDS TO SET YOUR FEET DANCING, YOUR HEART BEATING

center spindle-gadget on it which slips over the standard spindle and makes the playing of 45's a simpler matter than the inserting of aluminum discs, which you have to do on regular changers. The second most interesting letter will win an album of Perry Como "TV Favorites," which include songs most requested by Perry's TV fans. The songs in the album which Perry sings so well are Black Moonlight, If There Is Someone Louelier Than You, Summertime, You'll Never Walk Alone, While We're Young, My Heart Stood Still, I Concentrate on You and Over the Rainbow.

Johnnie Ray

Johnnie has been in New York these past few months recording for Columbia and making personal appearances at the swank Copacabana and the Paramount Theatre. After seeing him perform at the Copacabana, Leland Hayward—who's known and helped more show business people than almost any man we know—characterized Johnnie as "one of the two greatest men in show business (the other being Toscanini)" when Leland was talking over the Tex and Jinx TV show. No wonder the C. G. (current generation) is mad about him! Unlike some of the other stars who, once up there, couldn't stand the worshipping public, Johnnie held open house in his dressing room after his Para appearances for all those who could crowd in. He seems to carry over the strong feeling he has for his own family to the larger family of fans he's acquired. His new album (Columbia CL 6199) has two songs that are in the lonesome, pleading vein of Cry—The Lady Drinks Champagne and Give Me Time. The rest of the songs, some old, some new, are worth having for listening pleasure, too. They include Don't Blame Me, Walkin' My Baby Back Home, Don't Take Your Love From Me, All of Me, Out in the Cold Again and Coffee and Cigarettes. Johnnie's single platter of What's the Use is going great guns, too.

Disc Data

Giselle MacKenzie, that cute little star of Club 15, has a new one out that does justice (Continued on page 21)
New addition to the Evelyn Winters cast: Jacqueline Billingsley, daughter of the famed Stork Club host.

What’s New from Coast to Coast by Jill Warren

With radio and television slated to play vital roles in the coming Republican and Democratic conventions in Chicago, the networks will have a fantastic coverage of all important events. Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen probably will have better ear-and-eye views of what’s happening than those who travel to the conventions and can only watch one thing at a time. In addition to the fabulous technical facilities they have set up, the networks have assigned their top news reporters, analysts and personalities from all over the country to cover every single detail of each convention.

Here are just a few of the top news names who will be providing aural and visual information on the exciting events:

For CBS:
Edward R. Murrow, whose reportorial experience has ranged from the coronation of King George VI, through the Anschluss, Munich, the London blitz, the campaigns in North Africa and on the Continent, the election of the Labor government and the re-election of the Churchill regime in Britain, and who has won the Peabody Award twice for “Outstanding Reporting and Interpretation of the News.”

Eric Sevareid, CBS radio’s chief Washington correspondent, and also a Peabody Award winner, who covered battlefronts on both sides of the globe during World War II.
Douglas Edwards, one of the youngest of the major newscasters, and the first newsman to switch from radio to television on a full-time basis. Edwards reported the last war from Europe, also the Presidential conventions in Philadelphia in 1948.

Larry LeSueur, the veteran news analyst, who is now CBS's United Nations correspondent. When LeSueur was a staff man for the United Press he handled some of the biggest stories of the prewar period, including the Lindbergh case and the burning of the airship Hindenburg. He became a war correspondent for CBS in 1939, and was in on many scoops. He was the first correspondent to broadcast from the American beachhead at Normandy in 1944; he also broadcast the first news of the liberation of Paris, speaking from an "underground" radio station, and was chosen official eye witness of the final surrender of the German High Command. LeSueur won the Peabody Award in 1949 for his radio coverage of the United Nations.

Charles Collingwood, the CBS White House correspondent. He was a Rhodes scholar, a United Press man in London, and in 1941 became a war correspondent. Since the war, he has had various top assignments in the United States and has been assigned to the White House since 1949. Mrs. Collingwood is the former movie star, Louise Allbritton, who gave up her career when (Continued on page 10)
Swim-proof lips at last!

Liquid Liptone

Liquid Lipitone, the miracle lipstick, can't smear anywhere or anyone. Makes lips beautiful and keeps them beautiful.

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

A heavenly liquid that instantly imparts gloriously colored in the most romantic shades! Lips feel delightfully softer, smoother—no dryness or chapped. Better stores feature the new liquid Lipitone. Get yours today.

Price $1* complete with patent brush.

For lovely natural cheek color get new moist Cheektone #1.  
*Plus 25c for Fed. tax

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 2147
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below. I enclose 25c for each one.

□ Jewel—Sophisticated ruby brilliance.
□ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
□ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—re-vivifying.
□ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
□ Cyclamen—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
□ Orchid—A cool fuchsia pink.
□ English Tint—knitting coral-pink.
□ CHEEKSTONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.
□ Miss
□ Mrs.
□ Address
□ City State

her husband was transferred to the capital city.

Robert Trout, the veteran newscaster. Trout really knows his way around political conventions, having covered the ones in 1936, 1940 and 1944. He is famed for his quick and ad-lib reporting, tracking the on-the-spot news, and is called the "Iron Man of Radio" because he has never been known to miss a cue. Trout covered the on-site atomic explosion test a few weeks ago in Nevada.

Lowell Thomas, who certainly needs no introduction to news listeners. Thomas, who has been on the air for twenty-one years, is famous as a lecturer, world travel, movie newsreel commentator, and author.

Also representing CBS will be Walter Cronkite, former chief correspondent for the United Press in Moscow, news analyst Allan Jackson and Don Hollenbeck; Edward P. Morgan, David Schoenbrun, Bill Downs—in addition to crack regional reporters from all over the country.

For Mutual:

Cecil Brown, noted radio war correspondent and commentator. A former reporter, Brown began broadcasting in 1937 and, ever since, has managed to be on the scene when world-famous events were happening. In World War II, Brown was on board the Repulse when it was sunk by Japanese torpedoes, reported by air from Singapore, made journalistic history.

H. R. Bauskage, one of the deans of newsmen in Washington, who for thirty years has covered Capitol affairs for newspapers and radio. One of the most memorable of his Bauskage Talking broadcasts was on December 7, 1941, when he was the first one to the war news direct from the White House.

Bill Cunningham, a newsman long experienced in national politics. He is a true convention veteran, having covered them consistently since 1945.

Fulton Lewis, Jr., Mutual's ace reporter in Washington. A native of the capital city, he has been broadcasting from there for many years and also writes a daily syndicated column.

William Hillman, Mutual's White House correspondent, famous in the news field, and well known as a confidant of government officials, including President Truman himself. Hillman's book, Mr. President, is on the best-seller list.

Also on hand for Mutual will be Sam Hayes, popular commentator from the Pacific Coast; Robert Hurleigh, Mutual's Chicago news chief; Everett Holles, of the Reporters' Roundup program; Cedric Foster, Frank Singler, Leslie Nichols, Frank Edwards, Les Higbie.

For NBC:

Bill Henry, popular newscaster, a veteran newspaper man, who did his first broadcast back in 1929, in the days of the crystal set. He was a famous war correspondent and is columnist and head of the Washington Bureau for the Los Angeles Times. Henry will visualize the running commentaries on the political conventions and has been named chairman of the broadcasting arrangements, as he was in 1948.

H. V. Kaltenborn, who just two months ago celebrated his thirtieth anniversary in broadcasting. Considered the dean of all radio commentators, Kaltenborn is also one of the most colorful. He is still being looked for in his famous "radio room" at election night in 1948, but says he erred in good company.

John Cameron Swayze, popular television personality, an ex-newspaperman who switched to radio in 1940. He was one of the first newscasters to go into TV and has been one of the most successful in the medium.

W. W. Chaplin, George Hicks and Leon Pearson, each distinguished reporters in their own right, who have been working as the crack townhollers of the country, crossing paths with the candidates, so they'll have first-hand reports for listeners at convention time.

Ben Grauer, long-time special events reporter for NBC, who has described everything from Presidential inaugurations to the total eclipse of the sun in Brazil. This convention will be the fourth Grauer NBC assignment.

Dave Garroway, the unique radio and television personality, who will lend his relaxed delivery to the proceedings.

Elmo Roper, noted public-opinion pollster, will cover the Aberdeen NBC studio, with its many news and American Youth Forum programs will be done from Chicago during the convention periods.

For ABC:

John Daly, distinguished commentator and ex-foreign correspondent, who has covered every international conflict since 1940, except during the war in 1944.

Martin Agronsky, also a former war correspondent, now ABC's Washington man. Agronsky covered the last prewar meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva, was also on hand in New York City when the United Nations Security Council began deliberations in 1946.

Elmer Davis, outstanding Washington newscaster, first, who has received the coveted Peabody Award three times for his news commentaries.

Walter Kiernan, whose column, "One Man's Opinion," is widely syndicated. Kiernan is known for his in-depth analysis of the air on the air, can certainly be counted on to catch the humorous side of convention happenings.

Pauline Frederick, who is the only woman network news analyst and diplomatic correspondent on the air.

ABC's convention roster will also include Drew Pearson, famous Washington columnist and radio commentator; Ted Mack, popular interest reporter; George Sokolsky, noted columnist and syndicate writer; Quincy Howe, Mary Margaret McBride, Taylor Grant, Paul Harvey, others.  

* * *

Now that many movie stars are deserting films for television, Lloyd Nolan has done the reverse and given up his radio and movie jobs as Herb Kane in the P.I. Private Eye. Nolan decided to return to Hollywood and his picture career, so Lee Tracy has taken over as the new Martin Kane.

The Ralph Edwards radio show is back on NBC, but not at night as before. NBC, with all its gags, gimmicks, audience-participation stunts and nationwide contests, Edwards' daytime television show is now off the air for the summer, but will return again in the fall.

Patsy Lee, who has been the vocalist on Breakfast Club since 1947, resigned from the Don McNeill radio family to become a bride. Patsy was married to Rick Lifendahl, of the United States Naval Intelligeance Department, on May 24, in her
home town, Oakland, California. Patsy became the fifth songstress to leave the Breakfast Club for marriage during the program's nineteen-year broadcasting history—Annette King (1936-39), Evelyn Lynne (1939-41), Nancy Martin (1939-46), and Marion Mann (1941-46).

Even though her daddy probably won't have the same job next year, Margaret Truman is all set, at least as far as radio and television are concerned. She recently renewed her contract with NBC for guest appearances during the 1952-53 season. She is signed for a minimum of nine spots on major shows and will receive from $2500 to $4000 a performance, depending on the budget for each show.

Remember the old radio program, Ladies Be Sentinel? Well, it's back on the air in the afternoons, Monday through Friday, over ABC. Singer Jimmy Elaine is the new master of ceremonies, and for musical company, he has the Buddy Weed trio and vocalist Gloria Parker.

This 'n' That:

Jacqueline Billingsley, daughter of Sherman Billingsley, host of New York's famous Stork Club, has joined the cast of The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters. She is playing the part of Carla Perry, assistant stage manager of the play-within-a-play in which Evelyn is the understudy. Comedian Allan Young and his wife are expecting a visit from the stork in September. Kay Arsen says she is radio's most disappointed girl singer. After traveling all the way to Hollywood to make a guest appearance on Mario Lanza's show, Kay—who had been an ardent fan of his—never even got to meet him. She did sing with the orchestra and, through the magic of tape recording, "chatted" with Lanza, though he wasn't there. Later, from cue sheets, Lanza filled in his part of the broadcast. The two tape recordings were fused and the show went on the air. Kay has yet to meet Mr. L. Incidentally, a few weeks ago Lanza bet on a horse called Caruso II and the horse won, so he got interested in horses and thought maybe he'd like to own one of his own. He began making inquiries as to price, upkeep, etc., wound up buying a pony—which Betty Hutton's children had outgrown—and presented it to his three-year-old daughter, Colleen.

Charles Boyer, Rosalind Russell, Dick Powell and Joel McCrea have signed with Studio Films to star in a series of half-hour television movies to be produced in Hollywood. The series will be called Four Star Playhouse, with the stars rotating each week in original screen plays, and the first two shows have already been shot. Studio Films is a company which will produce and distribute TV films exclusively, and among the prominent stockholders are such radio personalities as Jack Benny, Dinah Shore, Jo Stafford and Frank Sinatra.

Nat Polen, who plays Michael Dalton in The Second Mrs. Burton (see page 61), is also a director in his spare time. He has organized a children's theatre in Hils-ville, Long Island, where he lives, and he spends every Saturday working with a hundred children between the ages of seven and fourteen, teaching them dramatics.

Joel Kupperman, the oldest member of the radio panel of the Quiz Kids, is now fifteen years old and will "graduate" from the program shortly, the age limit on the show being sixteen. Joel joined the "junior geniuses" when he was five, and through the years he has received a one-hundred-dollar bond each time he appeared. His parents have never touched (Continued on page 25)
AGAINT THE STORM Just as she was about to put behind her the unsuccessful marriage with Hal Thomas and start a new chapter of her life, Siri was stunned by Hal’s death in an accident. Her unreasonable feeling of guilt toward Hal is strengthened by the furious accusations of Hal’s mother, and Siri finds herself more bound to Hal in death than she had been while he was alive. How will these events affect Julian Browning and his bride? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

AUNT JENNY How much chance is there for a romance between a girl of twenty-one and a man in his forties? Meg Saunders was convinced that she loved her boss, Steven Lewis, enough to compensate for the difference in their ages—enough to give up her boy friend, Bob Friessen. In her recent story about Meg, Aunt Jenny told what had been when Steven Lewis himself finally brought the situation to a climax. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Neither Mary Noble nor her actor-husband Larry realize that their estrangement is the product of a well-laid plan by which wealthy Rupert Barlow hopes to win Mary for himself. With Mary in the Virgin Islands ready to institute divorce proceedings, Larry is stunned to hear from his old friend, Tom Bryson, that if there is no reconciliation he, Tom, will ask Mary to marry him. Is Tom serious—or has he a plan of his own? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER Ruth Wayne can hardly believe that her long, bitter battle with millionaire Millard Parker has finally ended. Parker’s death causes many changes in the lives of Ruth’s friends in Glen Falls, and strongly affects her own future and that of her husband, Dr. John Wayne. But it is a long time before she gets over her grief at the almost simultaneous death of Selena, who was once Parker’s wife. M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE BRIGHTER DAY For the first time in her life, Athlea Dennis indulges in some serious self-examination when her four-year-old daughter Spring returns from New York. Spoiled and over-sure of herself, Spring is a small copy of what Athlea knows herself to be. Will she continue to use her invalidism as a weapon to hold Larry Race, in spite of what she cannot help knowing about Larry and his brother’s widow Vicki? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE DOCTOR’S WIFE Dr. Dan Palmer is in the strange position of causing unhappiness to one of the people he is most fond of—his young brother Neil. Dan’s success has given Ned such an inferiority complex that he can’t get started on a career of his own. Whenever Dan tries to help, it somehow results in more trouble, until Julie, Dan’s capable young wife, takes a hand. Have Julie’s tactful arrangements really started Ned on his way? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL When reporter David Farrell is assigned to cover the Family Secret Murder Case, he finds that the wealthy Winship family has its secrets by the dozen. The murder of an attractive young maid is the starting gun for a series of astonishing revelations about Winship family affairs. David and his wife Sally, helping the police, are confused by the number of suspects—but not too confused to arrive at the truth. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Young Cathy Roberts, bitter and confused over her father’s marriage to Meta White, is determined to escape from a home she can no longer be happy in. Can Meta feel herself partly to blame for the tragic mistake Cathy makes—a mistake that frighteningly parallels the one Meta herself made when she was a young, romantic girl? And now that Cathy, through her own experience, begins to understand Meta better—is it too late? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, supervisor of Hilltop House, faces a problem she has not encountered before in twelve-year-old Marcia, adopted daughter of her...
friend Reed Nixon. Shrewd and devious far beyond her age. Marcia engages in an active campaign to discredit and persecute Julie, whom she hates. Meanwhile, Julie shares the emotional strain of Jeff Browning as they wait for his wife Nina to regain her mental balance. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL The accidental death of Leslie Palmer proves what Bill Davidson suspected—that Palmer was guilty of the stabbing of Barbara Moore's mother. Palmer’s death has led to a dramatic situation involving Hannah Brooks and her strange young daughter, Amy, with Sidney Chadwick, of the wealthy Chadwick family. Bill, puzzled by the contact between the humble Brookses and the powerful Chadwicks, wonders just what is behind it. M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi and Papa David have many times observed that money has a way of complicating any human situation. Is the weak Paul Vandenbush going to become dangerous as he sees the possibility of losing his right to the fortune of his aunt, the wealthy Victoria Vandenbush? Is Chichi being too romantic and naive when she decides that Martin Walker is telling the truth about himself? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY Can a woman like Sidney live a lie—convince a man she loves him when in reality she loves another man? Motivated by loyalty, Sidney tries hard to make a success of her life with Lansing MacKenzie, but Lansing, undeceived, bows out, asking her to divorce him. Does Lansing’s renunciation free Sidney for happiness with Wolf Benet, or is it, perhaps, not going to be quite that simple? M-F, 11 P.M. EDT, ABC.

LORENZO JONES When wealthy Mrs. Carmichael asks Lorenzo to help remove a picture cemented to the wall of the Carmichael residence, Lorenzo walks into one of his most exciting adventures. There is an old legend about buried treasure in connection with the Carmichaels, and when Lorenzo stumbles on a secret passageway he and Mrs. Carmichael are certain they are on the verge of a great discovery. But—are they? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Ma Perkins is shocked and dismayed when Mathilda Pendleton announces her intention of divorcing banker Augustus Pendleton because of a woman named Mrs. McKenzie. Pity for all the Pendletons, including the daughter, Gladys, leads Ma to try to help, and she learns that Mrs. McKenzie is far from being the kind of “other woman” Mathilda has accused her of being. Can Mathilda be made to understand what she has done to her own marriage? M-F, 1:35 P.M. EDT, CBS.

MARY MARLIN As Mary Marlin’s experience in marriage grows and deepens, she comes to appreciate more than most women the true meaning of the phrase: for better, for worse. For as the wife of

"You can be prettier... if you’re not ‘two-faced’!" says Kim Hunter

clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"Even the best make-up will only look colorless and lifeless if you put on ‘face’ on top of another," says lovely Kim Hunter, co-star of Paramount’s "ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN”, a Perlberg-Seaton Production. So, get to the bottom of yesterday’s make-up and grime; try Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten.

Penaten works the magic

Thanks to Penaten, the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury penetrate deeper into pore openings than other creams. Look at your cleansing tissue—see how much more dirt you remove... feel your skin softer, smoother.

you’ll look your loveliest

“Bright lights...night lights...they’re all flattering when your skin is luminous and soft,” says Kim. Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten...25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.
The only shampoo made with fresh, whole egg—Nature's own hair-conditioner, known to generations of beauty-wise women! Use like ordinary shampoos... but what an exciting difference in the brilliance, manageability, smoother texture it gives your hair! Try it. See how lovely your hair can really be.

4 oz. 59¢ + 8 oz. $1
Available at beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters.

BE SURE OF YOUR SHAMPOO—DO AS BEAUTY EXPERTS DO! USE SHAMPOOS MADE BY

Helene Curtis
THE FOREMOST NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

The politician Joe Marlin, Mary's marriage is subject not only to all the ordinary strains of living but to certain special trials whose results have significance for others as well as for Mary and Joe themselves. How will she help Joe against his enemies? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, ABC.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Why has famous actress Rosalind West given up her career and retired to Fairbrooke with her crippled husband, Alec, and their attractive daughter, Audrey? Sunday Brinhtooper and her husband, Lord Henry, sense something peculiar about the West family's relationships with each other. How was Alec really crippled? What is the hidden tension under which Audrey is obviously suffering? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Wealthy reclusive Ellen Springer has long lived a quiet, orderly life in Elmdale, and the last thing pepper or anyone else expected was to find Miss Springer at the very storm center of the most peculiar events that have stirred the town in many months. What will happen to Sadie, Miss Springer's maid? And how is industrialist Dwight Davenport connected with Miss Springer, who as far as is known has no past at all? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON Determined to save his client, May Grant, from paying for a crime she did not commit, Perry Mason risks a daring gesture—and becomes a fugitive from the law himself. The police aren't the only pursuers Perry has to evade, and the stories he tracks down the evasive bit of evidence that will prove his case, Anna B. Hurley is also on his trail—the ingenious, ruthlessless woman who knows all the answers Perry wants, and is determined to keep him from learning them. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The plot to ruin Governor Miles Nelson at last takes shape when he is forced to answer certain definite charges reflecting on his conduct of his duties. Carolyn, in a desperate gamble to save Miles innocent, undertakes a masquerade at the state reformary, hoping to collect evidence to show Neil Prescott's complicity in the false accusation against Miles. Will Carolyn be discovered? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE In forcing the resignation of Dr. Jim Brent from Wheelock Hospital, Conrad Overton and Gordon Fuller may have brought about not the victory they are congratulating themselves on, but the eventual defeat of their entire malevolent plan. For when Jim's friend, Frank Dana, becomes head of the Jericho County Commission, he appoints Jim county medical examiner. Jim's new power means trouble for his enemies. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROSEMARY Whatever happens to Bill and Rosemary Roberts as a result of his trial for the murder of Blanche Weatherby, certainly the lives of all who know them will be permanently affected. Although Rosemary's stepfather, Dr. Jim Cotter, is happy with his new hospital in Springdale, neither he nor Rosemary's mother will ever forget that for a time the friendly town turned against them because of Bill. And for Blanche's parents, the future is unforeseeable. M-F, 11:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry's worst fears for the health of her husband, Stan, are finally justified when Stan's collapse ends in his paralysis. Desperate, Terry surveys the situation, and although she is a courageous woman she wonders just how she can plan a future which will keep her family independent of Stan's mother, the demanding and possessive woman who has almost ruined her marriage already. Can Terry find a way of supporting herself, Brad, Wendy... and Stan? M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Once again Stella's neighbor, the wealthy, eccentric Jared Stone, draws Stella's attention when she becomes interested in his secretary, Emily Calvert. Emily, a former schoolmate of Stella's daughter Laurel, has fallen in love with her employer. But the perversal Jared seems to enjoy treating Emily meanly. Does he know her feeling toward him? What can Stella do to help her young friend? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS The feud between playwright Gary Bennett and producer Nigel Forrest is finally made clear to Gary's ward, Evelyn, when she learns that the mysterious woman at the bottom of it is Nigel's sister, who was once in love with Gary. Nigel claims that Gary jilted his sister, but told Gary that she was dead. What effect will her reappearance in Gary's life have on Evelyn, who is in love with her guardian? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, ABC.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The wealthy parents of Barclay Bailey are waging real war against Hollywood designer Helen Trent, determined to prevent Barclay from making plans to marry her. The Baileys may succeed in destroying more than Helen's friendship with Barclay, for they are planting so many damaging stories about her in so many places that her reputation may be irreconcilably ruined. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT.

THIS IS NOA DRAKE The tragic, sudden death of her friend Peg Martinson is a great shock to Nora, who cannot help feeling that if she had tried just a little harder to understand Peg the accident that killed her might never have occurred... if it was an accident. But gradually as the
emotional strain lessens, Nora realizes that Peg’s death in a way marked the end of a long chapter in her own life. What is ahead for Nora? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**WENDY WARREN** Although Wendy has been a successful newspaperwoman and radio commentator, she never envisioned for herself a Hollywood career. But the young producer working on the documentary Wendy contracted to make becomes so enthusiastic that to her own surprise Wendy finds it not so difficult to keep her mind off her emotional troubles—the troubles engendered by dynamic actress Maggie Fallon, who has fallen in love with Mark Douglas, Wendy’s fiancé. M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** Claire O’Brien was determined from the beginning to break up the marriage of Joan and Harry Davis, and Harry is only now beginning to see how well she played her cards. Will his career and his marriage be devastated because of Claire’s passion for him? How can Joan ever rebuild her own happiness as she faces the facts of Harry’s involvement with the predatory Claire? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT, ABC.

**WOMAN IN MY HOUSE** When young Sandy Carter eloped with Dave Elliott, her family immediately set out to help the two young people get started on married life. But Sandy and Dave ran into some problems with which no outsider could help, and the infant marriage was on shaky ground when Dave was sent to fight in Korea. The tragic news of his death has affected Sandy in a strange way. Does she feel guilty toward Dave? Or is it something else? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** When Mary Browne finally agreed to marry Ernest Horton, Dr. Jerry Malone thought he was seeing two young people off to a happy future. But when Ernest begins to work off his frustrations as a writer on Mary, the infant marriage runs into serious difficulties. Meanwhile, in Three Oaks, Anne Malone is concerned as business troubles bring out an unexpected and frightening facet in Sam Williams’ personality. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** Chivalry halts the fight of Dr. Anthony Loring to free himself from his longestranged wife, Ruth, when this woman, who has suddenly reappeared to disrupt his life, suffers a mental breakdown. Ellen Brown, who hopes to marry Anthony when it can be proved that his marriage to Ruth was annulled a long time ago, realizes that Ruth’s illness has held up her own happiness for what might be a long time. Will Ellen be willing to wait for Anthony? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.
Mother Parker says

**Food comes first**

Three million people call her mother, and Heloise Parker Broeg has a heart big enough for at least three million more. Mother Parker, as she is known to listeners, invites her audience right into her friendly kitchen via WEEI, Boston, every morning except Sunday.

Food Fair has become a must-listen in Boston ever since Mother Parker started the show twelve years ago. Her listeners know that her advice on home problems, the food tips she gives and the products she sells, are completely reliable. They should be—because Heloise got her basic training in her grandmother’s farm kitchen back in Crawford County, Illinois, then turned her practical experience into a successful chain of bakeries and a biscuit-mix factory. She got along for a spell as a housewife on a strict budget, too.

Home for Mother Parker is a warm, sunny house near Boston with a garden inside and out. The inside garden is really the leafy design which dominates drapery, slip-covers, and wall paper. Leaves have become the symbol of good living for the Illinois farm girl. “The magnolia, huckleberry and rhododendron leaves in my house,” explains Mother Parker, “give me a feeling that I, too, am a part of nature, that each new day offers me the chance to make a fresh start.”

If you want to borrow a cook-book, drop in at Mother Parker’s—she has collected more than one thousand, dating back to 1663. Knitting, sewing, and cookery are her favorite hobbies; She feels that mothers would do well to spend more time teaching their daughters to do these things, as part of a happy, active life.

Although cooking and home economics have always been her first love, Mother Parker also had a varied career as a school teacher, telephone operator, orange packer and cost accountant before her travels led her to Boston and Food Fair. She edited a magazine and was a newspaper food columnist, too.

Her loyal listeners are not alone in recognizing the healthy influence Mother Parker has brought to New England homes. She has won numerous awards from food associations and home economic groups. Among them—the Life Line of America Trophy awarded to her in 1948 and 1950, and a citation from New England’s grocery industry for “distinguished public service to the food industry of New England.”

But, despite the honors won and the reputation earned, Mother Parker retains the warm, human qualities which endear her to WEEI audiences. Stacks of mail attest to the fact that they have learned to believe in her and trust her judgment.

Swapping recipes and exchanging chitchat with Mother Parker on WEEI’s Food Fair in Boston—the majestic Sardar Dewa Sarna and popular cowboy Gene Autry.
COMPARE FATIMA®
with any other KING-SIZE cigarette

1. FATIMA filters the smoke 85 millimeters for your protection.
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Information Booth

(Continued)

Mystery Gal

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me who it is Jimmy Durante refers to when he says, "Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are?"


People are always asking Jimmy about Mrs. Calabash, but his reply is: "Ain't a fella got a right to have any secrets?" It looks like Mrs. Calabash will just have to remain his mystery woman.

He's Pop

Dear Editor:

Who is the native of Boston referred to as "Pop" of the Boston Pops Orchestra?

A. R., East Liverpool, Ohio

Maestro Arthur Fiedler is the famed "Pop" of the Boston Pops. The conductor was born in Boston into a family of musicians. His father was a violinist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, his grandfather was a violinist in Europe, and his three sisters are all musicians. He has been conducting the Pops since 1930.

Foreign Correspondent

Dear Editor:

Is Jerome Thor, star of Foreign Intrigue, married, and does he have any children? Also, where was he born?

L. B., White Plains, N. Y.

Jerome Thor, the foreign correspondent in Foreign Intrigue, is married to his leading lady, Sydna Scott. The Thors have no children. Jerome was born in Brooklyn, New York.

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

KATHRYN GRAYSON, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "LOVELY TO LOOK AT"—Color by Technicolor.

KATHRYN GRAYSON...Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Grayson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

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

Kathryn Grayson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

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

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

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

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

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

Jerome Thor
Mike Hunnicutt’s a natural “morning man.” Soon as Washington station WOL realized it, they asked him to share this rare quality with listeners on a 6-9:30 A.M. program. The result: Hunnicutt’s Hassle, which starts District of Columbia folks off with a smile.

Give Mike a rinky-dink piano, a song to sing, his wife Polly by his side singing and joshing along with him—and you’ve got entertainment which would make anybody glad to be awake. Mike doesn’t reserve his earthy wit and musical talent for the times when he’s paid to give out, though. His two boys, Michael, Jr., eleven, and Robert, six, get the benefit of Mike at his funniest and most relaxed—at home. The boys, by the way, are frequent guests on the program. As they put it, “We’ve been helping the ol’ man out with the show for quite a while now.” That’s putting it mildly—they’ve been doing it ever since they could talk. And, of his two sons, Mike raves, “Those boys are the greatest things since Whitney invented the cotton gin.”

In radio (and more recently TV) for nineteen years, Mike and Polly were one of the first husband-and-wife teams back when radio was just a baby. Washingtonians heard them singing and plunking the keys in 1933, and liked the combine so much, the two were booked into a four-year morning spot.

But, when little Mike was born, Polly decided to bow out of active radio work. Meanwhile, other Washington stations were bidding for big Mike’s talent. Any guy who could wake folks up and make them happy at the same time—especially in taut-nerved D.C.—was worth hiring. In 1946, Mike went to work for WOL. He and organist Charlie Keaton joined forces in the capital’s Neptune restaurant. Everybody who was anybody dropped in for Brunch with Mike.

Early in 1951, Mike got the urge to try his luck in television and journeyed to Cincinnati, where he did a stint on WCPO. But the pianist-singer’s heart was in Washington. After six months, he just couldn’t squelch his homesickness any longer. So back he went to WOL, where—in addition to his morning show—he also emcees The Federal Quiz three nights a week.

Gusti, a local restaurateur, recently summed up the reason for Mike’s appeal: “Somehow, if his listeners wake up with ice packs where their heads should be, all they do is tune in Mike—he fixes ‘em up in a jiffy. What I mean is, he’s always with the audience.” Mike is a friendly, human person—and his personality reaches across the airwaves into Washington homes, where as in his own home, Mike is considered a real pal.
Vacation days are here! That means thin, light clothes, backless and perhaps strapless dresses, slacks and shorts, and finally the all-revealing swim suit. The woman who has been hiding excess fat behind fuller-cut, darker clothes is in for trouble.

Appearance isn't the only reason for being concerned with summer overweight. Everyone wants to take advantage of the summer season to get out more and play. You may want to play a game of tennis, golf, take walks along a beach, or hike, or go on a picnic. If you are overweight, you will let your husband or friend go it alone. If you try to keep up with slender, active members of the family, your heart will beat like a trip-hammer, and you'll all but hear the siren of an ambulance. Now's the time to think of your appearance and physical condition, for usually a slender figure goes hand in hand with good health.

It's not too late to get in shape for summer. The torrid sun of mid-summer is still weeks away. It's possible to lose as much as a pound a day, but you can't do it by fasting. You must eat to reduce. That is the big secret of losing weight quickly and safely. Certain foods that give you the strength and verve to make your day a good one also serve the double purpose of helping you turn that worthless, stored body fat into energy.

Certainly you must cut down to three meals a day. Avoid rich foods and desserts as if they were poison. You can be sure that all sweet things will add fat where you don't want it.

Here are the basic foods an adult must have every day: An egg, two glasses of milk (skimmed, if you're dieting), two servings of green or yellow vegetables, a fresh salad, a citrus fruit or juice, generous helpings of lean meat or fish, one or two slices of an enriched or whole-grain bread.

If you memorize the above paragraph and apply it every day of your life, you will be assured of fine health and a good figure. An underweight or slender person can afford to add extras. But, if you want to lose fat, your meats and fish must be lean to begin with and then broiled, your cooked vegetables must be prepared without butter or sauce.

The average, healthy person can usually lose weight successfully on a daily diet of 1,200 calories made up of the stated basic foods. If, after ten days, you find that you are not losing fat rapidly enough, you can reduce your calorie intake further but you must be certain that the body gets all the vitamins, proteins and minerals it needs. Before going on a strenuous diet, consult your family physician.

To get in the mood for slenderizing, here's a suggestion. Get out those playclothes you stored away after last summer's vacation. Put on your swim suit, then stand in front of a mirror. Look at your arms and your waist, your hips and thighs. Look and look and look. Then let what you see guide your appetite.

By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR

Victor H. Lindlahr can be heard M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, over ABC: sponsored by Serutan.
What's Spinning?

(Continued from page 7)

to her lovely, throaty voice—I'm So Easy to Satisfy, backed by What'll I Do. It's a Capitol record. Don Estes, who's out with Victor's Be Anything (But Be Mine) and Ev'rytime is still at his disc-jockey stand in Nashville, Tennessee. He's also star of radio shows Sunday Down South and Tin Pan Valley. Tony Bennett, Columbia singing star, is now writing TV film material. We love the way recording companies are using folk-song material as material for popular artists. From South Africa, Ayround the Corner is now successful. We like Jo Stafford's singing of it the best. The Bell Sisters, after recording Hambone with Phil Harris, are now busy at their usual interests. Sixteen-year-old Cynthia is busy swimming the summer away as a member of the Huntington Beach Swimming and Diving Club. Kay is back with the Girl Scout Seal Beach troop now working hard for some more service badges. Cynthia's still got quite a library of unpublished songs, so perhaps before long there will be some more of her selections on the way.

Check the following hits and if you have every one in your library, you're a Collector; all but two, you're Hep; less than that, you'd better start buying.

1. Don Cornell's recording by Coral of I'll Walk Alone.
2. Merv Griffin's refrain with Freddie Martin of Am I In Love?
4. Junco Partner with Richard Hayes, on the Mercury label.
5. Mercury's Goodbye For Awhile with Vic Damone, who'll be recording again this summer.
6. Rugged But Right with Phil Harris for Victor.
7. The Wild Side of Life with Mercury's Tiny Hill. Real corny but good.
8. MGM label's Tommy Edwards' My Girl.
9. Betty Clark singing Funny Melody for MGM.

Only Suave makes hair obey... new soft way!

“Sparkles” the hair — controls it with miracle Cortisol

Now...try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new soft way...With miracle Cortisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily “after-film”! Just a few delicate drops of Suave “sparkles” hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you “easy-do” hair instantly. Even after shampoo!

ENDS DRY HAIR WORRIES... NO OILY “AFTER-FILM”

Recommended by beauty experts everywhere. In two forms—liquid, or new “solid” Suave Creme Hairdressing. At beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters.

NOW! MEN'S SUAVE, TOO!

LIQUID 50¢ — CREME 60¢

created by Helene Curtis—foremost name in hair beauty

Johnnie Ray, the sensational new singing star, will be on the cover of August Radio-TV Mirror. On sale July 11.
WIP’s John Facenda is a real on-the-spot reporter

Dorothy Facenda surveys her two men-folk with loving pride. Jackie likes to be in on everything Dad does—from practicing golf to reading the morning paper.

John gives facts a human interest flavor.

Uncles Ralph, Augustine, and James never suspected that their nephew John Thomas Ralph Augustine James Facenda would make his career in radio. As a matter of fact, neither did John or anyone else in his family. Philadelphia’s most popular newscaster, on both radio and TV, started out with full intentions of becoming an engineer. But when he was graduated from Villanova College, jobs were all too scarce, and John took a temporary job as a reporter on the old Evening Public Ledger.

One day the paper’s scholastic sports reporter became ill, and John was assigned to replace him on a sports broadcast for the paper’s own radio station. From that moment, seventeen years ago, John knew that he had been officially bitten by the “radio bug.” The next two years meant a hectic tour of radio from New York to Philadelphia. Freelance announcing, program direction, and copywriting.

In 1937, Facenda went to work for WIP as a newscaster, and since then has been reporting the news four times daily. He injects a warm, friendly quality into his newscasting, and tops it off with human interest anecdotes. As an on-the-spot reporter, Facenda is full of ideas and maneuvers which help him to get difficult stories. During his career he has been into the sea in a diving bell, flat on his stomach in a cathedral, and atop a grand piano. Object: to get the news no matter what!

John admits that his busy routine as a newshound doesn’t give him much time to relax, but he manages to spend his mornings with his family. He always gets up in time to have breakfast with his son, twelve-year-old Jackie, before he goes off to school. Mrs. Facenda usually has a few chores for John to do before he goes to the studio.

Although his job is a demanding one, John Facenda couldn’t be talked out of radio.
ALTHOUGH Robert Carroll, who plays Inspector Mark Saber on ABC's Mystery Theatre, has never palled with policemen or detectives, has never been on the scene of a crime, and has never been involved with any real-life lawbreakers, the actor does a very convincing job each Wednesday evening as the suave sleuth. Bob is used to this sort of thing, as he points out: "I once portrayed an ichneumon fly (in Kapek's 'The Insect Comedy'), and I never even heard of such an animal."

Bob was born in Hamlet, North Carolina, on March 22, 1920. He dreamed of becoming a pianist during his boyhood, but at eighteen, while taking a summer course at the University of North Carolina's Chapel Hill, he changed his mind and decided to act. Paul Green had watched him on the stage, and featured him in "The Lost Colony" and "Highland Call." His theatrical career was interrupted in 1942-1946, when he served with the U. S. Army Signal Corps in England. He was mustered out a field-commissioned second lieutenant.

Back in the States, Bob determined to try his luck on Broadway. The amazing thing about his story is that he was successful in his first attempt to crash the Big Street. He had read in a newspaper that Jose Ferrer was casting for a production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and decided to play a hunch and try out for a part. He got the part, and became a personal friend of Mr. Ferrer's.

Since then, Bob has been seen in the stage plays, "Music in My Heart," "The Silver Whistle," "The Glass Menagerie," and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." His last Broadway role was as Gloria Swanson's lover in "Twentieth Century." Last October he was cast in the role of Mark Saber on Mystery Theatre. Aside from this regular radio stint, Bob also appears on TV frequently. When not busy acting, which is rarely, Bob likes to travel—on tramp steamers and freighters. His other hobbies are composing and playing the piano and pipe organ. A Manhattan dweller, Bob is six feet tall, has dark hair and brown eyes, and still maintains a bachelor apartment.

Mystery Theater is heard Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, on ABC, for Sterling Drug Inc.
Tom Reddy shares the WJZ kilocycles with three of his sons: Tom, 12, Terry, 10, and Mike, 14.

he married the landlady's Daughter

YOU won't find Tom Reddy, WJZ's newest personality, hanging around with the boys after his radio chores are done. With five children at home, Tom just doesn't have the time to sip coffee on into the evening. His programs—The Tom Reddy Show, heard five days a week at 6:30 A.M., and Tom's Tabloid, another five-day program on at 2 P.M.—keep Tom on the go.

As soon as Tom's Tabloid is off the air, the versatile emcee can be seen flying toward the commuters' train bound for Plandome, Long Island. At least two of the kids tag along with Mrs. Reddy when she picks Tom up at the station and—from that time until the five lively young-uns get to bed—Tom and Mary are pretty busy people. The Reddy household is kids' paradise, with plenty of garden to get muddy in, and plenty of Poppa to romp with.

Tom has his fun after dinner, when he can get down to his workshop basement. There he really enjoys himself, remaking old dining-room tables into coffee tables and just putting.

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, Tom attended Wayne Teachers' College. It was during his student days at Wayne that he met Mary. She was the daughter of the lady who owned the house where Tom boarded. They were married when he was eighteen. From Wayne, Tom went to Notre Dame University, where he majored in journalism. After he was graduated, he worked as a radio man for various stations in the Midwest.

One night at a party, Tom met Mr. Fitch, and several weeks later he was signed for the Fitch Band Wagon, originating from Hollywood. In addition to many radio appearances, and one movie, Tom has recorded a few very popular children's records, including "Destination Moon" and "The Ants' Picnic."

His Tabloid program has most of the features of a miniature newspaper—book and movie reviews, letters to the editor, a "best male singer or orchestra leader of the week" spot.

Though Tom is a relatively new voice on WJZ, he's made many friends.
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)
a single one, so when he finishes high school next year he won't have to worry about money for his college education.

Comedian Danny Thomas sincerely believes that St. Jude, the patron saint of the theatre, watched over him during the dark days B.B.B. (Before Big Break). Now that he is on top, he wants to build a shrine to his venerable Saint—a Saint Jude Hospital for the poor. To date, through his friends in show business, he has raised $53,000 of the million dollars which will be needed.

Now that he's permanently settled in New York, Gabby Hayes is sponsoring a summer ranch camp for boys in East Jewett, New York, in the Catskill Mountains. Gabby has arranged for underprivileged youths from heavily-populated Manhattan to be his special guests for the summer.

Oliver J. Dragoon, well-known statesman of the Kukla, Fran and Ollie troupe, has definitely announced his candidacy for President. Ollie says, "The man of the hour is the man with the tooth," and he's even got a rousing campaign song, "Get On The Dragon Wagon." Well, he'd get the kids' votes, anyway.

What Ever Happened To . . .

Margaret "Mug" Richardson, Arthur Godfrey's former assistant and "right hand?" When Mug resigned her job with Godfrey, she returned to her home in Washington, and for a while had her own television show there. Now she is handling radio and television promotion for the Federal Civil Defense Administration branch of the Government, and spends most of her time in the capacity showed.

Mary Marloewe, who formerly sang with Sammy Kaye's orchestra? After leaving Kaye, Mary continued singing professionally for a short time, but has since retired from show business completely.

Michael Rafetto, who played Paul Barbour, the eldest son on One Man's Family, and who also used to direct the program? Rafetto, who had been on the show since 1932, had to give up the role towards the end of last year because of a serious throat ailment. However, up until a few months ago, he did continue to direct the program. Unfortunately, because of his illness, he also had to relinquish that job. Rafetto's many fans and friends in radio are hoping he will be able to return to the show before too many months have passed.

Robert Quinlan, who used to star on her own musical television show over NBC? At the moment, Roberta has no regular radio or television program on the air, but she has appeared as a guest singer on some of TV's variety shows. She has also formed a night-club act and has been playing some of the supper spots in the East. Roberta hopes to be back before the video cameras this fall.

These are personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorites on radio or television, drop me a line—Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, 17, and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column.

(a perfect solution to a woman's most intimate problem)

Spectacular Rabbit's Eye Tests prove ZONITE'S Absolute Safety to body tissues

Many women who've been married for quite a number of years are still worried and confused about feminine hygiene. They do realize the absolute necessity of intimate feminine cleanliness for health, married happiness and to protect against offensive odors. But they're doubtful about what antiseptic to use in their douche. Doctors repeatedly warn against the use of overstrong solutions of poison-ous and caustic antiseptics because they've seen the serious injuries resulting from their unreliability.

A foolproof rule is to use no germicide that cannot be accidentally swallowed with safety. To what germicide, then, can a woman turn with confidence that it's powerful enough yet not a poison—not harmful? A perfect solution is Zonite! It is a powerful germicide yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Proof of ZONITE'S ABSOLUTE SAFETY to Tissues

As any doctor or nurse will tell you, before the discovery of zonite, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough except poisons. Then the great ZONITE antiseptic principle was developed by a world-famous surgeon and scientist. And what a blessing to womankind! At last they had a powerful germ killer—one absolutely safe to delicate tissues.

Laboratory tests show that ZONITE, as used in the douche, was put through a test for three months in rabbits' eyes (whose membranes are far more delicate than any in the vaginal tract). Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. You can be assured: no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet safe to tissues.

Warms Against Use of Vinegar

Would you use vinegar as a deodorant? Of course you wouldn't! Would you pour vinegar over an open cut and expect germicidal protection? Of course not! Vinegar and other preparations have valuable uses for the household, but no intelligent woman should use such homemade makeshift solutions for the most intimate concern in her life.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

Zonite completely deodorizes. It cleanses and flushes away odor-causing waste substances and dirt, Zonite helps prevent infection and kills every germ it reaches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure Zonite kills every reachable germ. Always use as directed.

Zonite

This ideal "all purpose" antiseptic-germicide should be in every medicine chest

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

FREE! Mail coupon for free book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-72, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Name___________________________
Address_________________________
City________________________State_________________________

Offer good only in U.S. and Canada
Minette Dixon's enthusiastic letter to the renowned beauty authority, Ann Delafieeld, is typical of the grateful thanks she has received from hundreds of thousands of pupils whom she has helped lose weight.

"With the aid of the Ann Delafieeld Appetite Reducer I was able to carry a full time job, and do all my housework as well. It seemed no time at all that I dropped from 170 to 125 pounds!"

BE HAPPY - BE SLENDER

If your story is like Miss Dixon's...and thousands of other women (and men) who have been struggling for years with a problem of overweight...the Ann Delafieeld Appetite Reducing Plan was designed for you. You'll be amazed how soon...how easily...you will find slender beauty and new happiness!

During Miss Delafieeld's forty years of experience in helping people lose weight, she has had pupils from all over the world...and most of them have been recommended by personal physicians. Based on her accumulated knowledge of the problem, she has developed for you the Ann Delafieeld Reducing Plan...an easy way to reduce that doesn't take the fun out of life.

YOU CAN EAT YOUR CAKE AND HAVE "IT" TOO

Included in the Ann Delafieeld Reducing Plan are generous, appetizing - yet low-calorie - menus. (You even have a piece of cake for dessert!) The secret of the amazing success of her plan is a scientifically produced...and delicious...wafer called the Ann Delafieeld Appetite Reducer. This pharmaceutically approved food supplement satisfies that hunger urge between meals...without adding any ugly pounds. This wafer was conceived after years of practical experience and endless hours of consultation with physicians and dieticians.

In addition, your diet is supplemented by Ann Delafieeld Vitamin Capsules...carefully prepared by expert chemists to conform to the recommended dietary allowances of the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council for the contained vitamins.

DON'T PUT IT OFF

Begin this easy way to a richer, fuller life now! If your doctor has told you that your excess weight is not due to a glandular disturbance or organic causes, start on your Ann Delafieeld Reducing Plan today. The complete package...containing a book with suggested menus and helpful beauty tips, a 30-day supply of your Ann Delafieeld Appetite Reducer Wafers and Vitamins costs just $6.95; the repeat package just $5.95.

Before Minette Dixon tried the Ann Delafieeld Appetite Reducing Plan she weighed 170 pounds. Every attempt to lose weight was an unhappy failure...but it was a different story after trying Miss Delafieeld's easy, natural way to reduce.

"Dear Miss Delafieeld," she wrote, "A wonderful thing has been accomplished with me.

With the help of the Ann Delafieeld Appetite Reducer, I have lost 45 horrible pounds rapidly and increasingly. I was able not only to carry on a full time job, but to do all of my own housework as well. All of which goes to prove that reducing with the Ann Delafieeld Appetite Reducers is truly the vital way to beauty."

Minette Dixon, New York City

Mary Ann Llewellyn Looks Ten Years Younger!

When Mary Ann Llewellyn tried the Ann Delafieeld Reducing Plan she discovered one of the magical results of losing weight a natural, healthy way. She maintained her vital energy and even slept better than she had for months. She looked and felt younger! Reporting her happy achievement to Miss Delafieeld, Mrs. Llewellyn wrote this...

"My friends say I look ten years younger since I lost those thirty ugly pounds! Whenever I've tried to reduce in the past, I've always felt hungry, but the 'Ann Delafieeld Appetite Reducer Wafer' kept me so well satisfied that I was never tempted to take extra food. Thanks for giving us women an easy way to reduce!"

Mary Ann Llewellyn, New York City

*Address on request from Rexall, Los Angeles.
They thought I was snobbish and stuck-up because I was wrapped in a solitary dream.

by Marion Marlowe

When I have daughters of my own, I'll tell them many things I myself learned—too late.

our Precious years

If I were a high school girl today, I would use those precious four years quite differently. Not that I don't think I'm the luckiest girl in the world, because I am, and everything has turned out wonderfully. But it could have been difficult for me, because through my own shortsightedness I missed some of the happiest experiences that belong to the teen years and now, at twenty-two, I am still learning some of the lessons I should have learned then. In my case, however, my adored home folks—my mother and my grandparents—kept my feet on the
OUR PRECIOUS YEARS

ground, even though my head was always in the clouds of the musical career I so much wanted. They made up to me for the friendships I missed because shyness and self-consciousness held me back from the boys and girls in my own age group. They were my consolation when I was picked last for the girls’ teams, and when one of my schoolmates got a boy’s fraternity pin and I didn’t. But I don’t think that even my family, understanding as they were, realized how many normal teen-age interests and how much fun I was deliberately turning away from and how wrapped up I was in my own solitary dreams.

I began to entertain when I was only three. My mother, who was a widow, and I lived with my grandparents and, when they noticed that I sang and danced all the time for the sheer joy of doing it, they showed me off proudly to everyone who came. My first “public performance” was when I sang “Ave Maria” at the Scottish Rite Cathedral in St. Louis. All through my grade school and high school days, I was not only studying music and taking dancing lessons, but I was singing on radio and in light opera and working with local dramatic groups, and dreaming of the time when arithmetic and grammar would no longer have to be learned. History, languages and English literature I loved, because they helped me to understand the grown-up world I was going to conquer when my schooldays were over. All my marks were good, for I was a (Continued on page 88)

Poised and confident now, Marion can smile with happiness as she duets with tenor Frank Parker.

a Song from his HEART

By JOHN ROSS

FRANK PARKER sat at his desk going over his fan mail. He sorted the requests for pictures into one pile to be handled as soon as he could get around to autographing the photos. Into another stack, he put the letters which required an answer giving information about himself or the Cities Service program on which he was then working. Sighing a little at the fact that, working as hard as he could, the pile of letters just didn’t seem to decrease much and there was still a huge stack to go, he picked up the next one, a letter written on hospital stationery.

“Dear Mr. Parker: I listen faithfully to your program every week and enjoy it very much,” the letter began, much as had most fan mail before it. “I am only ten years old, but sometimes your singing touches me so deeply, I cry. Two weeks from now I’m going to have an operation. The operation will be performed
No fan mail could mean more to Frank Parker than those through-the-years letters— with that musical signature.

sharing his lucky song, he brought hope and happiness to a girl who desperately needed it

the day after your program and I have a special favor to ask. Would you sing just one song, especially for me? I'd like to take that song with me into the operating room to give me the courage to go on." The letter was signed "Patricia."

Frank carefully folded the letter and put it in his pocket. Sing her a song? Of course he would! But, in the meantime, he'd go and see her at the hospital.

On his way to St. Clare's Hospital the next day, Frank thought about the power of a song. Everyone has a favorite song. Some are chosen for their melody, others for the eloquence of their lyrics, lyrics which may remind someone of a person who is near and dear. Songs can represent a sentimental keepsake, a memory of an evening kept close in the recesses of the heart, of a dance—or perhaps of a dream. Frank remembered back to the twenties when he first realized that one song was his favorite, one song his musical four-leaf clover.

It was the night that the producers of Frank's Broadway musical, "My Princess," had decided the show must be closed after a very brief run. Sitting in his dressing room, Frank was aware that he now faced, once again, the round of the theatrical agencies, the auditions, the rehearsals, (Continued on page 89)
IT HAPPENS every other day, in a market or at a kid’s shoe store or some other well-trafficked stopover on a busy woman’s itinerary.

An acquaintance comes up to my wife, Alyce, smiles, and a conversation ensues:

"How’s your husband?"
"Just fine."
"Must keep him busy . . . with TV now, on top of all those radio shows."
"It does indeed."
"Still just five children?" (This is a laugh line, I think.)
"So far." (Polite laughter.)
"Still living in Holmby Hills?"

“Of course. Charlie loves that location too much ever to move.”
“Charlie?”
“Yes, my husband.”
“But aren’t you Lois Linkletter?”
“No, I’m Alyce Correll.”

In some other store, on some other street, Lois probably is playing out the same little scene in reverse with some other old friend.

Amusingly enough, although they hail from the opposite ends of the country, and met only seven years ago at one of those big soirees Sid Stroetz used to throw every now and then for everybody in radio, my wife and Lois Linkletter, except upon very close inspection—
You really get to
know a man when you have
him for a friend

by
Charles Correll
(Andy of Amos 'n' Andy)

Alyce's eyes are brown, Lois's blue—are identical twins.
Which is only one of the many, many things
Art Linkletter and I (see above) have in common.
We met twelve years ago, have been the closest friends—and our wives and children
have been friends for the past seven. I'd have to ask the doc for a (Continued on page 84)

Art Linkletter's House Party heard M-F, 3:15 P.M.,
CBS, for Pillsbury and Lever Bros. Charles Correll,
on Amos 'n' Andy, Sun., 7:30 P.M., CBS, for Rexall
Drug Co. The TV version of Amos 'n' Andy is seen
Thurs., 8:30 P.M., for Blatz Beer. All times EDT.

No one can say I look like Link! But we
have many interests in common, like to
go the same places—very often together.
All that glitters is not romance

by Florence Freeman

Is telling a lie ever justified? Well ... that's one of those questions you hope nobody will ever ask you pointblank. Of course, as newspaperwoman Wendy Warren—the part I play on CBS every weekday—my answer isn't a problem. It's a straight, unqualified no. There's no earthly justification for printing a newspaper unless it brings nothing but absolute factual truth before the reading public. But as Florence Freeman, woman... well, let me put it this way. Is there a single one of us who can't remember a time when a little white lie did more good than otherwise?

It was a cocktail party that put me in the way of doing this particular kind of good. A cocktail party I had completely forgotten about that spring afternoon when, on my way out of the CBS building after a broadcast and a script conference, I was eagerly looking forward to a nice pre-dinner rest. Just to be sure, though, I stopped and checked my little pocket diary to see if there were any errands or appointments I had overlooked—and there it was. M.S.—that was a writer I knew—cocktails, try for 4:30. I groaned aloud. Marcia Selden was an old, old friend, and I simply had to put in an appearance. She was leaving that night for Europe. That's probably why I forgot about the party, I thought dryly. I'm so envious of her vacation I can't bear to think about it—what the psychiatrists call a mental block.

Mental! Head! I put my hand up to my hatless topknot and groaned again. That would teach me to be so busy I skipped the hairdresser. My hair had needed cutting and shaping since the middle of last week, but things had been just too hectic... and now! Marcia's friends were always so very, very well groomed—I just couldn't turn up this way. I ruffled my hair and thought. Wasn't there a delightful little hat shop right near our building, on Madison? I went out and turned and, sure enough, there it was. I paused before the window. That little straw, with the single lovely flower—perhaps. Thank heaven, I had on my blue silk suit. With that little hat, I'd be more or less equal to Marcia's crowd.

There were three or four customers already in the shop, and I wandered around for a moment, afraid time would crowd up on me. Then a tall, slender girl approached from the back, and in a few moments we were under way, at a mirrored table, with a little group of hats from which I was sure I could make a selection. As I was trying on the straw I'd seen in the window, the girl leaned forward toward the mirror and said suddenly, "Of course, I knew I'd seen you—you're Wendy Warren, aren't you? I mean—Florence Freeman." She laughed and blushed, and I saw that she was very pretty when she sparkled like that. I smiled back.

"Oh, 'Wendy' is good enough," I said. "Sometimes I have the most dreadful time disentangling myself from that girl after a broadcast."

"I don't blame you. I used to listen all the time, back home. When I came home from school for lunch, I'd put the kitchen radio on just at twelve..." She stopped smiling and held up a little pink (Continued on page 102)

Wendy Warren and the News is heard M-F, 12 noon EDT, on CBS; sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee.
The abrupt change in her manner caught my attention. I found out she was in love with the boy back home, yet here she was lonely, unhappy, unwilling to give up her dreams of a shining life. What could I do to help?
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Johnny and Penny Olsen —
This husband-wife team fills the Rumpus Room with laughter and love because that's the way they are—particularly about each other.

By GLADYS HALL

You have fun when you look at—and listen to—Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room over Du Mont TV? You like the Olsens, Penny and Johnny? Sometimes they make you laugh like a loon. Now and again, they give your heartstrings a tug. They're that kind. Both before the cameras and off stage. Take the day they were reminiscing. The first thing you know, the Olsens were telling tales out of school. On each other. Just like every other husband and wife. And there they were, holding hands right in plain view on the table, all the while!

It all began when Penny said yes, she'd had a great adjustment to make in the first year of marriage. But, before she could say what the adjustment was, Johnny was right in there with the information that he'd had an adjustment to make before marriage—in short, while he was courting Penny.

"I had to make a 320-mile drive every weekend to see her," said Johnny, "160 miles each way. She lived in Stevens Point, Wisconsin. I lived in Milwaukee. I decided it was cheaper to get married. The phone calls and all. (Continued on page 85)

Rumpus Room is seen weekdays, 1 P.M.; sponsored Mon., Wed., Fri. by Sauce Arturo (Premier Foods). Kids and Company seen Sat., 11 A.M., for Red Goose Shoes. Both EDT, on Du Mont.

The Olsen dream home is a symbol of hopes and heartaches shared since a certain fateful day.
BARBARA DREAMED OF A STAR-TOUCHED ROMANCE, AND TO HER

Five busy students of basket-weaving, all named Edwards: Garry, Barbara, Laurie, Ralph, and Christine.
AMAZEMENT HER DREAM CAME TRUE!

Trixie, the poodle, is also a member of the family (left). Barbara and Ralph have passed a number of notable milestones since their marriage—such as cutting a cake, some years back, for his fabulous Truth or Consequences.

Ralph Edwards

Prince charming of the airwaves. By BETH MILLER

Sunday afternoon at the Sheldons' family home in Westchester County, New York, was passing in its usual peaceful way, with the parents and grandparents reading the Sunday papers and with Barbara Sheldon, brown-eyed, dark-curly-haired teenager, whiling away the hours until dinner time by strumming away at the piano. It was much like the Sunday afternoons that had gone before, and there was no premonition on Barbara's part that these Sunday afternoons would change their pattern much in the years to come. As the sunset faded, her family would gather around the dinner table, along with several friends Barbara had invited and, after a good full meal, they would all spend a Sunday evening talking quietly around the family fireplace.

The Ralph Edwards Show can be heard every Saturday at 8:30 P.M. EDT, over the National Broadcasting Company network.
When Barbara went to the door to let her friends in, however, she found herself looking into the blue eyes of a stranger, fleetingly glimpsed the reddest hair she'd ever seen on a man. Her friends introduced the stranger as Ralph Edwards, a young radio announcer who had come out from New York to spend Sunday with them. "All I remember thinking was, 'He's an older man!'" Barbara says today.

Barbara was a freshman in the Sarah Lawrence College for girls, and anyone four years her senior would have seemed practically ancient. But, before the evening was over, the simple front parlor of her home had been touched by enchantment. Revived were the dreams of Barbara's girlhood when she thought of the land of silver screens and magic microphones, where young men all had the aura of Prince Charmings. For, with words, Ralph Edwards was bringing into the Westchester County home the whole magic society of show business.

Ralph made the whole family laugh as he recounted his adventures. Just recently he'd left his California home and successful radio career to try his hand at the theatre which had been his first love. While he was en route from the West Coast, the play in which he was to have had a small but introductory part folded, and he landed in New York with slim savings to see him through the next few weeks of tramping from one theatrical agency to another. All the time Ralph was telling this story, Grandfather Sheldon was hanging on every word. And, when Ralph came to the last part, which was his re-entrance into radio with some forty-five announcing jobs a week, Grandfather Sheldon laughed out loud.

"Son, I knew that voice of yours—I'm one of your most ardent fans!"

"All evening the two of them talked," said Bar-
Barbara. "Grandfather was enthralled and I must say I listened, too—fascinated with this older man."

When Ralph left that evening, Grandfather Sheldon had managed to extract a promise from Ralph that he would get some tickets to Ralph's radio shows. Because Ralph is the kind of man who keeps his promises, he showered Grandfather Sheldon with tickets to radio shows following the Sunday spent at their home. Barbara suspected (and her suspicions were not far wrong) that Ralph was hoping Grandfather Sheldon just might invite Barbara to accompany him to one of the shows.

But Barbara was busy studying child psychology at college, and she and her mother were concerned with a career for her. Barbara and her mother had often spoken about a life work. "I was so interested in young children that I was convinced that this was the proper field for me to be studying," Barbara says. "Now, of course, I find it so difficult to apply what I learned to my own children. But it would have been fun to be a teacher and tell other parents what to do." Interested in her career, as she was, it was four sets of tickets and a month later before Barbara found time from her busy schedule to go with Grandfather Sheldon to one of Ralph's shows.

"It was as fascinating as Ralph had made it sound. I loved every thrilling moment of it, but I was the one who suffered stage fright, never Ralph! He was as easygoing before the microphone then, as unruffled, as he is today."

During the year-and-a-half courtship that followed, Barbara found she was still suffering nervous pangs every time she would go to Ralph's performances. But the nervousness Barbara suffered was far outweighed by the glamour of Ralph's jobs. His night announcing chores were from glamorous New York night spots which featured half-hour dance music broadcasts.

"Our evenings were spent in some of the city's swankiest clubs," Barbara recalls. "I can just imagine how I must have sounded to my girl friends at college when I was recalling Ralph's dates. A bit more blase, I'm sure, than I really felt! Here was a whole new world opening up for me. Show business with its spontaneous thrills, laughs and excitement. After we began casually dating, we started going steady. I was filled with happiness—and, I must say, I was made less interested in child psychology and a career."

When it became apparent to the family that Barbara was becoming seriously interested in this young red-headed radio man, Barbara's grandmother—"A member of the old school who thought anyone in show business was not reliable!"—took her aside for some common-sense advice. "Now, Barbara," she said seriously, "take heed, show folks aren't for the front parlor!"

But Ralph was as at home in the front parlor as he was on the stage, and he had a stout ally in Grandfather (and his radio show tickets). Even Grandmother came around to (Continued on page 99)
Before the cameras filming
Hawkins Falls, my dramatic announcement
I was going to have a baby was brief,
intense, explosive. In real life
the drama was even greater—

By ROS TWOHEY

Since I grew old enough to be told the facts of life, I've heard women say, "Having a baby is the most wonderful thing in the world."

My own reaction to that phrase has varied and, in the changes of my attitude, I can trace the stages of my own growth.

When I was a youngster, it fell meaningless on my ears. People always had babies and so what? Later, at the smarty age, I dismissed it as pure corn.

Living a little longer, I began to suspect so oft-repeated a statement might possibly reflect a deep, moving, fundamental truth. Like belief in God, it might be one of those emotions people find so difficult to express that they don't try merely taking refuge in well-used words.

As I write this, I can only say, "I don't know. I don't yet know. I won't know before the actual moment of birth."

That moment is very near. In fact, our baby will have been born by the time you read this. But what John and I have already discovered has been so precious to us that I want to set it down now, so we can read it later and remember: "This is the way it was. This is what the coming of our baby meant to us, even before we knew."

Already, the entire experience has been so wonder-filled that old labels no longer fit any part of it. While I have carried another life
to have a BABY

Life looks different and everyone's been wonderful—like Bernadine Flynn (with orchid), who gave a shower for me.

within my own body, many things which have been going on ever since the human race began have become, for me, direct, personal and brand-new.

This encompassing emotion of simple, honest wonder surprises both John and me. We did not expect to feel this way about having a baby. In the beginning, we were quite matter-of-fact about it.

Married five years, we took pride in having learned to be very practical people. We met overseas, when John was the G.I. technician assigned to make arrangements for the play put on by my U.S.O. unit. We married soon after his return to the States and moved immediately to Chicago, where he enrolled at Illinois Tech and I, to bolster the family budget, sought radio and television parts.

I continued to work after he left school for a job in the claims department of an insurance company, and our (Continued on page 99)

Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 is seen M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV; sponsored by Lever Brothers Co. for Surf.
Young Dr. Malone

Young Dr. Malone sat on a park bench in New York City trying to think out a solution to his problem. All around him the city hummed with a desultory summer pace. Life would be so good if only he had Anne and little Jill with him—the wife he loved, and didn't dare possess, the daughter whose very life he had once helped to save. But—was it fair, was it honest, was it right, to accept Anne back as his wife, integrate his daughter into his new-found life? A deep sense of pride and an overwhelming shame enveloped him as he sat reviewing the events of the last few years. Three years, to be exact. It was three years ago that Dr. Jerry Malone had come to live in New York, while Anne and Jill remained in the small town of Three Oaks. Jerry loved his family, needed his family, but because of his blindness, his lack of trust in their love, he had become involved in one situation after another. In New York, Jerry was to take a position with the Institute for Rural Research. Anne and Jill were to follow after Jerry had made plans for their living arrangements. But, almost immediately, Lucia—beautiful, proud, wealthy Lucia, principal stockholder in the institute—had met and decided she wanted Jerry. By the time Anne arrived in New York, Lucia had succeeded in placing her in such an unfortunate position that Jerry had thought Anne was jealous of his success. Even in his heart of hearts, Jerry couldn't yet believe that Lucia had maneuvered for almost two years to keep him bound to her. It wasn't until Dr. Paul Browne, one of the staff members and Jerry's closest friend, had been driven to a nervous breakdown by Lucia that Jerry found insight into Lucia's true character. Jerry let his head fall into his hands in shame. Everything he touched had seemed to cause harm—always unintentional, but always hurting those he loved. There was Mary, too, sweet innocent Mary, Dr. Browne's daughter, who loved Jerry. When he removed himself from her immediate sphere, in order to save her pride, Mary had married young Ernest Horton, certainly not as the result of mature love, but rather as a rebound from her love for Jerry. Back in Three Oaks, Anne, too, seemed to have found a man to love her—Sam Williams, a fine man and perhaps he had within him the makings of a fine husband and a wonderful father. Jerry tried to be objective about the situation in which he found himself. Should he return to Anne and Jill? Or is it better that Anne be allowed to forget him and, even though it means facing a lonely future, should he go on without his family? And if he makes this decision—could it be that Jerry will once more unintentionally bring harm to those he loves?

Young Dr. Malone is heard M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, on CBS, for Crisco. The cast, as pictured here, includes: Dr. Jerry Malone, played by Sandy Becker; Anne Malone, Barbara Weeks; and Sam Williams, Martin Blaine.

Sam Williams might make a wonderful husband for Anne and father for Jill. Or so Jerry thought, alone in New York.

Should a man's past be allowed to stand between himself and the woman he loves?
Queen for a Day—
and forever!

Two tickets for Jack Bailey’s program won Janet a lifetime of love and happiness

By BETTY MILLS

Pretty, vivacious, dark-haired Janet Brier and her mother sat in the studio audience of Queen For a Day. Master of ceremonies Jack Bailey was making the two women laugh, but seventeen-year-old Janet’s laughter had a high-pitched, nervous quality. A few minutes before, she had bitten her lip in concentration, trying to think of an interesting way of expressing her lifetime wish in a few words, words she was writing on a slip of paper to be collected by studio ushers and shown to Mr. Bailey. For she (Continued on page 83)

Queen for a Day is heard M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT, MBS, under the sponsorship of Old Gold (P. Lorillard) and Kraft Foods.

Now Janet has three marvelous prizes the program never planned—a husband, a son, and a cosy home. Her albums tell the whole fabulous story, starting from the moment Jack Bailey crowned her Queen.
I fell in love at first sight

“My mother said I was too young to know my heart, but I was not too young at all . . .” says Toni Gilman

Toni grew up—but never outgrew her dream—now has daughters of her own, Mary Jean and Susann.
Buzz Immerman was "so romantic," but Toni never guessed how very much so—till his scrapbooks revealed a wonderful secret.

**By HELEN BOLSTAD**

With his most skeptical stare, Moderator Bergen Evans pinioned the Down You Go panel. "Your answer, 'Love at first sight,' was reached in record time. Surely you don't believe it actually happens." Toni Gilman's dark eyes flashed. "I certainly do. I fell in love at first sight. What's more, I married the man."

The story she could have told, if TV time permitted, began in story-book style on the Lunt Avenue bus, a vehicle which lumbers leisurely across town near the boundary where Evanston merges with Chicago.

Few persons were in transit the afternoon of that spring-promising March eleventh, and Toni, although making an elaborate pretense of studying a textbook, couldn't resist stealing glances at the boy who had pelted down the steps of the elevated and flung himself into the seat opposite hers. His shoulders were broad, his hair was curly, he was more than six feet tall, and of course he was handsome. So handsome, in fact, that Toni just plain stared.

Inevitably, she got caught at it. Their eyes met and, as she felt a blush burn up her throat, he checked her embarrassment with a grin. (Continued on page 104)

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When the youngsters say their prayers at bedtime, Toni adds her own silent thanks for the blessings true love brought her.
"Comfortable American" is the Monroe description of their home and family.

By JESSYCA GAVER

The master bedroom is a cozy "extra parlor" where Vaughn and Marian chat after Candy and Christy go to bed.
Vaughn picked up for a song

Vaughn's a man of many hobbies, has a special workshop in the basement where he wood-works gifts for friends.

On a certain U-shaped street in a certain Boston suburb, there's a house as pretty as a melody—a harmonious blending of red and black brick, based on a Georgian colonial theme, with rhythm in every line. And why shouldn't it look like lovely music? It's the happy home of Vaughn Monroe, his pretty wife, Marian, and their two daughters, Candy and Christy.

"I picked it up for a song," quips the star of NBC's Saturday night Vaughn Monroe show. "One that had to sell a million records first!" Marian chimes in, completing the little family joke they use to "explain" the special treasures Vaughn's well-loved voice has brought them.

When the singing bandleader isn't touring with his show, or making a movie out Hollywood way, a typical summer day will find him back of the house in New Weston, Massachusetts. He'll be playing tennis with his daughters on one of the two courts beyond the arch of arborvitae. Or spraying his prized apple trees, while some of Chris's and Candy's friends join them at the kiddy gym and swings Vaughn set up. Or romping with Penny, the family's large brown-and-white shepherd collie, with an occasional longing look at the almost-private golf course which belongs to a club but closely (Continued on page 67)

Vaughn Monroe stars on the Camel Caravan, Saturday at 10 P.M. EDT, NBC: sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
It's a giant jackpot of a family Sue and Warren Hull have these days: Flanking the happy pair on the sofa—the two girls, Sally and Buffy; forming the honor guard—four stalwart boys, Bud, George, Paul and John.
Warren always wanted a daughter, enjoys playing proud papa as Buffy starts off on a date.

Warren Hull

Strikes it rich!

A man may have his work and his sons, but he still needs a mate to make life perfect

By MARTIN COHEN

The Four Musketeers of Westchester County—Warren Hull and his three sons, John, George and Paul—have disbanded. No longer does the sign For Men Only hang on the door of their Scarsdale home. For Warren, like many fortunate contestants on his famous show, has struck it rich himself: Warren won himself a bride.

To his neighbors as well as his enormous radio and TV audience, Warren's spontaneous smile and cheerful warmth may have been deceiving. Because he dealt with heart-rending problems of others, everyone took for granted that here was a man untouched by loneliness.

No one examined the facts: Warren was a mature, handsome man living a bachelor's life with three sons. Because he liked it? Hardly, when

Strike It Rich is heard on NBC at 11 A.M., Monday through Friday. It is seen on CBS-TV, 11:30 A.M., M-F, and 9 P.M., Wed. All times EDT. Sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

Candidly, a happy pair: Sue and Warren treasure their "alone-together" moments.
he frequently reminisced about the marital happiness his parents and grandparents enjoyed. Then there were his three sons, not so old that they didn’t require the guidance of a mother and not so young that they didn’t know what they were missing.

“Considering the circumstances, the boys and myself got along famously in our ‘fraternity,’” Warren says. “But it wasn’t good and far from easy, being mother and father to the kids.”

Parental responsibility had never been taken as matter of course by any Hull. Warren remembers his father’s guidance, the long hours of talk, the incredible patience. He has heard stories of his grandfather, a Quaker minister, grouping his children at the head of the stairs before bedtime each night for discussion and Bible readings. But Warren, trying to be mother and father to three bright, active boys, encountered difficulties that were insurmountable. If he wanted to help them on a long project or even follow through on some necessary discipline, his work interfered. His job might take him away from the house for twenty-four hours or a week. Because kids need affection as well as discipline, it was impossible for Warren to be stern when, on the other hand, there was no one left to comfort the boys.

“It seems to me that in most families when one parent lays down the law, the other softens the blow,” he says.
Paul's beloved Green Dragon—the car he bought out of his own savings—is a center of activity and discussion for the masculine wing of the family, assisted by the dog, Brandy, and sidewalk-supervised by Leolia, who runs the household.

"I had to do both and therefore took a middle course."

That the Hull boys were quite happy to give up their fraternity life is a matter of record. They take a good part of the credit for getting Warren and Sue Stevens married.

Both the Hulls and Stevens have lived in Scarsdale for years, but it was only one year before their marriage that Warren and Sue met. Eddie Dunn, the radio and TV star, another Scarsdale neighbor, arranged that.

While visiting Eddie one day, Warren said, "Why don't you help me find a nice girl?"

"I know just the person," Eddie's wife said. "Sue Stevens."

"Never met her."

"We'll have to correct that."

The next time Eddie threw a "black-eyed pea party," in honor of his native state of Texas, he invited both Sue and Warren. It wasn't very successful, for Sue stayed only five minutes.

"But it was a beginning, small as it was," Warren remembers.

Sue lived only a stone's throw from Warren. She had been a widow for five years, bright, gracious, and so pretty that it was hard to believe she had three children, Buffy, sixteen, Bud, thirteen, and Sally, nine. Warren began to make neighborly calls and at once got along wonderfully with her children.

The courting period, if it could be called such, was probably the most unromantic in the annals of love. Warren and Sue were never in a night club together before they were married. Not once did they take the forty-five-minute drive into fabulous Manhattan to see a show or dine and dance.

Instead of appearing at Sue's door in black tie with an orchid in hand, Warren dropped around in his moccasins, wearing slacks and a plaid wool shirt. He showed up around five and stayed for an hour.

"I thought of Warren only as a friend and a good neighbor," so Sue recalls.

During the summer, Warren and his boys do a lot of swimming. Many times the Stevens children went along to the beach. If Sue had no other plans, she joined them. Every once in a while, Warren, whose hobby is cooking, would drop over and make a meal for the Stevens. He generally left in time for chow at his own home.

Of course, Sue and Warren did (Continued on page 70)
The moment we saw that house, we knew it was our home.

By MRS. JOHN DALY

To us Dalys the family is all-important, and it seems altogether fitting that John's favorite song should be "You'll Never Walk Alone."

Each of us leads a distinct individual life—even our youngest, Buncy, who at seven has a definite personality of her own—but we "walk together" in family love and sharing, which is the way we hope it will be for many years to come.

As a newsman and radio-television commentator and moderator, my husband's interests take in the whole range of national and international affairs, and his life must necessarily extend far beyond the home circle, no matter how close he remains to it in spirit. I, of course, am first and foremost a homemaker, engrossed with domestic problems and the happiness of my family. Our older boy, John Neal, fourteen, is planning an engineering career, probably in some phase of aeronautics. John Charles, eleven-and-a-half, is mad about planes, but he has political ambitions. In fact, he has (Continued on page 106)

John Daly is seen on CBS-TV: It's News to Me, Fri., 9:30 P.M., for Instant Sanka, and What's My Line?, Sun., 10:30 P.M., for Stopette. He is also seen on America's Town Meeting, Sun., 6:30 P.M., ABC-TV, and World News, M-F, 7 P.M., WJZ-TV. He is heard on This Week Around the World, Sun., 3 P.M., ABC (except WJZ). All times EDT.

In our household, "to each his (or her) own" hobby! Young Buncy loves her dolls, and I enjoy them, too. The boys and their friends practice basketball. For John, it's golf—when he finds the time.
We’ll never walk alone

HIS HOME WOULD BE A CASTLE AND EVERYONE IN IT, A KING

There's more than one "John Daly" in our family! Hence, reading from the left: John Charles, Junior; Margaret (myself); Buncy (on the floor); John Charles, Senior; and John Neal (leaning on the piano).
To us the family is all-important, and it seems altogether fitting that John's favorite song should be "You'll Never Walk Alone."

Each of us leads a distinct individual life—even our youngest, Buncy, who at seven has a definite personality of her own—but we "walk together" in family love and sharing, which is the way we hope it will be for many years to come.

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SECOND HONEYMOON

If Betty Wragge Brooke had been playing the part of Peggy Young in Pepper Young’s Family, in her most ecstatic moments she couldn’t have had a happier grin on her face or more bounce to her voice than when her husband, Walter, told her he’d at last arranged his television acting schedule to include a two-week summer vacation. Betty and Walter’s honeymoon the winter before had been spent in the Pocono Mountains and Betty had since dreamed of a second honeymoon by the seashore where she and Walter could spend hours together in the warm sun. They rented a small cottage at Nantucket on the island of the same name off the coast of Massachusetts—a cottage without a telephone, just in case any of the radio or TV people should change their minds about wanting them back for work. They packed a wardrobe consisting of several bathing suits, several pairs of shorts, one dress-up outfit, beach shoes and sun glasses. Highlight of their trip was a bicycle trip from Nantucket to the romantic coast town of Siasconset on the other side of the windswept island. Planning a vacation is like anything else in married life, Betty maintains. It doesn’t much matter how you spend your time as long as you are just enjoying being together.

Nantucket suited Betty and Walter perfectly. Its only connection with the workaday world was by boat!

Cycling to ‘Sconset, they met old friends—producer Richard Clemmer, designer John Di Iorio (in rear).
JUST ASK BETTY WRAGGE AND HER HUSBAND, WALTER BROOKE
SECOND HONEYMOON

It was a happy time for Betty and Walter. They had been playing the parts of Peggy Young in Pepper Young's Family for several years, and Betty was ecstatic about the two-week summer vacation they had arranged for themselves. Betty had been playing the part of Peggy Young in Pepper Young's Family for several years, and Betty was ecstatic about the two-week summer vacation they had arranged for themselves. They decided to spend their time together on the island of Nantucket, where they rented a small cottage with no telephone. They packed a wardrobe consisting of several bathing suits, a few pairs of shorts, one dress-up outfit, beach shoes, and sun glasses. Highlight of their trip was a bicycle trip from Nantucket to the romantic coast town of Siasconset on the other side of the windswept island. Planning a vacation is like anything else in married life, Betty maintains. It doesn't much matter how you spend your time as long as you are just enjoying being together. Betty Wragge is heard in Pepper Young's Family, M-F, at 3:30 P.M. EDT, on NBC; sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Camay. Walter Brooke is seen in One Man's Family, Sat, 7:30 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV; sponsored by Miller Laboratories.
brining up Bob

The four Young daughters have quite a time with Dad, trying to prove Father doesn’t always “know best”

By FREDDA DUDLEY

The sensible attitude of Bob’s two oldest daughters made Bob active in national safe-driving campaigns.

Robert Young, radio father par excellence and real-life parent of four beautiful daughters, was playing an ardent although ill-starred game of golf one afternoon.

His opponent was Mrs. Young, and their gallery consisted of daughter Betty Lou, aged eight.

It was one of those days when Bob’s clubs, which he describes wryly as having built-in slices, were behaving oddly. Mr. Young was finally driven to expressing himself strongly on the idiocy of golf club manufacturers who lack the sense to cross a slicing club with a hooking club in order to breed an instrument which would automatically drive a golf ball where you intended it to go.

He also mentioned (unfavorably) the breeze, the length of the grass, the extent of moisture in same, and other crosses borne by the innocent golfer.

At this point, Betty Lou—who had been playing her own game in what she seemed to feel was a satisfactory manner—approached her mother to ask, “Does Daddy really know how to play right?”

Mrs. Young allowed as how he did.

“Then why doesn’t he do it?” demanded Betty Lou.

This simple query illustrates, as sharply as any example could, the handicaps imposed upon a parent by his professional status as wiseacre. In the radio show, Father Knows Best, Robert Young is one of those genial, resourceful figments (Continued on page 96)
Terry stood, uncertain and alone, feeling like a stranger at her own husband's bedside. Stan was so ill—perhaps he would never walk again! He needed all the medical skill his mother's money could buy, and Terry was grateful for what Mother Burton had done. But there was hostility in every glance the older woman gave her unwanted daughter-in-law.
a woman wants to be needed

TERRY FACES "THE OTHER WOMAN" AND HER MOTHER-IN-LAW
IN HER DESPERATE STRUGGLE TO SAVE HER MARRIAGE

Riding back to Dickston from New York, Terry's thoughts matched the gloomy day she could see from the train window. Terry felt battered and torn by the events that had transpired during the past few months. Stan's sudden illness hadn't really been the start of it all—but it had brought to the surface all the antagonisms, all the currents that had been touching Terry's life. In a way, Terry was grateful to Mother Burton for all she'd done. When Stan had been stricken with his heart attack, it was Mother Burton who had refused to let him go to the hospital or even to his own home, instead insisting upon turning Burton Towers into a complete hospital with nurses around-the-clock. Then Stan's illness took a sudden turn for the worse, when a bloodclot settled at the juncture of the nerves which controlled action in his lower limbs. Certainly then, Mother Burton's financial resources were more necessary than ever for treatment and cure.

Yes, Terry was grateful for those funds, but at the same time for months now she had felt that some semblance of independence should be maintained. In spite of Mother Burton's ridicule, she had managed all right, especially when she started working in the store herself. Terry hadn't realized, nor did she now, that Michael Dalton had been

2 Terry wanted to do a good job in the store. Michael Dalton was "helping," but she didn't guess he was really just helping himself—to a share of the daily receipts.

3 In her zeal to show a better sales profit, she arranged an exciting window display—unwittingly using a spotlight which was dangerously defective.
milking the store’s receipts in order to provide himself with money to entertain and pay court to Marcia Kirkland, Stan’s sister, so that eventually he could marry Marcia and lay his hands on the Burton money. Terry would have no way of knowing this now, for, in her zeal to make the store a success, Terry had unwittingly brought about its end. In her mind’s eye she could still picture the wonderful window display she’d arranged, carefully placing the spotlights so that the greatest value was gotten from the merchandise. And then the horror, later that night, when she realized she had been the cause of the store’s burning to the ground. The spotlight she’d used had a defective wire. In the days that followed, Terry found herself turning in desperation to Page Sandry, the theatrical producer in New York who had been so impressed with her costume designs the summer before. Stan didn’t much care whether she took the job Page offered her or not. In fact, these days Stan didn’t much care what happened to anyone. Terry thought back on all the influences that had come to bear on Stan’s life and on her own. Besides Mother Burton, there was Karen Sinclair, friendly, reassuring with her daily contact with Stan, the one person who seemed to be able to keep up Stan’s flagging spirits.

And then, too, there was Page. The more Terry worked with him, the more apparent it had become that Page was in love with her. An attractive and worldly man in his forties, Page had been showing Terry all the consideration and thoughtfulness Stan rarely did. Leaning back against the car seat, Terry found herself deliberately toying with the idea of suddenly having the burdens and responsibilities of life taken from her. And then, with equal sharpness, she realized her disloyalty to Stan in her thoughts. Her discovery a few nights before that Karen, taking her cue from Mother Burton, is convincing Stan that he will never walk again, has made Terry realize that she must fight, not just for Stan’s love, but for his health and his very existence as a normal man. Terry sighed. Yes, the dream of Page Sandry taking care of her, protecting her, was only a dream. For a woman goes where she is needed—for, above all, Terry’s heart whispered, a woman wants to be needed.

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Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Terry Burton..................Patsy Campbell
Stan Burton..................Dwight Weist
Mother Burton..................Ethel Owen
Marcia Kirkland.................Alice Frost
Michael Dalton..................Nat Polen
Karen Sinclair..................Cathleen Cordell
Page Sandry..................Larry Fletcher

The Second Mrs. Burton is heard M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS; Sponsor, General Foods for Swansdown and Maxwell House.
5 There was a purpose behind Michael’s thefts from the store. The extra cash helped to finance his ardent courtship of Stan Burton’s sister, Marcia Kirkland.

6 Michael had a partner in the devious plot to marry into the Burton family fortune. Pretty Karen Sinclair also had a clever scheme to win Stan away from Terry!

7 Innocently pleased by Karen’s “kindness” to Stan, Terry only thought what good care he would get if she left to take the job she’d been offered in New York.

8 Sharp suspicion struck Terry, as she said goodbye and started out the door. Could her sudden instinct be right—was Karen really trying to poison Stan’s mind?

9 But New York still beckoned. Page Sondry, charming and successful theatrical producer, had shown such an interest in her costume designs—and in Terry herself.

10 Should she go—or stay? Doesn’t every woman have a right to security, devotion, and a place all her own—a place in the heart of some man who truly needs her?
Hard-ridin' straight-shootin', tough-fightin', soft-talkin' gunslinger, Jack Mahoney, is TV's newest Western star, better known to his fans as the Range Rider.

Ten years ago, Jack went out to Hollywood bent on becoming a movie actor. He thought it would be a lead-pipe cinch to land an acting job. But, believe it or not, the six-foot-four two-hundred-pounder got plumb scared in front of the camera, couldn't mumble a line of dialogue, much less make any gestures. Jack was kind of discouraged at that point, and found that the only jobs he could get were stunt parts for other actors less athletic than Mahoney.

Jack was an expert rider and swimmer, so Hollywood put him to work doing difficult scenes for the stars. He felt right at home doing film stunts, because in his native Davenport, Iowa, Jack had been an all-around athlete ever since he climbed his first tree. Matter of fact, Jack had spent so much time at athletics that he was forced to drop out of his pre-medical course at college—games were taking too much of the time he should have been plugging away at books.

When Gene Autry first saw Jack, he figured the lean Iowan would be a natural for the character, Range Rider—especially since TV budgets make it necessary for the leading man to do all his own stunts. By this time, Jack had overcome his fear of the camera and, when Gene asked him to try out for the part, he came through better than he ever dreamed of doing ten years before.

He is still a single man.

Lucy Knoch, currently playing straight girl to Red Skelton on TV, is the kind of girl things just happen to. The lovely blue-eyed blonde from Nashville, Tennessee, is always in the right place at the right time.

The first right place Lucy went to was Tucson, Arizona. She and her sister visited friends there just after Lucy was graduated from high school. It was the right time, because actress Paulette Goddard was in Tucson then, too. Through mutual friends, Lucy met the film star, who invited the sisters to come on a grand tour of Paramount studios if they ever stopped in Hollywood.

Well, Lucy managed to get out film-capital way, and sure enough found a note from Paulette at the studio instructing the powers that be to give Lucy a "grand tour." Once again Lucy just happened to meet up with a company executive, who just happened to notice how pretty she was, and the next thing she knew, Lucy Knoch was taking a screen test.

The screen test was successful and Paramount signed her, turning Lucy's brief visit into a permanent stay. The young actress credits Hollywood with teaching her how to work before cameras, use make-up, and wardrobe tricks—a great help to her in TV. After completing her first picture, Lucy was feeling kind of blue, and considered going back home. But, at that moment, Red Skelton and his manager just happened to see Lucy sitting in a restaurant. They needed a pretty girl to dress up Red's TV show. Lucy got the job.
ON ONE of Max Reinhardt's trips to Budapest, Hungary, the famous producer-director discovered a new young actress. Her name was Lili Darvas. Up to the time of their meeting, Lili had been working hard to perfect her acting technique, but never dreamed that the great Reinhardt, himself, would be so impressed that he would engage her for his company in Vienna and Berlin.

Lili, who was both beautiful and talented—a happy combination in the theatre—left her native land, and went to Vienna with Reinhardt. There she studied hard, spending much of her time learning German. From the beginning, the director knew he had a star in Lili. It wasn't long before she was the crown princess of the company.

Europe, in those days, was in its theatrical heyday, and Lili toured the continent, playing regularly at the Salzburg festivals. The great Ferenc Molnar wrote plays especially for her, and eventually Lili became Mrs. Molnar.

During March, 1938, Adolf Hitler marched into Vienna while Lili was playing an engagement there. The Molnars fled to America. Here they forged a new life for themselves. Lili became a familiar actress on the stage of her adopted country, appearing in many Broadway productions. More recently, she has been acclaimed by critics for performances on TV's top dramas.

On radio, Lili is currently heard as Hannah on Hilltop House, and acts on several other daytime serial programs.

WHEN Meredith Willson hopped to the piano at the age of seven back in Mason City, Iowa, his mother's immediate reaction was: "There are too many pianists in this town." So Meredith, always agreeable, took to the flute.

As Mason City's one and only flutist, Willson was in great demand. He was immediately grabbed up by the high school band. After graduation, Meredith came to New York, where he studied at the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. While still there, he became a member of John Philip Sousa's famous band, and played and studied with Sousa for three years.

Next he joined Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld at New York's Rialto Theater. During his two years with the doctor, the young flutist composed his first serious work, "Parade Fantastique." In 1924 the work was premiered, and in the same year Meredith joined the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. He filled the first flutist's chair for five years before resigning and turning to radio.

Meredith Willson has the kind of personality which appeals to long-hairs and short-hairs alike. Always a serious musician, Meredith still manages to give his audiences the feeling that he's just having a lot of fun. His programs are usually a combination of the best in both classical and popular music. He spoofs the old masters affectionately—and somehow you know they wouldn't mind at all.

With his radio chores going full blast, Meredith still finds time to compose and do personal appearances, too.
"God gave me ANOTHER CHANCE"

Now Walter's life is full of sunbeams—like Jennifer, his niece.

The one thing Walter O'Keefe wanted was to stand on his own feet.

Then the doctors told him, "Polio..."

By MAXINE ARNOLD

W ith anxious, questioning eyes, Walter O'Keefe watched the doctor complete his examination. Watched him straighten up slowly, then hesitate, as though groping for some way to soften the tragic words he knew he must speak.

"Young man," he began slowly, "I'm going to say something which will shock you. And you're probably not going to believe me...."

Then he told him. And for a few horrified moments—Walter couldn't believe him. To this good-looking, vigorous, twenty-four-year-old ex-Marine, three years out of Notre Dame and already on his way to a successful business career, the words had a paralyzing impact. He felt his whole world crashing down on him—and on a leg which couldn't feel, which might never feel again. And he asked himself, as so many others had before him, as so many others will again, "What (Continued on page 72)

Walter O'Keefe emcees Double Or Nothing, M-F, 10:30 A.M. EDT, over NBC, for the Campbell Soup Co.
The Home Vaughn
Picked Up for a Song

(Continued from page 49)

adjoints the Monroes' 35,000 square feet of lawn.

"If their eighteenth hole weren't so close to our dining-room window," laughs Marian, "I wonder if Vaughn would be so eager to hurry home every moment he's not working?"

For a last-minute inspection, she glances around the patio—which Vaughn built of flagstone, complete with barbecue equipment—then hurries indoors to see, quite literally "what's cooking." They're expecting company for dinner, and the beef is roasting fragrantly. The Monroes don't have as many chances for home entertaining as they'd like, so when Vaughn's there they make an occasion of it.

Actually, practically anything is the occasion for a party with the Monroes, complete with paper cloth, fancy decorations and gifts from the girls. Candy (short for Candace), ten, and Christy (short for Christina), seven, are allowed fifty cents each for such gifts and shop diligently in the local five-and-dime for the special somethings they always select. One Father's Day, Candy gave Vaughn a leatherette pad with pencil attached—a pointed reminder of the way he yells for pad and pencil when he's on the phone. Chris, knowing how her father likes roasted ears of corn with his barbecues, gave him a pair of corn holders. Even four-footed Penny comes in for her fifty cents' worth, such as a new kind of soap the girls were told would do wonders in keeping flies away from her sensitive nose.

All the Monroes are great on sharing—gifts, hobbies—and their house reveals it clearly. Everything in it is a tribute to the individuality of each member but also to their community of interests. An open-front cabinet in the living room holds the lovely pieces of antique china Marian has collected in their travels and the dining room has the many silver pieces she's gathered. In the children's room are the china horses and dogs the girls are accumulating—Vaughn always buys one for each on his various trips—and in the master's den are the guns he has found in out-of-the-way shops.

Downstairs in the playroom are assorted curios bought by the entire family in its travels, as well as the girls' record collection. Even the sides of the stairway leading down to the basement are covered with framed mementos of Vaughn's career—the first sheet music he ever recorded, covers of the first trade magazines which mentioned him, all the landmarks of his progress which could be kept in permanent form—the family calls it "Monroe's Alley."

Because the children are being raised as average young girls, they are allowed a fair amount of freedom of expression. They joke about their parents' foibles much as Vaughn and Marian kid them—and each other—about some of their traits. Conversation is usually lighthearted banter. Vaughn says the reason Marian loves him is because he shows such proper appreciation for her cooking. She says it's his absent-mindedness which keeps her permanently his slave and she adores it. And they both say the only way to describe their household decorating scheme is "comfortable American!"

Marian insists that the entire main floor is a monotone of gray, but actually it's highlighted with many flashes of color and the gray tones themselves are blended and contrasted with amazing variety. There is gray broadloom carpeting from wall to
Pack more vacation Glamour...

Pack more vacation **Clothes**...

IN **SAMSONITE LUGGAGE**!

At the station... on the way... when you sweep into a hotel, all eyes follow the girl with Samsonite. Because stunning Samsonite gives you a movie-star-on-tour look!

- You can **TAKE** more vacation clothes with Samsonite. It's scientifically designed to hold more clothes, and to keep your vacation finery wrinkle-free. And Samsonite's miracle covering is better than leather, wipes clean with a damp cloth.

- You can **BUY** more vacation clothes, too! Because Samsonite luggage costs so little, there's more money left to spend on your wardrobe. You see, TWO pieces of Samsonite cost less than you'd expect to pay for just ONE piece of such fine quality luggage.

Samsonite

Luggage

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colorado. Also makers of Samson Folding Tables and Chairs. Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 79, Michigan.
When the Monroes moved into the house, in 1948, they discarded all the old kitchen equipment and put in everything electrical. But more noticeable than the gleaming cabinets—or even the long counter running across the wall for quick-cook fans—is a huge blackboard facing the inside doorway. There all grocery orders, day-by-day reminders, phone calls and loving messages are noted. There they're like it for rainy-day drawing. And who is the main subject for their art work? Not Vaughn—their beautiful dog, Penny.

There are wood-burning fireplaces in all the main rooms downstairs. There's a room upstairs. Above the one in the living room are two oil paintings of the children, done when each was a year and a half old. Above the one in the master bedroom hangs a portrait of Vaughn and his favorite cigarette. Here Marian has acceded to masculine taste by having the walls papered in white with a blue stripe design, and a footing on the chandelier.

"We aren't waiting until the girls have romances to be relegated to the back parlor," Vaughn laughs, pointing to the furniture arranged in front of the upstairs fireplace.

"But we aren't yet!" Marian agrees. "We decided that a love seat . . ." here Vaughn interrupts to point out that it's large enough to actually seat two, "an upholstered chair with ottoman and a coffee table to match. We won't have to wait, you see, when Candy and Chris start entertaining their beaus."

"But it sure gets used now," Vaughn explains. "You should see how many cold winter mornings the girls plug in the electric clock radio and sizzle the toaster and fixings for a light breakfast, so we can talk about the night or week I've been away. It sure beats getting up early to sit by the fire."

When Marian and Vaughn talk about the girls, it's easy to see they consider the long hard years behind them well worth the struggle. Marian, as Vaughn's high-school sweetheart, shared all his dreams. Born in Akron, Ohio, on October 7, 1911, Vaughn finally settled in Jeannette, Pennsylvania, where Marian lived. For quite a while he veered between trumpet playing and music education. He was a member of concert singing to work with orchestras. In addition to his trumpet playing, he served as driver of the instrument truck and treasurer of the band. Finally, a couple of business crises, Jack Marshard and Willard Alexander—the former is now a partner with Vaughn in all his enterprises, the latter is the present band's management—decided that Vaughn could be a singing band leader. He tried, and the present Monroe organization was born, with results we all know so well.

From 1940 until 1945, things were tough and go. Vaughn's weekly income was small and Marian, not married too long, suddenly found herself traveling with the band, doing road work and filling in as general assistant. Then without warning, RCA Victor had Vaughn record "There, I've Said It Again," and with nobody quite understanding the dramatic sensation, selling a million and a quarter discs. He followed this with many other hits—the most recent, "Tenderly," "Mountain Laurel" and "Lady Love."

Vaughn is the first to insist that Marian's forte is not music. When he is on the road he will send her no shy little wallpaper hiding behind her big man. She's just a couple of inches shorter than Vaughn, with a slender figure. Marian wears her clothes well—preferring casual ones—but he has this place to worry about her and the children. She often knits herself dresses that other women envy, although she limits the use of her knitting and draperies for the house, feeling her knack with a needle is strictly on the knitting side. Vaughn's many slip-over sweaters and matching socks are products of Marian's industry. At times he has taken to plane rides; and the children boast a supply of sweaters as varied as their father's repertoire of songs.

What might make another man sensitive is that Marian manages to handle her man and his personal finances, for one thing. Marian kids him about the time he and his co-pilot flew in Vaughn's private airplane to New York and had to wait at the field while she dined. Marian had planned a 100-dollar feeding. Vaughn gets a sizable allowance, but often forgets to take it with him, or lends it to someone else. One time on the road he needed a check cashed to take care of a business matter. He handed it over to his identification. Unfortunately, he needed a shave and was wearing his oldest clothes as he usually does while driving. The bartender said: "Aw right. If you're Vaughn Monroe, singing on the bandstand, I'll cash an appeal for you to please come home for his clothes. Luckily, the set in the car was working and Vaughn heard the message in time.

One thing Vaughn never forgets, however, is the family. They do many things together such as ice-skating and skiing in the winter months. Marian, always a motorcyclist, takes rides on his motorcycle in the summer. He manages to get in a round of golf once a week, as a rule, and they have musical family evenings when he's not on the road. They both have a keen interest in music, primarily because they are each so individual. Christina, a true blonde, looks like an angel—but acts like a fiend, her mother observes. Vaughn adds, "She looks like me, so I don't know where the angel part comes in."

Candace resembles her mother, with ash-blondie hair and what Marian describes as the stubbornness and depth of voice of her mother. Vaughan'sPop—Daddy, we'd say—are two outfits draped on a living-room chair. He had absent-mindedly changed into his driving clothes and forgotten to pack the other things. She had to get a "ham" operator of a short-wave band and broadcast an appeal to Vaughn to please come home for his clothes. Luckily, the set in the car was working and Vaughn heard the message in time.

The girls have a chance to be around Vaughn and they're in seventh heaven. He'll never forget how long Candy waited to be taken to The Meadows, the restaurant Vaughn owns in Framingham, Massachusetts, where he breakfasts and has his evening dinner. The night he finally took her, some of her dessert accidentally fell in her lap. She was so ashamed of her spoiled dress that she insisted on going home without the second course of the meal—Deviled Ham and Daddy.

This business of being children of a famous bandleader has in no way gone to their heads, however. Marian and Vaughn have explained to them that singing and leading a band are jobs, just like the jobs their friends' fathers have. It's taught them to respect Vaughn as a hard worker who never lets him to improve their own social positions.

Any visit with the Vaughn Monroes is filled with their reminiscences, their family jokes and their closeness. To his wife and daughters, Vaughn isn't just a man who's busy and has a car, but a man who's busy around himself. Even if he were still only a trumpet-toting musician, he'd have "arrived" as far as his family's concerned. Because, no matter how much he's made them see—there's only one way to describe Monroe . . . he's simply Vaughnerful!
Warren Hull Strikes It Rich!

(Continued from page 33) a lot of talking. They covered most adult topics, but they might discuss what he planned that evening for his date (not with Sue) and she might describe a party she had attended the night before (not with Warren).

"There wasn't any courting," Warren notes: "Actually, we didn't have any idea of where we were headed."

His sons believed differently.

"Why don't you take your own advice?" they asked him.

Warren had discussed marriage with them. As a man who has lived in the movie colony, worked with the Broadway crowd in musical shows and traveled widely in the famous Fox Pop radio show, he knew from observation and experience that marriage with all of its ramifications is not to be taken lightly.

"When you're thinking of marrying, look for a woman who is beautiful inside," he had counseled. "Physical beauty is strictly a bonus."

"Mrs. Stevens has all the qualifications," they noted, "plus the bonus."

"I don't deny that," Warren said, "but we're just good friends."

But the Hull boys take seriously the job of bringing up father. Warren has always talked freely with them. They met the women he knew socially. They discussed his "dishes," as they called them, and the boys made no bones about their admiration for Sue.

"And then one day—I don't know how, when or why—Warren and I knew we were in love and wanted to get married," Sue says. "We decided to tell Warren's son John first, since he was the oldest."

John Hull, twenty-one, now a Journalist Seaman in the Navy, grinned at the news.

"Maybe we'll get married in a year or so," Sue concluded.

John didn't like that.

"Paul and George and I have been putting up with this dillydallying long enough," he said. "Another year would be too hard on us. How about getting hitched next week?"

Warren and Sue thought over. Exactly what were they wasting a year for? There was really no obstacle. They had only one problem to solve: Whose house to live in? And that was easy. The answer was Sue's house, since hers was the larger.

The following Saturday, November 3, 1951, was set for the wedding.

"We chose Saturday for it was the one day all the children could make it," Sue says. "We not only wanted them to know and approve of the marriage but to be at the ceremony."

They were married at Warren's sister's home in Connecticut and had less than a twenty-four-hour honeymoon. Sunday morning they returned, for Warren's son had moved in and Sue wanted to make sure he didn't feel awkward.

"The first person I met as we walked in was Paul's dad," Sue said. "He turned out to be Paul's first house guest. After that, I realized I'd never have to worry about the boys feeling strange."

The home is beautiful, a large, Colonial house with a deep green lawn in the front and an expansive terrace in the back, complete with a small summer house, a barbecue pit and picnic table. But even with four bedrooms, there wasn't much chance of anyone getting lonely, with six children instead of three, as well as a man around the house. Sue's two daughters shared one bedroom. Sue converted a guest room into a combination social and sleeping room with a double-decker bunk bed and a studio couch—for Warren's sons. Bud kept his small room.

Allotment of space wasn't the biggest headache. Warren had a houseful of furniture and so did Sue. Sue learned quickly that Warren was a "saver." He had momentos that went back thirty years. He could reach into a box and pull out his original musical score from "My Maryland," dated 1927.

"You're not giving up anything that's important to you," Sue told him. "Some of my things will go." Warren had furniture dating back for three or more generations, pieces which had long belonged to the family. These caskets had been put away with fine steel engravings of his ancestors.

"Actually, the furnishings are primarily Regency and Victorian," Sue notes, "but like most homes there is still a little bit of everything and it all fits very well."

The question at the top of their minds of course, was always the children. How would they hit it off? How would they react to this sudden consolidation? Actually, Sue's older daughter, Buffy, was away at school and so was George Hull. John was just starting his Naval training.

"Everything ran smoothly in the beginning," Sue said. "The only time was the Christmas holiday that I feared."

Not only were all the children to be home but Sue's parents were to come. That made a total of ten people who would be living together for the first time.

John, arriving home in uniform, still flushed with pride at helping to bring the newlyweds together, looked the situation over and said, "We have to get organized, that's all."

As self-appointed chairman, he tackled the biggest problem first: Ten people versus two bathrooms. He immediately revised the schedule. The boys would all take turns so some parvenu could alleviate the situation to some extent by doing their shaving in the powder room downstairs. Parents got their choice of hours and the children came before and after. The preservation of their fastidiousness, were granted the most time for dressing and bathing.

"These were the superficial things," Warren says. "It was the things that hit you instantly. From the first day, they were calling her 'Mom' and asking her advice."

They were just a little concerned with Buffy, at sixteen, coming home from school to live with her newly-acquired older and rather glamorous brothers. The boys, however, refused to be shy. They insisted on discussing her dates just as if they would have been married and lived together for years. Sue's success in making the boys feel at ease worked fine both ways.

Sue has quite definite ideas about raising children. Intelligent discipline, she feels, is needed. And along with that, thinking, problems, and consideration, a respect for the rights of others. But she knows that a child's security is found in genuine love. The effortless adjustment of her children to the new family proved they had that security.

Warren's feelings about Buffy and Sally are perhaps a lot deeper than even the girl herself knows. There was an incident on Strike It Rich one morning which illustrates this.

Walt Framer, producer of the program, was standing offstage as Warren interviewed an orphan. The girl was alone and penniless, but she explained that she didn't care about making a lot of money on the show.

"You know, Walt," he said, "I was thinking all of the time I was out there that she could have been the daughter I never had."

Warren has daughters now, and he couldn't want for better. Sally, a high-spirited nine-year-old, is getting her first riding instructions from Warren. Buffy, a wit, a child of the world, yet a young lady in her own way, has a great deal in common with Warren. Sue describes it.

"They both have empathy. I think it's one of the things that has endeared War- ren to the audience of Strike It Rich." Empathy, defined loosely, is the ability to put yourself into another fellow's shoes. Buffy's friends know she has this quality. They come to her with their problems. They talk to her about their ambitions and plans.

"You know, mother," Buffy has told Sue. "I feel as if I want to help and, if it's a problem, I suffer as much as they do." affectionately. But Sally is the cutest little kid in Warren's make-up. Contestants will talk to him when they're so jumbled up inside that no one else can get them to tell the time of day. They sense that Warren is relieving the incident for them. They sense the real humility Warren feels.

Warren's compassion is no act. Being

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down and out is not uncommon to actors and singers, so Warren knows about that. And being helpful is not something Warren recently learned. The religious tradition of his family is haven to a pledge to tireless improvement of mankind. He tells stories of his ancestors not being heroic but being helpful. The children know that his great-grandmother, called Aunt Han

hilos, was a frontier midwife and nurse who made many long treks through the woods to comfort and aid the sick.

Warren puts in business-hours during the week, except Wednesday, when he's off. He's in the studio seven nights a week, the go to his office to answer mail and conduct interviews. Generally, he can relax in the evening. One of his greatest pleasures is cooking and this he will do at home or when he and Sue visit friends.

The family has frequent musical evenings, such as Warren enjoyed as a child. In the living room there is a tremendous collection of records. When they aren't listening and reading, they gather around the piano and sing. Sue plays and so do Bufty and Paul. Warren plays trumpet—just for the fun of it. He is quite skilled, he has an excellent voice and once sang in Broadway musicals.

Sue and Warren have been in a night club. From the age of five, but the insistence of his friends. The moment he steps into a smoke-filled club, his eyes start to water and he gets restless. They prefer visiting with friends and they like with others.

“Weather permitting, we go for a lot of walks,” Sue says. “Any time. Nights when we get home from a party, Sunday after-

One summer he was never shaking. He never thought of the fact that he's completely spent.”

In St. Francis' hospital, Walter O'Keefe, with the help of all that day's science could offer—mostly diathermy and rub-

downs, and a bit of O'Keefe's magician's kit. He spent a week—began his fight for a future that seemed so dark. A lonely fight. In the dark hours of night, when a man is alone with himself and his thoughts, his prayers and his irish wit, was an incurable optimist and a great help. So were the fathers, the priests he'd known so long, who visited him and exhorted that—above all—he must have faith.

Then one day, he felt life in his left leg. From that magic moment, his whole psychology changed from despair to hope. He felt the crucial moment had arrived, the mental adjustment was made, recovery came faster for him—and he started planning a future again. As his leg gradually began to live again, during the months—

When I'm In The Bathroom,” worked up some patter—and decided to take that path which led to show business . . . a gamble which was to pay off one day on NBC's Doubleman.

When he could walk well enough with a cane, Walter went back to Worcester, hav-

ing decided to put on his first profession-

al performance there. Upon arrival, he went immediately to the newspaper office, dug ten years back into the old files, and found the issue with the treasured review. He took it to the current manager of the Poli Theatere there, with the added prediction from the theatre-owner's son, Edward Poli; “If O'Keefe takes up the stage for his career—his path will be a smooth one...

During the next months, he almost wore the clipping out, fingered it. Reading and re-reading it. The words had a comforting ring. He wrote songs, among them, the greatest of all his compositions—"When I'm In The Bathroom.

As he later clicked on the stage, in night clubs, and on radio. And if the path wasn't always "rosy," it had its ample recompense. Twenty-seven years in show bus-

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### Monday

#### Morning Programs

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### Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.
Inside Radio

Saturday

Morning Programs

8:30  Howdy Doody  Local Program  No School Today  Renfro Valley
9:00  Thompson
9:15  Anybody Home
9:30  Archie Andrews
10:00  Mary Lee Taylor Show
10:30  My Secret Story
11:00  Hollywood Love Story

Afternoon Programs

12:00  News
12:30  U. S. Marine Band
12:45  National Farm and Home Hour
1:00  U. S. Coast Guard Caddets on Parade
2:00  Coffee in Washington
2:15  Big City Serenade
3:00  Dawn Homers
3:15  Bandstand, U. S. A.
3:30  U. S. Army Band
4:00  Win, Place or Show
4:15  Horse Racing
4:30  Musicares
4:45  Wind Your Manners
5:50  Helping Hand
6:00  Terra Leo

Evening Programs

6:00  Bob Warren
6:15  News, H. V. Kaltenborn
6:30  Summer Concert
7:00  Public Affairs
7:15  Anne Cox, Disc Jockey
7:30  Ralph Edwards Show
8:00  Jane Aco, Disc Jockey
8:30  Vaughn Monroe Show
9:00  Meet Your Match
9:15  Grand Ole Opry
10:00  Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street
10:15  Vaughn Monroe Show
10:30  Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street

Sunday

Morning Programs

8:30  String Quartet
9:00  World News Roundup
9:15  We Hold Those Truths
9:30  Carnival of Books
10:00  National Radio
10:15  Pulpit
10:30  Art of Living
10:45  News, Peter Roberts
11:00  Faulkner Starch Time
11:15  Morning Serenade
11:30  UN in My Best
11:45  The Author Speaks

Afternoon Programs

12:00  Viewpoints, U. S. A.
12:15  Latin American Music
12:30  The Eternal Light
12:45  College Choral Society
1:00  Critic at Large
1:15  "Mike B."
1:30  Un. of Chicago Roundtable
2:00  The Catholic Hour
2:15  Hats in the Ring
2:45  Health Quiz
3:00  Elmo Rogers
3:15  America's Music
3:30  Bob Considine
3:45  John Cameron
4:00  The Falcon with Les Damon
4:15  Under Arrest
4:30  Martin Kane with"Len Tracy"
5:00  Hollywood Star
5:15  Playhouse
5:30  Whitewall 1212

Evening Programs

6:00  Tales of Texas
6:15  Rangers
6:30  The Chase
6:45  Gabby Hayes
6:15  Dick Carter
6:30  Big Reunion
6:45  George E. Sokolsky
6:15  Don Quanone
6:30  Here Comes The Band
6:45 -inner Sanctum

7:00  Best Plays
7:15  Affairs of Peter
7:30  Little Symphonies
7:45  Concert from Canada
8:00  Meet Your Match
8:15  Great Day Show
8:30  Summer Symphony
8:45  Stop the Music

9:00  Gangsters
9:15  Stars in Khaki & Blue
9:30  John J. Anthony
9:45  Three Suns Trio

10:00  Meet The Press
10:15  This is Free Europe
10:30  American Forum
10:45  Paul Harvey
11:00  Glen Parker
11:15  Bill Tudor in Hollywood

Postscript: The programs on the preceding pages represent the government's effort to entertain radio listeners by providing a variety of musical and informational content. The schedule is designed to cater to diverse tastes, from classical music and symphonies to popular songs and news updates. Listeners can expect a range of features, including educational segments, sports announcements, and entertainment programs, all aimed at providing a comprehensive broadcast experience.
TV program highlights
NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 JUNE 11—JULY 10

Baseball on Television

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>GAME</th>
<th>CHANNEL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wed.-Thurs.</td>
<td>2:25 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yanks</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 11, 12</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., June 14</td>
<td>6:00 P.M. *Cinc. vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun., June 15</td>
<td>1:50 P.M. *S. Louis vs. Giants</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon., June 16</td>
<td>2:05 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinc. vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues., June 17</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed., June 18</td>
<td>8:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Pitts. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs., June 19</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chi'go vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri., June 20</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chi'go vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., June 21</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chi'go vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun., June 22</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chi'go vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon., June 23</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chi'go vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues., June 24</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed., June 25</td>
<td>8:20 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri., June 27</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., June 28</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinc. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun., June 29</td>
<td>1:55 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon., June 30</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues., July 1</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed., July 2</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs., July 3</td>
<td>2:25 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri., July 4</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat., July 5</td>
<td>1:50 P.M. *Philas. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun., July 6</td>
<td>1:50 P.M. *Philas. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs., July 10</td>
<td>8:20 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. Yanks</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6
Garaway rides the rising sun with two hours of headline news as WNBTA begins its full day of TV programming.

10:15 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2
Simulcast of Art's radio show so you can peek behind the scene.

10:30 A.M. Bride and Groom • 2
John Nelson emcees as the early bird catches the bride.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
The bargain counter is stacked with laughs and music. The proprietor is popular comedian, Lew Parker.

12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2
The scrambled problems of a couple in the egg business.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
TV’s second oldest dramatic show featuring Neil Hamilton as host and “test director” to ambitious, young actors.

8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4
Paul and his not-so-dummy Jerry in variety-quiz.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey’s Talent Scouts • 2
Unknown professionals get a helping hand from King Arthur.

9:00 P.M. Love Lucy • 2 & 6
Lucille balls up the works in comedy with husband Desi Arnaz.

9:30 P.M. Claudia • 2 & 6
Series starring Joan McCracken in domestic complications.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2 & 6
The tradition of Studio One continues but with lighter drama and some repeats of winter successes for the summer.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Louise Beavers, in title role, keeps the Henderson family happy in spite of minor crises and mistakes.

8:00 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4 & 6
Jack Barry and his moppets cut up some humorous questions.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
New, thirty-minute dramatic plays, filmed in Hollywood, replaced by Boss Lady, July 1.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Melodrama plotted to keep you on the edge of your chair.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Popular dramatic series ranging from romance to murder.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Highly and deservedly praised plays of suspense and mystery.

10:30 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6
Soft-spoken Ted Mack introduces hopeful of all ages, who strive for applause and entry into the world of show business.
### Wednesday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Highlight</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Godfrey and His Friends • 2 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Frank Parker takes over emceee show in July.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Strike It Rich • 2 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Warren Hull plugs in the heart line to the nation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Kraft Theatre • 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Video’s oldest dramatic show with superbly produced plays.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Ellery Queen • 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Exciting crime adventure with the suave criminologist, played by screen actor Lee Bowman. Florence Ames as his father.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>The Web • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spine-tingling melodramas adapted from mystery fiction.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>International Boxing Club • 2 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bouts continue through the summer from outdoor arenas.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Celanese Theatre • 7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Thursday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Highlight</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>You Bet Your Life • 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Beetle-browed Groucho Marx browbeats contestants.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chance of a Lifetime • 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dennis James in the role of quiz and pay master.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Amos ’n Andy • 2 (6 &amp; 9 at 9:30 P.M.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tim Moore, Alvin Childress, and Spencer Williams in the great Harlem comedy show.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Man Against Crime • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ralph Bellamy as the rough-and-ready, crime-busting sleuth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Gangbusters • 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Big Town • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Charley Ruggles, himself, in this domestic-comedy series.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Big Town • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pat McVey stars as crusading reporter Steve Wilson.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Friday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Highlight</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Stu Erwin • 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Delightful episodes of a typical family’s daily life.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Mama • 2 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Charming Peggy Woods in title role on this weekly series, describing heartwarming family life of Norwegian immigrants.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>RCA Victor Show • 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Comedian-singer Dennis Day in a comedy show June 13 followed by actor-singer Ezio Pinza in a musical revue on the 20th.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>My Friend Irma • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Laugh-getting Marie Wilson as the nonsensical, sweet steno.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>We, the People • 4 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>For the duration of the Presidential campaign, this show will dramatically present all sides of the race to the White House.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Playhouse of Stars • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Half-hour drama billing many of our most celebrated actors.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Big Story • 4 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Actual dramatized experiences of reporters making headlines.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Down Your Go • 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Popular panel quiz presided over by Dr. Bergen Evans.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Aldrich Family • 4 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>For many years, one of the country’s favorite comedy series.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Cavalcade of Stars • 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Comedian Larry Storch takes over emceee chode of this big TV Variety on July 4th when Jackie Gleason bows out and moves to CBS.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Saturday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Highlight</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00 Noon</td>
<td>Noon Big Top • 2 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ringmaster Jack Sterling with exciting, circus variety.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Italian Feature Film • 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Beat the Clock • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Contestants beat their brains to perform tricky stunts in limited time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bud Collyer is timekeeper and judge.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>One Man’s Family • 4 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Barbours family, as always, stimulating and entertaining.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Ken Murray • 2 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hollywood’s Ambassador replete with lovely show girls, gags, dramatic sketches, dance and song in a big revue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>All Star Revue • 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>This big comedy show closes out its season with four big stars: June 14, Jimmy Durante; June 21, Spike Jones; June 28, Jack Carson; July 5, Danny Thomas.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Your Hit Parade • 4 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>From one to ten, the most popular ballads in the country, sung by Snooky Lanson, Dorothy Collins and Eileen Wilson, replaced by Assignment Manhunt, crime series, July 2.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Sunday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Highlight</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Joe DiMaggio’s Bugout • 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The pride of the Yanks interviews stars of the diamond.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Greatest Story Ever Told • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Once a mouth feature, June 22nd in this period, of dramatized Biblical stories, similar to the well-known radio show.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Super Circus • 7 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The dazzling center ring with breathtaking performances.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Draw a Win • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Henry Morgan emcees this cartoon comedy-quiz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Lucky Clues • 2 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A brand-new mystery panel show filling in for This is Show Biz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Four Square Court • 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Two workers in criminal rehabilitation and two ex-convicts make up a panel to discuss problems of individual lawbreakers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Toast of the Town • 2 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Broadway columnist and showman, Ed Sullivan, presents, week in, week out, the very best variety entertainment in the country.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Comedy Hour • 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Replaced on June 22 by the Big Payoff.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Information Please • 2 (6 &amp; 6 at 6:00 P.M.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Erudite Clifton Fadiman is back at the old stand with the TV version of the long-time radio favorite, John Kiernan and Franklin P. Adams will be on hand with their encyclopedic brains.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Television Playhouse • 4 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Full-hour teleplays produced and originating from NYC studios.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Break the Bank • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Handsome hosts, Bud Collyer and Bert Parks, with the famous quiz show that has paid over $10,000 in cash to individuals.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Celebrity Time • 2 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Panel quiz emceed by one-time matinee idol, Conrad Nagel.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30 P.M.</td>
<td>What’s My Line? • 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John Daly holds firm but polite reins on panelists Kilgallen, Gerl, Francis and Block who guess at contestants’ occupations.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Drew Pearson • 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Pearson gives sharp analyses of world events and predictions of future happenings.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Refreshng as a morning shower!
Daintiness that lingers for hours!

Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder
—with the fragrance men love!

What a wonderful sensation when you sprinkle on Cashmere Bouquet Talc! Your body feels so relaxed . . . clean and fresh and good all over! And that pleasant feeling of daintiness lingers and lingers for hours! Use silky-smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc after towelling when you step out of a shower. It helps absorb every drop of moisture quickly . . . delightfully! Use it when you change clothes or before you go out on a date. Cashmere Bouquet is so refreshing . . . and most exciting of all, it surrounds you with a delicate, haunting mist of the famous “fragrance men love”!

Only 29¢ and 43¢
Your Favorite Cosmetics

- Your Favorite 5-day Mayonnaise Tonic
- Your Favorite Breck Shampoo
- Your Favorite Patck Shampoo
- Your Favorite Lady Lotion
- Your Favorite Jergen's Lotion
- Your Favorite Dial Bar
- Your Favorite Tangee Bar
- Your Favorite Chlorodent Toothpaste
new green toothpaste with miracle chlorophyll!

you read about in Reader's Digest!

Chlorodent
CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE

Destroys MOUTH ODOR
Fights TOOTH DECAY
Combats Common GUM TROUBLES

Use it after meals
'Water-soluble chlorophyllins

Mouth All Day Long!

At last! A lanolin-base, that won't dry your lip all day long!

IN 8 FASHIONED-K

both only 49c, plus tax
**Woodbury**

**FACE POWDER**

and

**CREAM MAKE-UP**

Look glamorous all summer long! Exciting alone... breath-taking together—in matching, fashionable, summer shades.

15c, 30c, 45c plus tax

43c plus tax

**New**

**Tangee**

**WITH MIRACLE WORKING PERMACHROME**

At last! A hundred-base, non-streak lipstick that won’t dry your lips—stays dewy-fresh all day long!

IN 8 FASHION-KEYED SHADES

**HERE’S the new green toothpaste with miracle chlorophyll**

Weed out:

MOUTH ODOR

TOOTH DECAY

GUM TROUBLES

**Chlorodent**

**Green Toothpaste**

Clean Fresh Mouth All Day Long!

**Vacation beauty offer on Jergens Lotion**

For a limited time only—free!

Buy Jergens Shampoo with purchase of 50c Jergens Lotion.

75c value... both only 49c, plus tax

**Reader’s Digest!**
Follow These Tips

Lady Wildroot

WAVE SET

Gives quick long-lasting curls!
Contains processed Lanolin!

GIRLS — WANT QUICK CURLS? Now, with new LADY WILDROOT WAVE SET you can look your alluring best — set your favorite hair-do in less time than ever! It’s quick setting — quick drying. Light bodied. Won’t flake! Ideal after and between shampoos! Leaves hair soft, appealing, naturally lovely. Only 29¢ plus tax.

I dial

Contains AT-7 (Hexachlorophene)

grant DIAL Soap stops perspiration before it starts. Keeps complexions cleaner, cleaner!
Queen For a Day

(Continued from page 44) was one of hundreds of teen-agers who had crowded the hotel lobby early on a March 12, 1946, hoping that she would be crowned Queen. Janet had written that she wished she might have an opportunity to take dramatic lessons at some good school. Present was a group of black and white who somehow made it ordinary, somehow made it a foolish fancy and she was thinking that perhaps the studio audience, which was to vote by its applause, was the only likely figment of a teen-ager's imagination.

Halfway through the program, Janet found herself on the stage with a lot of other girls who had wished they wanted granted. And the applause was deafening, it seemed to Janet, for each and every one of them. Then, in one breathless second, by one of the things which made Jack Bailey coming toward her, coming toward Janet with the crown that meant she had won! Getting into the scarlet robe, adjusting the crown on her head, Janet heard Jack Bailey reading off the list of prizes which she had won:

Dramatic lessons at the Geller Workshop in Hollywood

A dress with hat, matching gloves and purse

A cosmetic set

A trip to Tucson, Arizona, in an airplane with pilot

And in Tucson, dream of all dreams, a date with a different escort every six hours.

"I was so excited my seventeen-year-old voice echoed!" Janet exclaimed. "Since the plane was to leave shortly after the broadcast, I had the clothes that I'd worn to the show. I'm sure my dad was as excited as I, because he bought everything I needed for my stay there. A traveling bag, which I shared with mother, nice pajamas, stockings, just everything. For once, he didn't mind paying the bills.

"Harry Mynatt, the program's official host, took us to lunch and then Mother and I and Mr. Mynatt went to the airport. It was only three hours since the program had first called my name, but already two of us had tickets to Queen for a Day had done so much!

"When the plane landed at Tucson, Mayor Nick Hall and Tucson's Vigilantes were there on horseback to welcome us. Imagine being greeted by a group acts and the leatherenor from the very nice Lieutenant—just left it up to me and I was one of the excitement of my first few days at school. Imagine my embarrassment when I arrived home one evening from going to a play and I found the Lieutenant had flown all the way over from Arizona—and I wasn't home to see him. The next time a letter from him came, I opened it. He asked me for a date and told me he would be driving over in his car, 'cause he lived in Tucson, several miles from my home.

"Janet dressed herself in her nicest summer outfit and set out for the dance with Ray. They found him driving through the streets with red light, and he seemed frightened and not quite knowing what to do, so she told Ray to pull over to the curb and take a nap. Their first date and Ray was asleep! Ray slept until midnight, when Janet had to awaken him to drive her home. Practically without a word spoken, Ray drove Janet home and kept right on driving—to Tucson. The fates were truly against the two ever having their talk together.

But Lieutenant Ray Yatuni was a determined fellow.

"Our practical every day. Every few weeks he flew or drove over. I was being courted from Arizona," Janet says, her voice breaking as excitement keays its pitch. And just two months later, September 12, 1946, Lieutenant Yatuni arrived from Arizona with a present for Janet—an engagement ring and the words to go with it.

That evening we talked, and talked, and talked. Ray did a real 'selling job.' He said he'd wait a year before we married. And I said yes. My folks were delighted as long as we were being so sensible about it. Then, four anything from the Army and took a job in Los Angeles—as a salesman. He had no sooner settled down when he convinced my folks there was no sense in waiting and so on February 23, 1947, we were married in the Cathedral Chapel in Los Angeles for six months, to the day, from the time Mother and I walked into the Queen for a Day radio show.

"Oh, little Raymoon, we went to Ray's home in Gardner, Illinois," continued Janet. "It's a small town and I was kind of scared since it was really the first time I'd been away from home.

There were times when the electricity failed. The town had no motion picture theatre. After living in a modern suburb of California, this seemed strange to me. Yet, there in a little town, she was close, and the people learn to rely on themselves. I'm glad we were able to go there.

"After a year of Janet's learning the good and the bad about small-town life, Ray went on the road as a traveling salesman.

"I'll bet he was the only traveling salesman with a wife on his arm—because you can bet that I went along!" Then Janet was pregnant and, after seven months, she returned to California to have the baby.

David was born December 29, 1947. In February, 1948, Ray rejoined Janet, after getting his sales connection in the firm. They bought a house in Whittier, California, a picturesque community at the foot of the San Bernardino Mountains.

"I thought that I still had no interests outside her home. After settling in Whittier, which is near her own family home in Orange, Janet joined the Junior Women's Club, sponsored by a girl's church group, and became active in the Presbyterian Church's dramatic department. Her Geller Workshop training came in handy. When Janet rehearses for a play, Ray does the baby-sitting. One night, he took young David to the dress rehearsal of Janet's first starring role, in the Whittier Community Theatre's production of "Guest in the House.

"Play too short," said baby David.

"When Janet is practicing her lines, baby, David comes and sits at her feet and repeats the lines after her. Later on, he can be heard muttering the lines to himself—obviously laying by a little play and a little playland. Though he can be a problem at times, Janet says, "Show me one that isn't at four years.

"I'm going to be a cowboy when I grow up. When acts up, I just make the pictures of me in Western riding clothes that were taken at Tucson, and he looks at the pictures and says, "Ow, Mommy's a cowboy! and then does everything I tell him—until the next time, of course.

Since "Guest in the House" was such a success, Ray treated the family to a long vacation. Three days and 2,000 miles of driving took them to Mexico and back by way of the Grand Canyon, Zion National Park and Las Vegas, Nevada. As a result, they passed through Tucson, Arizona.

"I guess that brings us full circle," said Janet, "because it was the two radio tickets that took me to Tucson where we first met.

Those same two tickets, to someone else, might have meant but one wish, fulfilled, one dream come true, but to Janet those two tickets were a beginning. The tickets prompted the idea of that road trip. Then came a whirlwind courtship by air, followed by marriage. And last and best of all, the tickets brought her a flower-bordered home—and her baby. Surely those two were tickets to a lifetime of happiness.
BRECK

5-day deodorant pads

New! Just pat away underarm perspiration and odor! Easiest way ever. No messy fingers, no sticky feeling, no trickle down your sides. 8 times more effective than average of all brands tested! Harmless to clothes and skin.

Save on cosmetic taxes!
Pay only: 2c on 25c size.

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Dial

Contains AT-7 (Hexachlorophene)

Mild, fragrant DIAL Soap stops perspiration odor before it starts. Keeps complexions cleaner, clearer, too!

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WAVE SET

Gives quick long-lasting curls!
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GIRLS - WANT QUICK CURLS? Now, with new LADY WILDRoot WAVE SET you can look your alluring best - set your favorite hairdo in less time than ever! It's quick setting — quick drying. Light bodied. Won't flake! Ideal after and between shampoos! Leaves hair soft, appealing, naturally lovely. Only 29c, plus tax.
Queen For a Day

(Continued from page 44) was one of hundreds of teen-agers who had crowded the studio each day in the hopes that she would

she could feel his eyes upon her. And when they all went back to the hotel, she thought it odd that Ray didn't say good

settled down when he convinced my folks there was no sense in waiting and so on.
We Laugh With Linkletter

(Continued from page 31)

Hefty vitamin prescription if I ever had to lose out on my daily dosage of laughs with Link.

It must seem odd, I suppose, to an outsider, that we should be such pals. I could, if I had gotten around to that sort of thing early enough in life, have been Art's father. We don't let that worry us. I may be twenty years older than Link, but in another department I have a few years' edge on him. My oldest daughter, Dorothy, is three years younger than Link's son, James.

Ours is a friendship which stands up because—as in most really good friendships—we are interested in the same things: Our families, chiefly, and our jobs. We have fun in the same things—travel, for instance. The four of us have visited Europe together for two summers now; this summer we'll have adjoining lanais on the Hawaiian Princess for a trip to Honolulu, and each of us will take along our two oldest kids.

We're typical tourists.

Link will go anywhere, do anything, at the drop of a hat. Me, too. We think the Eiffel Tower is more interesting than the inside of the Ritz bar.

We take pictures—of the same places, from the same angles—and we enter them regularly in the contests of the Stereo Realist club. We never win. All right. The pictures could be better. But it's fun.

Some people, I notice, seem to think their fun is just a little sinful, and should be indulged in, if at all, in carefully rationed amounts. I never could see that. When I was a bricklayer, I had fun laying bricks. That was a long time ago, and it may not be feeling no pain. But Art Linkletter was working, covering the event as a roving radio reporter, and he was having a romp, too. Which was quite some trick.

He got me up at the morn, and pounded me with those fast, sensibly interesting questions he's now famous for. He couldn't have been more considerate, and I couldn't have felt more comfortable—and ad-libbing is his forte, not mine.

"This guy is good," I found myself thinking, and so I pitched in and dug him up some more of the temporarily grounded eagle. As it turned out, and came through with a fast, funny program. He told me later that he had been on a spot. It was his first show, in a new series, for a sponsor noted for impatience. But it sure didn't show.

I found myself looking for Art's programs on the air, and haunting Alyce away from the kids to listen to him.

She agreed that Link had the makings of one of the TV m.c.'s in the country. The Corrells knew what it took, as I'll bet every one of the twenty-five thousand people Link has interviewed—on his Home Party. People are Funny and Life with Linkletter shows—would agree. He's the one m.c., to my mind, who really likes his "funny people." "You'll notice," he'll never let one of them make good of himself—his no laugh is worth it.

It still took five years for us all to get together socially, and that happened, as I've said, at a big, big party when we had very little chance really to get acquainted. But I did remark the odd confidence of our "twin" wives . . . not just their appearance, but everything about them—their smiles, their expressions, their dispositions (bless 'em)—were alike as two peas.

When you would like a casual acquaintance to become a friend, leave it to the girls. After that first meeting, Alyce asked that the Linkletters be our guests for dinner. The next week, Lois Linkletter invited us.

With that passel of children to compare notes about, the girls couldn't have been happier. And Link and I found more than The El Farro's place to gab about. Not long after that, a radio time switch put Link on the network directly following our own show—and we gabbed in our adjoining dressing rooms, all of it. Link has been all over the country and met all kinds of people, who do all kinds of things. So have I. They bring the big, big world into the little world of Hollywood—and they let us look at it through their eyes.

One of Link's great gifts, I think, is to think and feel from the other fellow's point of view. From other things, to accept the West Coast chairmanship of the Foster Parents' Plan. He promptly "adopted" three little war orphans of his own, and got such a kick out of it that Alyce and I adopted one, too, a little French girl, Maryabelle Benneaux. It gave us one of the great experiences of our lives.

We met Marybelle when we were in Paris last year. She came up to our suite at the Georges Cinq for lunch. I knew it was a big, fancy lunch, but I didn't realize that the big-eyed little kid had never seen a table set in her life. She ate until she was groggy. And then she said she wanted to see the Eiffel Tower. A Parisian kid who hadn't seen the Eiffel Tower when she was a kid? (I've lived in California for twenty years and never have seen Catalina Island.)

I gave another party in Paris, one of those "must" affairs. I had pockets full of notes to V.I.P.'s. Americans in Paris whom I had promised to look up, so, with time growing short I borrowed Link's suite—with a spectacular view of all Paris—one afternoon, and invited them all for cocktails.

I told Link, since he gave me the hall, to invite anybody he wanted.

And this is a thumbnail character sketch of my friend, Link. He invited half-down people, all old, old friends of mine whom he had dug up from every corner of Paris. Then, like the real pal he is, he spent the afternoon making polite faces at the V.I.P.'s and caught up with old times with my old cronies.

Link, as you've probably read in the papers by now, has just landed a big, new deal which will make him one of the biggest simulcast stars (simulcast is a new method of releasing radio and TV shows simultaneously). Link's House Party will be simulcast on CBS beginning next autumn for TV, not against sponsorship.

And he had it coming.

It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.
Johnny and Penny Olsen

(Continued from page 35)

Besides that, I didn’t have a heater in my car.

“He still owes me seven dollars,” Penny cut in, with the broody air of one who nurtures an old grievance. “One snowy night—so all right, it was a blizzard—he was calling on me in Stevens Point and I let him have my railway ticket to get back to Milwaukee. I never got it back. It cost me seven pieces of folding money.”

“When we got married, I was really broke,” said Johnny—was it defensively? “I was an announcer at the time—the chief announcer, in fact, on station WTMJ—the biggest station in Milwaukee, too. But I had a car and, in the order given, a girl. And both take a lot of gas. Besides, this was thirteen years ago, when salaries were not what they are today.”

“Neither was the dollar,” Penny said reflectively. “What is today, I mean, the poor little thing. And, anyway, you weren’t an announcer while we were courting. When we first met, Johnny had an orchestra,” Penny explained, “which he directed and with which he sang. And I had a father and a stepmother who were very fond of Johnny. Real dyed-in-the-wool radio fans, they wouldn’t have missed a Johnny Olsen broadcast to save their souls alive. Hilda, my stepmother, even kept a Johnny Olsen scrapbook, and that’s how it all began—our courtship, I mean. When my folks heard that Johnny and his band were playing in a small town about forty miles from Stevens Point, nothing, for goodness’ sake, could have kept them from Lola. They insisted that I go along, too. I went along, none too willing, and here was this Johnny, hair glued down, slick as a whistle, from the Big City! When we walked into the pavilion where Johnny’s band was playing—it was a Fourth of July celebration and dance—Johnny said, ‘Hello,’ as he passed us. It was almost the undoing of Hilda.

“Isn’t that Johnny Olsen,” she said, her voice cracking, her eye running over.

“I saw him!” I asked, real indifferent.

“And did you see, Hilda asked, all a-twitter, ‘How does he look at you?’

“No,” I said.

“A little later Johnny singled me out and asked me if there was any particular song I’d like him to play. I said I’d choose I’ll Be Seeing You.’ Which was real mean of me, flirty-mean, because I wasn’t particularly interested, being too much involved,” Penny laughed, “with another Johnny!

“As my parents were preparing to leave for home, Johnny Never-Miss-A-Trick spotted them, came down, said, ‘You’re not leaving so soon?’ Then: ‘Well, tell you what—you two go ahead and I’ll see that your daughter gets home as soon as the dance is over.’

“After the last dance, Johnny asked me, ‘You live right here in Iola, don’t you?’ ‘Oh no, I don’t! ’ I replied gleefully and in a serve-you-right tone of voice. When I told him when I lived, Johnny told me the prospect of the eighty-mile round-trip as well as could be expected, and presently he and his friend, Jack Hill—who has been our close friend all these years—is and when I started out. Jack and I sang all the way home and, eventually, Johnny came out of shock in time to sing with us and was quite perturbed when we got to my home and I didn’t ask him in.

“A few days later, I got a card from

When leaving an upper berth, should you—

- Dress completely
- Wear a robe
- Ring a bell

To save your neck, you can’t get down unless you ring the bell that fetches the porter (with a ladder)! It’s okay to dress in the ladies’ room. So wear your robe without feeling self-conscious. In any situation—at certain times, Kotex keeps you self-assured. Those flat pressed ends banish telltale outlines. And for extra comfort, there’s your new Kotex belt, made of soft-stretch elastic. Non-twisting. Non-curling. Washable; dry pronto!

Know how to “click” with a camera?

- Grin and face it
- Try a trick or two

Make your snapshot wallet-worthy. Don’t stand facing the lens squarely; cameras play hob with a chassis that’s even a wee bit on the wide side. A good trick’s to pose your frame at an angle. And when “those” days pose the problem of choosing the just-right absorbency of Kotex—the trick’s to try all 3!

Should this summer’s barefoot belle consider—

- Snakes
- A pedicure
- Poison ivy

Your tootsies are showing! They’d better be well pedicured. Cut toenails short; straight across. Use lacquer to match your paw-paint, and pul-lease—repair chipped polish! Belles on their toes don’t risk embarrassment. And they meet “calender” needs with Kotex, for that safety center gives extra protection. You stay comfortable, too, because Kotex holds its shape.

Have you tried Delsey? It’s the new bathroom tissue that’s safer because it’s softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. We think that’s the nicest compliment there is.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins.

—are you in the know?

P.S. 

*f R. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Johnny saying that he would soon be driving through Stevens Point on business and hoped I would be at home, as he'd like to drop by. He dropped by. He and Jack. Jack was our Miles Standish all the way through.

The path of his true love, Johnny here remarked, could best be described as the sharp reverse of smooth. "Blocked as it will be," he said. "It's the lady's Indifference because of the other 'Johnny.' But I worked," Johnny grinned, "through her father.

Johnny was, at that time, on a daily program," Penny explained, "for a tobacco sponsor. So he wooed my father with tobacco—and with keeping our radio antenna in order, too—my step-mother with a cooker, which is still her chief treasure and me with words. . . ."

"As I wrote my own songs for that show, I'd send them home," Penny laughed, "in the theme songs. The only one I can remember right off the cuff:

"Man, oh man, oh man alive,
I'll be there at half-past five!
Get the coffee to bear on slips
Don't you know that I love you?"

"One time I didn't get the message," Penny recalled, "so the other Johnny was there, at half-past five!"

"We met July Fourth. It took me from then until October a year later, about a year and a half in all," said Johnny, "before she.

"Before I knew what you had known from the beginning," said Penny and, this time, she reached for his hand.

"I think I fell in love, at first sight, with her dimples," Johnny said, reflectively, "and her youth, of course, and her pretty eyes. . . ."

And Johnny had good reason for falling in love with Penny's eyes. Penny is prettily color-tinted. When TV takes away from the appearance of some people, adds to that of others. It takes away from Penny. The dimples that were Johnny's undoing, the blue eyes, the fine-textured, delicate, the light brown hair, the pompadour—Penny's trade-mark—the slender figure add up, in the flesh, to more than the TV cameras give her.

"I have a very vivid memory," Penny went on, "and when I knew that this Johnny was the Johnny, I was in the hospital following surgery. Major surgery, and serious. Johnny proposed to me as I'm sitting on the couch, and I knew. Prettty nice guy, I remember thinking, foggy as I was, to propose to a girl who—well, who didn't have everything. Pretty nice! Pretty wonderful. I said 'Yes.'"

About a year after Penny and Johnny became Mr. and Mrs., they went to California, where the Rumpus Room originated as a disc jockey show.

"We had to give that up," Penny said, "because of the war. So it was back to Milwaukee for a year or two, then to New York and eventually to the Rumpus Room again, by day, and to our dearly loved Nestle Color-tint capsules in Green-which, Connecticut, by night and every work-filled wonderful weekend. Which brings me back, by circuitous route, Penny. And I'm going to say, again, that I tried, and failed—" she squeezed Johnny's hand — "to tell you about. My biggest adjustment—which was that I had been, before I married, an independent girl. I had my own piggy bank, and even married at 15, to her about my money and expenditure. Now I was married and Johnny handled the money—he still does—and somehow none of it got into my hands. And such was my pride that I'd go along without nothing rather than ask him for cash! It took a bit of doing, it's still taking a bit of doing," Penny laughed again, "to undo that situation!"

"I've saved quite a bit of money," Johnny put in, "while the saving was good. Mean time I, too, had had adjustments to make, and I, too, fear, are non-adjustable. One thing I can't stand, for instance—it takes me a good full hour and a half to wake up in the morning. For I fear that what to be looked at or spoken to. Not Penny. She talks the ear off me even as her eyes are opening. . . ."

"I spring right up," Penny said, with mischief "swinging from the branch in the hall, turn on a record show to give me the bounce, and put the coffee on. . . ."

"After my ear is talked off and I cease to be the audience, says the ear of our French poodles, Sheba and Lena," Johnny groaned, "Oh, do you know," Penny then exclaimed delightedly, "what I hate about this? As I work through the morning, I can't take my eyes off the dresser, the night before, the dresser. She'll look at me, and I'll look at her. . . ."

"Women wear girdles," said Penny stoutly, "and they can breathe! With Johnny," she added, "freedom to breathe is a selective advantage. . . ."

"Neurosia," said Johnny patiently, "is what Penny means, no doubt. The one thing Penny cannot do," he then explained, "she cannot remember names, places or things. On one occasion, we were going to the Rumpus Room; when I arrived Penny made the reservation in an hotel in Cincinnati."

"I'd been there before. It was," Penny said dreamily, "such a beautiful hotel. . . ."

"Cannot remember names or associations?" "No, I have no associations," Penny once had Young and Charles Ruggles "Penny's true beauty, who fancied that pretty Penny, was that! But her words are always mixed up. Also her sense of direction. When walking, if I want her to turn to the left, I tell her to turn to the right and she sits down in a chair."

"Another thing he doesn't like about me," Penny vouchedsafe, "I never squeeze the toothpaste tube right—don't start at the bottom, I put the cap on it up high."

"Why do you do that?" "Because I can get my hands free—no messy hands," Penny said.

"And also, he says I never clean my handbags out, never can find anything in them, grope until he's graggly!

He has to have everything perfect in his rooms. In his pockets, in his bureau drawers. My shelves—all anyone snooping around in them wouldn't muss up a thing because they've been moused up, by a mammal, all."

"Speaking of snooping reminds me of yet another thing I don't like about Mr. O. He's a detective. If I snoop on Saturday, for instance, when he's in New York doing his research, I'm at home enjoying my cleaning and cooking, with maybe just a spot of snooping for variety—won't say anything that night. But a day later, maybe three or four days later, he'll come home and say 'I enjoyed moving his blue shirt to where the white one had been. It comes from his Boy Scout training—that routine they go through of looking at old clothes and then naming them!'

"I'm very fuzzy with clothes," Johnny
admitted, "have a very large wardrobe. One of the largest, I daresay, of anyone in the profession."

"I haven't," Penny said promptly, "One thing I let audiences know right away, I wasn't going to be a clothes-horse, a glamour-girl. I'm not on as a beauty," I told them, 'but if you like me... I am very color-conscious, though, where my clothes are concerned. Very conscious of harmony of color. That comes, I suspect, from working with flowers. And I love to collect linens, china, glassware..."

"She shines them up," laughed Johnny, "the china and the glassware, I mean, just looks at them! She's a hoarder. She'll keep a new coat, a new pocketbook or pair of shoes, for over a year, unworn, untouched. About a year ago I bought her a powder blue quilted satin bathrobe. Once she's worn it, just once!"

"Do I want it to trail all over the kitchen floor?" Penny demanded.

At the word 'kitchen,' Johnny's eyes glittered. "Penny cooks," he said, as one would say "God's in His Heaven," or "Excelsior!" "That's the thing I like—a tepid word for it—about her!"

"I wouldn't recommend it to any woman," Penny sniffed. "A husband never takes you out!"

"She's spoiled me," Johnny said, all but singing, "not for nothing are we sponsored by Premier Foods; not for nothing is our theme song Penny's In The Pantry, Penny's In The Pantry!" Penny in the Pantry is sheer poetry... her roast beef, her southwestern fried chicken, her gravy, won-der-ful gravy!"

"Johnny has talents, too, home talents, I mean," said Penny, not to be outdone in giving tribute. "He's oh, very practical! He's a bricklayer, an electrician, a carpenter. A farmer, too. We've just bought a baby tractor—christened Buster—the better to plough and harrow the fourteen acres of our Sunny Ridge Farm.

"I could spend all my time in doing things around the place," Johnny sighed. "When spring comes, it comes to me, to us both, as an occasion. Makes it tough to leave the farm, even for the Rumpus Room—"

"Which we also love," Penny said, "very much indeed. Love the people we work with; love the children on our show. Having no children of our own, they are our children...

"We're ambitious professionally, too," said Johnny. "We want to expand to the fullest. Broadway some day, perhaps, we're looking forward to that—"

"I'm not really looking forward to anything," Penny said, her voice gentle, warm. "I'm having such a wonderful time now. I only live for the day, and each day is worth living for and never mind tomorrow..."

"About three years ago, I had a second operation," Penny explained then, "an exploratory. It could have been cancer. It wasn't. But when something like that happens to you, when you have been living—or believe you've been living—on borrowed time and then find that, after all, you've got your whole life to live, you can't be upset by trivial things. You know what are the real things, the true and only things. I know what they are—Johnny, Johnny and me, together."

There was that little silence which comes in deep, hugging moments.

Then: "Must get going now and make our train," Johnny said, as he and Penny uncclasped hands, "or Buster will be there before us!"

They make you laugh like a loon. Now and then, they give your heartstrings a tug. They're that kind. Johnny and Penny Olsen are pretty special.
Bonnie's BLUE

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Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL

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Our Precious Years

(Continued from page 28) conscientious student, but school itself was only something to be gotten through as well and as fast as I could. As a result of my own experience, I know how important it is to make as many friends as possible during a teen-ager's high-school days, and to have as much fun as you can with your own age group. I tried one really close pit all through school, and Lois and I are still friends, although we see each other seldom. She married and stayed in St. Louis and I am in London on radio in New York. But, and even now when we do get together, we have wondrous visits. In general, however, I held back from the usual schoolgirl friendships and confidences. I was always overweight, which made me self-conscious, and I was very shy. It was easier for me to sing for hundreds of strangers than to join the girls who were my own age. Even at lunchtime, I would go off by myself to read or study while I ate. I was consumed with a great desire to learn as much as I could, and I wanted all my time away from school for my music.

Naturally, my schoolmates misunderstood my bashfulness and thought I was snobbish and stuck-up, and I in turn felt even more keenly that they were being critical of me. Perhaps because I was thrown so much with older people in my work, I felt that the boys at school were too young for me, and I made my dates with boys who were older. That, too, seems like a mistake now. I thought I was deeply in love with a boy of nineteen who was out of school, but after six months he began to date an "older woman" around twenty and my heart was broken. Now, realizing what I do not think a teen-ager is unfair to herself if she gets too interested in one boy while still in high school, because this is a period of changing ideas and emotions, and the boy who seems perfect to you today may not be your dream man at all six months from now. If it is really love, then it will still be love — six months later, a year later, even four years later — so a girl should not have time to wait and see. It's better to double-date or go out with groups of kids. It is much too easy to get serious about one boy, if you see him alone constantly and grow dependent upon him for companionship. In my case, I missed a lot of the parties and group get-togethers, not because I paired off with a boy, but because I thought I didn't have time for them.

Competitive sports were something else I shied away from. I wasn't very good at games and I didn't even try to be. For the sports that were a "must" I was always picked last, because no one wanted a girl on a team who didn't care whether they won or lost. I secretly envied the girls who played well and had boy friends on the football and basketball teams who let them wear their sweaters. I told myself it didn't matter, yet of course it did.

Clubs and other groups are important, too. I belonged to the Spanish club, because I spoke the language, and the Latin club, because I got interested in medicine for a while and thought an early start in Latin would help me become a doctor. I even joined a History club, but I thought social clubs were a waste of time!

How I've wished at times I'd had a taste of responsibility in those years! The more responsibility you take on as a teen-ager, the easier it is to take responsibility later, and to grow stronger, more self-reliant and more of a leader. This question of self-reliance is very important all through school years. You need to respect your parents and their authority, and yet you must learn to stand on your own feet. Parents can help by treating their young one as a person instead of a child and by realizing that she now begins to face grown-up problems and will have to make some decisions of her own before long. My family were so devoted to me, and so proud of me, that they thought I did everything right and I don't know when I can't be sure when they tell me I have given a good performance. As far as they are concerned, every performance is good, because they don't know about their faults. Fortunately, other people are not so generous, and I have learned to take criticism and to benefit by it.

An only child, such as I was, is apt to be over-protected. I was seventeen, when I had an opportunity to go to Hollywood for a screen test, it was the first time I had been away from home for a night. My folks put me on the train in St. Louis and my aunt and uncle, with whom I was going to stay, met me, but it must have been very hard for the family to see their "baby," as they still called me, go off so far alone. When I went to London a little later to star in a musical, I was really alone in a world of strangers. I had not learned at school how to get along with new people. Everything had always been done for me at home, to save my time for my music, and I had to learn to press my clothes, to mend, and to cook by myself. I think it all makes things easier for me in the long run, as she is still going to school.

Learning to share is another great thing that high school years can teach you... I was too self-centered to give my confidence to or get confidences from anyone except Lois. No one borrowed my socks or my books, because I didn't let them get close enough to me for that. I lived through my little disappointments and triumphs alone, except when they were important enough to tell about at home. Only when I got to London did I realize how bitter the greatest triumph can be when it isn't shared. I have met the King and Queen attended, but after the applause and the encores were over I was alone in my dressing room, taking off my make-up. Suddenly I realized that this was a great day in my life and everyone who could really rejoice with me was thousands of miles away, back in America. I hurried out to hide my tears. The doorman bowed me into the car, and only a waiter stayed near while I ate a lonely supper. When I put my head down on the pillow in a strange hotel, I cried myself to sleep. That one experience taught me more than any other that unshared joys can be pretty hollow, a thing I had not realized while I was growing up.

My study and my hard work did help me to get started on a career, but the point is that I could have been just as far and still had more fun. I could have had more friendships in my schooldays, more understanding of other people, and more self-confidence, and still had my career. Someday, when I have better learned these lessons of understanding and cooperation, I think I will learn, I want to marry — this time for keeps — and have a family. When my daughters go to high school, I shall tell them exactly what I have said here and hope that it will help them to be happy and successful—and to have a wonderful time all through their precious teen years.
A Song from His Heart

and he felt like all singers and actors at moments like this—discouraged, unhappy, a failure. A friend of his came bursting into his dressing room, acting like a man seized by panic, and immediately started pouring out a string of words, most of which did not make sense. After several minutes of trying to piece the conversation together, Frank realized his friend was trying to tell him that he'd arranged an audition for a new radio show. The producers were looking for a tenor and Frank had every chance of the job if he'd hurry over to the radio station for an audition, but right now! Frank was in no mood to rush off to anything—especially radio. Radio, at that time, was something no self-respecting artist could tolerate. However, Frank had gotten pretty discouraged with show business. He had rehearsed “My Princess” with Hope Hampton for five strenuous weeks, and it was rather disappointing to realize that all his work—and the work of a hundred others—had produced nothing more than a flop. Under the circumstances, any chance to land a job would have been attractive, but radio—well, that was something else again. Frank's friend, however, wasn’t having any part of the reasoning which Frank was expressing. Out loud. Instead of arguing, he was pulling Frank into his coat, rushing him into a cab and before there was much more to be said, Frank was in the studio of station WNZC (now WNBC).

Introductions were made all around and Frank was told he was late. To add to his embarrassment, he realized that he had been expected to bring songs which would show off his repertoire. He glanced around the studio and there, on a chair beside the piano, was a stack of sheet music. Desperately, because by this time it was a matter of pride which made him feel he couldn’t fail in front of these radio people, he grabbed the first piece off the top.

It was a Rodgers-and-Hart tune, “With a Song In My Heart,” which Frank had never sung before but which he had heard many times. He handed the music to a rather bored accompanist and began the song. His melody soared straight and true and, after the song, there was a brief silence. Then spontaneous applause in the studio. Frank had a job. He was to be starred as the singer on the Ever-Ready Hour. But more than that, this song was to set Frank’s foot on the path of one of the most wonderful careers in radio. It was the turning point of his life and, whenever he auditioned after that, “With a Song In My Heart” was the song he used. He had moved along from the Ever-Ready Hour to the La Palina program, to the A&P Gypsies, General Electric, General Motors—and now to Cities Service.

The taxi halted at the hospital and Frank made his way to Patricia’s room. She was a little dark-haired youngster whose face was white against the pillow. For years she had been crippled with a rare bone disease, but she told Frank—with hope shining forth from her large brown eyes—that, if this operation was successful, she would never have to worry about walking again. If it wasn’t successful, she shrugged her shoulders and whispered, “God will find a way.”

Frank asked Patricia what she would like him to sing.

“You sing your favorite song and it will be my favorite, too,” she laughed. “I know that whatever you sing will be beautiful, and I will take it with me into the operating room.”

When Frank stood in front of the microphone, the night before the operation, he whispered the words, “To Patricia,” and with a rush of emotion, he evoked her success. He sang “With a Song In My Heart” as he’d sung it many times before, but this time with a special wish that it would bring luck to someone who needed it more than he ever had.

The next afternoon, he phoned the hospital and found that Patricia had come through the operation with flying colors. He wrote her a note of congratulation and left it there, to be given and he evoked her success. He sang “With a Song In My Heart” as he’d sung it many times before, but this time with a special wish that it would bring luck to someone who needed it more than he ever had.

The years passed and Frank moved to the Good Gulf, Chesterfield and Coca-Cola shows and reached the pinnacle of his success in the fresh-guy tenor on the Jack Benny program. Then in 1950, after a retirement, he joined the Godfrey troupe. “Teddy, I had another letter from Patricia,” Frank said, as he concluded the story, “but this one was signed a little differently. At the bottom she wrote, ‘With a Song In My Heart’ and then she had penned another line of the lyrics—Heaven opened its portals to me...’ For a moment the significance escaped me until I picked up the second envelope that had fallen out of the letter. Opening it and unfolding the heavy note-paper inside, I found an invitation to Patricia’s wedding. A perfect ending, a wonderful experience for both of us.”

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Palmolive Soap Makes Every Bath a Beauty Bath
Being an older man, I was probably the only member of the Carter family who came close to feeling relieved when my kid sister Sandy went off and married Dave Elliott. Being the oldest of a fairly large tribe—young Peter, Sandy herself, Clay, Virginia and myself—I suspected Mother and Father were getting a bit restless about the scarcity of weddings around our place. Peter, of course, was still in school, and Clay struggling with classes at the university; but Ginny and I were certainly eligible. I don’t think Mother and Dad considered Sandy ready for marriage. Since Ginny had just started on a new job and I had various other matters on my mind, I welcomed the pleasant fuss that Sandy’s elopement gave rise to. We all agreed Dave was a very nice boy. Truthfully, there wasn’t a lot more any of us knew about him... except his family. The fact that Dad knew Mr. Elliott, business-wise, certainly saved Sandy a lot of trouble.

I guess in a way it was Dad’s feeling that he wanted to do something important, something especially wonderful for Sandy that started the trouble. It would certainly have come up, anyway, being the kind of trouble it was... but it just happened to be Dad who started the ball rolling.

The morning I first heard about Dad’s plan I knew before I sat down to breakfast that something was up. I know what it portends when Dad sits frowning over his coffee, and Mother’s forehead gets slightly ruffled. It’s true that, since I’ve started working on my book, my ear hasn’t been as close to the family ground as it used to be, but I haven’t lost the knack of smelling disturbance in the household air. I knew if I just waited, sooner or later one of them would bring up the problem. I ate my eggs and, sure enough, before I began on my coffee, Mother said placatingly, “But, James dear, I’m not arguing about it. All I said was that I believe Dave has certain—well, feelings, strong feelings, about independence.”

“Well,” Dad said argumentatively, “I fail to see how I’m interfering with his independence by making him a wedding present.”

“A rather substantial present.” Mother caught my eye. “Your father is thinking of giving Dave and Sandy the lot next door, dear, to build on, and Mr.
Elliot is going to give them the house. Have it built for them."

I whistled. Building lots in Evanston, the Chicago suburb where we live, do not usually come in Christmas stockings. To say nothing of the house.

"Nonsense!" Dad said. "After all, they're young—too young in my opinion, but that's water under the bridge, we won't go over that again—and it's my belief that parents must do what they can to help out. Mr. Elliot and I are fortunate to be able to do so much for our children. That's the way I look at it."

"They seem quite fond of their little apartment," Mother said. But she had to admit, when Dad pressed her, that it really would be nice to have Sandy right next door. Almost like having her home again....

Not having thought much about it one way or the other, I was surprised to find that I seconded Mother's doubts. I felt a bit tentative about Dave Elliot myself. He was a nice guy, rather sweet and so much in love you wanted to him for that alone... but it had once or twice occurred to me that perhaps he was too much in love. He seemed to clutch at Sandy. He was always acutely aware of what she was doing, to whom she was talking, even when it was just us—the family. Clay, grumbling over the loss of his beloved Sandy, to whom he'd been very close, had complained to me that he thought Dave was actually jealous of the family. "Honest, Jeff," he'd said, "the guy doesn't look as though he likes it when I drop in just to say hello. Sandy's own brother. Can you beat that?"

And something told me Dad's princely presentation wasn't going to get the reception he expected.

It was a couple of days later that Sandy came to see me in my workroom up at the top of the house.

"Busy? I'll go away if I have to," she said. "But I haven't been up in quite a while—"

"I'm flattered you'd toil up all those stairs to see me." Sweeping some books off the studio couch, I made a place for her. "There you are. How've you been—and Dave?"

Woman in My House is heard M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, over NBC: for Sweetheart Soap. Members of the cast, as pictured here, include: Les Tremayne as Jeff Carter, Shirley Mitchell as Sandy, and Janet Scott as their mother, Jessie Carter.
"Oh, pretty well." Little-girl-wise, she tucked one long slim leg beneath her and swung the other idly, and I filled my pipe and waited. Sandy had a faintly discontented, puzzled expression.

"Trouble, Sandy?"

She sighed. "I don't know. I guess people can be an awful problem to—other people. To the people they're married to, or the parents of. And vice versa."

"So I gather," I said. "What's up, dear? The world breathing hot on your neck these days? Some one named James Carter, perhaps?"

"And someone named Dave Elliott. I mean—every marriage has its problems, I guess. Dave and I are getting along fine. It's just this house business coming up now. Dave's so horribly stiff-necked and funny about it, and I don't want to hurt Dad for the world—and anyway, Jeff, why am I so crazy to have a woman in my house like that, right next door to us here?" She plucked her cotton skirt with nervous fingers. "But the minute they told us, I just knew how it would hit Dave. At least I've learned that much, anyway. I don't always know just why a thing's going to upset Dave, or how he'll show it—but, by gosh, I can tell what's going to do it. See it coming a mile away. That's not bad for such a new wife, is it?"

Genuinely impressed, I said, "It's better than that, Sandy. From what I hear, plenty of wives never get that far by their golden anniversaries."

"Oh, but Dave's complicated, Jeff." She shook her head. "Not like us. He's always searching around for hidden motives and seeing things that just aren't." I said nothing.

"He thinks I'll still be too much part of the Carter family if we live next door." Sandy stood up and shook her skirt into place. Coming close, she put her hands on my lapels and plucked down into my eyes. Why does a woman always take you by the collar when she's going to ask you to do her a favor? I've never seen it talk.

"Jeff," she said, "Dave thinks you're the best. Would you . . . could you talk to him?"

I wanted to laugh, but I was careful not to. After all, this was genuinely a big problem in Sandy's life. I knew Dad, and he just would not be able to understand it if Dave stood up for his point of view. Dad would never feel quite the same toward his new son-in-law. . . . and Sandy was awfully young. A little stiffness between Dad and Dave, and Sandy would never rest. She'd begin to feel that one or the other of them was responsible for making her unhappy. And, whichever one she turned against, it couldn't be good. Dad loved her deeply. We were an unusually close family. And Dave . . . Dave was the man she had chosen. The kids deserved a chance. It was too bad, in a way, that Dad and Mr. Elliott felt so helpful toward them. . . . But what tickled me was my young sister's purely instinctive guile. The hands creeping up my lapels—the pleading, hopeful eyes . . .

Just what I was going to say to Dave I didn't know. As a matter of fact, to this day nobody knows about the time I accidentally jumped into Dave and had lunch with him downtown. He was a nice boy, my brother-in-law—quiet, serious, and pretty obviously emotional. His disturbance over the house-and-lot proposition was so urgent in his mind that it wasn't hard to get him to talk about it.

"I know your father means to be helpful, Jeff," Dave said. "Helpful! That's a weak word for it! It's a royal gesture, no mistake—from my father, too. But that's just it! Sandy's my wife now." His fresh color deepened a little; the words still couldn't be uttered without self-consciousness. My wife. Look, Jeff—if you had one, wouldn't it mean that it was up to you to give her things? Whatever she gets ought to come from me, from my work and abilities. It oughtn't to be handed her on a silver platter.

"It's coming to you, too, Dave," I pointed out. "I admit it's a big thing to be given as a wedding present, but have you thought how much ahead it'll put the two of you?" He opened his mouth and I went on hastily.

"Understand me, I'm with you fundamentally. Sandy's yours now, and vice versa. The two of you are responsible to and for one another, and nobody else. But there's nothing to stop you from accomplishing everything you hope for, just because you're lucky enough to start off a couple ahead of the game."

"But I haven't put us there. It's not—" he gestured helplessly. "I don't know. Maybe I'm wrong. But this makes Sandy still James Carter's daughter, and me still Elliott's son. I want us to be Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, on our own. Don't you see?"

Looking at him, I had a sudden qualm. What was I doing here, anyway? I couldn't advise Dave. I was on his side. "It's your problem and Sandy's, Dave," I said firmly. "Myself, I think maybe you're stressing it more than it's worth. When you get to my ripe age—" I grinned to take the patellar weight out of the words—"you pick up the trick of riding with it. You know—you roll with the punches. You don't buck it. Wastes energy. But—" I finished my second cup of coffee and shrugged.

"It'll work out. And if I can do anything, Dave—Sandy knows I'm available. To both of you."

For better or worse, Nature took the
I walked around the lawn with Sandy the afternoon she told us the news, and I didn’t comment on the fact that Dave’s surrender hadn’t sent her rocketing to the moon. She was happy, but quietly, and it was mostly the baby. She didn’t seem to want to talk much about the house. “It will be beautiful, at least it is on paper. And mostly, of course, it’ll be so wonderful for the baby.”

“Just—the baby? You mean you and Dave aren’t calling it Oswald or Schermerhorn or one of those other cute names people usually hang on to their unborn children? For easy reference?”

“No,” said Sandy softly. “Just . . . the baby. Our baby.” And something about the way she said it wiped the smile off my face. Maybe I could see Sandy as a mother, after all. The serious softness in her manner was something altogether new. We strolled in silence for a while. Then Sandy said, “That’s what did it, you know, Jeff. What made Dave agree to take the house.”

“I see.”

“Do you think it matters, Jeff?” She clasped both hands over my arm and looked up at me. “He wouldn’t have given in otherwise. Does that mean his decision is sort of—well, not valid? He didn’t want the garden or the terrace for us.” Her lips quivered slightly. “But he couldn’t resist the thought of the baby out there. And it’ll be so wonderful to have Mother right here next to me, when I need her. He—understood about that. But it wasn’t blackmail . . . was it, Jeff? It’s Dave’s child, too. He couldn’t bear it to have less than the best we could do for it.”

Mother was in her element, helping Sandy with plans for the decoration. “Say, save some of this enthusiasm for my house,” I teased her one day, when I found her busily crayoning a living-room plan to test color values—whatever that meant. She patted my cheek.

“Darling Jeff, you can’t fool me with that sort of talk. I’ve almost despairof ever seeing you settled in a house of your own. The longer a man remains a lone wolf, Jeff—”

“I know, I know,” I said hastily. “Anyway, it’s not the same with a son, is it, dear. My—er—wife would probably want to run the thing her way.”

“Jeff, stop teasing.” Mother studied her plan, head on one side. “First catch your wife, and we’ll discuss it. How do you like this coral, for a chair?” Without waiting for an answer, she gathered her odds and ends into a neat pile and put them on the table beside her. “Want to come over and look at the house with Sandy?”

Having put in a fair quota of work, I said I’d be glad to. We walked over and found Sandy already there, conferring with a patient mason who was losing time while he explained a few trade secrets into Sandy’s attentive ears. When she joined us she was laughing, and I thought for the dozenth time that the things one reads about motherhood are apparently true. Surely Sandy had never been beautiful before. Pretty, yes; but not with this luminousness that hit you between the eyes.

“Jeff, I’m so glad—I wanted to show you this little sort of half-staircase thing.”

“Look.” She led us over a collection of lumber and bricks, unconscious of the nervous hand I put out to steady her. “Here,” she said, and explained in detail. I had only a vague idea what she was talking about, but I was openly impressed with the professional approach she had picked up.

“You sound like a builder’s apprentice, grade one,” I said admiringly. “Come over and run me up a little number as soon as you get some free time. Something simple, say three rooms and a swimming pool.”

Sandy, arm around Mother’s shoulders, laughed. “It’s all in whose house it is,” she said. “When it’s your own, being built right before your eyes, you get to feel that every stone and stick of it has a personality. Oh—and look,” she went on. “This wall is going to overlook—”

“Sandy,” Mother said. “Please, dear. Not up there.”

“Mother, I’m not taking chances. Really. I’ve done this so often I can do it with my eyes closed.”

“Well, don’t,” Mother said, very sharply for her. She bit her lip, and I knew she was holding back a good old-fashioned remonstrance about Sandy’s “condition.”

As a matter of fact, I wished Sandy would quit leaping around over those sharp-edged materials quite so lithely, but after all she was the one who was having the baby. I turned away to a blueprint tucked up on a bare stud, and just to amuse myself I was trying to read the thing when suddenly there was a sharp confusion of noises. A scuffle, a shriek, a gasping, “Oh, dear God!” from Mother . . . and, simultaneous with the other sounds, a sickeningly dull thud. I whirled and closed my eyes for a split second on the sight I had already envisioned. Sandy’s blue frock sprawled incredibly at Mother’s feet . . .
the folds still settling from the wind of her fall, but her body moving not at all.

"Jeff," Mother whispered. "Jeff, Jeff . . ."

Then the workmen were running toward us and Sandy's green-white face, with its closed eyes, was sickeningly chill and clammy beneath my frantic palm. I thought nothing at all except the split-second succession of things that had to be done.

We got her to the hospital so fast she didn't even come to. And then the waiting began. The faces in the waiting room: Mother, white and fiercely restrained: Dad biting his lip in distraught helplessness. Clay ready to fight someone, anyone, for having let this happen to Sandy and Dave. I found I couldn't look at Dave. It was frightening to see a man suffer so, and not be able to do a thing to help. We couldn't do anything we could only pray that the doctors and nurses who had closed in around Sandy like a protective cordon were not in the same position. Nobody brought a newswoman. We could only sit and wait, each praying in our separate ways, the unmistakable smell of a hospital bearing in upon us with its too-important messages of life and death...

When a bland-faced nurse finally brought us some information, I felt the tension slacken as vividly as though I had actually had my hand on a tightening rope. Mother disappeared, into Sandy's room, and Dave, and then finally we had to leave. But Sandy was going to be all right. That was definite: they didn't want her doing too much talking right then, but she was going to be all right.

Driving back home, Dave said stumblingly, "It's unbelievable. So fast ... when I left her this morning, she was ... and now ..." He shook his head like a bewildered puppy. "The doctor said the baby—" he choked abruptly and looked at me in surprise. "I'm sorry, Jeff."

"For heaven's sake, what for!" I snapped. My own nerves weren't at their best at the moment. "Yell if you want to. Break something. I would if I were in your place." Then I softened, and said, "First things first, Dave. Sandy's okay; that's the big thing.

Dave looked at me, his heart in his eyes. "What else?" he asked simply. "But it's Sandy I'm thinking of. She wanted that baby so ..."

Yes, the big thing was that Sandy was okay. True enough. But the baby—she'd lost that. A ten-foot fall with only a bump on the head to show for it was getting off pretty lightly. Except for that detail was the baby. They'd both been counting so heavily on that baby. I wondered sadly how they would come through the shock. Sadly, and I'm afraid with an anxious foreboding. It had seemed from the beginning such an awful frail, delicate little marriage...

But Sandy surprised me. At least while she was still that brisk, no-nonsense atmosphere of the hospital. I saw her there was more color in her cheeks, less dark shadow around her eyes. The shadow in the eyes didn't disappear, but it dimmed; and to me that was the baby once. She wanted to know what I thought of Dave's reaction.

I smiled reassuringly, "You two must be very upset. " Dave's chiefly worried about you, and you're apparently in the same boat about him. That's the best recipe I know for not worrying about oneself ... to be concerned for someone you love."

"Yes." She smiled fleetingly. "Poor Dave. He wanted ... he was so proud. It was completely his, you see—his and mine. Free from any other claims in the whole world." She turned away suddenly. "I'm afraid, Jeff. He doesn't even know himself, but I—oh, Jeff, I just feel it in my heart that he thinks it was my fault. I know it, Jeff."

Her voice had sharpened and I was dismayed. "Darling, that's beyond sense and reason.

She stiffened beneath the covering. "I know it," she insisted. Then, with deliberate effort, she relaxed. "We do love each other. We can have another child. I've been saying it over and over as I've been here on the bad. Why not? It's so easy; very easy; and Dave's point of view. Alarmed, I watched and waited and picked up what information I could without asking too many questions. Nobody could have told me anything, not even Sandy, who was still too weak to be interested in examining her own motivations. Someplace below the surface, far below, there must be stirring the beginning of a demonstration. That demonstration was a moment and tense and sensible as her choice was, I was certain she wouldn't have made it if being with Dave was as important to her as—well, as it is now. She was, wasn't she? I knew I wasn't married to either of them. Or to anybody else. I was like a sidewalk superintendent convinced he could dig that particular ditch.

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**Reader's Digest Reports**

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Reader's Digest (page 51)

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She gave me a shber, sidelong glance. She had been wearing street clothes for the past couple of days, and she no longer looked in the least invalid-ish: not even the ribbon tied round her hair made her look quite as girlish as she had just a few weeks before.

She said slowly, "You didn't think I was going at all, ever, did you?"

"I never thought that far ahead," I said.

"I did. For one short horrible moment. ..." She shivered. "But not any more. There's nothing like touching bottom for making you see the black and white of things. I mean—when I was so weak and cranky, it was still Dave, Jeff. Even though I haven't gotten over knowing that he thinks it was my fault—no, he does. Jeff. He doesn't even know it himself. You have to blame a thing like that on someone, maybe ... but it doesn't matter really."

"What does matter, Sandy?"

"Us," Frowning, she tried to explain. "Dave and me. I've gotten to see that you don't toss over a marriage the first time something shakes you. We made a decision when we got married—put ourselves into a kind of framework. I don't know if I can make it clear. I'm still sure the framework is good. I know I love Dave, and he loves me. So everything that happens has to be kind of fitted in bad or good, it doesn't matter. You don't jump out of the frame because you suddenly discover when the first crisis hits. You try to adjust within the frame ..." She gave up, and made a vague gesture. "I can't do it with words, I'm afraid."

"You're doing beautifully," I said, and I meant it. Little Sandy, I thought ... not by any means so little any more. I was just about to tell her I was sure she and Dave would make out all right, when she stopped me with a slight squeeze of her thin little hand on mine.

"I know how you feel, Jeff, and thanks—but don't be reassuring right now." She met my eyes steadily. "Not that way. Not patting little Sandy on the head. You see—I don't think I need that any more. I used to run to you for comfort, or to Mother, or to Clay ... but you can't go on doing that all your life." Straightening, she drew away from me. "Things happen to change you. You can't get comfort from a pat on the head any more. You need a different kind of comfort—the kind you get when it suddenly strikes you that even if things don't go well you just might be able to manage them. You ... you grow up, I guess. Sometime."

"Yes," I said quietly. "You certainly do, if you're strong—and lucky—you grow up." Of course, we didn't dream of the greater tragedy which was to come. Sandy had so little luck, she needed all her strength. A girl-wife had to grow up—to face all that the future had in store for Sandy. That day, I only thought: You've grown up, Sandy. This is your day of days.

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(Continued from page 59)

of a witless imagination. From the parent,
it gets him into impossible situations but somehow ac-
tains a certain infallibility. He may never get to be president, but he's
nearly always right in the end.

To a humorous end rather bewildered
parent of Bob Young's type, the simple
and humorous ease with which script
writers deal with problems presented by
youngsters is bound to prove fascinating.

The professional performance is so per-
fected—a concerto by Kreisler. The
domestic performance can be so painful-
large the fulness of Benny.

1. Bob, "That often-quoted gentle-
man who was not a hero to his valet had
a cinch. He should check his status with
two daughters, all he. He'd soon learn
that it is possible for clay feet to reach all
the way to a bright red neck."

Bob speaks from real-life experience.
Recently, the entire Young family, while
on vacation at a summer resort, decided
to try their bowling luck. The two older
boys (Carol, eighteen, and Barbara), four-
years-ago got along fine, but with Betty
Law, eight, and Kathy, six, could profits
from some instruction. Which he
would gladly supply.

He explained to Kathy, "Don't let the
ball get away from you. Grasp it firmly
and send it straight down the center of
the alley so that it catches the first pin
a little to the left... ."

Kathy tried in but even the duck-pin
ball was about too heavy for her.
Repeatedly, the ball flew to the side
of the alley and rolled down the gutter
for a zero score.

"Keep it out of the gutter," Bob in-
structed. "See, it's easy. Straight down
the lane."

The older girls suggested that Bob get
into the game. He agreed. His first effort
sent the ball down the left gutter. His
second pitch sent it down the right.
Kathy's spine stiffened and her eyes
opened wide. "Well, why does Daddy
do that?" she asked. "And hasn't he
told us not to do?" she inquired of her
mother.

"Better ask him," said Mother, main-
taining a straight face.

Further whittling down to size took
place. Bob decided to show his family a
good time by taking them to Chasen's,
one of Hollywood's most celebrated re-
aurants, for dinner. Bob wanted to quiet
the din set up by Carol and Barbara, who,
considering themselves young ladies, had
long been eager to visit some of the spots
about which they had read in motion picture
magazines and newspaper theatrical
columns.

Once established in a booth, Bob noticed
that, while the two younger girls were
making a great show of pretending to
read the boxcar-sized menu, the two
older girls were in a companionable and lady-
like way, craning their necks.

"What on earth are you two expecting—
a floor show?" he wanted to know.

"We're looking for celebrities," they
murmured, breathing shallowly. "There
are supposed to be famous people here all
the time."

The man who has been a matinee idol
for fifteen years winked at his wife,
adjusted his tie, and inquired, "Well, how
about me?"

Without bringing their questing glances
back to the table, both girls went about
dangling hands in his general direction and
chuckled, "Oh, you! You're just Daddy."

Occasionally, the good-natured teasing
of his four daughters has been of profes-

Bronzing Up Bob

The thirty-minute play consisted of a
highly dramatic episode in the life of Dr.
Chevalier; there was only one catch—the
word "larynx."

For years Bob had pronounced it "lar-
inx", instead of "larynx."

He became ill in his home. He read the
script aloud repeatedly to any member of
the family who would listen. A game
developed, "Good morning, Daddy, how is
your larynx this morning?" the girls
would say at breakfast. "You're wanted
on the telephone; Daddy. Don't strain
your larynx."

Or, "We skate on ice-rinks, but cold germs
skate on the larynx."

In the script, the word appeared eighteen
times, but the night of the show, actor
Robert Young went sailing through the
performance without a single hesitation,
thanks to the coaching provided for father
Robert Young.

Not only have the girls helped Bob's
radio work, but occasionally Bob's radio
work has amounted to writing letters to the
girls. So far, Barb a, the fourteen-year-
old, has been the major beneficiary.

Barbara is probably the friendliest of
the brood. She loves people, people love
her right back and somehow, she seems to
mingle their lives with hers. And their
belongings.

Of course she always returns whatever
she borrows, but the pink-slip-on-a-pair
of-nylons routine is discouraged by the
faculty of Barbara's school. The head-
matress wrote to Bob, suggesting that a
parental word might bring about a needed
reform.

By the happiest coincidence, the script
for that week's episode of Father Knows
Best dealt with borrowing. It was a gay
story involving not the pink-slip-on-a-
pair-of-nylons routine is discouraged by the
borrowing of other members of his family—discovering that the
type-writer he had been using for months was
alwasy.

Bob answered the headmistress' letter,
thanking her for calling Barbara's problem
to his attention, and asking her to make it
possible for both Carol and Barb a to
borrow or return property.

This was arranged and produced a satis-
factory result. To the best of everyone's
knowledge, Barbara has given up borrow-
ing entirely. She gathered the impression
that the show had been planned and writ-
ten for her express benefit and she was
over-awed by the thought of a nationwide
audience listening in on a parental lecture
aimed at the generation of little girls.

Although Bob said nothing, he expected
Carol to request a course of driving lessons
as part of her sixteenth birthday celebra-
ation. She surprised Father by taking no
interest in learning at all.

When she was seventeen, Bob inquired
gently about her intentions. She said that
there always seemed to be someone else
who wanted to take her anywhere she wanted to go,
so she didn't see any reason for cluttering
up traffic worse than it was.

When she became eighteen, Bob felt
that the time had come for her to learn
to handle a car, on general principle.

At this time, tragedy undertook a part in the drama. The seventeen-year-old daughter of a family well known to the Youngs crashed into a light standard and was killed. She had been driving to her school and her car had gone out of control on a curve.

Horrified by the tragedy, Bob had a talk with Carol. "I suppose this discourages you completely," he said, hoping—in contrast to his earlier attitude—that her answer would be yes.

Thoughtfully Carol replied, "No, Daddy. These things happen every day. This particular accident seems more dreadful to us because we know the people involved. I don't think it should be allowed to change my plans. Besides, I've almost learned to drive from watching you. I think I'll be your kind of driver—courteous and careful."

Any household in which teenagers exist is bound to suffer from a telephone crisis. Prepared in advance for this emergency by the script of one of his radio shows, Bob passed a rule: The two older girls were assigned a call quota. Once that quota was reached, each additional call was charged to the caller and she had to pay for it out of her weekly allowance.

It was a just and simple arrangement at first glance. However, miscalculation began to creep in. There were three, sometimes four, times as many calls charged by the telephone company as the girls had logged in their private records. Even when Carol went away to school and Barbara was the lone sufferer from junior telephonitis, the bills did not diminish.

Week after week, Barbara paid out her entire allowance after mild protest and an air of bewildered resignation. When Bob caught her talking, she often covered the transmitter with her hand and whispered to her father, "She called me. Honest!"

Then Barbara also went to La Jolla to school, and still the telephone bills maintained their customary peak.

A little sleuthing revealed that the help was spending each afternoon in a talk-test with friends and relatives at distant and expensive points.

The following weekend, the Youngs flew south to La Jolla (Bob pilots his own Beechcraft Bonanza plane) to visit Carol and Barbara. Father presented each of his daughters with a sizable check and a handsome apology.

Said Barbara, "Gee, Daddy, you needn't give us this money. It's more enough to know that you realize we were telling the truth. We were hurt to think you didn't believe us."

Gulpin' a little, radio star Robert Young finally managed to say, "At least it's a switch. Usually you don't believe me."

"When?" both girls demanded in chorus.

"Whenever I say 'Father knows best.'" "Oh—that! You wanna know something?" inquired Barbara. "Usually you do."

What greater tribute could an adoring—although somewhat baffled—parent want?

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From the decks of a U.S. Navy aircraft carrier to a featured spot with Arthur Godfrey is quite a flight—but Julius La Rosa made it.

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Barbara's way of thinking about Ralph, and the two days which preceded it, were those of a woman who had been married for many months and was content with her life. She had not been married for many years, but the thought of it did not make her unhappy. She had been married for many years, but the thought of it did not make her unhappy. She had been married for many years, but the thought of it did not make her unhappy.
plan for living was the same as that of many other young couples who want a secure future. John's salary provided the necessities; my unpredictable income, which might be good one week but drop to zero the next, bought our luxuries.

It was a break for us when NBC put Hawkins Falls on the air from Chicago and I was cast in the steady role of Millie Flagg. To John and me it meant we could set our personal timetable with more certainty. Often we discussed having a baby.

Television, however, is a demanding business. As my role made our finances budgeting easier, it also made my time more precious. My daily schedule began with getting John's breakfast and doing my housekeeping before rehearsal. It usually ended with a quiet evening at home.

One day hurried so fast after the next that I was scarcely aware of the passage of time until the morning last fall when, dressing, I found I could not zip the skirt of my suit. "Darn it," I said to my husband, "I'm getting fat. I'd better start dieting."

John started to laugh. "Before you starve yourself, haven't you better see the doctor?"

My program that day called for fast dashes from one place to another, but a hopeful husband deserves humoring, so changed some appointments and away I went. I was still a bit flabbergasted when he came home that evening and I had to report, "What do you know! You were right. I am pregnant. Three months pregnant, in fact!"

"Fine," said John, "we'd better start planning."

And that, for the moment, was that. It was an isolated piece of information which would eventually affect us but required no immediate action. To tell the truth, I don't think either of us really believed it. The Hawkins Falls version of the same announcement was far more spectacular.

The village, as you viewers may recall, was in the midst of a crime wave. Gangsters held Laif and Millie Flagg, and other residents, hostage in a drug store. Suddenly I turned to Laif and burst out crying. "Tonight I wanted to be home. Tonight I was going to tell you we're going to have a babyeeew!"

As Millie, I shook with sobs and, as Laif, Win Stracke moved faster than people had ever before seen him move. Running to the counter, he bought a fistful of cigars and joyfully handed them out to everyone, villainous gangsters included.

Before camera, it was a brief, intense, explosive scene. In contrast, the real-life drama was slower to develop, yet drama it is, for the essence of drama is change and the reaction of individuals to it. Already our baby has brought changes not only to John and me but to the people associated with us.

In the beginning, those changes centered around the well-known fact that babies cost money. Talking things over, we decided no, we would not buy a new car this year; yes, we would ask my cousin in New York to loan us her nursery equipment. She had lovely things and it would be cheaper to pay shipping costs than buy new furnishings of our own.

Next question to be decided concerned Hawkins Falls. During the past summer, our producer, Ben Park, had often said, "I think Millie Flagg should have a baby."

Ben, in his less serious moments, is an...
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BILL, who lives in New York, told me the next time he came out to Chicago that, on hearing the news, he immediately bought all the baby clothes he had been studying. Next he consulted obstetricians and pediatricians. Before he finds out whether the Flagg baby is a boy or a girl, Bill, too, will be an expert on baby babies.

Remaining in the show made my maternity wardrobe important. I've always been the kind of person who saw something in a window, dashed to buy it and usually had to fit it into my Weller baby for my own babies. It would fit into my helterskelter wardrobe.

Finding out that this would no longer work was the first lesson the baby really taught me. One day, I bought a smock and a frilly apron. Happy as a kid with her first formal, I put them on. My hapiness lasted as long as it took to glance into the mirror. I just put it away.

Something had to happen. I wanted to look neat, yet I did not want to spend money which I considered rightfully belonged to the show. I ended up doing what fashion experts always advise. I bought two suits, a gray flannel and a brown men's-wear fabric. I also selected three pairs of very good shoes —those that are lasted and lastable, and can be worn by a fellow who is not too comfortable. Gave me a few cute little hats. Altogether, my cash outlay was smaller than I usually spend on one season's clothes, yet by mixing and matching I have at least four complete outfits.

When friends say, "My goodness, Ros, you've never looked so nice," the answer is simple. I've never before taken so much care in my clothes. Being an actress, that is, being in costume or jewelry, I must dress for my role. Thanks to my baby, I'm using forethought and developing a better clothes sense.

Up to that point I'd been doing about the same things I'd do if I were planning a vacation. The first change of a completely different sort began when we chose a name for the baby. John and I are the kind of people who enjoy living today. We like modern furniture, modern ideas, so I followed that, when we read a book on "painless birth," the idea was much impressed. Should we ever have a baby, that was for us. Yet, do you know, when the time came to make such a choice, we didn't even discuss the matter: I simply trotted right off to a doctor who had a number of years of experience behind him. Before we knew it, our little daughter, told me little girls can't decide whether they want to be aunts or cousins for this new baby. Crew bring me snapshots of their children and talk of how much fun they have with them. I have only to see Frank Dane take time out from his part as Knap Drewery and rough-
Bernardine Flynn (Lona Drewer), real-life mother of two husky sons, has, of course, become an even closer friend. To the baby shower which she gave for me, she invited both the women in the cast and all the wives of the crew and staff. It turned out to be even a bit better than the make-believe shower which Bill Barrett dreamed up for the show, which by strange coincidence was set for the identical day.

This heightened friendliness extends even beyond the limits of Hawkins Falls. I've never been the big star people stop on the street, but now, since they've seen me as the pregnant Millie, women talk to me in the grocery store, ask me when the baby will arrive, and whether we hope for a boy or a girl.

No one has done anything splashy or spectacular, but never have Johnny and I been so conscious of the brotherhood of man. There's a sense of kinship with other parents. That's what I mean by saying it's just as though we had newly joined an exclusive club—the human race.

John and I often recall, these days, how when we were overseas we heard so many battle-wearied G.I.'s say that all they wanted was to get home, find a good wife and settle down.

We wonder now if they didn't mean far more than that. We ask ourselves if they weren't groping for the same idea which we, with the coming of our baby, are finding. Out of the turmoil of our times, we who were born into the Depression and grew up into war, pin our first fresh new faith to the fundamental family unit—a man, a woman, a child.

Perhaps out of our desire to preserve that unit—a desire which we now know is shared with millions of couples like us—we may find our way, eventually, to peace and a better world. A world in which our child can grow in wisdom, strength and security. If that happens, we and everyone else can truly say, "Having a baby is wonderful."

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feathery pillow. "This would be lovely with the blue hat you have on, if you like plush," she added, her voice going flat. The abrupt change of manner caught my attention. Trying the hat, I said, "Where is home, Miss." Lyda Kemp." She fingered the veil she was holding. "Franklinboro, Pennsylvania. That's home. I'll bet you never heard of it."

"Who has?" Lyda asked, and now her tone was unmistakably bitter. "That's why I got out. Who wants to stick around in an old mudhole, live and die with never hearing or seeing anything? I guess it's okay if you're the type, but—"

"And do you like New York, now that you're here?" I went on, and she removed some hats and put some others before me. "I like it all right," she said slowly. Then, hearing her own words, she stiffened. "I love it," she exclaimed. "It's just exactly as wonderful as I hoped it would be. I wouldn't go back for—anything."

I had already noted the small, shy gleam that came from the girl's left hand, ring finger, and I tried a long shot. "And does your young man like it, too?" I asked, slyly.

Lydia is actually Lyda put the hand behind her back and flushed. "I ought to take that thing off," she muttered. "I just haven't been able to bring myself to it yet—but I will. No, he doesn't like it; can't see it. That's lucky. I'm here and he's there, and I guess. Of course he's all set there. The Franklinboro General Store." Her soft lips bit at the words as though she hated them. "We're not a business here. Miss Freeman, what's the matter with me? You said you were in a hurry, and here I am chewing your ear with my troubles—and there aren't even any troubles," she finished defiantly. "I'm perfectly happy. I knew I was right coming to New York. It's the only place in the world you can live like a human being."

"Is he to have a white hat one again?" I said. I had already made up my mind to take it, but there was something young and rather pathetic about Lydia Kemp that kept me talking to her for a while longer. All through the cocktail party I kept thinking about her. Young and ambitious and so certain that all you had to do was come to New York with all your intelligence and toil and you would have the world's love and respect. She was an odd girl, and all I knew was that she had given some years of life to work, and you just automatically were successful! It wasn't that her hopes were out of bounds, either. All she wanted was a hat shop of her own. Just a little shop, with nothing more. But it would have to be with geraniums. She'd work so hard, she'd have such unusual, beautiful hats, she had so many ideas . . . and she was saving. Sydney had had little, in New York, five months, but already she had saved quite a lot.

"And what else have you done?" I asked. "Have you had fun, met people? This can be such a lonely place if you do nothing but work, and work." She was inspecting the angle of my new hat, and she didn't meet my eyes. "Oh, I've been busy all the time. I mean I have. I've been just doing what I was doing."

"You've been lonely, haven't you," I said, gently.

"That doesn't matter. Lyda's hands clenched at her sides. "What matters is that I'll be here, not stuck back there among all the aprons and the backyard fences and the—littleness of it. A girl can rely on herself here. Look at the girl you play, Wendy Warren—look at her! She makes her own living, she's as independent as a man, she doesn't need a man unless she wants one."

"And yet, if you remember, even Wendy has had her lonely times," I reminded Lydia. "Times when she would have given a great deal for a family to be part of. Times when her career hasn't been the whole answer. . . ." Then I'd caught sight of my watch, and gasped. "That's it! You'll have to be all over before I get there. I must fly."

"That's what I mean," Lydia had said. "Some day, I'll be doing all those things, you'll see—going to lunch at the Colony and cocktail parties and first nights. I'll be invited everywhere because of what I've accomplished, all by myself—not just because I'm someone's wife. And who was that?—Mary, huh? All right, Mary, anyway! A living death, that's what it is!"

No, I hadn't been able to get her veneration out of my mind. Dreams are wonderful, when you're young; but something told me Lydia Kemp was concentrating on the wrong dream. Her loneliness, the bone-deep aloneness of a girl who's always been a part of a group and who, suddenly, is put out in a strange place where every one is far too busy to make time for her . . . how bleak she had looked when she spoke of her hat shop, and in contrast how warmly animated when she spoke of Sydney. It was the warmth of anger, but it made her pretty. I'm sure in a few years, if they were the kind of years she was looking forward to—this sort of loneliness they had chosen. There are women here, plenty of them, who manage to run careers and save enough of themselves for families, too. But it takes a special type. This was something. And the idea that she felt she just wasn't cut out for that type of divided life.

Perhaps what actually decided me on my course was . . . well, fate. I don't know how, but apparently there was a line of fate that new bonnet got itself torn. I didn't do it on purpose. But when I took it off that night, I noticed the tear, and immediately the thing that had made it had been lurking in the corner of my mind awaiting release. I wore the hat again next day, and after the broadcast and a quick lunch at Cobee's with Tess Sheehan, who plays my wife for all the time and things, I put it into the hat shop and I asked for Lydia. She came at once, looking very pretty and very young in a pale lilac cotton dress, and I was a little concerned when I pointed out the damage.

"I'll replace it," Lydia said. "Please sit down. I'll be just a half minute. . . ." She disappeared. Tess said idly, "Pretty kid." She never told me why they were lying around and I smiled. It never seems to matter whether a woman is in the market for a hat or not; lead her to where she will! I was myself, and if she immediately starts trying them on . . . just to see.

"Yes, she is pretty," I agreed. "Now listen, Mary—quickly. No matter what I do or what I say, you back me up, Okay? Or rather don't say anything, but especially don't act surprised."

Tess's mobile face instantly registered
“You mean—” Lydia put in, “you mean you don’t always get taken to dinner? Even you, Miss Freeman?”

I smiled up at her. “I’ve got the most colorful collection of trays you ever saw, Lydia. One for each night of the week. I have my dinner off one of them in front of the fire, and go over the next day’s script, and after a while I read myself to sleep. You’ve just got to conserve your energies, you know. You can’t burn at both ends, as they say. It’s one thing or the other, for most women, and—” I made my voice sound very faraway, “I’ve made my choice.”

“But— it’s so confusing,” Lydia cried.

“I mean—oh, I suppose I’ve got you all mixed up with Wendy herself, and she’s so contented and so important, with her work and everybody knowing her, and . . .”

Tess took a breath. “And do you think Wendy Warren has never cried herself to sleep at night?” she asked deeply. “Do you think she never worries about things? Do you think her life would be like if she were—just somebody’s wife, somebody’s mother . . . ?”

A few moments later, Tess and I found ourselves out on the street. “Oh, Tess, you were marvelous!” I told her. “Thank you so much. The most wonderful support I ever had.”

“You might have briefed me a little,” Tess grumbled. “After all, Florence, you pulled that stuff about the trays, and the lonely firelight—in June, no less—and all the time I could see in my mind’s eye that wonderful dining room of yours with your sweet little girl and a boy, the blooming picture of a full, happy family life—”

“Oh, I know, dear, but let me tell you why I did it.” Briefly I filled her in on Lydia’s success story. “It was an experiment, really. She’s so full of notions about big-city life. And at heart she’s so lonely already; you can sense it. I think she ought to go back to her Sydney. But you can’t stand out advice when you haven’t been asked. This seemed like the least interfering way to sort of—well, nudge her along.”

“Well, I did think that business about Keith from Seattle was a little thick,” Tess said. “But she seemed quite impressed.”

“But she really envies the girl who married Keith,” I said dryly. “I mean—polly, you got it yourself! I’ve got to get home: the girls are doing the dessert tonight, and I simply mustn’t be late.”

Poor lonely Florence,” Tess said, and we finished our consolatory goodbye and parted, to go our separate ways.

From time to time I wondered, a triflè guiltily, if I hadn’t been just a little harsh on Lydia’s hopes. It was not my business or my responsibilities to interfere in another life. But, for all I knew, I’d had no effect on her. It might be that she was truly a girl who could get along without fun, without love, if she just managed to grab on to that fortunate success that had will-o’-the-wisp to New York. It might be that she’d be better off without Sydney of Franklinboro . . .

About a month later my curiosity overcame me, and I stopped in at the shop again under the pretext of looking at Fall hats, I asked for Lydia. My salesgirl looked puzzled, and then said, “Oh, Lydia. I’m sorry, Miss Freeman, but she’s gone. Quite a thing, too, just suddenly gave her notice and left. Going back home, she said—and she seemed so terribly eager to learn the hat business here. Er—won’t someone else do? We’ve got some de-lightful new things to show you . . .”

I smiled happily. “Oh yes,” I told the salesgirl. “Someone else will do beautifully, thank you. Just show me something small and simple . . .”
I Fell in Love at First Sight

(Continued from page 47)

cross the aisle, he said, "Here, have a mint."

Toni's heart was turning flipflops. She accepted the candy and turned away from the man whom she had met. He was a senior at Northwestern University, he volunteered.

Toni's reply was carefully phrased. She was taking some courses at Mundelein. The bus rocked a bit as she pulled away. He was right at her heels. "This is my street, too," he assured her. "Honest."

Their homes, it developed, were just around the corner from each other, too. "XXX" Buzz Immennan asked why he hadn't seen her before. Toni's answer was cagy. "I've been with my grandmother." That wasn't the whole truth, but it was useful.

In a few minutes, his pretenses dropped. Rushing to her mother, she shrieked, "Mom, I just met the dreamiest boy. But promise, Mom, you won't tell him. Promise."

For Toni Gilman was, that March afternoon, a girl with a secret. She was doing her best to live a normal, steady, and cagy life.

Once she had been adept in dividing her activities into separate, emotion-tight compartments. As a counter to direction, she could create with equal ease the characterization of an adolescent, an old crone, or a woman of the world. As a fashion of life, she bore a current voice. She knew she could draw her supple body up into five feet, nine inches of concentrated elegance and compose her features into a beautiful blank calculated to focus attention exclusively. Then when she had completed, she could relax into private life as a bubbly, soft-faced youngsters concerned only with beating her sister Lucy in a fast game of one-two-three-O'Lynn.

But that spring, subject to the fierce fires and sudden chills of being in love, her two personalities flowed in molten and uneven streams, a little girl one minute and a woman the next.

With Buzz, she tried to be all woman, for always she carried the fear he would find out she was only thirteen, a kid who was anything but ready to wear the first dent in her defenses. She was forced to admit the Mundelein she referred to so airily was not the college by Lake Michigan but the Mundelein Central High School one block north of her home.

She tried to cover with references to its being convenient to the radio stations. She also was deliberately vague about her studies and made it a point never to carry the textbook of an identifiable freshman subject.

Yet, at the same time, she betrayed herself as all little girl in her love of sweet chocolate. Buzz and Toni formed the habit of leaving the bus at the drugstore corner and lingering over so many chocolate milkshakes that they each gained fifteen pounds.

And, occasionally, her two real-life roles erupted into open conflict.

Loneliness touched off the first explosion. As Buzz's final examinations approached, he spent more time with his studies and less time with Toni. During their regular bus, Toni languished in mournful mildness, certain some attractive co-ed was responsible. The day their schedules again coincided, her rush of joy at seeing Buzz turned, per- versely, into a flash of temper. Giving him an icy stare, she demanded, "Where in the world have you been?"

Weariness made his answer terse, "Studying."

Toni tossed her head. "What am I supposed to do about it?"

"Well, you could write me a letter. A love letter."

Toni's mobile face reflected the inner war between child and woman. The woman won. BuzzFeed over the counter from her notebook and penciled a satiric message: "April 25. Dearest Buster, I am at a loss for words to tell of my affection for you so I will close and, With Love, Toni. The script was nest, controlled, angry.

But the impulsive little girl in her also demanded expression. For a moment, she hesitated, then with a dash of salt and pepper, "XXX" Buzz's laugh choked in his throat. "Surely, if I were a girl," he folded the paper, placed it in his pocket. "It's my first love letter, too."

In one respect, however, tempestuous young Toni was extremely fortunate. Accidental as their original encounter had been, she found in Buzz one of the few young men who could have not only the heart to sense the conflicts which disturbed her but also the background to understand them.

Her list of career credits, which might either have intimidated or over-impelled another lad, seemed perfectly natural to him. His father, Elmer Immennman, was an executive of the Balaban and Katz circuit and Buzz became an usher as soon as he was big enough to work. He bought clip-ons and fastened a monkey coat over a wing-collared dickey. When he chose medicine as his future, his father encouraged the boy and indicated he was willing to shoulder the financial burden. Inde- pendent Buzz said, "Thank you, but no," and continued to work nights at the theatres. When Toni met him, he was making money to help Howard.

Well-acclimated to show people and their ways, he knew child stars often had their schooling interrupted and accepted without documentation Toni's tale of her "special education." She might be sixteen, nineteen, even twenty. He did not ask. In the theatre, an actress's age is her own business.

Toni, carefully as she avoided the prospect, worried about it and was correct in one respect. Buzz was beginning to wonder exactly how many years this confusing, upsetting, delightful, contrary woman-child could do anything but every one else that spring, he postponed finding out until after his exams. He couldn't even think of dates.

So Toni had to center her hopes on the finish of her examinations. Surely then Buzz would ask her for a date. Instead, the great day, when it came, brought the bitterest blow of all.

Buzz, going downtown to Northwestern's medical school to confer with the dean, thought this a good time to surprise Toni and take her to lunch. Ambling over to her school, he asked the principal to look for her. When Tony Adolima sent him directly to her classroom.

Telling Lucy what happened, Toni almost drowned in tears. "Honestly, I wanted to go right through the floor. I couldn't in English. I worried about it. I had to be Algebra. Now he knows I'm just a freshman."

Toni should have had more faith in her Buzz. Psychology classes already had trained him to recognize the frantic efforts people make to hide their deepest wounds. He realized her disappointment.

At lunch, he gave no sign he knew how
she felt, but to himself he determined Toni's hurt must be healed. Buzz chose a sure-fire cure. He telephoned the next evening to ask whether she would care to have dinner with him and go to a movie the coming Saturday.

Long as she waited to hear just those words, Toni couldn't quite believe them when they came. Excitement threw her disciplined voice completely out of control. Then she said shyly:

He retreated to blufness. "I simply asked if you'd like to eat and to go to a movie. Is that so unusual?"

It was for Toni. Every shred of the actress repressed in frigid consciousness she was to have died thirteen years old and being invited to her first date. "I—don't know. I'll have to ask my parents."

"Well, tell them there's a good show at the Chicago."

Law and love hung up as though that settled it.

Far from settling anything, it threw the entire Gilman family into heated discussion.

Toni's father delivered his opinion. "I won't have it," he stated. "I don't care how many shows you have played, how tall you are or anything else. The fact remains you're too young to go out with boys."

Her mother opposed his decision. "You know, Toni, how hard we've tried to give you your chance to become a fine actress and still safeguard you with the care a young girl should have."

Fully aware her parents had sacrificed to carry out that program, Toni knew she should yield, but instead she stormed, "You sound as though he intended to kidnap me or something."

Her parents were nonplussed for an instant. The calendar's irrefutable logic, plus knowledge of what tragic messes some other precocious children had made of their lives, weighed heavily on their side.

But the very exaltation of young love was on Toni's, and her grandmother was the first to succumb to it. In the beginning, she had taken no part in the discussion, but at the crisis she stepped in.

Summoning her daughter and son-in-law to a family conference, she said, "Now let's all sit down and talk this over quietly. I'll grant your point. Yet you might win this argument now and still be sorry later. I don't think that Buzz will ever love you, but girls have been known to be to their parents and sneak out."

She let that sink in for a moment. "Then there's the boy to be considered. How do you know he won't keep Buzz, and Toni reaches fifteen? You've seen plenty of girls go out with roughnecks just to spite their parents."

She marshalled her final argument. "I really don't see what harm could come of letting Toni see Buzz. She knows how to behave and he's a fine boy. You know his family. They, as well as we, will expect the kids home at a reasonable hour."

Harry Gilman gave in. His fondness for his mother-in-law had much to do with it. "O.K. You're the matriarch around this house, and you win again." He came over and gave her a little hug. "To tell the truth, I haven't known many times when you've been wrong." It was Toni's turn to receive the spiritual little lady's admonitions. She shook her fingers at her and said, "You'll live up to your side of the bargain. You must be back in twelve and . . . ." The aging eyes twinkled.

"And your young man, when he calls for you, must pass my inspection."

Toni cried. "Oh, Buzz will love you," and rushed to the phone to relay the pros- visions to Buzz. His laugh carried clear into the room, "Tell your grandmother," he directed, "that she and I have a date.

I think I can manage to meet her approval."

Let it be recorded that his prediction was correct, for Buzz made his first real date with Toni an occasion. He arrived with face well washed and suit sharply pressed. He carried a rouage of red lilacs.

For Toni that evening, the Lunt Avenue bus was far more exciting than any Cinderella's coach and four. The clattering old L train surmounted a marble carpet. Their diamon- "dized marble, impreg- nated with crushed shell and out-classed mythical nectar and ambrosia.

When Buzz, mindful of his promise, whisked her up the front steps just at the stroke of midnight, the dream did not end. Instead a new tale of romance bro- ken a gentle good-night kiss with the statement, "You're a funny little tyke, Toni, but I kind of like you."

Toni's worst struggle to shake off the spinning cloak of adoration and emerge into womanhood was over, but it was Buzz who won the right to the last line. He could not let her long pretense to be some one she was not go unchallenged. A month later, to celebrate her birthday, he took her to an amusement park and after they had zoomed over the roller coaster, explored the tunnel of love and spun around in the thrill ride. While he presented her gift—a toy dog and a lollipop—

The postcard picture a concession pho- tographer made on that day remains pasted in the first of a series of scrapbooks which preserves with mar- velous solemnity, Toni didn't even know they existed until one fine evening. By then, the turmoil preceding their first date had been dimmed by the intervening years in which Toni really grew up, finished school, appeared in Broadway plays, and became Mrs. Im- mermann, years in which Buzz took his medical degree, completed his internship, fought a war, established his practice as a success, and married.

Toni was then in a play, "Ten Little Indians," which compiled its Chicago run and went on the road. Buzz arranged his vacation so he could join her in Den- ver. Arriving at the hotel, he apologized because he had had no opportunity to buy her birthday present.

The June day was hot. Toni was tired, and the lack of a birthday present rankled just a little. Back in the hotel room she made some sharp-edged statement to the effect that men—and she wasn't mentioning any names—certainly were able to keep their emotions well repressed even though a little sentiment wouldn't hurt once in a while.

Then she noticed a huge package sitting on the dresser. "What's this?" she de- manded.

Buzz grinned. "Open it."

She peeled back the wrappings and there, one on top of the other, were the eight scrapbooks. Posted down the pages were Toni's first little love letter and virtually every other important memento of their courtship. Under each entry was a comment in Buzz's firm, round-hand- ed script:

Toni, with the evidence of the scrap- books, has never again accused Buzz of being reticent about his affection. Instead, she tells their daughters—Susann, five, and Mary Jean, two—"Be- cause, darling, is a very remembering man."

Yes, Toni knows how fortunate she is. Not every man remembers so gladly the little girl who had a schoolboy crush on him. And every girl grows up to marry the first boy who captured her eager young heart. But, for Buzz and Toni, love at first sight has truly meant love to last a lifetime."

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We'll Never Walk Alone

(Continued from page 54)
announced (to us) his candidacy for the White House around his fiftieth birthday and has invited us to be his guests there during his term or terms of office. Naturally, we have accepted!

These three Johns in our family make for considerable confusion among our friends, but their names are in the Daily Index of the Times and all are known by us. John Charles, Jr., is now the Charles of our family, and John Neal is called John, like his father. You can see that it continues to be somewhat confusing, but that's the price of having three Johns in a family and no rank outsider like a wife can do much about it.

Girls in the family just get nicknamed. Buncy was named Helene Grant, but we hardly remember that now. Affectionately known at first as Buncy, Bun, Bunny, Bouncy, Buncy, Bun, Bouncy and—finally—Buncy, she will probably only achieve the dignity of being Helene at school. My nickname, Kit, evolved from Kathleen to Kitty and Kitten. Over our little child Kiddie, which turned into Kit. To make matters worse, my husband refers to me as "Maw!" And Buncy would never be without a nickname. Her favorite is black Scotty, Corky, is named for his cute little corksew tail, and that his paternal ancestor is General Eisenhower's dog.

We live on the grounds of the Westchester College of New York, where John can play his favorite game, golf, in the little time he has for play. Our house is comfortable English Norman, in stucco and stone. One of the first moments I saw it, seven years ago. In it I play the role of short-order cook, housekeeper, mender and cleaner-upper for a brood of hungry, busy people. Meal schedules are my nemesis. My husband has to live according to a rigid routine of working hours that permits him only one dinner a week with the family, on Saturday night. I have to make it a gauze lawn, not the other, the smaller breakfast room, and usually have Father's favorite roast beef.

John is a student at Phillips Andover, home of the great boys, and during vacation Charles goes to the Harrison Avenue School nearby. Buncy is a pupil at Country Day School. These two younger children are up and out early, but my husband waits for a mid-morning train to New York so we breakfast a little later. He has to get into town to start preparing his news broadcast or discuss one of his panel shows, or meet the round dates, and do the hundred and other things that enter into his reporting and moderating jobs. By one-thirty every weekday afternoon he is in the ABC news room to look at film from all over the world that must be integrated with the news commentary. This calls for split-second timing. He is off the air at the ABC studios at five-thirty and we often have a late dinner together around nine. Sometimes he has appointments which keep him in town—perhaps a board meeting of the Overseas Press Club, of which he is president, or an informal conference about one of the shows. Friday nights he is always in town until late, to moderate It's News to Me. Sunday nights he has America's Town Meeting and What's My Line? In fact, he has to leave the house early Sunday morning for his afternoon around the World news round-up on radio.

It was I, who, innocently enough, changed John's career and started this whole era of hot blood of his in the business. He was nineteen when we met. John was learning his family's woolen business in Boston. His father, an American geologist, had hoped that his son would like his very English mother had brought him back from Johannesburg, South Africa, where he was born and put him in school in New England. By the time I knew John she, too, was dead, and he was working for an uncle.

I was living in Washington and finishing my senior year at William and Mary College, in Virginia, when I met John. I was invited to spend a weekend at a lovely home in Dedham, Massachusetts, for a visit. Her family knew John's folks and he was asked one Sunday as a suitable date for me. To tease me, they chose him up as an eccentric character, dressed as no man I had ever met would get himself up. He feigned a flap, dangling a pince-nez from a narrow black leather strap, and a light, artful, delightful literary tea—and failed completely as an actor. I saw through the trick, of course, and really liked him at once. Like all husbands, he now says I hooked him. All the time I had been with him, he spent at Dedham a week and he asked me for a date every day and proposed to me before I went home. I said I wasn't even thinking of marrying Society-type, and I was impossibly flattered by all this attention. And, when he quit his job to move to Washington because he was spending most of every weekend traveling back and forth by bus to visit me, I didn't move.

All this happened around 1934, and I had stopped going with anyone else. I worked after I finished college, at the National Geographic, was a professor at the Library of Congress, but I was never career-minded and am not now. Our dates together usually began or ended at my parents' house for dinner, because if John took me to the movies there never was enough money left for dining out. My mother said she hadn't seen so much of me since early childhood, but she thought John was doing. She was used to foot frames on him as good cooking and they became great friends. When we got married, back in the depression year of 1937, my parents gave me a lovely church wedding and arranged a honeymoon in Ireland. We lived in housekeeping in a one-room apartment on John's $27.50-a-week salary. When John Neal came, we moved to two rooms, and later to a small apartment.

So many of the people John knew in Washington mentioned his fine voice and perfect diction, the result of his mother's careful training, that he finally decided he might play the role of a special "special events" man, which is what they called newsmen who worked in radio then. When Bob Trout left to go to CBS's New York studios, John tried out and got the job. He was later signed to the White House as Presidential announcer and traveling with Franklin D. Roosevelt, covering the 1940 conventions (he has covered all the major political conventions), and later as Roosevelt's envoy to Washington, to New York, to an apartment, and when John went off to cover World War II from London, Algiers, all over the Middle East—and from Italy and other places I couldn't bear to think about, because they figured so promi-

nently in the casualty lists—I took the two boys and went back home to Washington. All of my friends whose husbands were away. John was broadcasting and, when I heard his voice, I knew he was all right. It didn't hurt, but when he came on again and I knew he was all right.

After John came home, before Buncy was born, we decided to get out into the country. We bought a house in Connecticut, free of tax and freedom but near enough to make commuting easy for Father. We looked and looked, and the morning I walked into the house we live in now I knew our search was over.

We both like the traditional English Normandy architecture, and gradually we have been re-doing the house to suit everyone's idiosyncrasies. They are never formally combined, but are accommodated over the years. The boys will point something out to a visitor and explain: "Daddy bought that when he was broke and he couldn't afford the other pieces. That was the last piece and of course, was the literal truth and the reason so many of our possessions have such wonderful associations for us. They represent a great care in the choosing and sacrifice of other things which seemed less important to us than a house. The set of four bullfighter pictures, grouped over the living-room couch, is done in pen and ink and great splashes of watercolor. John got them in South Africa, wanted the other two that make up the set, but couldn't have them. We both feel that line one whole wall of the living room are filled with John's books, mainly historical, many of them covering the Civil War period that fascinates him so much. A photographer of the late President, in-
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No girl can expect eyes and hearts
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if she lets dullness overshadow the
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Are shadows keeping your beauty
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Head to toes—your beauty grows!

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FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR
If other permanents didn’t take or didn’t last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.

Very Gentle Toni
FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR
If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It’s custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached, dyed or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.

Now... do what the finest beauty shops do
— choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio — Regular Toni, Super Toni, Very Gentle Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world’s leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

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FOR CHILDREN
At last a permanent that takes on every little girl’s hair! Tonette—the children’s home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters’ hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.

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STOPS BAD BREATH
AND
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Colgate’s Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases
That Originate in the Mouth!

It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a clean, fresh mouth all day long! Scientific tests prove in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate’s instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

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STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the best way is the Colgate way!

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Of Any Kind Whatever
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PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLOMET’S
WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!
YOU'LL LEARN THE WAYS OF
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from these fascinating females... in three of the year's most entertaining novels!

The Carnival Girl Who Bewitched Aristocrats!
Her beauty inflamed every man from mountainman to blue-blood. No wonder Georgia society rebelled when she and Court Brantley's wife fell in love! Take the Club Bulletin,《The Carnival Girl》by Nikki Yerby.

The Captive Witch
This is the story of a peasant girl, a royal beauty, and the irrevocable change in King's Rhapsody! Take the Club Bulletin,《The Captive Witch》by Philip L. Kostelanetz.

A Woman Called Fancy
Frank Yerby has proved that he can write as beautifully as he can write a bargain! Take the Club Bulletin,《A Woman Called Fancy》by Frank Yerby.

WHAT a bargain! These 3 new romantic best-sellers are yours for only $1 when you join the Dollar Book Club. Combined value $9.50 in publishers' retail editions! A big, generous sample of the fascinating reading and huge savings you enjoy through the Dollar Book Club!

The Only Club that Brings You the New $3 and $3.50 Hits

for only $1!

You Save at Least 3/4 on the Books You Buy!

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Membership in the Dollar Book Club requires nothing of any kind. You do not even have to take a book every month; the purchase of as few as six books a year fulfills your membership requirement. Upon receipt of the coupon at the right you will be sent your introductory TRIPLE package of books—two of them FREE, and one as your first selection for $1. Thereafter, you will receive regularly the Club's Bulletin, which describes the forthcoming Club selections. It also reviews many other popular books which you may purchase at the Club price of only $1 each, plus few cents shipping. Buy only the books you want.

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When you see your TRIPLE book package—and realize these three books are typical of the values you will continue to receive from the Club for only $1 each—you will be delighted to have become a member! Mail the coupon now to accept this wonderful offer!

MAIL THIS COUPON
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Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once the 3 books checked below—and bill me only $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a few cents shipping cost.

[ ] A Woman Called Fancy [ ] King's Rhapsody [ ] The Captive Witch
[ ] The Iron Mistress [ ] President's Lady [ ] Break in the Circle

Also send my first issue of "The Bulletin", telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and other bargains for members.

I may notify you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all 3 books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

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Information

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

Joy's Joy
Dear Editor:
What ever became of Joy Geffen, whom I used to love to hear as Siri on Against the Storm?
T. M., Altoona, Pa.
Joy Geffen has taken a leave of absence from radio work for a very good reason—she's expecting a baby this fall.

Theme Songs
Dear Editor:
What song does Marlene Dietrich sing at the beginning and end of Cafe Istanbul?
R. F., Red Oak, Iowa
Marlene's sultry voice intones "La Vie en Rose."

Dear Editor:
What is the theme music used on One Man's Family? I've listened to the program for years, but never did know the name of the song.
B. J., Reading, Pa.
One Man's Family opens and closes to the strains of "Waltz Patricia."

Is Les Married?
Dear Editor:
Is the man who plays the role of The Falcon married?
M. H., Mobile, Ala.

Joy Geffen

Dwight Weist

The man is Les Damon. The woman in his life is singer, Ginger Jones, Mrs. Les Damon.

Weist to East
Dear Editor:
I am interested in the man who plays the part of Stan Burton on The Second Mrs. Burton program. Who is he, and what is his background?
E. L., Spokane, Wash.
"Go West, young man, go West," said Horace Greeley, but Dwight Weist, the male lead on The Second Mrs. Burton went East to find success. Dwight, who announces Grand Slam and Big Town in addition to his radio acting, was born in Palo Alto, California. He moved East to attend Ohio Wesleyan University, where he majored in English. Editor of his college newspaper, Dwight aspired to be a journalist. During college, he traveled eighteen miles a day to an announcing stint with a station in Delaware, Ohio. When he graduated, he appeared in road companies, until he was offered his first Broadway part, all the way East this time. The play was slow getting into rehearsal, so Dwight auditioned as an impersonator with the March of Time. He got the job, and remained with the program for its thirteen-year run. The Weists have two children. On weekends, he enjoys riding or...
Booth flying his own plane—as Dwight says, “I’m either on the air or in it.”

June is Meta

Dear Editor:
Who plays the part of Meta White on Guiding Light?
C. B., Miami, Fla.

Jone Allison, veteran radio actress, portrays Meta White Roberts.

Frank’s a Dane

Dear Editor:
Could you please give me some information about Nap Drewer on Hawkins Falls?
L. M., Nashville, Tenn.

Frank Dane came to America from Denmark with his parents when he was twelve years old. A few years later, Frank Hansen changed his name to Dane, and auditioned for a road company—deciding on acting as a career. Frank thought he sounded terrible during that first reading, but the producer thought otherwise, and hired the young man on the spot. In 1927, Frank gave radio a try, and since then has appeared on hundreds of radio’s dramatic shows. Married in 1934, Frank is the father of Bruce Dane, who plays Roy in Hawkins Falls. (Continued on page 18)

She’s using Helene Curtis Spray Net—the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place, looking naturally lovely. That’s right—naturally lovely!

*It’s the most exciting thing that’s happened to hair!*

You’re in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that “varnished” look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking naturally lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It’s colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!
Donna Atwood gets warm glances from Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny at Ice Capades.

what's new from

On a Sunday Afternoon is the name of CBS' new summer radio show, heard on Sunday afternoons, of course, and beamed especially at that part of the audience who might be at the beach, the park, or just out driving. It's a two-and-a-half-hour program of light, popular music with name bands, vocalists and top record hits. In between the tunes, there are safety messages, news on current events, and baseball lineups from all over the country. And individual stations cut in on the show, broadcasting local news and specific weather and traffic conditions in each area.

Junior television fans, and some of the grownups, too, will be happy to know that Hopalong Cassidy has signed a new ten-year contract with NBC. William Boyd's deal with the network calls for fifty-two new half-hour movies, which he already has started to shoot. The first of the new series will be seen this fall.

John Daly, popular commentator and foreign correspondent, who has also made quite a name
Heimie, the chimp, makes a chump out of R. Morlin Perkins of Zoo Parade.

Three bright Hopes—Bob, Delores, and their lovely daughter, Linda.

Coast to Coast

for himself as a moderator on television panel shows, has another job on radio. He will be heard on John Daly And The News, over the full ABC network, Monday through Friday evenings.

Martha Stewart quietly replaced Vivian Blaine as co-star with Pinky Lee on Those Two, the musical TV show. The reason for the change, supposedly, was too heavy a schedule for Vivian, what with her nightly appearance as the star of "Guys and Dolls," the Broadway hit. But, according to insiders, it was actually just too much temperament, with Vivian's rehearsal fights and off-stage rows with Pinky Lee reaching atomic proportions.

Remember First Nighter, which was such a popular program a few years ago? In case you've missed it, it's back on NBC on Sunday nights. And the original stars, Barbara Luddy and Olan Soule, also have returned to star on the new series of dramas at "the little theatre off Times Square." (Continued on page 11)

Back from a European honeymoon, singer Jo Stafford and her new groom Paul Weston say the honeymoon will never end.
Have you ever given someone who was important to you a promise to "forgive and forget"? The words are so meaningless, aren't they? Even if you've thought long and bitterly about them, dampened them with tears through many sleepless nights, urged them along with logical arguments... forgive and forget. Could a wife ever really forgive her husband for having allowed himself to become interested in another woman? I know now that I had a lot to do with everything that happened between my husband and that woman named Gloria. But Bill married me for what I am, just as I married him for what he can become... He knew I believed you can make life pretty much what you want it to be by working over it a little. I guess I can understand that Bill felt driven, pushed, because I believed he could do better for both of us than he seemed to want to try for, in those early months. I can even understand that it drove him to Gloria. She was singing at that time in a bar here in Los Angeles, and it was handy when he felt like a drink, which was often. She didn't frown on that. She told him he was great, even when he was at his worst; or else she told him it was only human to be weak... Oh, I don't know just what she told him.

And then it was over. Just about the time I thought I had taken all the humiliation, the fright, the frustration I was going to take... it was over. Part of it, I think, was Bill coming to his senses. But the biggest part was that I found I was going to have a baby. That was when Bill came home for good, and the forgiving and forgetting got under way.

Except that... well, they never did, really. Yes, I accepted Bill's repentance, his determination that our little family unit was from that day forth inviolate. But I'm not superhuman. Show me the wife who could put it out of her mind forever, amen, that her husband had once preferred another woman's company. I tried but it was impossible to keep my old resentment—which was merely sleep—ing, not dead—from rising every now and then to spit and scratch a little. I suppose each time I was sarcastic or mocking I hurt Bill, but... how could I ever really forget how deeply I had been hurt?

Still, as the time approached when my baby was expected, life seemed so much more peaceful and promising that everything was better. Bill and I seemed closer and more as one; there were so many plans to talk over, so many wonderful things to look forward to. Going (Continued on page 93)
With my baby in my arms, I could ignore The Woman Gloria—Bill's Gloria—smirking on TV.

Bill had betrayed me when I needed him most... now nothing mattered to me except the child I had borne him.
surprise party for Felix

GRANT OF WWDC
NEVER KNOWS WHAT TO EXPECT

For Felix Grant, life—and radio—is merely one long series of surprises. In fact, he's now seriously considering changing the name of Yawn Patrol, his all-night disc jockey show on WWDC, to Surprise Party.

The first big surprise to come Grant's way was radio itself. He credits this one to World War II, when he left his New York home to enlist in the Coast Guard. After participating in three invasions—Tarawa, Marshall Islands, Saipan—he was beached for a time to recuperate. The Industrial Incentives Division of the U.S. Navy asked him to go on a speaking tour of war plants, in an effort to combat absenteeism in industry. In 1945, he was in Washington, D.C., addressing a group of Navy yard workers, when Norman Reed, program director for WWDC, heard Felix and asked him to drop around after he was discharged from service. Two days later, civilian Grant showed up—discharge papers in hand—and Reed put him to work.

In 1951, Felix got his second surprise when he won a disc jockey popularity contest sponsored by Bing Crosby. The prize, a trip to Hollywood for Felix and his wife Helen—courtesy of Bing.

Even the cat "Muscles"—Felix's all-night companion on Yawn Patrol—had a surprise in store for her pal Felix. She dropped in one night, hopped up to the turntable and calmly gave birth to several kittens. Muscles didn't seem at all perturbed by any of this, so Felix adopted the same attitude and accepted the kittens as new additions to his midnight-to-six stint.

Actually, Felix takes all these surprises in stride, because he's one of those relaxed, easygoing people. "The only problem I have," he comments, "is getting used to my peculiar schedule. My wife and I find it tough to accustom ourselves to eating breakfast at 5 P.M., lunch at 3 A.M., and dinner at noon. It's like walking backwards through a cafeteria."

Bing Crosby celebrated his twentieth anniversary in show business by treating Felix and Helen to a trip.
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

There are two new summer radio shows on ABC and, if the series shape up as well as the audition records, they should both make for good listening. The first is Black Night, which is a dramatic narrative. The central figure is a Broadway columnist, who makes nightly rounds along the Great White Way and reports his stories of romance and adventure. The second is titled Time Capsule, with Arthur Van Horne as the commentator. The program will consist of tape recordings of unusual personal events which are being preserved in capsule form for future generations to hear. The recordings will cover a variety of happenings.

This 'n That

Janet Waldo, who is Corliss Archer, and her husband, radio-writer Robert E. Lee, are beaming because of the arrival of their first baby, Jonathan Barlow Lee, who weighed in at 7 lbs., 12 ounces. Janet, who was temporarily replaced by Eugene Sanders as Corliss, will be back on the airwaves soon.

If Lillian Schauf, who is Hazel on One Man's Family, ever gets tired of her present career, she can make a new one for herself with no trouble at all. A few years ago, Lillian started a little side business of supplying coffee and sandwiches to radio people during rehearsals. The small business became so successful that now Lillian has gone on to bigger things. She recently opened a gourmet specialty shop in New York, which she has named "Pot Luck," and it's doing fine.

Robert Carrell, who constantly defends law and order in his role of Inspector Mark Saber on the Mystery Theatre program, made his movie debut in the new picture, "Walk East On Beacon," playing the part of a Commie.

Ros Twohey says she feels like the mother of twins, instead of just the one little boy she and her husband recently welcomed, Ros, Mrs. John Twohey in real life, played Millie Flagle—Mrs. Laif on the television show, Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200. When Ros told the producer of the show last January that she expected a child, he decided to write the happy event into the Hawkins Falls story line. So Ros had her real baby and her "script" baby at the same time. The young lads both weighed five and a half pounds and they both are named Mark.

Gale Gordon, whom you hear as Mayor LaTrivia on Fibber McGee and Molly, and Professor Conklin on Our Miss Brooks, has finally derived some personal satisfaction from his oil painting. Gale has been dabbling for years and just "sold" his first picture to Perry Botkin, Bing Crosby's guitar accompanist, who "paid" for the painting with a guitar and twelve lessons. Incidentally, Gordon also will play his Professor Conklin role on Our Miss Brooks when the show goes television this fall. He should have a fairly easy time of rehearsals with the girl chosen to play Mrs. Conklin. She's his real-life wife, Virginia.

Karl Swenson says July is his big month because he has three anniversaries to celebrate—his own birthday, his wife's birthday (she's Joan Tompkins) and the twentieth anniversary of his professional theatrical debut. Bing Crosby and his "almost" soft-drink sponsor fall are still giving round and

(Continued on page 12)
they mix Music and Marriage

IN A CHEERFUL Park Avenue apartment—crowded with books, stacks of record albums, a concert grand piano, and orchestra scores by the score—Ted and Ruby Haig (she's Ruby Mercer) live and work together, combining their musical and radio careers with one of the happiest marriages in Manhattan. Ted and Ruby share the mike on WOR's Music We Like, and on Sunday become Mr. and Mrs. Opera over WNYC.

Ruby is a well-known opera and concert soprano, and Ted is a virtuoso pianist who started his career at the age of seven. Because of these two careers, which they pursue in addition to their radio work, Ted and Ruby have had to learn to synchronize their schedules. "I've often heard," Ruby comments, "that music and marriage don't mix, but with us it's been the tie that binds our home life together." When concert tours come up, either Ruby or Ted takes over their shows alone.

It was the World's Fair that brought the pair together. Ted was chief master of ceremonies at the Court of Peace, and Ruby was singing in the Fair's "Gay New Orleans Revue." One day, Ted got the assignment of introducing Ruby in a special Fourth of July show. They dated that night, and continued to see each other every day thereafter, until they decided to make it a permanent arrangement a year later.

The Haigs' favorite hobby is fancy carpentry. When they take a non-musical moment, Ted whips out hammers, saws and wood to tackle some elaborate cabinet which Ruby has designed. Cooking is another pet pastime, especially for Ted, who is an expert at preparing succulent French dishes. Their dream is to buy an old house, within commuting distance of New York, where they can work and play—and build things.

Although they share a whirlwind schedule, both agree that their activities are more fun than work. And, as Ruby sums it up, "It's being together that makes life worth while."
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

round over the little matter of television. In addition to his taped radio show, the sponsor wants The Groomer to do a number of video programs as well. But Bing only wants to do four, and he wants to do them his way—on film, in his own Hollywood studios, where his Bing Crosby Enterprises are now shooting movies for television. Master Crosby can be very firm about things and, in this matter, unless he and the would-be sponsor can come to terms, there won’t be any deal.

What Ever Happened To...

Olive Stacy, the girl who first played the role of Connie Thayer on the television serial, The First Hundred Years? (The part is now played by Anne Sargent.) The strain of doing a daily camera show, with the long hours of rehearsal, was too heavy for Olive, so she resigned her role. She has done nothing professionally since, and at the moment is back in her home town, Rochester, New York. This summer, Olive plans to tour the Eastern part of the United States with her sister, Frances Klute, who will be shooting scenic spots for the Eastman Kodak Company. Frances is one of their top color photographers. Incidentally, the story that Olive had married, and was expecting a baby, is untrue. This was erroneously printed in many newspaper columns about the country.

Bob Hannon and Evelyn McGregor, who were the singers on the American Melody Hour program several seasons ago? Both Bob and Evelyn have more or less given up radio in favor of concert work, though Bob does make club appearances from time to time. Evelyn has spent most of her time on the West Coast, inasmuch as she lives near San Francisco now.

Edith Spencer, who was the original Aunt Jenny on the daytime show of the same name? Miss Spencer played the role for many years until she was forced to give it up due to a serious illness. Unfortunately, she has not been able to do any radio work since. Agnes Young took over the Aunt Jenny role about a year and a half ago.

Alan Dale, the singer who appeared on the Sing It Again program and other shows? Alan is still very much around, though he is not signed on any regular radio or television show at the moment. In addition to guest shots, he still plays night clubs and makes records.

George Keane, who used to be Bill on the Rosemary daytime serial? George has done no professional work for a long time, due to illness. He and his wife, Betty Winkler, who was also heard on Rosemary and other shows, have been living quietly in Europe for several months.

These are personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorites on radio or television, drop me a line—Jill Warren, Radio-TV Observer Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, and I’ll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers.

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

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

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

**CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS**

**CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE "SOAPY" CREAMS**

Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
LET'S SPEAK FRANKLY

about these ‘EXTRA' advantages for

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Greaseless Suppository assures
continuous action for hours!

Zonitors are being most enthusiastically
used by up-to-date women. Zonitors
offer a daintier, easier, powerfully
effective yet absolutely harmless
method for intimate feminine cleanliness
so important to married happiness,
health and to guard against offensive odors)

One of the many advantages of Zonitors is they’re greaseless, stain-
less vaginal suppositories.

They are not the type which quickly melt away. When inserted, Zonitors
release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing proper-
tives as famous zonits liquid. And they continue to do so for hours! Positively
non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Zonitors completely deodorize and help guard against infection. They kill
every germ they touch. It’s not always possible to contact all the germs in
the tract, but you can be sure Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ.
Enjoy Zonitors’ extra protection and convenience at small cost!

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✓ Individually foil-wrapped, or
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about these intimate physical facts.
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What’s
by

Chris Wilson

A JOHNIE RAY's record success con-
tinues to zoom, his personal success
is even more impressive. Johnnie’s
wedding to cute, pretty, little Marilyn
Morrison, daughter of Hollywood night-
club owner, Charlie Morrison, was handled
beautifully. The two youngsters asked for
and got the cooperation of the press so that
the ceremony was as it should be—beau-
tiful, dignified and private. Afterwards,
however, the couple worked with camera-
men and newsmen to give these represent-
tatives the type of material which their
public demanded to see from them.

Older (and supposed wiser) Hollywood
personalities could certainly take a leaf
out of Johnnie’s book on how to be hon-
estly cooperative as well as helpful children.

was Father Morrison’s comment when he
was asked what will happen when Johnnie
is billed next fall into Ciro’s night club,
right across from the one he runs, the
Manna Love You.” As a result they’ve
my daughter as Mrs. Johnnie Ray,” he
laughed. We got a chuckle, too, out
Bob Crosby when he was chiding Johnnie’s
popularity over the Club 15 radio show.

“When you have a voice,” Bob said, “you
get a recording contract. But when you
cry you get a million dollars.”

Fan Stuff:

Doris Day’s radio show continues to be
one of the most popular singing programs
on the air. Her “Guy Is a Guy” Columbia
recording is holding up surprisingly well.

Strictly for laughs is Louis Prima’s “The
Bigger the Figure,” out on the Columbia
label. It’s a comic satire based on an aria
from “The Barber of Seville” and is backed
by “Boney Bones,” with the lyrics
written by Prima himself.

Columbia is reissuing “Rockin’ Chair,”
with the late Mildred Bailey’s famous blues
rendition of the lyrics which was first
recorded ‘way back in June, 1937. This
will be the first time the record will have
been available in eight years. Orchestra-
tion is by Red Norvo, to whom Mildred
was then married. On the track is Mild-
red’s “Give Me Time,” which has been
revived on so many discs recently.

The Lancers quartet, whom you’re hear-
ing on Capitol’s “The Man with Two
Wait;” pieces” and “I May Hate Myself in
the Morning,” are UCLA boys who began
singing in church choirs to gain experi-
ence. Also on Capitol are Donny Mo-
cambe and other Southern California night
spots, Kay Starr asked them to join her
act at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas.
She then had them back her on her “I
Wanna Love You.” As a result they’ve
been signed to an exclusive five-year con-
tact by Capitol. You’ll see them around,
too, guesting on all sorts of TV and na-
tional radio shows.

Martha Carson, who’s out with “I Wanna
Rest” and “Old Blind Barnabuss,” has been
signed for a permanent spot on Grand Ole
 Opry (NBC). Frankie Laine, Jo Stafford
and Spike Jones are all booked for Euro-
pean tours this summer. Danny Kaye will
be entertaining the troops. Vic Damone,
now in Germany, expects to be discharged
from the Army by fall. Andrews sisters
Patti, LaVerne and Maxine returned from
Honolulu last of April. Trio’s “Why Worry”
should push their record sales up to the
25,000,000 mark.

George Ra’s “Gentle Hands” was written
by a thirty-five-year-old blind
western and hillbilly singer, Leon Payne.
Payne met his wife at a school for the
blind and the couple has two children.
This is the second of his songs to be sung
by a popular recording artist—the first
was by Jan Garber and was called “Love.”

Capitol out with the Jane Froman album
of “This Is My Song” based on her life story,
“With a Song In My Heart.” Album has the same name.

Ray Anthony’s recording of “You’re
Driving Me Crazy,” for Capitol, which
sounds like nothing a trumpet ever
sounded like before, was made possible
when a curtain was drawn between the orchestra and the microphones, with just Ray’s trumpet sticking out of it. An echo
mike did the rest. “Trumpet Boogie,” fea-
turing five trumpets with his on, top, isn’t
quite so—well, startling.

On the classical side, George Copeland
has just recorded “Modern French and
Spanish Piano Music” to take its place in
musical libraries alongside his “Geor-
ge Copeland Plays Debussy and Spanish
Piano Music.” Copeland, although an
American, has lived most of his life in
France or Majorca and, therefore, has
a tremendous background in the field
of Spanish and French musical masterpieces.

What You Shouldn’t Miss:

MGM’s pop packaging of Art Mooney’s
“The Blacksmith Blues,” Fran Warren’s
“I Hear a Rhapsody,” and Peter and
Bill Hayes, and “That’s the Chance
You Take,” with Ted Strayer. Back side
of long-playing platter has Alan Dean’s
“Enchanted (But Be Mine),” in case
you missed it as a single record.

“Singin’ In the Rain,” recorded off the
sound track from the Gene Kelly–Debbie
Russolito–Don Daunt, MGM film by MGM.

Joseph Battista’s “Favorite Piano En-
cores,” being released under the MGM
label. He stopped off in New York long
enough to record the album before he
started a grand tour of South America.

“The Months,” composed by Tchaikovsky,
recorded by Morton Gould for Columbia.
A suite of twelve short piano pieces which
are delightful.
Spinning?

Three twelve-inch long-playing records by Columbia known simply as "The Bix Beiderbecke Story." These recordings were made as singles between 1927 and 1929 just before Bix died at twenty-seven.

Single Records You Should Get:
If you own 10, you're groovy; 8, you're learning; 6, where are you putting that allowance, in your stomach?

1. Decca's "You Go To My Head" and "Lover," sung by Peggy Lee.
2. "Kiss of Fire," with Les Brown, on the Coral label. Are you lovesick? This will kill or cure.
5. "Am I In Love" and "Wing Ding" (Capitol), with Jane Russell and Bob Hope having fun. You should and will listen.
6. Larry Douglas, with Ray Bloch's orchestra, for Coral, with "Never Let Her Go" and "Black, Black, Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair." Folk songs sung well.
10. "Somewhere Along the Way," Columbia's Tony Bennett, the newest object of CG (current generation) heart-throbs.

SKIRTS with texture interest fashioned for you by Greta Gray

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KYW’S Bill Givens is a

BIG CITY Farmer

Long after most Philadelphians have bedded down for the night, and the last weary straggler from the late poker game stumbles upstairs with shoes in hand—over at Bala Cynwyd, coffee starts perking and an electric razor begins to hum. That’s where Bill Givens and family stake out, and 3:45 A.M. is rise-and-shine time for the KYW radio star.

Bill has to get up on time to be behind the mike at five-thirty, when his Farm Hour program hits the air. Popular with both farm folk and city people, Givens talks to farmers, spins pop platters, exchanges gags with his buddy, Gene Graves, and gives time and weather announcements. He learned the ropes of farm broadcasting back in 1947, when he joined the staff of WGY, Schenectady.

Literally raised in radio, Bill has been on the air for sixteen years, though he is only twenty-nine years old. He started with recorded commercials for a New York State Ford distributor at the age of thirteen, and was a full-time announcer in Elmira, New York, two years later.

It was station WENY in Elmira which figured in many of the important events in Bill’s life. His dad was the promotion manager of the station, and it was a program on WENY which got him an audition with a Syracuse station in 1941. To top off the chain of circumstances revolving around Elmira’s station, Bill met Connie Mowchan there, when he was home on leave from the Marines. She was the boss’s new secretary, and is now Mrs. Givens.

Billy (Jr.) Givens seems to be following in his daddy’s footsteps. The four-year-old has already made his radio debut on his father’s program, often commenting on county fairs and the like, giving his kid’s eye view, and until a few months ago appeared on a local TV moppet show once a week. He’s been retired for a while, though, because his parents felt it was too much for him. Connie and her two Bills are a happy threesome, who share work and play together. Their big dream is to be able to have a farm of their own some day. Until they can manage it, Bill will remain a Big City Farmer.
One of these women has discovered a wonderful complexion secret...

She's washing her face... Like many women, she's simply washing with soap and water in the ordinary way—carelessly. If that's what you're doing—stop! You could be doing so much better.

She's getting a lovelier complexion... By washing properly with Palmolive Soap, she's giving herself gentle beauty care proved by 36 skin specialists to bring softer, smoother, younger-looking skin.

Palmolive Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!

Yes, Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Are you one of those women who could be getting far lovelier skin with just a mere change in the way you wash your face?

The very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Within 11 days you'll have a complexion that's softer, smoother, younger looking. 36 leading skin specialists in 1285 tests proved that the Palmolive Beauty Plan brings most women lovelier complexions.

Next time you wash your face, try this way: Gently massage Palmolive's mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Do this 3 times a day. Palmolive's rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings out beauty while it cleans your skin.

So Mild... So Pure... So Right For All of You.

Palmolive Soap Makes Every Bath a Beauty Bath.
Have you a tropic glow like Kathryn Grayson?

Woodbury face powder makes you radiant, too!

Kathryn Grayson’s lovely summer skin is sumptuously aglow with Woodbury Tropic Tan. You will have this siren sheen, too, when you wear fragrant Woodbury Powder! There’s a just-right shade for every skin, thanks to Woodbury’s secret color blending process. A special ingredient makes it cling longer, look smoother – never “powdery”. New big 50¢ size ... also 15¢, 30¢, $1.00 (prices plus tax).

woodbury tinted cream make-up... glowing shades to complement your Woodbury Powder. Veils lines, blemishes. Not drying, not greasy. Perfect! 43¢, plus tax.

More beautiful women use Woodbury — why don’t you?

Information Booth

(Continued)

Search for Tomorrow

Dear Editor:
Would you please send me all the information you have on the girl who plays Joanne Barron on Search for Tomorrow over TV?

D.W., New Castle, Pa.

Mary Stuart, who plays the role of Joanne Barron, was born in Miami, Florida, on July 4, 1926. The family later moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where Mary attended Central High School and Tulsa University. Ever since her childhood days, Mary has been active in dramatics. She organized a children’s theatre group during high school and college, presented charity plays, and did Saturday morning radio programs over KOME, Tulsa. When she was seventeen, she sang and acted in a USO troupe, touring camps in the Midwest and Southwest. At nineteen, Mary headed for New York to get some theatrical training, but landed as a camera girl in the Roosevelt Hotel Grill instead. Joe Pasternak of MGM discovered her there, and brought her to Hollywood under contract. After several years in Hollywood, Mary returned to New York and TV. In August, 1951, she was married to Richard Krolik, TV producer-director.

Autry Town

Dear Editor:
What was the original name of the town named after Gene Autry, and what state is it in?

W.S., Butte, Mont.

Gene Autry, Oklahoma, was formerly the town of Berwyn.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there’s something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio-TV Mirror, 265 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.
When Igor Gorin was attending the Vienna Conservatory, his friends dubbed him the Viennese Cowboy. But, Gorin, whose cowboy songs were a “must” at every student party, did not hail from the great plains of Texas. Far from it—he is a native of the Ukraine in Russia.

Igor’s interest in the American cowboy stemmed from the imported films he saw and the cowboy songs he heard frequently during his boyhood. From the time he heard his first cowboy melody, Igor was an avid collector of Western Americana. His greatest dream was to come to the United States someday, and actually visit a ranch, and ride the prairie.

While he was still a student in Vienna, he heard the ranting of Adolf Hitler for the first time, and suddenly he knew that it was time for him to journey to the New World.

Gorin arrived in New York with little more than his beautiful voice to see him through. He had little money and could speak but a few words of English, but his voice was enough. In a few months, he was booked into the Roxy Theatre as a featured singer in the stage show. A ten-week NBC program followed, and Igor began to realize that this really was the land of opportunity.

Success followed success for Gorin. From NBC, he went to California, where he was featured for three years on the Hollywood Hotel show. He also obtained a contract with MGM, for whom he made his first movie, “Broadway Melody of 1938.” Gorin was one of the first concert stars to set the precedent of including cowboy songs in his program, and these songs are still his favorites.

Whenever radio and concert engagements give him a breather, Igor and his Ohio-born wife, Mary, head west for the Emerald Valley Ranch in Colorado, where Igor ropes and ties as well as any professional cowpuncher.

He has come a long way since he became an American citizen, but the biggest part of his success story, for Igor, is that he has been able to live in the nation which so captured his imagination as a child, and be truly a “Yankee”—Western style.

Only one soap gives your skin this
Exciting Bouquet

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

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible “fragrance men love”—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!
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 cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and shining. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the natural beauty of your hair.

The three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.
The Riggs house has been standing for over one hundred years.

W

JZ's Glenn Riggs has a theory about life. He believes every man should have one special place to hang his hat and his heart, after the harrying workaday chores are done. And for Glenn—who emcees his own show, Kitchen Capers, in addition to being one of the busiest announcers in radio—that place is one of the loveliest and most love-filled homes in this or any town.

In Roslyn Harbor, Long Island, on Bryant Avenue—named for the late poet, whose old house is next door to the Riggs home—Glenn has found the ideal spot for his own special place. Here, with his wife and their two children, a pet English bull, and plenty of water to fish in, Glenn is at peace with the world.

Every man's house is his castle—and Glenn's really looks like one. But Glenn, himself, would be the first to tell you it's the people living in it who make it home.

Glenn's Castle

The Riggs family like to spend summer evenings out on the back veranda. Smiling out over the rail are Mother Laird, Glenn, his wife Elizabeth, Glenn, Jr., and Elizabeth, Jr. At left, a corner of the Riggs's cheerful living room.
Slim, cool and lovely

These tempting dishes help you keep both weight and temperature DOWN

By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR

It's during these sweltering midsummer days that we are most likely to upset our entire diet. With heat, humidity and humanity for an excuse, we neglect well-balanced meals for high-calorie temptations such as sweet drinks, sherbet and ice cream, bottled soda ice-cold from the refrigerator, late evening drives into the country for hamburgers with French-fries and a frosted on the side.

Human beings do mighty foolish things. Dieters shun a whipped cream sundae in the winter, but the fact that it's cold makes it seem all right in the summer. A high-calorie food is still as fattening but, worse, the extra calories increase our body temperature, and summer is the time we least need extra heat.

Everyone, fat or slender, requires certain basic foods daily and it's foolish to forego them for any length of time, heat or no heat. But the person reducing has limited herself to particular low-calorie foods, essential and convenient to prepare. These can be made into decorative, cooling dishes, as appealing as a sundae.

Cottage cheese, for example, offers many possibilities. Plump it into the center of half a honeydew melon, garnish with seedless green grapes, peaked with a bright cherry, and you have a dish which might be served proudly at a bridge luncheon. Delicious fresh fruits are so plentiful now that you can vary this dish a dozen different ways. And don't forget cottage cheese is a perfect base for summer vegetables—chopped scallions, radishes, carrots, celery, and such.

Switching to eggs, a basic, beneficial food for everyone, here is a quick, low-calorie salad which should do for six. Combine three cups of shredded cabbage, one-half cup of chopped celery, a diced carrot, and green pepper and tomato. Add one tablespoon of grated onion, one teaspoon of salt, a dash of pepper, teaspoon of sugar, one tablespoon of lemon juice and tablespoons of reducing salad dressing. Place this in center of platter and surround with six sliced, chilled, hard-cooked eggs.

The reducing salad dressing is made of one-half cup of skim milk (lightly salted), one teaspoon of onion juice, one tablespoon each of lemon juice or vinegar, minced parsley, and minced pimento, plus a sprinkle of paprika. Shake well and serve fresh.

There are dozens of other low-calorie salads, enough for the entire summer: Aspic, apricot and grapefruit, molded pineapple ring, orange-pineapple-strawberry, ham, lobster, shrimp, just to mention a few.

Jellied consomme, a summer favorite, is especially low in calories. And remember that ordinary consomme, with little effort, can be made into jellied tomato or chicken consomme. Fruit cups, cantaloupe balls, and orange ambrosia are low-calorie sweets which may serve as appetizers or desserts.

Beverages are of extra importance to us during hot months, which presents a real problem for the dieter addicted to various bottled sodas. An average bottle is just about the equivalent of a small piece of candy, which you would probably turn down. The sugar content makes you just as hot as the candy would—and just as fat.

Most punches are unusually high in calories. Recommended drinks are lemonade or limeade (sweetened with saccharin) and low-calorie fruit juices.

This, of course, is the time of the year when overweight people are most uncomfortable. The heat is much harder on them and exercise is difficult, if not impossible. There should be plenty of incentive for calorie-counting. You'll feel and look a lot better for it.
EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents...shift-free driving...soapless detergents. And...

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women — and men too — who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say... "At last!... this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply...FREE

5-Day Laboratories, Box #1001
New York, New York

Enclosed find 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME: ________________________________
ADDRESS: ____________________________
CITY: ________ ZONE: ______ STATE: ____

Paid $1.00 for extras in 30 days

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 25½% tax on other deodorants, pay only 2¢ on 25c size...4¢ on 50c size...6¢ on $1.00 size
Do you want Ingrid Bergman in the movies again? The future career of this great star rests in your hands. You, America's movie-goers, will make the final decision! Write your answer, YES or NO, on the coupon contained in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY. Ingrid and Hollywood want your answer! Don't fail to send in your coupon!

Extra! Choose Your Star!

Here again, as last year, when PHOTOPLAY readers helped boost Mitzi Gaynor, Tony Curtis, Pier Angeli and many more to stardom, is your big opportunity to make new selections for stardom. You are your own talent scout. Pick from over 60 newcomers in this issue—shown in 14 full-color pictures and 30 other glamorous photographs—your choice for top Hollywood billing. Help your favorites by sending PHOTOPLAY the coupon included in this issue.

OTHER OUTSTANDING ATTRACTIONS IN AUGUST PHOTOPLAY INCLUDE STORIES AND PICTURES ABOUT:

Esther Williams  Audie Murphy
Debbie Reynolds  John Derek
Gene Kelly  and many more stars

Don't miss this great issue!

AGAINT THE STORM As Siri, the daughter of Professor Allen, becomes absorbed once again into the activities which concern Harper's faculty, new influences combine to help her put her husband's sudden death behind her. How will Mr. Monroe, of the English department, affect her life... and how will Siri in her turn affect the life of young Hugo Wilson, whose girl Adelaide cannot understand how her fiance feels about education? M-F, 10:45 A.M., EDT, ABC.

AUNT JENNY One of Aunt Jenny's recent stories took liberties with an old adage when it told of a case in which a mother did not know best. When Carol Baxter, only sixteen, fell in love with nineteen-year-old Lancey Smith, Carol's mother was doubtful, recalling a romance of her own youth in which she had suffered a good deal. But was Lancey the same kind of boy as Mrs. Baxter's unworthy beau... or was Carol right about him? M-F, 12:15 P.M., EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Broadway star Larry Noble, separated from his wife Mary by the machinations of wealthy Rupert Barlow, was about to see Mary to try to clear himself of Barlow's charges when he was kidnapped. At last, however, he believes he has proof that Rupert was behind the kidnapping. With this evidence, can Larry persuade Mary to listen to his defense and call off her divorce plans? M-F, 4 P.M., EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER The past months have been hard for Dr. John Wayne, so hard that his wife Ruth has reason to wonder, once or twice, if he has not actually welcomed his serious bout of pneumonia as a way of resting for a time from other pressures. Who can help Ruth to guide John back to a healthy emotional state as he continues despondent, though physically improved? Will Dr. Roger Marlowe do harm rather than the good he intends? M-F, 1 P.M., EDT, CBS.

THE BRIGHTER DAY In spite of the paralysis, caused by an accident, that confines Althea Dennis to a wheelchair, she cannot make those around her treat her as an overwhelmingly tragic figure. Her father's calmness, the housekeeper Franny's shrewdness, and particularly the matter-of-fact attitude of young Dr. Holden infuriate Althea, as they try to make her see life is not over for her. Will Larry Race be the victim of her frustration? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Young Julie Palmer unexpectedly finds herself an important person in her community by virtue of her husband's profession. Dan is a doctor, and because people have a way of making doctors their confidants, Julie learns a good deal about the troubles of those around her. In her own way she is often able to give as much help and comfort as Dan himself... but sometimes even Julie makes a mistake. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Reporter David Farrell and his wife Sally stumble over an unusually complicated set of circumstances when they become involved in "The Interrupted Wedding Murder Case," which begins when the murder of the bride's father makes a shocking interruption to a June wedding. What of the missing wedding gift, alleged to contain a vast sum of money? And what of the murderer, lost in what amounts to a sea of suspects? M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT As Meta and Joe Roberts approach the very brink of divorce as the result of the unflagging refusal of Joe's daughter Cathy to accept Meta as a stepmother, Cathy's own problems begin to pyramid. Is Joe right in insisting that Cathy's mistakes would have been made even if Meta had never come into her life? Is there any hope for Meta's marriage if she continues to blame herself for Cathy's unhappiness? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.
Hilltop House. The episode of young Marcia's cheating during an examination has had violent repercussions as she plans, and very nearly executes, a dramatic revenge against the teacher who caught her. Will Reed Nixon at last admit that his adopted daughter is something more serious than merely a spoiled child? And how will Julie Paterno manage the increasing emotional tension generated by Dr. Jeff's younger brother? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Just Plain Bill. Bill Davidson watches with anxiety the curious circumstances that appear to be binding together two dissimilar families in Hartville. What connection can there be between wealthy Sidney Chadwick and his son and the poor farm woman, Hannah Brooks, and her daughter? Is there some secret lost in the past to explain the relationship? Can Bill be of any help in preventing a tragedy? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

Life Can Be Beautiful. Papa David has taught his adopted daughter Chichi many ways to create happiness for herself against the pressure of outside circumstances, but even Papa David knew that Chichi's greatest happiness would not come until she fell in love. Now at last he sees the girl he loves radiant and happy in her engagement to Martin Walker. Will the Vandenbush family affairs straighten out as a wedding present for Chichi? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

Lone Journey. Lansing McKenzie's lonely excursion, which he intended to mark the end of his life with Sidney, is halted by a curious complication when he looks up an old Army friend, Jack O'Neill, and discovers what a strange, almost eerie person Jack has become. Jack's stunning blonde wife, Eva, attempting to explain her husband's apparent change of heart, further convinces Lansing that something most strange is taking place in his friend's life. M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, ABC.

Lorenzo Jones. How can Lorenzo keep his mind on his work at Jim Barker's garage when right there in town, in the Carmichael home, is a secret passage-way that he is certain leads to buried treasure? Ever since Lorenzo removed a picture for Mrs. Carmichael and discovered the passage, he has been busy inventing schemes and treasure finders which—he keeps telling Belle—cannot fail to unearth the treasure. Or can they? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, ABC.

Ma Perkins. Mathilda Pendleton sets into motion events she can no longer control, when her suit for divorce against Augustus starts making changes in several lives. For instance, Amy McKenzie, who insisted that she and Augustus were good friends but would never be husband and wife, well, Amy might be changing her mind about that. And Ma, set against divorce though she is, is wondering too, about one thing and another. M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Rabbit eye tests prove Zonite's absolute safety to body tissues in hygiene

The membranes of a rabbit's eye are far more delicate than those in the vaginal tract. Zonite was put directly into rabbits' eyes twice daily for three months. Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicde for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet safe to tissues!

Young wives should not experiment with this vital problem

In this modern age, most women realize how important complete feminine hygiene (including internal cleanliness) is to health, married happiness, after their periods and to prevent offensive odors.

Young wives are no longer forced to experiment or rely on 'guesswork' about what to use in their douches. Gone forever are the days of poisonous and caustic antiseptics! A foolproof rule to follow is to use a germicide in your douche which can be accidentally swallowed with safety. A perfect solution is Zonite. It is a powerful germicide yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Zonite should forever clear away any doubts and confusion of what to use in your douche because: no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to body tissues!

In Zonite women have an antiseptic that completely solves their most pressing and intimate problem.

Worns Against Use of Vinegar.

The modern well-informed woman would never think of resorting to weak homemade solutions of vinegar for her douche. Would you use vinegar as a deodorant? Of course not! Would you pour vinegar over a cut and expect germicide protection? Of course not! Vinegar and many other preparations have their use for the household. But certainly no intelligent woman should use such homemade makeshift solutions for the most intimate concern of her life.

The modern woman deserves a special, scientifically correct product for her douche. And she has it in Zonite.

Zonite's Miracle-Action

Zonite completely deodorizes, it cleanses and flushes away odor-causing waste substances and deposits, Zonite helps prevent infection and kills every germ it reaches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure Zonite instantly kills every reachable germ. Zonite can be used as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury!

Zonite

NEW! Mail coupon for free book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-82, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.*

Name
Address
City, State
*Offer good only in U.S. and Canada

© 1952, Z.P.C.
MARY MARLIN

Joe Marlin has been called upon to play the most dangerous game in which an American can become involved—that of pretending to be one of his country's enemies while in reality he is one of its most loyal citizens. Will he be able to maintain the delicate balance of his position between the FBI and the subversive groups who claim him? Will Mary's help and loyalty give him the strength he needs to come through? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, ABC.

OUR GAL SUNDAY

Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry, are delighted when young Robert Hunter arrives to claim the inheritance left by his father, Myron, who was murdered by his greedy wife, Christine. But they are dismayed when Robert reveals his intention of giving away what he calls 'tainted money.' Will he succeed in getting Audrey West to take it? Proving his cynical theory that no woman can resist taking money? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Badly injured during the capture of Gil, Pepper lies for many weeks in Elmhwood Hospital, while his family tries to keep hoping he will pull through. It is unfortunate in many ways that Pepper's wife Linda is a nurse in Elmhwood Hospital, for during a delirious period Pepper revealed some hidden thoughts that have shocked his wife so deeply that there may be an important change in their whole relationship. M-F, 3:30 P.M. NBC.

PERRY MASON

Loneliness is a sad, dreary state, and people suffering from it have been known to do foolish things. Perry Mason becomes involved with an organization that manipulates the loneliness of its victims for its own gain. What will happen as he follows the queer, tangled chain of events which begins to unwind as fate puts one small lead into Perry's curious hands? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

Proud as she is of her husband, Miles, Carolyn Nelson sometimes wonders if things wouldn't have worked out better if he had never become governor of the state. His health in serious jeopardy from a bullet wound, his character under fire, Miles now faces one of the most trying ordeals of his life. And in spite of her great courage and ingenuity, Carolyn fears the forces against them may be too powerful. M-F, 3:45 P.M., EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE

As Conrad Overton's trail of wrongdoing, which extends far back over the years, comes dangerously close to exposure, the one relationship he prizes seems also to be tottering—that with his daughter Sybil. Will Dr. Jim Brent and his friend, Frank Dana, bring Overton to a stop before some dreadful tragedy occurs? Will Jim be able to save Jocelyn, the girl he loves? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TREN'T

Who is behind the well-organized campaign of slander and persecution directed against Hollywood gown designer Helen Tren't? Is it the wealthy Ogden Bailey, trying to protect their son Barclay from Helen, whom they believe to be a conscienceless fortune hunter? Is it Cynthia, who knows her estranged husband, Gil Whitney, loves Helen? Or is it the neurotic Lydia Bailey, wife of Helen's boss? How can Helen protect herself? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY

As Bill Roberts' trial for the murder of Blanche Weatherby encounters legal complications, Rosemary's endurance is stretched to the breaking point. No help seems possible, for though Agnes Wilson, mother of the dead woman, holds a secret that could free Bill, she is neurotically adament in her desire to make him suffer for a crime he did not commit. Will Eddie Miles be Bill's key to freedom? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON

As Stan's serious illness prolongs itself, Terry bows to financial necessity and moves back to Mother Burton's house. She knows her life will be made unbearable by her mother-in-law's constant efforts to undermine her marriage, but for the sake of Stan and her children she steels herself to bear it. However, a shocking development in Stan's illness suddenly puts Terry in a most suspicious light. M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS

Wealthy, eccentric Jared Sloane, Stella's neighbor, seems not to realize that his young secretary, Emily Calvert, is in love with him. Stella, trying to help this girl, who is a former schoolmate of her daughter Laurel's, wonders how to keep Jared from being deceived by the man who is supposed to be his friend, Eric Tyler. What is the connection between Tyler and Muriel Drake, who obviously wants Jared's money? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS

Rivalry between two women controls the fate of the new show written by playwright Gary Bennett. Will the feminine lead be played by experienced Cecily Lockwood, who has starred in Gary's previous successes? Or will it be Gary's young ward, Evelyn Winters, whose recent Broadway debut was strikingly brilliant? When Gary makes his choice, will he also be choosing between the two women who love him? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, ABC.
WENDY WARREN  Was it Hollywood, the actress Maggie Fallon, or something in Mark himself that caused his promising picture-writing contract to fall apart into such a distressing shambles? Wendy, who knows now that she should not have allowed her work to divide her from Mark, cannot help wondering if, at bottom, he really didn't love her enough to want to hurry their marriage. What can happen to them now? M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES  Endeavoring to disentangle his life from his damaging association with Claire O'Brien, Harry Davis sends his wife Joan to Paris with their children to have her out of the way of scandal he cannot hope to avoid. The effect on Joan is far deeper than Harry suspects. What will happen to her in Paris, as she tries to save her sister's marriage—and worries about her own? When Harry tells her the truth, will it be too late? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT, ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE  Young Virginia Carter made a bid for independence and the pursuit of happiness when she decided to move from the family home and room with Caroline Wilson. But she may have been manufacturing something besides happiness for herself, for the progress of her romance with Stan is far from smooth. Stan's individual view of life—and his previous entanglements—make those who love Virginia wonder if he is the right man. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE  If Sam Williams begins to crack up under the pressure exerted by Gillette, can his son Gene help by fighting Gillette, or will Gene's antagonism only make things worse at the plant for everyone? Meanwhile, in New York, Jerry Malone tries to keep out of the family problems of Mary Browne Horton, though there are times when he would like to give Mary's husband Ernest, an undiluted piece of his mind. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN  The difficulties encountered by Dr. Anthony Lor-ing in trying to prove his long-ago first marriage was annulled have so discouraged him that he learns to have lost hope of ever marrying Ellen Brown. Is this then the reason why Ellen, hurt and confused, accepts the romantic attentions of Dudley Collins? Or is there another reason for Ellen's interest in Collins, who is supposed to be investigating the old marriage and annulment? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, ABC.


Send in coupon today. Beauty's subscription rate is $4 for 6 months or $6 for 1 year. Use this coupon for subscriptions sent to friends (not to be returned). M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.


Send in coupon today. Beauty's subscription rate is $4 for 6 months or $6 for 1 year. Use this coupon for subscriptions sent to friends (not to be returned). M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.


Send in coupon today. Beauty's subscription rate is $4 for 6 months or $6 for 1 year. Use this coupon for subscriptions sent to friends (not to be returned). M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.
Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

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

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here's the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

*Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.*

**Congratulations, LADIES FAIR!**

(Continued from page 23) one on the same footing, level the pretensions of the high and mighty, build up the nerve of the timid and, in accomplishing this, give everyone a good laugh.

My thanks to all who sent in entries, and my congratulations to the winners of the following prizes:

- **The gas range**
  - Mrs. Ray Schalk
  - Louisville, Kentucky

- **Three-piece bedroom set**
  - Mrs. Keith Mong
  - American Falls, Idaho

- **Lady's gold watch**
  - Mrs. Lawrence E. Ford
  - Portland, Oregon

- **Tank-type vacuum cleaner**
  - Mrs. Hathaway Goraline
  - Indianapolis, Indiana

- **Year's supply of cosmetics**
  - Mrs. Margaret Hopwood
  - Buffalo, New York

- **Five-piece aluminum ware**
  - Mrs. Frank P. Sweet
  - Bakersfield, California

- **Two-quart pressure pan**
  - Mrs. Geroy T. Anderson
  - Minneapolis, Minnesota

- **Automatic electric toaster**
  - Mrs. George Prusoff
  - Miami, Florida

- **Deep-fat fryer**
  - Mrs. Paul Schumacher
  - Youngstown, Ohio

- **Cigarette lighters**
  - Esther Starrette
  - Mansfield, Pennsylvania
  - Mrs. W. N. Sorensen
  - Fresno, California
  - Mrs. J. F. Nicholson
  - Fort Worth, Texas
  - Mrs. Earl Brewer
  - Chehalis, Washington
  - Donna Neckers
  - Clymer, New York

- **Three-pair sets of nylons**
  - Mrs. Roscoe R. Smith
  - Hampshire, Illinois
  - Myrtle Holden
  - Laramie, Wyoming
  - Joyce Conrad
  - Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania
  - Mrs. Wm. Herbert Smith
  - Talladega, Alabama
  - Mrs. Carl Ross
  - Calhoun, Kentucky

- **Bottles of perfume**
  - Rose B. Debs
  - Poughkeepsie, New York
  - Mrs. Carroll Evans Smith
  - Green Bay, Wisconsin
  - Mrs. J. E. Fisher
  - New Cumberland, West Virginia
  - Terri Endresen
  - Duluth, Minnesota
  - Erin O'Hara
  - Detroit, Michigan
Anything can—and does—happen when the Breakfast Club goes on tour. But nothing is ever too much for Don McNeill’s gang.

Don interviews his wife, Kay—who was mighty happy after they'd finished that ride to Springfield, Massachusetts!

By JERI WILLIAMS

As every listener knows, the Breakfast Club gang is like one big happy family. And taking a family on a trip across the country—just ask any mother of a brood—is a hazardous undertaking. So many things happen just because the group is in strange surroundings, living among new people, things that just never seem to happen at home. Then, too, this is such a large family, and each individual has his or her own way of getting in and out of situations. Aside from Don McNeill himself, there’s Sam Cowling, Fran...
(Aunt Fanny) Allison, Patsy Lee, Johnny Desmond, Eddie Ballantine, producer Cliff Petersen, engineer Jimmy Daugherty, secretary Mary Canny, the announcers, and Don's wife, Kay McNeill. All these made up the small clan which took the Breakfast Club on its recent tour, beginning with a first show in Boston, then a broadcast from Hartford, Connecticut, the very next morning.

It never fails, of course. Whenever a trip is planned, at least one member of the family has some sort of ailment which makes everyone doubt the sanity of taking him or her along. And the Breakfast Club was no exception. When they left Chicago, Kay McNeill had a small back ailment. So, before she left, she saw the doctor and the doctor said to take it easy—he'd tape her back so that she'd be as comfortable as possible, but she was to avoid any strain on it. Don had misgivings about her going at all, but had about as much luck as most husbands in trying to persuade his wife. She wound up persuading him.

After the show in Boston, Don had some business to attend to in Springfield, Massachusetts, so he and Kay decided to rent a car, drive to Springfield and meet the cast in Hartford later that day. The car they rented turned out to be a long, black limousine, chauffeur-driven—because neither of the McNeills knew Eastern roads. When Kay saw the length of the back seat, she decided she'd be more comfortable sitting up straight in the front seat with the driver.

They settled themselves and started out. In a few minutes, Kay was looking back nervously over her shoulder at Don. Something was radically wrong. The car was jerking along—seemed to be running out of...
gas one moment, then riding smoothly the next. The next instant, it was running out of gas again. But it didn't take Kay long to discover what the trouble was. The driver was a very short man and he was simply having difficulty reaching the gas pedal with his foot, although the seat had been moved forward as far as it would go. He told them he'd stop and get a cushion at the next town.

However, they were now getting onto the highway and time was precious. So Kay got the bright notion that, being a fairly tall girl, she could reach the gas pedal easily with her left foot and handle the matter of feeding gas to the car for the rest of the trip. Which she did very efficiently, and the McNeills arrived in Springfield in even finer fashion than they had anticipated. What's more, when they got out of the car, Kay gave a squeal of delight: "Don—my back! It feels great. The pain's completely gone."

She thanked the driver profusely and told him that, if it hadn't been for him, she would probably have gone about crippled for the rest of the trip. Poor fellow, it's doubtful if he understood a word of what she was talking about. Whatever had been wrong with Kay's back must have gone back into place when she stretched out her left leg. A cure which Kay could hardly have effected by remaining at home!

One thing about the Breakfast Club gang which makes Don particularly proud is the way they always stick together and help each other whenever there are any problems or troubles. (Continued on page 88)
These are the precious things I feel that Evelyn Winters is missing, the worthwhile treasures which fill my arms and make my world wonderful: My son Darnay, my husband Bill (Elwood Hoffman), my daughter Toni.
My life is simply perfect

Bill's a writer—which turned out to be a lucky break for me, because that's how and why we met. He also happens to be my idea of a perfect husband and father. What's more, the man can really cook!

Being a busy actress is exciting, but being a mother—also very busy—is the most fun of all.

As Evelyn Winters, Toni Darnay seeks glamour and romance.

But, in real life, Toni's already found it—and happiness, too!

by Toni Darnay

Although my name is really Toni Darnay, for almost eight years I've been answering to the name of Evelyn Winters every afternoon, and sometimes even in the grocery markets on Saturdays, my day off. Evelyn Winters is the main character in The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters and I've come to know her intimately and well. She's a wealthy young orphan who longs for glamour and romance, all the time consumed with a secret love for her guardian, Gary. And there are times when my heart aches to have Evelyn learn the simple secrets of happiness—secrets which, as Toni Darnay, I could reveal to her.

For one thing, I'd have Evelyn happily marry a wonderful man like Elwood (Bill) Hoffman, my husband, and then I'd give her two lively children who would keep her from ever being sorry for (Continued on page 71)

The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters—on ABC, M-F, 3:45 P.M., for Philip Morris. Just Plain Bill—NBC, M-F, 5 P.M., for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. Both EDT.
Today, Jane Nigh (of TV's Big Town) and her husband John (of the U.S. Navy) are glad indeed that—though their first date was "blind"—their hearts were not.

THE KIND OF
MY TRUE STORY

"Why don't you marry me?" Bill's lips asked the question as his eyes told me once again, with all the tenderness which was part of him, that he loved me. Why? I asked myself the question which had kept me awake through dark nights, searching my soul, searching the past for an answer. . . . When I was eighteen (now I'm twenty-four) I had fallen in love with Ralph. It was a mad, wonderful, gay courtship. As gay as the crowds which filled the stadium to see Ralph race, as wonderful as the quiet when the race was over, as mad as the speed at which he drove around dangerous curves, past reckless opponents. His gifts were lavish orchids just to say he was thinking of me, passionate notes to confirm the love we'd whispered to each other but an hour before, theatre tickets so we could sit and hold hands. Then came the day when the wheels turned faster, as Ralph and his famous rival, Jack Jones, fought it out on the speedway and Ralph lost—lost not only the race, but his life, as well. In my blind grief, it seemed to me that all feeling, all life had truly left me there in the instant of that crash. Within a year, I learned to paint my face with a smile which hid my aching heart, to conceal the waves of emotion that swept over me at the mere mention of his name. It was during this period that I met Bill. Nearly five years had passed, with sweet, understanding Bill paying court, wooing me in his calm, staid way. He was head accountant in a shipping office, a position he'd worked steadily to obtain. . . . I stirred restlessly, as I leaned back against him. Slowly I said: "Bill, for ages now I've been asking myself why I won't marry you. You are the kindest, most generous man I know. You'd make some girl a good husband. But I'm not sure about—well, about us." "Joan," he whispered softly against my ear, "let me say only one thing to you. Against the excitement of a roaring crowd, I offer you a home; against the stimulation of a race run against death, I offer you love and, ultimately, children with their joys and sorrows. Can these compete with shadowy memory and bring you happiness?" In that moment, I knew. Perhaps, had Ralph lived, I might have been so blinded by daily thrills that the good things of life might have been forever denied me. A true excitement rushed through me as I turned to Bill and answered, simply, "Yes."

My True Story is heard on ABC, M-F, 10 A.M. EDT, for Bayer Aspirin and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Popular radio-television players Vicki Vola and Chester Stratton are pictured here as Joan and Bill in this story.
JOHNNIE RAY'S life story

He stirs the hearts of others
because his own heart has been so
deeply stirred—searching from
childhood for the answer
each man must find for himself

by Gladys Hall

"Never a girl I was in love with," he says, "until
Marilyn Morrison came along!" Now she's Mrs. Johnnie Ray.

A LITTLE barefoot boy of five, slender and serious, climbed up on the dining-room table, an old oak table in a spacious, comfortable farmhouse located in the countryside near Dallas, Oregon. On the radio, Kate Smith was singing "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" and the small boy, pirouetting around the table, sang it with her. Sang with tears in his eyes and in his voice.

In the farmhouse dining room, the small boy's only audience was his mother and his nine-year-old sister, Elma. Listening to him, there were tears in their eyes, too. And, when the song was done, hugs and kisses were showered on the pint-sized performer.

The given name of the five-year-old with the light tan hair, the slanted gray eyes, the face of a faun, was John Alvin Ray. Today, twenty years later, in the plush precincts of New York's Copacabana, young Johnnie—still thin as a reed, still intense, still with tears in his eyes—has sung to an audience solid with such celebrities as Jane Froman, Tallulah Bankhead, the Duchess of Windsor, Esther Williams, Frankie Laine, Fran Warren, Frank Sinatra and his Ava, Danny Thomas, Billy Eckstine, Marlene Dietrich and Milton Berle. When he had done, the energy, the passion, the ecstasy, the tears he spends as he sings, touched them. Touched that thrill-accustomed audience. Frankie Laine broke down,
while Johnnie was singing "Cry," and cried like a baby. Talu went wild, then wilder (and asked Johnnie out after the show). Uncle Miltie mopped his steaming eyes and Jane Froman unashamedly reached for a handkerchief. In all who listen to him sing . . . the sophisticates at the Copa, the bobby-soxers at the Paramount, the teenagers at the jukebox, mixed audiences around any disc jockey program in the country . . . "Mr. Emotion" unleashes emotions, releases inhibitions. And tears . . .

Johnnie is truly America's most talked-about, least known-about entertainer of this generation. Johnnie has sung this way since infancy. Sung this way, even when, later, he was to have trouble keeping a job. Trouble for quite a time, for eight long years of singing and hoping that someone would understand and listen, really listen as everyone does today.

Johnnie tells his life story in a very casual, easy manner. For, when he isn't working, Johnnie is as relaxed as a rag doll. He wears "easy" clothes. Slacks. T-shirts. Tweed jackets. And goes for grays.

He sprawls on the edge of his spine smoking, drinking black coffee. Or he makes a bed of two chairs (when a couch isn't handy) and lies upon it as he talks.

"I was born and raised on a little farm of about twenty-five acres, near Dallas, Oregon. And I stayed in Dallas the first sixteen years of my life. I went to high school there until my sophomore year. Then my folks moved to the big city, to Portland, where I was graduated from Franklin High. I didn't go to college; didn't think college had anything to offer—" an aside with his wry grin—"matter of fact, didn't think any school had much to offer at any time. I knew—I always knew deep down—what I wanted to do.

"My dad, a millwright, worked in a lumber mill. My mom was and is a mother—is there anything more? I have one sister, Elma, four years older than I. Elma's married now to Art Haas, a lumberjack. They have three kids and live in Roseburg, Oregon, right near Mom and Dad, who moved to Roseburg after the war.

Tears in his eyes may be Johnnie's trademark—but not when the girl in his arms is Marilyn, his beloved bride.
JOHNNIE RAY'S life story

"I was born January 10, 1927, in Mom's bedroom at home. When I was a kid Mom used to tell me: 'You were born in this house, in this bed.' I used to sit on the floor in Mom's room and stare at the bed and think, This is where it happened."

It was a big house that Johnnie was born in. "Barn-red in color," he describes it, "it wasn't an elegant house, but it was a strong, sturdy house. A friendly house, too. It liked children and animals. It had a big front porch where Mom and Dad and Elma and I used to sit after supper of summer evenings, talking and laughing and counting the stars. It had a big woodshed out back where my dad didn't whip me, couldn't have. He loved me too much. We love each other in our family. We're not ashamed to show it, either. That's why I'm not ashamed to show my emotions now. It's as natural, as sincere, for me to cry on a stage as it was when I sang on the dining-room table back home. I've always been singing this way..."

To the truth of this, Johnnie's sister, and best friend, bore witness as she said:

"When we were kids, I used to tell him, 'Quit hollering, for Pete's sake and relax!' I might as well have told the wind to stop blowing, or a lark to stop singing its way, or any natural thing to stop doing what it was made to do, for truth is, Johnnie couldn't stop. He just couldn't.

"According to Mom, John was playing and singing 'Rock of Ages' when he was two and a half. Even allowing for the way moms are, she must be right, for I recall that he started to play things he'd hear on the radio—by ear, of course, for he's never had a lesson in his life—by the time he was able to reach the keys of the old organ we had in the parlor at home. He couldn't have been more than three then.

"When he was in the second and third grades he used to sing for his class and I can remember that, when we worked during the summer vacations, I'd be plugging away to earn a nickel while John would be singing, with tears on his high notes same as now, coming away with nickels, dimes and quarters in his jeans."

Elma's first distinct memory of her little brother is the day he was born, "I remember putting my foot on the ladder rung of Mom's old-fashioned bed and climbing up in (Continued on page 83)
Margaret Draper and Joe DeSantis knew it was dangerous to believe in miracles—but not the miracle of love.

Every day's a Brighter Day

By DIANE SCOTT

"You think it won't happen to you this way, but it does. It did, to me." Margaret Draper was speaking (or was she singing?) of love. Of falling in love. Of the way, the precipitate, at-first-sight way she fell in love with Joe, and Joe DeSantis fell in love with her.

"I couldn't believe it really happened," Margaret was saying. "I wasn't thinking of falling in love or of getting married. Some day, of course, but not then. And the way it happened was so, you might say, routine. So all-in-the-day's-work. Joe had a radio program at the time called Under Arrest, in which he played the lead. I was called to audition for the part of a girl reporter. I met Joe when I read. I was impressed by him because he was very helpful (Continued on page 89)

Brighter Day is heard on CBS, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, for Procter & Gamble. It can also be heard on NBC, M-F, 9:45 A.M. EDT, for the same sponsor.

Son Christopher's the heart of their home, but Joe and Margaret have many talents and hobbies. For instance, Joe made the statue below, the bookcases and the ingenious closet doors—which open to reveal the workshop at left.
He wanted his wife to be happy, even if it cost him his career... then found the pot of gold in his own back yard

by Helen Bolstad

Here's one man who'd rather help around the house than go play golf!

When Paul Dixon's television show first began catching on, Mort Watters, manager of his home station, WCPO in Cincinnati—and also Paul's good friend—called him aside and issued an edict.

"If ever I catch you getting big-headed," he warned, "I'm going to take you out to the woodshed and wallop the tar out of you."

Paul's laugh was hearty. "If such woodshedding ever becomes necessary, you'll have to wait your turn. Marge will beat you to it."

It was a safe prediction for, although Marge is the non-interfering kind of wife, she also would be irked by delusions of grandeur. Slender and dark-haired, she has features bequeathed by an Irish colleen ancestor, but back of her pretty face there's a nimble mind, a quick wit and a down-to-earth quality which leads her to prefer a steak from their deep-freeze to vichyssoise at Sardi's, and a house with a big back yard to a Park Avenue penthouse.

In fact, these characteristics of Marge's are part of the foundation of Dixon's and Watters' own successful teamwork. Their association began when Paul decided he was willing to sacrifice his own dream of fame in favor of the immediate reality of providing a good home for Marge.

Watters calls Marge the kind of girl who would

PAUL DIXON—
home town boy

Paul's in his heaven with son Greg, daughter Pam—and Marge, for whom he made a dream come true.
Paul Dixon—Home Town Boy

Busy as his broadcasting schedule is, Paul has a hand in everything that’s cooking around the Dixon house—even the inevitable dishwashing afterward.

Marge revels in being a mother, remembers when babies were a luxury the Dixons couldn’t afford.

Well-groomed and in Sunday best, the Dixon children were sometimes permitted to accompany their parents to such doings. Sensitive even then to the reactions of those around him, Paul watched his father’s audiences, learning to read the set of a man’s shoulders, in the nod of a woman’s head, the assurance that his father was putting into words ideas they had groped to define.

So the child’s ambition was born. Only, where his father had an audience of hundreds, Paul wanted millions. The magic and static of the superheterodyne was crackling into their county-seat town, and Paul Dixon lived, breathed and dreamed radio. It was all he asked from life.

Marge says that’s partly—but not entirely—true. She could never be happy unless Paul had a chance to do what he wanted, and Paul has always known what he wanted from broadcasting.

He has known ever since he was a small boy whose father, a pharmacist by profession, was a public speaker by avocation, much in demand at service clubs, lodges and high-school graduations.

Have been just as happy if Paul had remained in Albia, Iowa, and run a gas station. Marge says that’s partly—but not entirely—true. She could never be happy unless Paul had a chance to do what he wanted, and Paul has always known what he wanted from broadcasting.

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So the child’s ambition was born. Only, where his father had an audience of hundreds, Paul wanted millions. The magic and static of the superheterodyne was crackling into their county-seat town, and Paul Dixon lived, breathed and dreamed radio. It was all he asked from life.
Obstacles appeared equally fast. When he was sixteen, his father died. After his graduation from high school, his mother moved to Washington, but Paul chose Des Moines. He managed two semesters at Drake College there, then quit school to concentrate on the radio stations. He got some work at KSO and KRNT, but proved more successful in love than he was in his attempts at a career.

Walking down the street one day, he encountered a girl who looked familiar, glanced back over his shoulder and discovered she was doing the same thing.

After delighted exclamations of "Aren't you Paul Dixon from Albia?" and "Aren't you Marge Hannam from Melrose?" they recalled they had first met at a band concert in the Albia courthouse square.

She was cashier in a hotel coffee shop, Paul learned. But, when on the following Wednesday he phoned to ask for a Saturday date, Marge said she was busy. Resourceful Paul asked, "How would you like to go (Continued on page 86)"
should a wife try to change her husband?

Lorenzo Jones is determined to settle down,
as Belle wants him to, but life has a
way of interfering with the best-laid plans

Solemly, Lorenzo Jones has assured his wife, Belle, that never again will
he invent anything, never again play detective. Belle is overjoyed that
Lorenzo is at last getting his feet on the ground... from now on, will be
a different man. But is this possible? With the best intentions in the world,
Lorenzo sets his mind to working hard at Jim Barker's garage and saving for
their old age. Then elderly Mrs. Carmichael asks him to help move an ancestral
portrait fastened above a fireplace in her old Colonial home. There he discovers a
secret passageway, which Mrs. Carmichael is sure must lead to the treasure
legend says is buried somewhere around the house. With sinking heart, Belle
hears the news... she foresees Lorenzo's losing his job at the garage, while he
once more concentrates on a will-o'-the-wisp fortune. But Lorenzo, if you know
him as well as Belle does, is not content to be embroiled in just one fantastic
problem—no, he must have still other outlets for his energy! He finds this
through Pierre Olivet, a suave Frenchman with a beautiful ward who is reputedly
one of the wealthiest girls in the world. Olivet has rented a house in the neigh-
borhood and seeks Lorenzo's aid because, he says, his ward is being threatened by
letters from a mysterious stranger... he won't go to the police, feeling the
publicity would ruin his ward's chances for happiness in this country. Belle
suffers through Lorenzo's feverish activity of detecting, treasure-hunting
and, finally, the great social activity which attends his sleuthing in the Olivet
home. Meanwhile, she busies herself with publicity for a local charity which
will exhibit a million dollars' worth of jewels. Lorenzo, Olivet and the local
sheriff plan the guarding of these gems... the wily Frenchman actually plotting
to steal them on the night of the exhibition. Olivet hides the jewels in a
secret passageway from his house—which connects with the one in Mrs.
Carmichael's home! Lorenzo and Mrs. Carmichael find them there and
believe them to be her hidden treasure. The local police pounce upon Olivet,
as he threatens the two with a gun over possession of the gems, and lead him
off to jail. Lorenzo is disappointed because he is not the hero of the
occasion. And Belle is once more forced to realize that, if you can't change
your husband, you might as well go along with him and have fun.

Karl Swenson (left) is Lorenzo Jones. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, on NBC: for Procter & Gamble.
Godfrey's boy—
Julius La Rosa

It was just like in the movies—and now Julius pinches himself
to make sure the blessings showered on him by Godfrey are really coming true

By CHRISTOPHER KANE

You know the old success story. About the
man who started out selling shoelaces, and he worked so hard he was able to get himself
a pushcart... and he saved all his money and rented a store—and then his uncle died and left him a million dollars.

To Julius La Rosa, the twenty-two-year-old singer on Arthur Godfrey's radio shows, that joke's no joke. Julius started out singing like Sinatra, and he sang so hard he was able to get himself into the All-City chorus... and he piled up his experience and spent a year with the Navy Band—and then Arthur Godfrey gave him a job. The Godfrey part's the miracle. Because Godfrey's one man influential enough to take an average, nice-looking (Continued on page 81)

Julius La Rosa is heard on Arthur Godfrey Time, M-F, 10-11:30 A.M., for Toni, ReaLemon, Rinso, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, Chesterfield, on CBS (simulcast, CBS-TV, Mon. through Thurs., at 10:15); King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table, Sun., 5 P.M., CBS, for Kingan & Co.; Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M., CBS-TV, for Chesterfield, Pillsbury, Toni. All EDT.
It was a lovely wedding—but Alice had a typically Pamela-ish reason for being jittery during the ceremony!
Twosome
AND HER HUSBAND MADE A JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

by Marie Haller

Every Tuesday night over CBS, a gay, smart, pert woman named Pam North wends her scatterbrained way through adventure—to solve murders, discover swindlers, help her husband and the police lock up two-time losers—in the exciting drama entitled Mr. and Mrs. North. For nine years, Alice Frost—in real life as gay, smart and pert as Pam—has enveloped herself in Pam's personality and, for half an hour each week, lived the exciting life of her radio counterpart.

Now, in real life Alice is married—not to a publisher—but to a vice-president of a large New York advertising agency, in charge of radio and television production. She has never scared up a good murder, much less solved one. But, beyond that, Alice and Pam are as alike as two peas in a pod. Pam is first and foremost an optimist, so's Alice. Pam is quite adept at looking beyond the bare face and circumstances of an individual to find the real person—the good and worthwhile qualities. So is Alice. Above all, Pam is a sentimentalist, and so is Alice, to the nth degree. There is, obviously, a close bond of friendship and understanding between these two "intimate friends."

Just ask anyone who has ever worked with her whether they think Alice is as adept as Pam at finding the best in people. They'll quickly and positively answer, "Oh, yes . . . if not more so!" Even though a husband's vote on this question might be (Continued on page 70)

Mr. and Mrs. North is heard on CBS, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

Their apartment’s filled with art objects—including Hugh Walter’s pastel portrait of Alice herself.

Alice and Bill dote on weekends in the country—when their busy city-bound schedules allow time.

Belated honeymoon: The Tuttles toured Europe, posing on a Swiss glacier—and with a "Beefeater": at the historic Tower of London.
Our wedding miracle

The Bride and Groom program gave us a fabulous wedding, a wonderful honeymoon and memories to be cherished forever.

By LEON COOPER

It couldn’t have happened but it did. The bride is now definitely my wife—and that was far from being a certainty once—and we have beautiful memories of a television wedding and a honeymoon in Palm Springs. That latter part seems incredible. Never in our fanciest dreams did we imagine our honeymoon would be so fabulous. None of it would have been possible but for the TV show, Bride and Groom, and my own stubborn belief that I was the only man in the world for Eileen. But how I went about convincing her is quite a story.

First you should know about me. I’m now twenty-six years old, a science teacher in a Brooklyn public school, a frustrated ball player—turned down twice in try-outs for the Dodgers—and I’ve always been happy-go-lucky, at least I was until I met Eileen in April of 1950. I fell in love then and I was—alternately—feverishly miserable or deliriously happy.

Our meeting was strictly accidental. We were both majoring in physical and health education at Brooklyn College, so it was quite natural that we should meet in a folk dance class. We were doing a lively dance called the Karabushka. I was wearing a sweat suit and Eileen was in one of those gym outfits girls wear. As far as I was concerned, she couldn’t have been more captivating if she had been (Continued on page 79)
Spencer's wife, Irene, follows Dr. Martinson and Nora Drake up the stairs to Gloria's apartment. She has a gun and tells them both she will use it if they make a sound or give any warning to police.
To Nora, events of the past twenty-four hours had a dream-like quality. Was it true that she was more deeply involved than ever—in murder?

Nora Drake’s emotions were spent, but her mind wouldn’t stop busying itself with the events of the last few hours. Was it possible that this latest episode was going to land her in—ever deeper trouble with the police, with her friends, with everyone whose life she touched? Nora thought back to a few hours before, when she agreed to take Dr. Martinson to meet Spencer’s wife. . . . Dr. Martinson’s wife Peg had died recently under mysterious circumstances, and the police were on the trail of her chauffeur, Spencer. The latter’s wife, Irene, had begged Nora to bring Dr. Martinson to see her, and Nora, believing Spencer innocent, persuaded the doctor to accompany her. The events that followed had an unreal, dream-like quality in Nora’s mind. Irene, using a gun on Dr. Martinson and Nora, forced them to go to the apartment of her girl friend, Gloria, who was in a semi-hysterical state when they entered. Nora could still hear her screaming voice as she tried to tell them Spencer was there wounded—perhaps dead. Nora found herself feeling for Spencer’s pulse, which was beating feebly. Dr. Martinson, in professional manner, had insisted that Spencer be taken to

Nora finds herself feeling for Spencer’s pulse and, to her relief, finally locates its feeble beat. Spencer is alive! Does he hold the key to Peg Martinson’s murder?

Awakening momentarily, Spencer pleads with Nora and Dr. Martinson to operate in the apartment. He’s afraid a hospital will demand an investigation of the shooting.
Irene forces Dr. Martinson to admit that he can operate on Spencer in the apartment. She holds her gun ready in case he tries to flee when they go to pick up his bag.

At a neighborhood drugstore, the hospital. Near-alcoholic, he appeared frightened, completely uncontrolled at the thought of operating on Spencer. Irene, however, gun in hand, commanded Dr. Martinson to probe for the bullet and remove it. Reluctantly, the doctor agreed to operate if supplies could be obtained. Still with gun in hand, Irene accompanied him to his apartment and the drugstore for the supplies. During their absence, Spencer regained consciousness and Nora pleaded with him to tell the truth about Peg Martinson's death. Suspicious of her motives, he refused to talk. Then came the nightmare scene when Irene and Martinson returned to Gloria's apartment. Martinson at first pleaded to remove Spencer to the hospital—with fear obviously the motivation behind his pleading. Then, failing to

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Nora Drake.......................Joan Tompkins
Ken Martinson....................David Gothard
Irene..............................Ann Shepherd
Spencer...........................Ralph Bell
Gloria............................Ruth Gilbert

This Is Nora Drake is heard over CBS, Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M. EDT; sponsored by Toni and Air-Wick.
Spencer regains consciousness. Nora pleads with him to tell her what he knows about the mysterious death of Peg Martinson. Suspicious, he refuses.

Dr. Martinson picks up supplies as Irene follows gun in hand.

Dr. Martinson, with Nora’s aid, performs the operation. His hands shake as he operates for the first time without alcohol to give him false courage.

convince Irene, he demanded a drink before operating. Irene, firm, hard, unrelenting, insisted that he start probing for the bullet. To Nora, it was an ironic sight, watching the shaking, alcoholic hands of Dr. Martinson probing for a police bullet in an effort to save the life of the man who may have murdered his wife. As he completed the operation Irene produced a drink. Nora watched as the doctor reached for the glass, then firmly put it down as if to say the stuff was out of his life forever. Miraculously, he found that he had taken the first step toward beating the plague of liquor... Will Dr. Martinson be saved from himself only to become involved, along with Nora, in the murder investigation to such an extent that he faces ruin anyway? Can these events ever be explained to the police?
THIS IS NORA DRAKE—
a story of fateful decision
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Irene forces Dr. Martinson to admit that he can operate on Spencer in the apartment. She holds her gun ready in case he tries to flee when they go to pick up his bag.

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Heartbreak Child

By VANESSA DALE

SHOULD A YOUNG BOY
These are the people rebellious Beanie faced: Grandma and Aunt Vanessa—who wanted to help; mother Meg and Grandpa, whose bitter personal conflict blinded them to Beanie's great need for understanding.

All the way across the country, from New York to Barrowsville, I wondered if I were doing the right thing. Beanie, my nephew, was in trouble, in serious trouble. He's only eight years old and from the very beginning of his young life he has been caught in the middle of family antagonisms, family troubles, that have left him bewildered and unhappy. Right at the moment, the principal at Beanie's school had persuaded my father—who is, of course, Beanie's grandfather—that it was best that Beanie be removed from the school and sent away. My heart ached for Beanie, for once more he was being shoved from one situation into a strange new one, with little promise that the next would be better than the last.

Beanie is a boy who has had all the advantages that money can buy, and yet none of the advantages of love and understanding that parents could give (Continued on page 85)

Love of Life is seen M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. As pictured the cast includes: Beanie, Dennis Parnell; Vanessa, Peggy McKay; Meg, Jean McBride; Grandpa, Edwin Jerome; Grandma, Jane Rose.

It took an unusual happening to bring Beanie and Grandpa together in the way Vanessa had hoped for. But could any advice from Grandma change Meg's willful ways—which had led to involvement in murder?

SHOULD BEANIE BE FORCED TO PAY FOR HIS PARENTS' INDISCRETIONS?
SHOULD A YOUNG BOY LIKE BEANIE BE FORCED TO PAY FOR HIS PARENTS' INDISCRETIONS?

Heartbreak Child

By VENESSA DALE

It took an unusual happening to bring Beanie and Grandpa together in the way Vanessa had hoped for, but could any incidence from Grandma change their ways, which had led to loneliness in Beanie's life? Beanie was bored and unhappy. Right after his father's death, his family had persuaded him to change his ways. It was best that Beanie be put into a situation where he could not do harm to himself. Thus, my heart ached for Beanie, for once again he was being shoved from one situation into a strange new one, with little promise that the next would be better than the last.

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A member of the breed of young performers whose talents have been developed almost exclusively on television, Leslie Nielsen has been featured in more than one hundred TV dramas since his first part back in 1949. A familiar figure on all the top TV dramatic shows, Les started his career as a nineteen-dollar-a-week disc jockey on a radio station in Calgary, Canada.

He was born in Regina, Saskatchewan, on February 11, 1926. His father, a Canadian Mountie, was transferred to the Far North when Les was six months old, and he grew up in Edmonton, Alberta. In 1943, after he was graduated from high school, Les joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. After his discharge in 1945, Les hitchhiked to Los Angeles with dreams of a movie career in his knapsack. But Hollywood turned out to be a cold, cold place to Les. Everything he tried there seemed to go against him. Les, discouraged, hitched back to Canada.

It was then that he started working for nineteen dollars a week as a disc jockey, but nineteen dollars seemed a pretty small reward for his work, and Les rebelled. He went to the Academy of Radio Arts in Toronto, where he won a scholarship to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. A season of summer stock in Boston followed, and then TV, where the young actor finally found his medium.

who's who in

When Jane Morgan got her first job with the Boston Light Opera Company at twenty-five dollars a week, she never dreamed that one day she would portray the laughable, lovable, pixillated landlady of Eve Arden on Our Miss Brooks.

She got that first job after she was graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music with a thorough training in violin and voice behind her. Voice was more fun, of course, because it gave Jane the chance to use her acting ability, as well. Her violin training came in handy in a romantic way, for her understanding of that instrument made her just the kind of girl Leo Cullen Bryant wanted to marry. He was a violinist with the opera company when they met, and after their marriage he became the conductor of the orchestra.

As her singing roles got bigger, giving Jane more opportunity to act, she began to realize that it was acting she really enjoyed. Finally deciding to devote all her energies to dramatic work, Jane joined a stock company as leading woman, and was soon touring the country with such stars as Charlotte Greenwood and Barbara Stanwyck. In 1920, Jane made her radio debut on a program which featured the old-time movie actor, Lew Cody.

Miss Morgan and her husband live in San Fernando Valley, where they spend much time listening to classical music and playing with their granddaughter—the Bryants' major hobby.
There will always be a warm spot for a bull fiddle in Virginia Gregg's heart—for it was a bull fiddle that got her the first break on radio. One of the most sought-after actresses in radio today, Virginia began her career as a bull-fiddle player on a Pasadena radio network, in company with five musical girl friends who called themselves the Singing Strings. After a year on their first network, the girls moved to another station and played eighteen months before Virginia got her first chance for a dramatic part.

The bull fiddle was sold immediately, because Virginia, who had always wanted to act, was determined never to return to music-making again. But actually she had no reason to worry for, after that performance, Virginia found herself in great demand, was cast in every variety of radio role. She has portrayed everything from a seven-year-old girl to a ninety-year-old mother, little boys, harridans, Spanish señoritas, women of English nobility, and French peasants. At present, Virginia is regularly heard as Dick Powell's patient girl friend on Richard Diamond and as Betty Barbour on One Man's Family. Away from the mike, Virginia is Mrs. Jaime Del Valle. Her husband is the director of the Richard Diamond program. The Del Valles have two sons—ages, three and one—and three Great Danes. Virginia and Jaime share a great interest in radio and music, and the bull fiddle, of course.

RADIO-TV

With accents soft, and manner suave, a new radio personality transports his listeners into that land of romance where the language is the same for all. The mere turn of a dial to ABC every day is the passport—the personality, Valentino. Taking his name from that heartbreaker of the Twenties, this latter-day sheik bears a striking resemblance to the first Valentino.

Barry Valentino was born in Landover, Maryland, thirty-two years ago. His father, a Hindu, supervised his education and engaged private tutors to instruct Valentino in a wide variety of subjects. An accomplished linguist, he speaks Spanish, Italian, and German fluently. He is a fine pianist, and his voice was trained for the concert stage.

Actually, it was through his singing ability that he got his big break. Vincent Lopez, the orchestra leader, discovered Valentino singing in a small club and asked him to join his band as vocalist. From that spot, he was noticed by ABC people—hence, his present program.

A great lover of the outdoors, Valentino is an expert horseman, and enjoys fishing and hunting as well.

Asked to describe his ideal woman recently, Valentino replied that he had none. He believes that there is something beautiful about all women—and most women agree that there is "something" about Valentino.
Now that Audrey's making a home for herself, she's embroidering linens—keeping them in a "hope chest" which hints at another home still to come.

The star of Meet Millie says: "It just takes a little good sense"
If you must leave home—

by Audrey Totter

Recently I was visiting my mother in her home in Los Angeles. It was right after a broadcast of Meet Millie and Mother had evidently been discussing my performance with her friends just before I arrived. After the usual greetings and introductions, she turned to me and proudly said:

"You know, Audrey, we think you're just as good as the professional actresses."

I smiled quietly to myself and later when I was back home in my own Westwood apartment, which I share with my sister Collette, I started thinking about this remark, and it suddenly brought back a flood of memories. All at once, I was a little girl again and my mother and father were comforting me with the idea that, after a while, I'd get over the notion of being an actress—didn't all girls go through this at some time or another—and, as soon as I was through with high school, I'd be wanting to go on with my college education just as my brothers and sisters would when they were old enough. But as high school finished—and with it my appearances in high school plays—my only ambition was to play act for the rest of my life.

Did you ever feel that sometimes it is necessary to lose much to prove a point? I sometimes think we stop dreaming our dreams when we try to make them into realities—if we succeed, we become happy human beings; if we fail, we have to depend all our life on just the substance of which dreams are made. I believe that if, at this turning point of my life, I hadn't been determined to do everything in my power to become an actress, I would have settled back to depending on my family—and (Continued on page 91)

Audrey Totter is heard in the title role of Meet Millie, Sun. at 9 P.M. EDT, over CBS; sponsored by Wrigley's Chewing Gums.
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Audrey Totter is heard in the title role of Meet Millie, Sat. at 9 P.M. EDT, over CBS; sponsored by Wrigley's Chewing Gum.
Make the most of

vacation time

Mike Wallace and Buff Cobb have timely tips for both solo travel and husband-wife trips

By FRANCES KISH

Mike (Wallace) and Buff (Cobb), favorite husband-and-wife team on CBS television, have some definite ideas about vacations. How to plan them, where to take them, what to do on them, whether husbands and wives should take separate vacations, whether an unattached girl should go off on a trip alone, how to make the most of vacation budgets, and how to come back feeling that you've had a wonderful time.

The fact that they don't always agree on all these points makes their comments that much more enlightening, because you get the masculine viewpoint, the feminine angle, and the general advice of two people who do agree that: (1) Vacations are wonderful things. (2) Everyone is a tourist at heart and likes to get around and see new sights. There is even advice for the 'stay-at-home' vacationist. But wait, it's Mike talking first. Buff, of course, will get the last word.

Mike: We think a (Continued on page 92)
HOW NORA LACEY LOST 65 LBS. WITH THE ANN DELAFIELD REDUCING PLAN

A New, Easy, Natural Way to Lose Weight and Gain a Richer, Fuller Life

Nora Lacey's doctor examined her after her loss of 65 pounds and found her to be in excellent physical condition. Her letter to Ann Delafield tells a typical story of the great happiness achieved by those who have followed the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan...

"Dear Miss Delafield: Now at last I am able to do the things that I have wanted to do for years. After losing 65 pounds, I am not ashamed to go skating, dancing and to have all the fun that I missed before. It's like being born all over again at the age of twenty-five!"

Sincerely, Nora Lacey, Brooklyn, New York

*Address on request from Rexall, Los Angeles

What you get with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan:

2. A 30-day supply of Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer...not a drug, but a delicious, non-fattening, scientifically-produced supplementary food that includes low calorie Skin Milk Powder and Soy Bean Flour.
3. A 30-day supply of the Ann Delafield Vitamin Capsules...scientifically prepared according to the Recommended Dietary Allowances, Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council in 1948 for women on a 2000 calorie or less reducing diet, except for the omission of Thiamine, which has a tendency to increase your appetite.

"It's like being born all over again at the age of twenty-five!" Nora Lacey wrote the famous beauty consultant through whose help she lost 65 pounds, "My life is fuller and richer since I took the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan!"

Nora Lacey is one of thousands virtually hundreds of thousands...who have achieved amazing success with Ann Delafield's help. During the last forty years this famous dietician, teacher and beautician has received acclaim from all over the world for her easy, natural principles of weight reduction. And now her method is offered to you in the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan...a plan that is bringing happy results to women (and men) who have never been able to successfully lose weight!

IT'S EASY...IT'S FUN
No wonder the Ann Delafield Plan is so popular! You don't count calories. You don't feel starved. You even have a piece of cake for dessert! Yes, you can eat your cake and have it, too." Miss Delafield has prepared generous, appetizing, yet low-calorie menus for you and gives you a choice—depending on how fast you want to lose weight. Pupils find it an easy way to reduce that doesn't take the fun out of life.

HERE'S WHY YOU DON'T FEEL STARVED
The secret of the amazing success of Miss Delafield's plan is a scientifically produced...and delicious...wafer called the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer. Miss Delafield's pupils have called it "the greatest blessing a hungry person ever had." This wafer was conceived after years of practical experience and endless hours of consultation with physicians and dieticians. Those between-meal hunger pangs, so familiar to anyone who has ever suffered through an ordinary reducing plan, are quickly satisfied with the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafer.

BE HAPPY—BE SLENDER!
Why go on letting excess pounds keep you too self-conscious and tired to have the fun that should be yours? If your doctor has told you that your problem is not due to a glandular disturbance or organic causes, start on your way to slender beauty with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan today. The complete package...containing everything you need...costs just $6.95 (repeat package, $5.95). For this low price you get not only your Appetite Reducer Wafer...but also your Vitamins...plus a valuable book that will become one of your best friends!

SOLD AT REXALL DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE
(Continued from page 55) considered someone who was, nevertheless, true that this quality was one of the things which first attracted Bill to tall, lovely, blonde, blue-eyed Alice Frost—long before the question of Pam North entered into the picture.

Their first meeting took place in the fall of 1939. Alice had been playing the title role of the daytime serial, Big Sister, for four years instead of being a man by the name of Bill Tuttle arrived at the studio to take over the directing chores of the program.

"No, it wasn't love at first sight, although I did like and admire Bill right away for his looks. But being a director he had to become an expert in his field and for his talents as a director, and liked him for his understanding and fairness with the members of the cast. I think what I most liked as about him was his attitude toward our east. He gave every actor the same respect. A bit player was just as important to Bill as the star—which in this particular case was me.

"You might say ours was a coffee-cup romance. Many were the hours we worked together over scripts and soggy paper cups of stale, cold coffee. At first, it was merely stimulating to watch this man review and revamp scripts to get the most out of scenes and characterizations. Little by little, through these sessions, we got to know quite a bit about each other, and little by little those script meetings became longer and longer. Here I think Pam and I would have differed—being considerably less reserved and cautious than I, she would have fallen in love with Bill on the spot.

"I'm sure I don't know exactly when, it happened. But somewhere along the line we fell in love, and in June of 1941, right after my last broadcast of Big Sister, we were married.

"The wedding took place at the Pound Ridge, New York, home of one of Alice's closest friends, Janet Collins, well-known play broker. Janet was her maid-of-honor, and brother, Carl, gave her away. In lieu of "live" music, Dick Liebert, the organist, played a few of the recordings of the wedding March to be played at the ceremony. Unbeknownst to Alice, the minister—since it was an outdoor wedding—had agreed to allow movies to be taken throughout the entire ceremony.

"So when the cameras didn't cease action as the actual ceremony started, I began to worry," explains Alice. "I didn't want anything to spoil my wedding, and I worried through the entire ceremony . . . worried for fear the minister would become rattled by the sound of the cameras constantly grinding away. Afterward, I found out I was the only one who came away unscarred by being rattled. I was the only one who didn't know that everyone else knew. Or do I sound like Pam?

After the ceremony, Alice and Bill left to spend the rest of the week at the Waldorf.

"We did something," continues Alice, "that I think Pam North would have approved of. I can practically hear her referring to it as our 'sentimental journey.' We took another two weeks and months of our childhoods. From our childhoods . . . show each other where we had been born, and where some of the highlights of our adolescent years had taken place . . . and show each other off to the beautiful folks in Minneapolis, while Bill's Chicago-born. We really had great fun. We stayed with Bill's folks for several days—resulting in quite a few stories about my new man I married. Then we proceeded on to Minneapolis to see my mother—where Bill picked up quite a bit of the family-album type of thing. Then on to the little town of New Ulm, where my father had been minister of a Lutheran church—the church in which Mother had played pipe organ while I sang—and finally, the big city of Niagara Falls. Yes, I guess Pam would be right. It really was a sentimental journey.

"Home" to the newlyweds was a brand-new five-room apartment overlooking the East River in the Sutton Place section of New York. Indeed, it still seaw to retread's hobby of decorating, redecorating, and re-redecorating has resulted in the layout of the apartment being the only thing to remain intact, that, and the piano she had before their marriage.

"Before we were married," Alice explains, "my apartment was furnished in Early American, while Bill's was modern. So I stored most of my furniture—for that they were the exception of the piano and a few smaller pieces which would harmonize with modern. And, over the years, we've added and replaced until now we have a happy blend of modern, Early American and French.

"The living room is predominantly modern—deep-green walls relieved by stark-white trim and wall candelabra. Sectional pieces upholstered in light, flowered fabric, with light wood end-tables and a large circular, light wood Louis XV coffee table added warmth and coziness to the room. The deep-gray and pink bedroom combines French and modern. The tren- derness is a dining room, but it is more modern, while the smaller pieces, including night tables, a little gray desk and a chaise longue, are French period pieces. Alice has, herself, refinced most of the bedroom furniture.

The library, which also doubles as hobby and guest room, houses her fabu- lous "Alice in Wonderland" collection. Scattered throughout the floor-to-ceiling bookcases, which line two sides of the room, are dolls and figurines inspired by the beloved Lewis Carroll classic. On the other two walls hang copies of the original Tenniel illustrations, drawn especially for the Alice Lewis Carroll, on a wall of a room along with a Luis Van Rooten map of the famous fable.

"The story-book motif is even carried over into two lamp shades—Alice selected a few pages containing some of her favorites, light wood end-tables and a large circular, light wood Louis XV coffee table added warmth and coziness to the room. Not only do these make attractive and unusual lamps, but they have their practical side of the real thing as well."

"Can't you just see Pam," laughs Alice, "referring to lamp shades and coming up with some vital statistics!"

"Because of their extremely busy schedules, the Tuttles do not migrate to the countery during the summer months. The general heat-of-the-heat exodus," says Alice, "doesn't really affect us . . . in fact, it would be silly of us to run away from our delightful river breeze. Besides that, commuting with our irregular hours would take away all the enjoyment of a few scattered hours on a lawn."

Alice is kept on the move with Mr. and Mrs. North, Mama—in which she portrays their younger sister, Trina—and the daytime serials. The Second Mrs. Burton, as well as roles on many of the well-known radio and TV dramatic shows. And Bill's work calls for frequent—generally out of town—trips. So they have to save the country for free weekends, when they hop into their car and head for either a Connecticut golf course or an "as-the-spirit-moves drive through lovely New England."

"When it comes to golf," confesses Alice, "the less said about me, the better. Bill is the golfer, has been ever since he was a young boy. Even at his worst, he's good. Alice, the less said about me, the better. Bill is the golfer, has been ever since he was a young boy. Even at his worst, he's good. But, when he's not on the golf course, or the pool, he's usually at the movies."

"For the daytime hours, I'm alone and not on a redecorating spree, I manage to keep busy pursuing my own pet interests . . . photography, philosophy, and singing. As a child and young girl, I sang in the church. After graduation from high school, I won a scholarship to the MacPhail School of Music in Minneapolis, where I studied voice and dramatics. Actually, I came to the United States to pursue an operatic—yes, operatic—career in mind. However, I soon discovered that considerable more training in the art of putting over a popular song was needed—I had been trained for concert work rather than musical comedy. But, before I could get around to further instruction, I found myself acting.

"On only two programs have I ever used my singing voice—on the original "Carmen" and on the Stoopnagle and Bud show. I sang comedy songs. Since then, every time I've thought about making a professional career, I've never really given up my first love, musical comedy, and, recently, at the suggestion of several professional friends, I was impressed with a program. But, it's all right with me, because, after all, I've enjoyed my studies.

"And whether or not Pam North would approve of a musical comedy career is strictly problematic—but, you know, I have a distinct feeling she might be just the girl to do it. Maybe some day I'll give her the chance!"

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My Life Is Simply Perfect

(Continued from page 33)

herself and help her to be more like me, because I'm extremely happy even if I'm not wealthy). One son would be called Darnay and now he'd be four, and then there would be little Toni, just two.

But the main thing I guess I'd teach Evelyn is that, with all this crowding her life, she wouldn't have time on her hands—most of her unhappiness is a result of her not doing enough to do. There just isn't time for trouble when you have the kind of days that the real me, Toni, has.

After I breakfasted with Bill and the children and took the younger across the park to preschool, I spend most of the morning doing the million-and-one things every housewife does: Plan menus, make out marketing lists, order things we need from the department stores (I never have time to go shopping), take care of the laundry and dry-cleaning, clean out closets or bureaus drawers as nobody else could possibly do it for me, and deal with correspondence, tradesmen and all the million-and-one things that go into building a home.

By two-thirty I'm ready for Evelyn Winters rehearsal, followed by the program at three-forty-five (EDT), five days a week. Now comes the real race with the clock! At four, I dash madly from the ABC studio on West 66th Street in Manhattan, hurl myself into a cab for as fast a trip downtown to Radio City, as possible, and rush into an NBC studio where I was due at four to rehearse for Just Plain Bill in which I play Bill's daughter, Nancy.

Naturally, I wouldn't change places with Evelyn for anything, but I'll admit I'm often tempted to, in my thoughts, for it's sometimes hard to try to maintain a smoothly running home and a normal family life. In fact, I'm sure I couldn't succeed at all if it weren't for Bill. And to think that I might have missed out altogether in ever meeting Bill, let alone marrying him! But that's another story.

To explain about that, I'd better go back a bit in history. I was born in Chicago, where my father and mother still live. Though my father is a doctor, all four of us children were infected with show business virus early in life—through Mother, who used to be in silent films. From the time I was eight I studied dancing, singing and acting at the Chicago Art Theatre, where my teacher was the wonderful Madame Lazarre, who is still teaching at Hull House. There was never any question but that my sisters and brother and I had to be on the stage.

I went to Northwestern University at night for one year, after I graduated from high school, rushing from class to dance in a night club. But, when I was nineteen I decided it was Broadway for Toni, so I came to New York. While I was making the usual young-actor-actresses of produce offices, most of the other stage hopefuls I knew kept getting auditions for radio shows. "It's a much steadier income, and you still have time free to look for stage work," my friend Wana Paul told me.

I never had any desire to do radio, but Wana was so insistent that I finally did audition for a few advertising agencies and "package" firms—producers who are not connected with a radio station, but who develop a complete program, with cast and script, and sell it as a "package" to a station or sponsor.

And then, of course, I got a job in a stage show. "So much for radio," I said as I left for the pre-Broadway opening in Philadelphia. The show was "Sadie Thompson," a musical based on the play "Rain," starring June Havoc and directed by Rouben Mamoulian, and I felt very happy to be singing and dancing in the chorus. It was slated to open November 16, 1944, on Broadway, and all my fondest dreams were about to be realized.

But I guess my guardian angel was watching over me. While we were in Philadelphia, I got a call to come back to New York. I was cast playing role in a new radio serial to be produced by one of the "packagers" I had auditioned for. I got permission to skip rehearsal one afternoon, took the train to New York, and swept into the producer's office, where several other girls were waiting.

"I've got to get back to my show in Philadelphia," I said, so they let me read first. When I was asked to wait and do a second reading, I could hardly conceal my impatience, and kept looking significantly at a Pennsylvania Railroad timetable. They listened to a couple of other girls, then let me read again and I dashed for my train. Almost before I got back to Philadelphia, I received a call to send my picture and credits to the producer by return mail, special-delivery. A week later, I read and was offered the role of Evelyn Winters.

I may not be the only girl in New York who made her Broadway debut and her radio debut within four days of each other, and I may not be the only actress who left her first Broadway show to concentrate on radio acting, but I'll bet there aren't very many others around. With "Sadie Thompson" opening on the sixteenth and The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters starting on the twentieth of November, I found it impossible to do both, and Evelyn won. I've never been sorry.

It was during the early days of Evelyn Winters that I met Bill. Bill had written a play and when the leading lady who was to read it didn't show up, I was asked to read the part. But for this coincidence, I might never have met him and six months later, he eloped with me to Elkhart, Maryland where we were married in March, 1947.

Now, thanks to Bill, my life is simply perfect. Bill is a free-lance writer of advertising and television scripts. He has some of his work, but most of his work at home, so he's usually there when the children are around and can take care of any of the little emergencies that come up in all homes with small children. This relieves my mind a great deal and makes it possible for me to concentrate on my work. As an extra added attraction, Bill is a wonderful cook, and the settled meal at the maid's night out and when we give dinner parties. I guess we'd never be able to have our friends in, if it weren't for this talent of Bill's, and I appreciate the result in his hands in the kitchen almost as much as any guest.

We both love the same things, so when we have an "evening out" together we never have a problem deciding what to do. We usually take the children along with us, but I'm not the sort of parent, usually one which specializes in something exotic, and then go to the theatre. (Now that we're married, we usually manage to get there before the curtain goes up!) We either go away New York City, and wouldn't dream of living anywhere else. In fact, when we want to spend a weekend alone together, we won't go to the country or a resort. We take a room in the Manhattan hotel and just pretend we're out-of-towners on a vacation!

Evenings when we're home together, we usually eat the dinner at our apartment. Sometimes Bill works through the dinner writing on a script, and at other times he throws himself into one of the hobbies he's always going in for. Right now it's painting with watercolors. The children's clothes, or write letters, or sometimes indulge myself by going to bed and reading—next to the theatre, reading is my great enthusiasm. It's really a rare night when he just

Yes, I'm glad I'm Toni Darnay. I may not have an abundance of time, but I do have an abundance of happiness. It doesn't take time to be happy. It just takes Bill and Darnay and Toni. Some day I must tell Evelyn Winters. Then maybe she'll find her way to happiness, too.
The Kind of Man You Marry

(Continued from page 35)

over the telephone, to a girl who had a young, attractive Naval Lieutenant on her hands for the evening and she was going to be tied up and wouldn't Jane be kind enough to take the young man off her hands? He was going to San Diego and really he was nice, and really it wouldn't involve anything except Jane's going out to dinner with him—

The whole thought ran parallel to her friend's chatter—would this be who was in town for Saturday night and didn't have a date? Especially if all he says she is. I really don't think this is the right person for her. She has been awfully glum since they parted on the street. This is my day of rest, and to heck with this young Lieutenant if he can't stand me as I am.

At the sound of the doorbell, Jane opened the door with as pleasant a smile on her face as she could manage and was prepared to smile quickly faded into a look of utter dismay—the tall, red-headed Lieutenant was obviously no drip—he was a dream! As Jane good, there was no longer any question, she went out and changed into her evening dress, the thought of going out to dinner with this lucky lady. And they have known each other from the moment she took in his dress uniform, his next and positively shining quality. And then she found herself hurriedly seating him in the room's most comfortable chair, trying to get him to show off his lovely little town not twenty miles from where she lived. Golly, she thought, he's really something!

There's the little fact that Jane modestly overlooked—she's pretty something herself... petite, curvy in just the right ways, pleasant,... But the Lieutenant was seated an unusually attractive gal.

But that Saturday night she was anything but a pleasant, poised actress she's supposed to be. Her... perfection, just right for the characterization of Big Town's Lorelei, wasn't ringing quite true. She was too excited, for some strange reason.

The evening started off well, in spite of the fact that Jane recommended a popular spot for dinner—"and the food was just awful," John was too polite to criticize. It was even greater than his build-up. True, there wasn't anything particularly romantic about the place. For John and Jane dined, danced and talked. They had such fun, and Jane thought: Why, this is the first boy I've ever been with, whom I've felt like this about—we just agree on everything. Then, he said it! "Will you marry me?"

Oh, he's just kidding, thought Jane to herself, maybe it's a new line. But if he weren't... Though Jane didn't show it, she was more than excited by the proposal.

And, as they parted, Jane gave John her phone number, then hurried upstairs to fall asleep and dream. The dream was all about a certain Lieutenant.

The next morning came but John Baker didn't call. Nor the next day, nor the next. Jane felt crushed, depressed and angry in the beginning. But she learned to think of John turned out to be/and around instead. She was awfully glad she'd been smart enough to see through it all the time. After all, everyone had always said she should marry a young, sophisticated man. "What did this John Baker matter? She has her career to consider. She didn't have time for love now. She wasn't looking for it. She didn't expect it. She'll give him a little flak. She's a girl friend, Why had Jane stooped John up? Jane couldn't contain the wild joy her heart felt when she learned from her friend, on that following Wednesday, that John had tried and tried to call her. In her excitement, she had given him the wrong telephone number. Jane laughed as she learned that John thought she, too, was giving him the brush-off. Her laugh had a slightly hysterical quality to it.

So the very next evening they met again. "Will you marry me?" he asked again. Jane looked at him for a long inspection. She was beginning to think it was fast before. She knew that he meant it. His eyes were just too honest. And she felt in her heart and soul it was right. She was relieved to say, this time, "Oh, yes, I will marry you. I think I was too eager," she kidingly adds now, in recalling her reaction.

It was about three in the morning when John brought his car and picked up the young woman, and promised he wouldn't tell a soul about their plans. Once home, however, she put in a hurried call to her own mother in nearby Long Beach. "Funky, my baby," called Jane, "I just got married. I can't sleep the rest of the night. And, at six o'clock the next morning, she was on my doorstep ringing the bell.

Jane convinced her mother that he was wonderful! Of course it was sudden, but this was the beauty of it all. In and so her mother agreed. Then Jane hurried down to Nancy's, a local dress store. "Now, they didn't even open until noon that day," the dressmaker said. "I'm sorry, but I can't start the order. I won't start to work until Monday."

But John only laughed and met the family. They were charmed by his easygoing manner. Dad approved of his solid, down-to-earth approach and agreed that Jane's mother had made him feel so solemnly promise he wouldn't tell a soul about their plans. Once home, however, she put in a hurried call to her own mother in nearby Long Beach. "Funky, my baby," called Jane, "I just got married. I can't sleep the rest of the night. And, at six o'clock the next morning, she was on my doorstep ringing the bell.

Jane saw the surprise on his face. "Now, John," began Jane lamely, "I don't think this is the right time..."

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"What's the matter," I asked, "don't you want to see me?"

"Of course," he hastily assured me. "But I've seen you. In a picture, not too long ago," he muttered.

But he couldn't remember the name of the picture," laughed Jane, "nor the story. So I made him sit through Big Town. After that was over, I turned and said—"Well—"

"John looked at me (kind of in revelation) I think) and said, 'You were good!' I think he was surprised that I could act.

"I'm eager to begin a real life," John, as Mrs. Baker. "I'm not used to the name—or even being married yet," she smiled. "When we were in the motel in San Diego, we were naturally registered as Mr. and Mrs. Baker. Yet script for the TV show came by the bushel addressed to Miss Jane Nigh. I had forgotten to tell the studio my married name.

"I never knew it could be so much fun to be a television guest star. People recognized me. I don't want to be married. I'm going to have a baby.

"Today, Jane finds herself on her own little cloud. Floating along in a perfectly beautiful world. Imagine meeting—and marrying—a man whom you'd known less than twenty-four hours, and having it be so wonderful? I'm glad we did it when she least expected it. Who would have guessed romance was going to come in the guise of a blind date—and what kind of a man is it who doesn't have a date on Saturday night?"

"The kind you marry," says Jane.
## Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

### Monday through Friday

#### Morning Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Local Programs</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Bob Warren</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Bill Stern</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>Dangerous Assignment</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Alex Dreier, News Reporter</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Young Dr. Malone</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Brighter Day</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Strike It Rich</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Bob and Ray</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>Dave Garroway</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Local Programs</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Kate Smith Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Luncheon with Lopes</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Merrill Mueller</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>Dr. Paul</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Pickens Party</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>Meredith Wilson</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>Credic Foster</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
<td>Dixieland Matinee</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Live a Millionaire</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>Poole's Paradise</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>Thrill of Life</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>Pepper Young</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>Right to Happiness</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
<td>Stella Dallas</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
<td>Young Widower Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>Woman In My House</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Lawrence Jones</td>
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<td>5:45</td>
<td>The Doctor's Wife</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<td>Robert Montgomery</td>
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#### Thursday

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<th>Time</th>
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<td>Robert Montgomery</td>
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### Sunday

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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Robert Montgomery</td>
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### News

- ABC News
- CBS News
### 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>Highly Doody</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
<td>Renfro Valley</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
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<td></td>
<td>News of America</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Garden Gate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Anybody Home</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Ottie Kids</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td>Bruce MacFarlane, News</td>
<td></td>
<td>St. Louis Melodies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Mary Lee Taylor</td>
<td>Space Patrol</td>
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<td>Queen Drake</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Show</td>
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<td></td>
<td>The Little Ones</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Love Boat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>My Secret Story</td>
<td>Fun with Classics</td>
<td></td>
<td>News, Bill Shadel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>Adrenalin on Thunder Hill</td>
<td></td>
<td>11:05 Let's Pretend</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Hollywood Love Story</td>
<td>U. S. Marine Band</td>
<td></td>
<td>At Ease, with P.F.C. Eddie Fisher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Give and Take</td>
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#### Afternoon 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>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Man on the Farm</td>
<td>101 Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Theatre of Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>Fifth Army Band</td>
<td>American Farmer</td>
<td>12:45 Cedric Adams</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>U. S. Marine Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>National Farm and Home Hour</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>Navy Hour</td>
<td>Grand Central</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1:25 It Happens</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>U. S. Coast Guard</td>
<td>Dunn on Discs</td>
<td>Vincent Lopez Show</td>
<td>Every Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>Caiets on Parade</td>
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<td></td>
<td>City Hospital</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Coffee in Washington</td>
<td>Georgia Crackers</td>
<td>Front and Center</td>
<td>Music with the Girls</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Make Way for Youth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Big City Serenade</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Down Homers</td>
<td>Bandstand, U. S. A.</td>
<td>Pan American Union</td>
<td>Report From Overseas</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Adventures in Science</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>U. S. Army Band</td>
<td>Sport Parade</td>
<td>Lone Pine Mountain Men</td>
<td>Farm News Correspondents' Scratch Pad</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:45</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Win, Place or Show</td>
<td>Caribbean Crossroads</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Stan Dougherty Presents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>Finnegans' Box Scores</td>
<td></td>
<td>Cross Section, U.S.A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>Musiqua</td>
<td>Hawaii Calls</td>
<td>International Jazz Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
<td>Harmony Rangers</td>
<td>Roseland</td>
<td>Music Festival</td>
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<td>5:15</td>
<td>Author Speaks</td>
<td>Banus Far Band</td>
<td>At Home With Work Club Time</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>Key to Health</td>
<td>Pee Wee Reese</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<td>6:00</td>
<td>News, Bob Warren</td>
<td>Smiley Whiteley</td>
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<td>Summer Concert — Hollywood Bowl</td>
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<td>Case History</td>
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<td>Friends of Faith</td>
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<td>Jane Ace, Disc Jockey</td>
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<td>Meet Your Match</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Grand Ole Opry</td>
<td>Lombardo Land</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Summer Show</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of the Air—Summer-time Concerts</td>
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<td>At the Shurrock</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Chamber Music</td>
<td>Society of Lower Basin Street</td>
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<td>Dance Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>String Quartet</td>
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<td>Lyrically Speaking</td>
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<td>Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>World News Roundup</td>
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<td>Milton Cross Album</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>We Hold These Truths</td>
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<td>Trinity Choir</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Carnival of Books</td>
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<td>World News Roundup</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>Faith in Action</td>
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<td>Organ Concert</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>National Radio</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Art of Living</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>News, Peter Roberts</td>
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<td>Church of the Air</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Faultless Search Time</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>Morning Serenade</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>UN Is My Beat</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>The Author Speaks</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Charis Sletia</td>
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<td>College Choirs</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>Latin American Music</td>
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<td>Branch Time</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>The Eternal Light</td>
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<td>People's Platform</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
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<td>Piano Playhouse</td>
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<td>13:00</td>
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<td>Howard K. Smith, News, Bill Costello, News</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Critic at Large</td>
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<td>Herald of Truth</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>&quot;Mike &quot;55&quot;</td>
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<td>National Vespers</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>Univ. of Chicago</td>
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<td>Invitation to Music—James Fasset</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>Roundtable</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
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<td>The Symphonette</td>
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<td>On a Sunday Afternoon — Eldon Gailfarb</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>Huts in the Ring</td>
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<td>Enno Roger</td>
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<td>America's Music</td>
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<td>Bob Considine</td>
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<td>John Cameron</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>The Falcon with Lee Damron</td>
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<td>Martin Kane with Lee Tracy</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>Hollywood Star</td>
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<td>Playhouse</td>
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<td>Whitehall 1212</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Tales of Texas Rangers</td>
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<td>George E. Sokolsky</td>
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<td>The Chase</td>
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<td>Den Gander</td>
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<td>Here Comes the Band</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Meredith Wilson's Summer Symphony</td>
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<td>Hats in the Ring</td>
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<td>This Is Free Europe</td>
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<td>Paul Harvey</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>American Forum</td>
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<td>Gloria Parker</td>
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* Approx. time—Midwest & Southern areas only.*
Baseball on Television

Before the game:

Knobhole Gang with Happy Felton
Day with the Giants with Laraine Day
Yankee Preview with Joe DiMaggio

DATE       TIME       GAME       CHANNEL
Fri., July 11  2:25 P.M. St. Louis vs. Yankees  11 & 6
Sat., July 12  1:55 P.M. St. Louis vs. Yankees  11 & 6
Sun., July 13  2:00 P.M. "Detroit vs. Yankees"  11 & 6
Mon., July 14  1:25 P.M. Detroit vs. Yankees  11 & 6
Tues., July 15  8:25 P.M. Cleve. vs. Yankees  11 & 6
Fri., July 18  2:25 P.M. Chicago vs. Yankees  11 & 6
Sat-Sun., July 19-20  8:20 P.M. Brooklyn vs. Yankees  11 & 6
Mon., July 21  8:22 P.M. St. Louis vs. Giants  11 & 6
Tues., July 22  8:30 P.M. Cleve. vs. Dodgers  9
Wed., July 23  1:20 P.M. St. Louis vs. Giants  11 & 6
Thurs., July 24  1:30 P.M. St. Louis vs. Dodgers  9
Fri., July 25  1:20 P.M. St. Louis vs. Giants  11 & 6
Sat., July 26  8:30 P.M. St. Louis vs. Dodgers  9
Sun., July 27  1:50 P.M. *Cinc. vs. Giants  11 & 6
Mon., July 28  2:05 P.M. St. Louis vs. Dodgers  9
Tues., July 29  8:20 P.M. Chicago vs. Giants  11 & 6
Wed., July 30  1:30 P.M. St. Louis vs. Dodgers  9
Thurs., July 31  1:20 P.M. Chicago vs. Giants  11 & 6
Fri., Aug. 1  8:20 P.M. St. Louis vs. Dodgers  9
Sat., Aug. 2  1:20 P.M. St. Louis vs. Giants  11 & 6
Sun., Aug. 3  1:30 P.M. Chicago vs. Dodgers  9
Tues., Aug. 5  2:05 P.M. Chicago vs. Dodgers  9
Wed-Thurs., Aug. 6-7  2:20 P.M. St. Louis vs. Dodgers  9
Fri., Aug. 8  8:20 P.M. Boston vs. Yankees  11 & 6
Sat., Aug. 9  1:55 P.M. Boston vs. Yankees  11 & 6
Sun., Aug. 10  2:00 P.M. Boston vs. Yankees  11 & 6

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2
3:00 P.M. Big Payoff • 4 & 6
3:30 P.M. Mel Torme Show • 2 & 6
3:30 P.M. Johnny Doughan Show • 4
4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 & 6
5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls • 3
7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6
7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre • 9
8:30 P.M. Quiz Kids • 4
8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
9:00 P.M. Sport Quiz • 4 & 6
10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2 & 6
Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 1 & 6
Garroway's wake-up edition, including news, special events and
entertainment for two hours from Radio City.

10:30 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2
Fifteen minutes of Arthur's regular radio show on video.

10:45 A.M. Your Surprise Store • 2 & 6
Funister Lew Parker, assisted by glamorous Jacqueline Susann,
with stunts, brain-teasers and a swap session.

11:15 A.M. Bride and Groom • 2
Come to the wedding as John Nelson encases Phil Hanna sings.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2
Heart-rending interviews by Warren Hull as worthy contestants
try to earn as much as $500 in cash.

12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2
Ruth with music and song and her own ingratiating talks.

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6
Ruth with music and song and her own ingratiating talks.

12:15 P.M. Lore of Life • 2 & 6
Betty McCall as Vanessa Dale, an advertising woman, and her
sympathetic, understanding handling of others' problems.

12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6
The serial accounting trials and problems of an American
family torn between conflicts of two generations.

Monday P.M.

8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 4
Joe Kelly quizzes his erudite moppets from Chicago.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
Arthur may be on vacation but showcasing of talent goes on.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 1 & 6
Great music of all times, starring: July 14, Thomas L. Thomas,
baritone; July 21, Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano; July 28,
Christopher Lynch, tenor. Each in thirty-minute recitals.

8:30 P.M. Washday Theatre • 7
Forget the laundry with feature-length Hollywood films.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Hollow-voiced Frank Gallop with sleep-haunting tales.

11:00 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
The big, long chapter show continues through the hot summer.

Tuesday

8:00 P.M. Feature Film • 2
8:00 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4 & 6
Uncle Millie gives over to Jack Barry and his panel of junior-
ized experts who discuss the problems of their contemporaries.

8:30 P.M. Sport Quiz • 4 & 6
Expert sport announcer, Bill Stern, is quizmaster.

9:00 P.M. Boss Lady • 4
A new dramatic series, filling in during the "dog days" until
Fireside Theatre returns in cool, cool September.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Excellently cast and produced original video plays.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Tight, suspenseful drama in this weekly treat for whodunit fans.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6
Ted Mack, once Major Bowes' righthand man, continues in the
great tradition with opportunity for amateurs of all ages.

10:00 P.M. On Trial • 4
Pro and con views of vital issues expressed by top government
officials and congressmen with their distinguished counsel.
TV program highlights

**Wednesday**

- **9:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6** Substitute Frank Parker as Godfrey goes a-fishing.
- **8:00 P.M. Heritage • 4** This is Kate Smith's nighttime replacement; Heritage, a proud, beautiful musicalace, originating from the nation's capital.
- **8:00 P.M. Adventure Playhouse • 5** DuMont's established weekly presentation of fine full-length film fare from Hollywood or London studios.
- **9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6** Strong men cry as Warren Hull introduces needy contestants who vie for $500 in the quiz, and touch the heart of the nation.
- **9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4** Superb, hour-long plays. Mostly originals, cast in New York.
- **9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 7** Suave Leslie Howard adorns the role of the adventuresome criminologist with Florence Ames cast as his father, Inspector Queen.
- **9:30 P.M. The Web • 2** Blood-curdling melodrama.
- **10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6** Boxing continues from outdoor arenas, when available, with possible supplementing by sport newscasts.

**Thursday**

- **8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6** Film returns of Marx madcaps.
- **8:00 P.M. Hollywood Offbeat • 7** Melvyn Douglas, as a private eye, solves Hollywood crime cases.
- **9:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7 & 6** Dennis James, gives contestants the kiss of gold when they answer correctly on this well-known quiz show.
- **9:00 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2** Brawny actor Ralph Bellamy in his tireless crime-cracking.
- **9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4** Exciting, realistic crime drama. Alternate weeks Gangbusters, video version of radio series.
- **9:00 P.M. Royal Playhouse • 5** Popular feature films reissued for TV, in one hour length.
- **10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4** Terrific suspense melodrama, filmed in Europe for video.
- **10:30 P.M. Author Meets the Critics • 5** Plenty of excitement as controversial books and their authors are put up for dissection. Quentin Reynolds as moderator.

**Friday**

- **7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin • 7** Stu and wife, June Collyer, present the funny side of domestic chaos. Sheila James and Ann Todd as their daughters.
- **8:00 P.M. Arthur Murray Dancing Party • 2 & 6** The dancing master's gracious wife with a delightful variety show, replacing Martha for the summer duration.
- **8:00 P.M. Cuestion Call • 4** Noted producer, Worthington Minor, who gained renown with Studio One, has moved to NBC and this is his first new show.
- **8:30 P.M. Pantomime Quiz • 2** Two Hollywood teams compete in a variation of charades.
- **9:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6** As the political battle gets as hot as the weather, WTP turns its full attention to dramatic and entertaining campaign issues.
- **9:00 P.M. Doorway to Danger • 4 & 6** Summer crime series while Big Story takes its usual hiatus.
- **9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5** Dr. Bergen moderates on the Chicago scene.
- **9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 4 & 6** The wonderful and humorous Eve Arden turns off the heat and turns on the fun in a great video version of her radio show.
- **9:30 P.M. Campbell Playhouse • 4 & 6** Half-hour film shows with Hollywood actors take over for The Aldrich Family, gone to the mountains for a summer vacation.
- **10:00 P.M. Caracalde of Stars • 5** Big hour of variety with big names. Comic Larry Storch, emcee.

**Saturday**

- **12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 & 6** You supply the peanuts, Ringmaster Jack Sterling comes on with sensational circus variety in the big ring.
- **5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Film • 9** From the great film studios of Italy: July 12, "Marco Visconti," starring Carlo Ninchi; July 19, "Bazaar of Ideas," Lilian Herrmann; July 26, "Risky Game," Antonio Candusio; August 2, "Song of the Continent," Angelo Musco; August 9, "A Sea of Troubles," Umberto Melnati. All films with English titles.
- **7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2** Emcee Bud Collyer takes contestants over the hurdles as they attempt parlour stunts to earn merchandise prizes.
- **7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4 & 6** You're a welcome guest at the Barbouris until July 19 for the following Saturday, American Inventory takes over for the summer.
- **8:00 P.M. Feature Film • 2**
- **8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4** Headline comedians continue to rotate.
- **9:00 P.M. All Around the Town • 2** Husband-wife team, Mike Wallace and lovely Buff Cobb.
- **9:00 P.M. Blind Date • 4 & 6** Feniece Arlene Francis acts as chaperone.
- **9:30 P.M. Feature Film • 2**
- **9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Dance Party • 4 & 6** Big-name dance bands set up their bandstand in your living room. Jerry Lester emcees.
- **10:30 P.M. Assignment Manhattan • 3 & 6** Snooky Lanson and company take a breather while killers try to escape the hot breath of the pursuing investigator.

**Sunday**

- **11:15 A.M. Joe DiMaggio's Dayout • 4** The great ex-star of the Yankees with big league guests.
- **5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (& 6 at 5:30 P.M.)** Top-flight circus variety with Claude Kirchner, ringmaster.
- **6:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2** John Daly is the host.
- **7:00 P.M. Royal Showcase • 4 & 6** Hollywood star comic, Jack Carson, is your host to a half-hour of variety with guest stars and Gordon Jenkins orchestra.
- **7:30 P.M. Lucky Clues • 2 & 6** Mystery panel show filling in for the summer for Show Biz.
- **7:30 P.M. Meet the Press • 4** Dixie-tongued Martha Ronanette moderates as a panel of news reporters fire questions at noted government personalities.
- **7:30 P.M. Manhattan Playhouse • 5** Movie time with full-length features from Hollywood.
- **8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6** Ed Sullivan presents the cream of international talent in his full hour of smash vaudeville, with the Toastettes and Ray Bloch.
- **8:00 P.M. The Big Payoff • 4** The popular daytime show with Bess Myerson and Randy Merriman.
- **9:00 P.M. Information Please • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)** The show, famous in radio and movie shorts, now on TV with headmaster Clifton Fadiman, plus the wit and brilliance of John Kiernan, Franklin P. Adams and guest panelists.
- **9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6** Remains open for the summer with usual excellent dramatic fare.
- **9:30 P.M. Break the Bank • 2** The quiz show, that in radio and TV has paid out hundreds of thousands in cash. Ten questions posed by Bud Collyer.
- **10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2** Regular panelists Kilgallen, Cerv, Francis and Block rotate their vacations as guests stand in.
- **10:30 P.M. American Forum • 4** Discussion of lively topical issues with Theodore Granik.
Traveling the Road of Life Together (Continued from page 36)

thermometer professionally or find a nurse—of one national fame, too. Today, Don MacLaughlin is Dr. Jim Brent to millions of Americans—the leading character of NBC's popular daytime serial drama, The Road of Life.

"I guess I did want to study medicine at one time," the tall, good-looking actor recalls. "But, I was very young and I don't think I had given much thought to anything else. I suppose, more than anything, I was swayed by our neighbors in Webster. You know how it is in small towns, people always seem to expect the little girl to become a doctor, too. I can remember some of the patients patting me on the head, when I'd open the office door, and saying, 'My, my, you're getting to be more like your father every day.' I suppose I might have followed his footsteps, but Dad passed away when I was only ten and I no longer lived under that influence.

"When I tell people about my early background they are quick to say, 'Well, a doctor's son! It must be a snap, acting in a doctor's role.' I'm sure it has helped some, but I was so young then I didn't have much of a chance to learn a great deal. And, besides, my father was a real country doctor who spent the early days of his practice winding through the hills in horse and buggy, treating horses and cows, as well as people. The Dr. Brent in our radio drama is more of a specialist, of course, armed with the knowledge of modern medicine.

"However, living in small towns practically all of my life has been a big help. I think it was equal parts of my background that enables me to interpret my role in The Road of Life. The town I live in—Darien, Connecticut—is not unlike Merrimac, the setting for our serial. The people are pretty much the same. Therefore, when I walk into the studio each day to do the show it's not like stepping out of one world into another, as is the case in some roles an actor must play. They are our people in our story. It's just the events that are unusual and, of course, a little melodramatic.

"Then, too, I lead a rather normal life with my wife and three children and think this is a big influence, too. Very often, when I play a scene with a fictional character, I can parallel it with something that has happened at home. For instance, I have a daughter, Janet, who is ten—approximately the same age as Janie, my daughter in the radio play—and sometimes I find myself reading lines from the script that are just about the same things I would say at home.

"One day we had a scene in the story in which Janie was trying to learn to play baseball to gain favor with her boy friend, and this struck home immediately. My little girl, Reese, is a female Pee Wee Reese. She'd rather play baseball than eat. I remember the shoe shine and this is an affection we share to a certain degree. At any rate, in handling my part of the father discussing baseball with daughter, I've understood perfectly just how such a scene would go, thanks to Janet.

"There are times, too, when a scene from the script will stick with Don and influence his thinking after he leaves the studio.

"Recently, my list of undone chores around the house had grown to the point where it exhausted me to even think about doing them. I guess I was in the mood for something to help me out, you know. So, I turned on the radio and listened to Dr. Brent, the doctor. I must say, it helped. I came up with a plan and told my wife about it, and she was pretty impressed. In fact, she said she was going to call the doctor! It was a good idea.

"So, you see, Dr. Brent has helped me in my work, and I think he has helped me in my life. It's like he's always been there, in a way."

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it," he relates, rather sheepishly, "and I had just about reached the conclusion that I'd hire a man for a day or two and get everything cleaned up with one fell swoop. But I found my conscience btroubling me. We're poor, but I think one should do around his own homestead. I toyed with the problem for a few more days.

"Finally, one afternoon when I was at the microphone as Dr. Brent, I found myself musing upon some such thing as 'Every man should be able to take care of things around his home, fix things that need fixing, and make his presence felt.' With that in mind, the commuter train back to Darien after the broadcast. I plunged headlong through my mind. When I arrived home, I found myself almost unconsciously changing into my work clothes to tackle the household chores. Even my wife and the writers, Charles Gussman and John Young, weren't conspiring against me."

Fortyish and ruggedly handsome, with light hair and blue eyes highlighting his features, Don is one of radio's most popular and successful actors. He is generally known in the trade as "the actor with the typical American man's voice," although at one time he feared the same slight Midwestern twang, which now is his fortune, would block his acting career.

"When I first tried to break into radio I was told one of the typical facts that sounded like a Westerner, or Midwesterner, and, frankly, it worried me," he tells. "Being in New York, I suppose I was the other kind. But, I'm happy that it never really hurt me one bit. Of course, I would never be cast in a Shakespearean role. But, on the other hand, if I had trained at the Royal Academy, I might be playing my present type of part, either."

Don, who has been headlining radio dramas for the past fifteen years, is in his fifth year in the Dr. Brent role. He has starred in four other important works' series, including Death Valley Days, Tennessee Jed and Counter-Spy. But, for all his long experience, he retains great interest in his work.

Don makes the one-hour trip from Darien to the NBC studios in Radio City by train each working day, arriving at 1:45 P.M. to start rehearsal. The cast usually arrives at the studio several hours under the guidance of Director Walter Gorman, polishing up lines until the show is ready to go on the air at 3:15 P.M. After the broadcast, Don usually heads right back to Darien unless he has another assignment at the studio.

Once home, he initially hears a critique of the show from his attractive wife, Mary, who tunes in the broadcast on the radio while she is picking up Janet and Brit, who are seven, at school. "Mary is a wonderful critic," Don admits. "She has no professional theatre background, but she enjoys being critical as an average listener. I seek her approval on everything we do and her judgment has never been wrong. The youngsters hear the show, of course. But, since this is their first exposure, they have not been turned loose by their teachers, I'm afraid they're not too interested in Dr. Brent's daily problems."

The MacLaughlins live in a picturesque white stucco house of early American vintage. A wavy shingle line gives it the effect of a thatched roof, and it is much like a large English cottage and stands apart from the Colonial-type houses so common throughout New England.

Actually the house has been converted from an old barn and this has brought about a unique arrangement for the eight rooms. The living room once occupied the carriage house and its ceiling is two stories high, highlighted by massive cross beams eighteen inches square. It is bordered by a den and a step-down dining room, whose ceilings are of weathered wood from the sides of the barn. The three bedrooms upstairs have been made from what formerly was the haymow.

The MacLaughlin household is thoroughly organized and all members of the clan have specific chores to perform to help Mary and the doctor. Almost has been with the family ten years. Don, naturally, handles the heavier chores—when in the mood—helps with the gardening and does his share to keep the velvet-like green lawn in shape. The latter is a bit of the arrangement in which all participate, and such strength in numbers has eliminated the need for purchasing a power-driven mower.

"The youngsters generally are a willing group," Don points out with unrestrained pride, "and we don't encounter much griping at all. Doug, who is thirteen, is very clever with his hands and has turned out some real one models of old-time automobiles. For a while I thought we might have a musician on our hands. He learned to play the guitar rather well and lately he's been plucking the bass fiddle, but I don't think he's too deeply interested in music. He has a scientific mind—likes to build radios, experiment with chemistry and study astronomy, and claims he wants to go to M.I.T."

"Janet, of course, just lives for baseball. We toss the ball around together quite a bit and she's a real hot-shot—can scoop up a ground ball almost as well as some big leaguers. Britt's a very good worker. He's the baby of the outfit, but he does his chores very diligently and takes a lot of pride in his work."

"The latest break for me were confirmed Brooklyn Dodger fans—without a dissenting vote—and this probably explains Janet's rabid enthusiasm for the game. Don tries to go over to Brooklyn to see their heroes play as often as possible, but when this isn't accomplished they have the ball game tuned in on the radio or television set. Very often the TV receiver is set up so that all the clan can watch the game while continuing with lunch or dinner."

Don changes hobbies just about as often as a woman switches her hair-do. "I've been thinking about the time Doug was born, but you can see how my interest has cooled just by looking at the family album. We have stacks of pictures of Doug at all ages and in all possible costumes, but you hardly find one of young Britt. I was pretty interested in photography for a while, though, even had a couple of pictures published. Then I settled down to the guitar, just about the same time Don turned professional. I came to the conclusion that it's the easiest instrument to play—badly. Why, even Doug showed me up."

"I'd been fooling around with oil painting and I find that very relaxing. I've done a self-portrait that isn't too bad. It's a good likeness of me, but the brushwork is better! I suppose I'll get tired of this too, after a while. When you come right down to it, I guess acting is the only craft I've ever tried to improve."

Until Don settled down for his long stay in the Brent role he had been previously an actor in the NBC radio repertory, and a member of the NBC radio staff. 

Don majored in English and dramatics at college, and it was during his sophomore year that he was nipped by the acting bug. He appeared in some campus productions at the University of Arizona, where he had his radio debut over Station KVOA, in Tucson. He's probably the only man in show business who got started in broadcasting during a horse race. Don had a small part in a radio play but it was cut out during rehearsal. He was re-assigned to help out the sound effects man and, as a result, his initial introduction to the airwaves was as a neighing horse.

After college days, Don got the wanderlust and took off for the Orient to visit some missionary relatives in Singapore. He worked his way over as a seaman on the Pacific and returned to China six months later, and, after spending six months there, returned to find a job in New York.

His first radio audition, for a post of staff announcer on a local station, consisted of reading a newscast. When it was over, Don learned that he had actually been on the air all the time. He got the job, too. "That blessed experience," he tells, "is the only thing I ever developed—of fright."

He did a hitch as road manager with Little Jack Little's band after that and later joined the radio company at WGN in York, along with Kenny Delmar—Fred Allen's one-time Senator Claghorn.

Don met another young out-of-towner in New York just about this time. She was Mary Prugh, who had ambitions of becoming a newspaperwoman. They were married the following year.

The Depression hit Don during his first full year in radio, he earned the staggering sum of $22.50—which he received for two appearances. However, in 1939, he landed his biggest job when he signed a three-year contract at San Francisco to do a role in the serial, Dangerous Road. Since then, he's been one of the busiest performers on the network.

And, for all the bends and turns and shifts, Don MacLaughlin is pretty happy about his "road of life."
Our Wedding Miracle

(Continued from page 56)

standing in front of a full moon in a glamorous evening gown.

I was stunned, a little groggy on my feet, but not out cold. We began talking and I found that her personality sparkled as much as her eyes. I learned she was a couple of years behind me in school, that her name was Eileen Levine, she was nineteen and lived in Brooklyn.

After that I found myself anticipating our dancing class. I combed my hair unnecessarily, hummed on the way to the gym and held my breath till I caught sight of her. She seemed to like me, Easter vacation was coming up, so I asked for a date. She accepted.

That Sunday we had a lovely time. We went to a students' hangout to eat, talk and listen to the music. And I went home miserable. Why? Well, I discovered—not really to my surprise—that Eileen had several other boy friends. Furthermore, she spoke well of them. I sensed it was going to be a long, arduous battle. And it was.

Instantly, everyone knew I was in love, my brother and sister and my parents. I remember my best friend asked me to double-date with him the following Saturday.

"She's busy," I said.

"Which she?" he asked. "What're you talking about?"

"Eileen can't go."

"Leo, you're sick," he said, then he paused. "No, you're in love."

There was no doubt of it. I waited on Eileen before, between and after classes. We went for long walks and talks. She seemed just as pleased with me as I was with her. But, when it came to dates, I had to get in line and wait my turn with the competition. It didn't seem fair.

"It's a promise I made to my parents," she explained. "I promised that I wouldn't go steady until I graduated."

And she had two years to go. "You just want to have your cake and eat it," I would say when I felt real nasty. Other times I tried to explain how bad it made me feel that she dated other men when I loved her. Of course, I tried to understand her parents' reasoning, but nothing is reasonable when you're in love.

Our first kiss—now there was an occasion. It also marked my first major encounter with her parents. (Note: All this, while authentic, is told in the spirit of fun, for I think Eileen's parents are wonderful.) Eileen and I had returned from a school play. Eileen's father was sitting in the living room reading a newspaper and he went on reading. Eileen, who likes classical music, put on some records. Symphonies usually bore me, but listening was an excuse for staying, so I didn't object. Eileen's father didn't budge for thirty minutes then he crossed his legs, turned the page and went on reading. Never before did I realize that a newspaper contained so much. Then I borrowed the sporting section figuring there would be that much less for him to read. Two hours later he gave up. Defeated and saturated with world events, he wearily went to bed.

"It's late," Eileen said.

"Don't I know it," I said. "But I'm going."

At the door I stopped and waited for her to come close.

"May I kiss you?"

She nodded and I remember yet that her kiss was worth the two-hour wait. It was a real television-type kiss. I floated home but I wasn't up in the clouds for long. Although we saw each
other regularly, week after week I got the same answer. "Sorry, but I can't go steady."

I know Eileen's folks liked me as a person, even though they weren't enthusiastic about having a steady suitor around. I suppose parents have more time to be critical when they have only one child. My folks met Eileen and took to her immediately.

"I wish you would settle down, Leon. You should have a steady girl friend now, like that nice Eileen," was my mother's comment.

She didn't know how hard I was trying. Then summer came and both of us worked as counsellors at camps. The camps, however, were 130 miles apart. To complete my part of one of my college essays, I worked within walking distance of Eileen. That summer I got to see Eileen only three times and each time I came away feeling, today it's me but tomorrow who? Eileen was strictly observing her parents' rules.

That fall we picked up our romance in the same irregular-regular manner. I even managed to make myself a constant Thursday night dinner guest at her house, but it was still "sorrier, can't go steady." By January—that was 1951—I was beyond being reasonable. I wasn't a knight on a white charger, but I knew perfectly well how to get on a tender-foot on a bucking bronco.

On a Saturday night in that January, I went to a square dance. Eileen couldn't go with me. Not only was she going out with someone else, but she had a blind date, arranged by her mother. I decided then that the bubble would break or be broken.

The next evening, I met her with some carefully thought-out sarcastic remarks but she had the first word and it was music to my ears.

"Leo, I was sick last night."

"Something you ate?"

"No. I was just dreadful being with someone else."

It was the first time she had said it out loud.

Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"We're going steady," she said.

"How about your parents?"

And she told me. When she got home the night before, she went to her parents' room. They were both sleeping, but she woke her mother.

"I had a miserable time tonight," Eileen said.

"You should have slept," her mother said, closing her eyes.

"I've decided," she said. "I'm not going out with any other boys but Leo."

"We'll talk about it in the morning," her mother mumbled.

I couldn't understand why her mother had so much trouble getting up then. She always managed to stay awake when I brought Eileen home from a date. Probably my mother had been as strenuous for her as for me. That proved to be so, for in the morning, she readily agreed that Eileen and I could go steady.

I gave Eileen an engagement ring that April, the anniversary of the day we met. I'll never forget her eyes when she saw it—no painting could have done justice to the happiness on her face.

We tried to set a wedding date and I found our problems weren't quite over. Eileen had more school to complete. My salary as a schoolteacher was just about what you expect a teacher's pay to be and you can imagine how it goes. We couldn't have a small wedding for there were too many relatives and friends in New York. A big wedding would be very expensive. And so the talk dragged on for months.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," Eileen said one day, "if we could put all of the money to be spent on a wedding and honeymoon into getting a good start."

You have only one wedding and one honeymoon," I said. "It should be something to remember."

"Well, we might make it a major attraction and sell tickets," she joked, and then paused and mumbled, "Bride and Groom's wedding celebration:"

"What?" I asked.

"The television program," she said. "You know, they marry you and give you a honeymoon."

We had both seen the show, always jealous that it was someone else getting married. So we wrote for an application, filled it out and then waited. In the meantime, plans and discussions for the wedding were as mixed up as ever. Who would be invited? Where would it be? When? How large? Then one day there was this call from the lovely Harriet Snelling, whom we'll always cherish, called us. We had been accepted as a couple to be married in April.

"You haven't changed your mind, have you?" she asked.

"I'm speechless, that's all.

Everything was settled. The date: April 3, 1952. The place: CBS-TV studios. The guests: Thirty-three—everyone else could watch on TV.

Several weeks before the wedding, we met Harriet Snelling, who was to be our principal guide. She explained that Bride and Groom would furnish everything—token wedding rings, formal suits for the groom and best man, and a lovely gown for Eileen. The program would also take care of our honeymoon, transportation and five-day stay in a five-star hotel.

"I've got seventeen days' leave from school," I said. "I'd like to go to Florida and then we could travel around a bit afterwards."

"I'm not sure we can manage that," Harriet said. A week later she phoned and asked, "How about Palm Springs in California?"

I just kind of babbled into the phone.

"I guess that means yes," Harriet laughed.

"You bet."

A few days before the wedding we went to Manhattan again. Harriet took Eileen into a room. The door closed and I read the poster: "It may be love he's admitting or a gown she's affiting, so do not disturb."

It was a gown, not me, and I observed the unwritten rule that the groom doesn't see his bride's dress until the wedding. And it was something worth waiting for. The dress was a floor-length satin and lace with a full train, and the veil was fingertip. She carried a corsage of pink carnations pinned to a Bible. Eileen looked lovely.

We got to the studio early enough to rehearse twice, just as we would have rehearsed in church. Phil Hanna, John Nelson and everyone else was so considerate, I didn't feel too nervous. I remember Eileen, waiting for the official ceremony with the Bible held against her. She was breathing so hard, she told me, that she was afraid the book would pop right out of her hands. And then the director's hand was raised . . .

pointed at us—"and we were about to be married!"

She was the man who remembers all the details of his wedding and I won't believe his real. I don't remember. But everything went smoothly. Then the wedding was over and Eileen and I were kneeling on the rug to kiss."

But it was still just the start. After the reception, we were driven to the airport with pounds of rice—and then literally and figuratively were in the clouds flying to New York. We got to the Taquitz Hotel in the resort town of celebrities, Palm Springs, California. We saw more movie stars there than you could find in one corner of Hollywood."

We had read a brochure describing the hotel and everything lived up to our expectations: The swimming pool, the dining room, our beautiful two-and-a-half-room suite with a small sitting room, and the view that so thrilled the seventeen days of make-believe. I rented a car and we began a tour that, I suppose, is every Easterner's dream."

We drove down the golden coast to Mexico and, on our way back, visited San Francisco and Los Angeles. We just didn't worry about anything, not even money. When we boarded the airplane in Burbank for our trip home via the New Star Caribbean Airline, I had only twenty-four cents in my pocket—just a penny short of what was required to tip the porter who gave us our ticket."

I just can't complain about being short-changed."

We came back to an apartment we're subletting until our own is available in Little Neck, Long Island. We've already received our fries from our home via the Bride and Groom program: Queen Bass silver and Carole Stupell china service for twelve people. Then we are getting some bedroom furniture and a Westinghouse television set.

I can't say that the Bride and Groom show made me the happiest man in the world, for it was Eileen who did that. But Bride and Groom made the most eventful and happiest occasions in our lives. We hope our children will be as lucky.
Julius La Rosa

(Continued from page 53)

American boy with a pleasant voice and make a star out of him. Julius, who's anything but conceited, blesses Godfrey several times a day, and pinches himself to make sure it's all true, In-between times, "I got six suits," he says wonderingly. "I used to get a new suit every year, for Easter. Now—six suits."

The story of Julius La Rosa begins in Brooklyn. He was born there on January 2, 1930. His father's name is Salvatore, his mother's name is Lucy, his sister's name is Sadie. Today, Sadie's married and has an eight-month-old daughter—but Julius fondly recalls that he and she nearly tore each other to pieces growing up. "Typical brother and sister," he says.

Salvatore La Rosa was in the radio-service business, but little Julius was never as interested in radio tubes as in what came out of them. He was practically the original Sinatra fan, went to hear Frankie at the Paramount, listened to his records incessantly while in high school. A real Sinatra fan.

His father would talk sometimes about the future. His father was a realist. "The radio business isn't what it used to be."

But Julie couldn't get with the idea. He had a sneaking suspicion about himself. Every time he watched Sinatra, he was putting himself up there on the stage and liking the feeling.

At Grover Cleveland High School, he passed for a fair student the first two years. "Then," he says, "I started noticing girls."

The main girl he noticed was named Marion Kennedy, and he and she used to go to Eisenhart's after school and drink sodas and talk about life.

Around about this time, Julius' friend, Joe Sangiorgio, joined the High School Senior Chorus. Julius used to notice Joe was getting time off from classes for rehearsals.

"Some racket," Julius said. "Why don't you join?" Joe said.

And there was Julius, wondering why he hadn't thought of that himself. He joined, and eventually made the All-City chorus of 100 voices. He went in as a second alto, and ended up as a bass.

Julius sang with dance bands at school, and also entered several amateur contests. "I lost," he says sweetly.

Eventually, he came out of high school, a bewildered young man. His father had a store by now and Julius tried working in it, but it wasn't any good.

He went to work in an office. It was a pneumatic tool company, and the people called it "a ditto boy." You stood at a machine like a mimeograph, and you pressed copies of invoices, smacks, smacks, smacks, all day long, until you felt like your arm was falling off. Thirty-five a week was the pay. Two months of dittoing, and Julius decided to quit. He went back to tell the office manager—secretly named "Patty." "Patty" was enraged. "You can't quit," he said, in a switch on the old gag, "You're fired."

Julius went home and hung around. The family was very tolerant, but they wanted him to look for a job. "Would you like to go to college?" his father asked.

"No."

"Get a job then."

"But there's nothing I like doing except singing."

Finally, Julius decided the Navy might be for him. The Paramount Theatre didn't seem to have any unknown Brooklyn boys as crooners, and Salvatore La Rosa had always talked about what a good life the
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had what Bill and I were pals. We used to roller skate in Dallas. Love roller skating. Used to go to the movies. Sometimes we'd go camping out, too. Just hunt and talk. Bill was a good sport. He'd never show up in a foolish little. Or a rabbit, either. Every living thing, he'd say, 'must have a chance.' Thanks to Bill, I learned sportsmanship. The clean kind.

"He used to apply this principle to humans, too. And for that I got slapped around a bit before I learned. One day, as we were coming out of school, the guy on my other side was talking to me. He pointed out the street just yet. I got very snoty with him. I told him off. Bill was about six feet behind me. Next thing I knew, I felt his hand on my arm, spinning me around, before I could work out what happened. He said, 'If you catch you acting like this again,' he said, 'I'll fix you. That guy's doing his job.'" I liked him all the better for it. I knew I was wrong, anyway. That's something you can't kid yourself about—when you're wrong, you know it!

"Once Bill came to my defense. It was a hot Saturday afternoon and all the kids were at the Park, fooling around, swimming in the creek. I was talking, I remember, to Orlanda Ratslaff, my crush that summer—oh, it was a wild thing!—when a guy named Sumner and another one named Hitt decided to best me up. I was fourteen or fifteen at the time. They were older and bigger boys and they began to knock the dickens out of me. Sumner shoved my front tooth right through my lip. I still have the scar. He knocked my hearing aid off. My ear started bleeding. Then Bill moved in and you never saw two fellows get what they had coming to them so fast—they must have scars to this day, as I have.

"Bill took me to the crick, washed off my ear, my lip. If people are on your side, I remember thinking, they love you, they'll protect you. It's the kind of thing you never forget. I've never forgotten because, through Bill, I learned to love people outside of my own family, which has a lot to do with the fact that I'm the happiest guy in life. People love me and I love people—and now, I'm in love.

"The last time I saw Bill was in 1942, just before we left Dallas. He was killed in World War II—Lieutenant Bill Blackley." There was a moment’s pause, then Johnnie said:

"Much as I love my family, much as they mean to me, Bill was the greatest influence on my life. Basically, I learned my philosophy, my way around from him. Because I knew my success would make him happy, I've worked for him and for the memory of him. 'John, some day I'm going to be proud of you,' that's what he'd say. That, I hope, is what he is saying now.

"I love somebody very much, like my family, like Marilyn, like Bill, the mere thought of something happening to them breaks me all up. If anything should happen to my wife, or my children, or my parents, I often think, I couldn't live! Yet, I would live. Bill taught me that, too. For I found out at last in the realization that Bill, a clean kid with no bad habits, went right into the air force and was shot down. Being so, I couldn't wish to have him back with me!"

"Yes, packed into Johnnie's young life is sorrow, understanding, tragedy, love. Johnnie was twelve when he lost his hearing.

"Some Boy Scouts were tossing me up in a blanket, he said. The blanket tore and the boys ended up in the Eustachian tubes. It took six months for me to realize I was deaf, then the doctors traced the cause of it. Nothing, so far as we know now, can be done about it, but it's nothing that can't be fixed anyway.

"Of course, the accident which robbed Johnnie of his hearing didn't seem to bother him, as a child, any more than it does now. "It made the rest of the family heart-sick," he said, "though they simply turned the radio up louder! I don't think he realized that he couldn't hear until the folks bought him his first hearing aid. They were happy, and he was happy, too. I remember him calling out to us, sounding very thrilled, 'I can hear the rain on the roof!' This simple sentence which seemed to come out almost gratefully, as if he was regaining his ears, but we never let John know. He wasn't treated as though he were handicapped and I don't believe he ever felt labeled as such. The kids at school were very interested in the hearing aid and he'd let them try it out.

"Shortly after he got his hearing aid, Johnnie discovered it had its advantages. He bought a movie and I had poured us a bottle of pop. My date and I sat down to talk, when we heard a strange, ringing sound which we thought, at first, was the radio misbehaving, and then, anyway, the strange sound seemed to come from behind an open door. Even now, after eleven years, I laugh and laugh when I remember the expression on John's face when he turned the door and found him eavesdropping on our conversation, with the hearing aid turned up."

"I am sure that John never felt his lack of hearing put him back from others. And he was always determined it would not make any difference in his already well-equipped ambitions. He knew he was going to be a star some day. He's always had great trust in God and much faith in the power of prayer. For a good many years, John struggled hard for recognition and a bare existence in the West. But that is the way of success and never has his faith failed him. To this end, the way my parents brought him up and it is a very sincere Johnnie Ray tribute. Is it so wrong for Johnnie to give a lot of credit, and, more to the Supreme Being? Johnnie Ray is not so egotistical, you may be sure, as to think that he did it alone."

(Next month the concluding half of Johnnie's life story will be published in Readers' Digest. He slipped me down! If I ever find the inside story of his love and marriage to Marilyn Morrison and the behind-the-scenes episodes which led to his success,)
Heartbreak Child

(Continued from page 63)

him. Looking back over his young life, I remembered the day I found my apartment door in New York to find his forlorn little figure, tense with fear and antagonism, waiting anxiously to see if he could find shelter with me. Hearing and seeing what had passed, I comprehended what he had seen and, were at the root of the fear-ridden trip he had just made to me from Barrowsville. Beanie had a fear, common to many children—of a child, whose mother consequently doesn’t love him. The basis for this fear was very real in Beanie’s mind, for he had heard Charlie, his father, and Meg, his mother, quarreling about the very thing being brought up. Charlie was blaming Beanie’s faults on Meg, forgetting in the heat of anger that, as Beanie’s father, he was as responsible as Meg. Meg, in speaking back at Charlie in unbridled emotion, had screamed that she had never wanted a child anyway.

In the white heat of temper Meg had, with her lips, voiced the fears which Beanie secretly harbored. No wonder he had taken his mother at her word (words which she really didn’t mean) and had come running to me.

While Meg was on her way to get Beanie, I tried to make Beanie see that he was not the cause of the discord between his parents. I discovered that he knew, because his name was mentioned, and he had begun to believe he must be doing something very wrong which made them both unhappy and angry.

Then, by the help of the skills of this experience, Beanie found himself the object of scorn both at home and at the school, through no fault of his own. Meg became the defendant in a murder trial because of an indirect meeting with attractive Miles Pardee when Charlie was away. Meg had witnessed the killing of Pardee. Because she was the last person to see him alive she was accused, tried and convicted on circumstantial evidence.

The fact of her complete exoneration and legal acquittal later could not erase altogether the doubts in the minds of those whom Beanie will probably always carry on his soul.

In my ignorance and innocence I thought the best place for Beanie would be at home with his father. My father had learned simply to trust Beanie. Beanie had learned that, instead of running away as he had once run to me in New York, he had the power within him to stand up for what is right and be fully realized. I wish I could say that Beanie’s difficulties were over. But isn’t the process of growing up actually the meeting of difficulties and overcoming them? Beanie was born to get ourselves out of one dilemma and into another—especially my sister Meg, who in this case also happens to be his mother. Every child needs at least one person who stands solid as a rock to protect him and give him the unwavering love and comfort he must have. Should be his mother, and eventually Beanie will find that it will be.

In the meantime, I shall do everything in my power to develop a fine relationship between Beanie and Meg. It’s a job I’m proud to accept. I have always known that Beanie is not a problem child—only a child with a problem—which is always a heartbreak child.

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Paul Dixon—Home Town Boy

(Continued from page 49)

home for the weekend?"

For Marge, the lure of a visit to her family's farm topped anything the city had to offer. She broke the date and, by the time they returned to Des Moines, they had developed a romance.

Paul says he ate hamburgers for six months to buy her the pin-point diamond Marge has never permitted him to replace with a larger stone, then displays the gold-mounted intaglio he wears, "You could have knocked me over with a feather when I discovered Marge had been saving just as hard as I had. I never expected her to want to marry me so soon."

The fifty-fifty partnership which began with the exchange of rings continued after their marriage. When Paul set his sights on Chicago, Marge said, "What have we got to lose?" They loaded all their possessions into a rickety car and took off.

Paul was right in saying Chicago held opportunity. Network soap operas carried sizeable fees but Paul couldn't catch even a bubble. Paying room rent and buying meals took cash, not hopes. Marge went to work in Marshall Field's basement, while Paul made audition after audition.

Program directors were unimpressed. His style wasn't right. They didn't like his voice. They had a man already in mind. One sponsor, the manager of a Chicago branch of "The Drapers' Journal" thousand-watt sundowner, was the first to give him a chance on the air. Says Eidman, "He showed up for a competitive audition. In a group of ten, Paul was the only one who did not use the call letters as though he were making a Presidential pronouncement. His voice was fresh. He talked to a farm audience, not down to them.

His first program, which was far from magnificent, he got a new man's 6:00 A.M. shift of market reports, station breaks, program introductions. It was not the policy of WAAF to build stars and, besides, Bob Hirtle was on.

When, after a year, the station manager decided to let him disc-jockey a morning show, it caught on.

When he was able to report to Marge, "I got a fan letter!" the two celebrated. Says Paul, "I lived the life of a king."

We walked over to Helsing's vaudeville lounge and spent a couple of bucks and a couple of hours watching a trio which pantomimists called "The Hugger Muggers." The audience—apparently all kids—roared. They were sold. What Mr. Dixon himself was doing about records began to attract notice. Mail increased, and song pluggers told him he definitely influenced sales.

To Marge he confided, "If I could only get a lot of my listeners together in one place, it would show people what I can do. Do you suppose I dare rent a ballroom and stage a Paul Dixon Night?"

Paul Dixon Night, in the opinion of most people, was a huge success. Crowds packed in, celebrities turned up, yet—when the Dions got home, Paul seemed defeated.

After wisely coaxing, he admitted what was wrong. "Not a single radio editor showed," Marge gave him a puzzled look.

Paul told her then. His real objective had been to get newspaper notice. "I just have to make some dent in the big stations. I've got to get on network. The way things are going, we'd have been better off staying in Des Moines! At least we would have lived better."

Marge glanced around the tiny apartment. Some of the furniture had come with the house. He rented an apartment and bought what he could for in the bargain stores on South Halsted. They had made it a home, and they weren't asking for an estate in Winnetka, but there was no denying that the grass, trees and flowers Marge and Paul had bought were expensive luxuries in Chicago.

But this was no time to remind Paul of it. Arm around his shoulders, she assured him, "We have a day we'll have. We'll have a house with a back yard and everything—and, when we do, don't let me hear you gripe about cutting the grass."

A large local advertiser got interested in buying WAAF in their program. The advertiser also had a total of eight shows on Chicago stations and a habit of assigning a personal announcer to all of them. Some men who had held the assignment went on to nationalists. When Paul received his invitation, it was hot one week, cold the next.

In the midst of this war of nerves, Paul took an early news show one morning, when the regular newsman failed to show up. It was a simple assignment. Reporting it to Marge, he said, "Some jerk—from Cincinnati, I guess—says he wants me to come down there to do news."

"You can't, can you?" she asked.

"I told him," said Paul, "that at WAAF they consider me the world's worst news-caster. Then his real reason welled up. "Besides, it's the sticks. Get lost in Cincinnati and I'll never get a crack at the net."

A chance show, an unpromissive phone call, a "jerk from Cincinnati"—that was Paul's and Marge's first knowledge of the WNAV program. The advertising man was right.

By the next evening, the man had a name. Paul told her, "I'll be darned if that guy didn't show up and take me to lunch. He's Morton Watters, his manager at WCPG New York. He asked me to come to the station."

Dynamic, hard-driving Watters liked Paul even better than person he had on the air. He liked his ambition, his enthusiasm. Watters didn't ask for a chance to talk to Paul on a to-person basis, and he also liked the young man's wholesome good looks. For Watters—even in 1944, when television was a hobby—had plans and Paul fit into them. Paul, who was at the height of his creativity, invited him to come down to Cincinnati to have a look, at least.

Paul, on arrival, found a station, far from "first" and not even "second" in radio, a town which Paul had heard about in the days when competition between stations was as stimulating as a shot of adrenaline. Everyone was in there pitching. And Paul, who had discovered that in terms of Watters' ingenuity than in charts of field movement, was pitching hardest of all.

He also found a city of homes and trees and a feeling that people in the days of which he spoke, in the far away days, were rich in legend, metropolitan, suave, sophisticated. If this was "the sticks," it was the sticks with glamour.

Paul admitted he liked it, but he continued with the place. "No," Watters talked, "we have more and, before he left, it turned to "Maybe."

Watters sensed his advantage and presented it. He gave the long-rejected Paul the thrill of being wanted, and made an offer he could not afford to turn down.

But, in the end, the balance was turned by nothing but Marge. No one knew better than Paul that Marge, for her willingness to go to work to help earn the living, was at heart a home girl. Alone he might continue to work, but Marge wouldn't be fair to Marge. He weighed his dream of fame against the kind of home he would be able to afford in Cincinnati, and the home he would stay in.

Yet, when they had shipped their furniture and started down the road, Paul found every mile of the wind swept road doubled by doubt. Irrationally, two days before he was to start, he decided he wanted Dixon. Only Paul's sense of honor held him to his agreement with Watters.

Yet he couldn't help wondering. For all his endeavor to do so, was he being fair to Marge? Was he doing the right thing?

Noticing his tension, Marge broke it by saying, "They're going to love you in Cincinnati, broadcast Godfrey."

It was a gag old as show business, but she made it sound like a promise.

The promise, however, took time to come true. Paul pitched and Watters promoted, but it was Paul who broke the news that the day a disaster brought remote crews from many stations rushing to the scene where a building had collapsed.

A man was trapped in the debris. Others annunced him as the sky's heroes. Paul, still feeling he was the world's worst newscaster, crawled into the tunnel cleared by rescue workers and talked the trapped man into giving up—"I want you and the rest to estimate, human. It turned out to be a vital, vivid reporting which people still talk about, but Paul wasn't trying to be dramatic. "I didn't want Marge to worry," he recalls.

After that, Cincinnati darned well knew Dixon was in town, and Watters, seizing the opportunity, turned him into a local event broadcasting Godfrey.

Watters says, "Trying to figure things out in terms of what people wanted to hear, I decided Paul was the kind of person listeners would like to have come visit their town.

He applied the same formula to television, when their station opened. He assigned a time spot and told Paul to fill it. Just this once."

He was on the air, and Paul and Dottie worked well together, and the third member of the team also joined up by accident. Wanda Lewis, the artist who painted sets, was walking through the studio when Paul called out, "Hi, Wanda, draw me a record." Wanda, too started to do anything but follow directions, picked up a sketch pad and began to draw. The records were quite famous, and Wanda remembered the physiognomist he used to watch in Chicago and hit on the idea of sympathizing lip movements to the words of a song when depicting a scene.

Paul, who had been piling up in Chicago was broken. The Dions began to feel they had found their place in the world, and it had an effect on their personal lives. Marge became pregnant and when Paul was born, all their love flowed joyfully toward the child.

Marge says, "We wanted everything for Pam, and everything started with a house. I think Paul wouldn't have cared how much of our future we mortgaged to buy it, but I held out for which wouldn't
They found it in the Mount Lookout section, a red-brick and white-clapboard structure built into the hill in a pleasant, moderately prosperous neighborhood. One third of the first floor forms the long living room, the remaining area is divided between dining room, kitchen, hallway and downstairs bedroom. Upstairs there is the master bedroom and the children's room. Pam, now three, shares it with her brother Greg, who is going on two.

Paul gets a kick out of telling how the living room was done over. "Among the things we moved down from Chicago," he says, "was a davenport we'd bought originally down on South Halstead. Every time I'd mention replacing it, Marge would suggest we buy another bond or remind me there was time enough to redecorate when the kids were beyond the sock-everything stage.

"I patched and repaired and worked over that beat-up old week until just before Christmas, when I decided I'd had enough. I told Marge to get her coat—we were going out to buy a new davenport."

They went to a store where the decorator was a friend of theirs. When Marge fell in love with an ultra-modern curved sofa, he objected: "You can't buy that," he told the Dixons. "You haven't a thing in that room which will go with it."

Marge looked at Paul and Paul looked at Marge. Says Paul, "That was it. We ended up with new carpet, new drapes, new desk, the works. It's going to take a while before we get it looking lived-in."

Judging by the Dixons' genius for adapting things to their needs, the living-in process should be accomplished this fall. Right now, they're too busy having a good time in the big back yard. While the children run and play, the elders entertain.

Paul's idea of hospitality is to invite a whole gang over for a steak fry at their outdoor grill. Steaks are his responsibility, whether they happen outdoors or indoors. Marge gets the rest of the meal ready, then he takes over.

Their home definitely is the center of Paul's universe as well as Marge's. He'd rather mow the lawn than play golf and, regardless of how busy he is at the studio, he's always conscious of what Marge and the kids are doing.

It's ritual with him to telephone Pam the minute he finishes a show, and the days when she comes down to appear on his local programs he's as excited as she is. She's the darling of the crew, and Len Goorian, who functions both as an occasional dancer and chief dreamer-upper of the comedy department, says she has turned complete ham now that she has a fan club composed of two other little girls.

Certain intimacy, to viewers, is part of the charm of the uninhibited Dixon broadcasts, but to Paul himself it has become an integrated way of life, one too vital to be jeopardized by any big-city offers. To talent hunters, he has said, "Where else could I have all this?" and to his friend, Mort Watters, he stated—when those offers arrived frequently—"Draw up a contract. I'm staying."

Watters, ever the man to get a kick out of accomplishing the impossible, took a wider view. "Why not try to get the network to pick up from here?"

In these days, when big telecasting concentrates more and more in New York and Hollywood, that took some doing, but they managed a test and ratings showed the viewers were on their side.

The young man who once gave up his hopes of network fame—for the sake of Marge and the family they hoped to have—now has home, family and network, too.
One Big Happy Family

(Continued from page 31)

They seem to be sincerely and truly fond of one another. A columnist in New York, who attended one of their shows and then went on to breakfast with them all, described: "You know, Don, the people seem to get along together off the air as well as they do on the show. Is this the McCoy?" Don solemnly assured him that, on the contrary, the gang is always ready to laugh with each other, too. For instance, something funny happened to Fran and Patsy Lee at one of the hotels on the tour—perhaps it was in Washington. It was very early in the morning, and just getting up, they were still in their nighties, about to bathe and dress, when the door was opened with a passkey and in walked a man loaded down with tools and hammers, saying there was something wrong with your plumbing!

Never a dull moment. In Baltimore, a midnight fire at the Hippodrome Theatre burned up all the show's equipment. Everything was set up on the stage for next morning's broadcast when, somehow, a foot light got overheated, setting one of the curtains on fire, and everything went up in flames in a matter of minutes. The whole thing was carried out by its own engineering equipment—when on tour—microphones, cables, speakers, and the rest. It all burned, so they had a real problem on their hands, and not much time to do anything about it.

Informed of the fire after midnight, Cliff Petersen and Jimmy Daugherty both scurried around Baltimore in the wee hours and, lucky, were able to borrow local engineering equipment from some stations. Jimmy spent the rest of the night setting up in the theatre across the street.

The plan was that the show would begin, but there was the big problem of finding another one at five in the morning, and finding a truck and driver to get it to the new theatre. But, as long as there is a telephone, Cliff and Jimmy can't be stopped. The plan actually worked at midnight. There was an audience of some 3,500 people, and—in spite of all the confusion—every one felt it was just about the best Breakfast Club that they had ever heard.

One thing nobody had thought about, in all the excitement, was the show's musical cabinet. When travelling, conductor Eddie Ballantine usually separates all the music into different parts. So one night, when the musicians the night before in whatever theatre or studio would be used for the broadcast, that way, his musical rehearsal can start right on time in the morning. So his hired-in orchestra was for the town, and naturally they're not familiar with the show's scores. The library contains about seventy-five different arrangements—all the themes and things, plus show tunes and many commercial songs and jingles. If anything happened to these, it would take weeks and weeks to replace them.

Well, early the next morning, while everyone was working frantically at last-minute thing to get Maestro Daugherty and Ballantine, loaded down with all the music. For the first time, in all the years of Breakfast Club tours, Eddie had taken the complete library to his hotel room the night before.

"Don't ask me to explain why I did it," he said, "because I honestly don't know. Maybe it was some kind of hunch or premonition. I've never believed in that sort of thing, but last night something just told me to keep the music with me. And I did." To which everyone present added a fervent, though silent, prayer of thanks.

Breakfast Clubbers always try to help each other, whenever one of them has any troubles. On their trip took place on their first evening in New York. Jimmy Daugherty got an urgent call from Chicago that his wife was desperately ill in the hospital. Mrs. Daugherty had been expected to be out of danger, but unfortunately, an anxious, because she had suffered miscarriages in the past. Unfortunately, the same thing happened again, and the doctor phoned Jimmy to come home at once. The gang immediately came in to help in every way they could. Sam and Johnny got him an airline reservation, packed for him, and took him to the airport. He spoke on the phone, just before his plane left, to try to cheer him up. Next morning, at "Prayer Time" on the show, the entire cast's thoughts were with Mrs. Daugherty, their prayers were answered and Jimmy's wife recovered.

One of the nicest things that happened on the Eastern trip, everyone agreed, was seeing Jimmy Daugherty, the member of the Breakfast Club from Baltimore. In 1933, he was one of the top jockeys in the turf world but was tragically injured in a race, resulting in complete paralysis of his legs. Staying at the hospital, he began to listen to the show and never missed a program from then on.

In 1949, Jimmy suffered tuberculosis—a terrible set-back for someone already so sorely troubled. His wife, Gertrude, who had nursed him through his accident, helped him to run his gas station in Montreal when he was taken ill again. The station had been presented to him years ago, after a big benefit the Montreal sportswriters ran for Jimmy, and it has made a wonderful success of it.

He's now able to get about in a wheelchair, so the Darus came down to New York to visit the Breakfast Club. It was a grand reunion, because throughout the years Jimmy has kept up a running correspondence with Don and all the other members. He has also become a pen pal of some of them, and they're quite glad to have him back. Jimmy, and he has made a wonderful success of it.

Last big event of the tour was saying goodbye to Patsy Lee, who sang on her last broadcast with the troupe in New York—then left for her home town, Oak Park, to marry her sweetheart, Rick Lifvendahl, of the United States Naval Intelligence. The night before her departure, the McNells gave a little party, and for her last show, Patsy sang the song, "What a Big Happy Family," and before the night was over, the whole party was off to their various homes.
Every Day's a Brighter Day

(Continued from page 44)
in reading with me. Also because—why not be honest about it—he is dark and tall.

And then I got the part and I went to rehearsal and—"it really happened just like that." To me and, presumably, to Joe, too, for after rehearsal he followed me down the hall and asked me if I'd have dinner with him, which I did, and he said, "Of course." Just as if I'd known that this was going to happen to me and, when it did, why question it?

We had dinner that night at the Famous Kitsh, and then we talked about what we ate, how long we stayed, I haven't the faintest notion. It was real

love, like when you are sixteen years old. I really think it won't happen to you this way, but it happened to me.

"We didn't tell each other that night, though. I do remember that. Not in words.

She looked at me in a kind of way," Joe laughed, "and I looked at her in a kind of way. When a girl and a man look at each other in that 'kind of way,' words aren't necessary.

"Forward me, wasn't it?" Margaret's gentle laugh was embarrassed, "strange

of me to be like that. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, brought up in the Mormon faith, I was married to a very Victorian family, to which boldness in love and in a man you'd met just twice would be among the unthinkable things!

"Except that we, of course, were not strangers.

"I was Mike in a broadcasting studio, we were a long way from being strangers. Opposites, yes—we have quite different backgrounds.

"Mine, as I've said, a Victorian home in Ohio; Joe's, as he said, was Mike

in Italy, from Greenwich Village, New York.

"There was something about her," Joe said, seeming to be thinking out loud. "For

one sees, she summoned honestly and a frank kind of acceptance of a person as he is. She had the freshness of country air. She was and is unworldly and unspoiled.

"To me, on the other hand," Margaret said, "Joe was quite fascinating. He was

worldly. He was free. By which I mean that he was uninhibited in a way

that I, brought up as I'd been, was not. He was sentimental. He had know-how.

Above all, I mean."

Opposites are in more ways than the

background and the geography. Physically and in personality, they are total

unlike. Margaret has wide-set and

beautiful forget-me-not blue eyes, a tawny

hair, a fair skin, a tiny waist, a

gentle mouth. Joe is dark hair and

eyes and skin, tall, slender, his features

forceful. Margaret's voice and manner are

soft, relaxed, as feminine as a Signorina's.

Joe is dynamic, restless, intense and

intensely masculine. Temperamentally, too,

they are poles apart—Margaret being

sentimental, Joe a dry, matter-of-fact type,

like inside; Joe, the complete reverse.

"The meeting of East and West," Margaret summed up, and added: "After that

first meeting, that first dinner date, Joe and I kissed and I had a light. We worked together on the show every Sunday. We were never apart when it was possible for us to be together. Yet we were not decided to be married. We wanted to be—we were determined to be—very adult. We were resolved to be sure that we were sure, if you know what I mean. I think the fact that it hit so suddenly made us wary, made us fear. This was too sudden!'"

It is difficult, Margaret and Joe explained, for humans to accept out-of-this-

world, too-beautiful things. It is difficult, and sometimes dangerous, to believe in

miracles.

"But with every day of waiting, and in every way," Margaret said, "Joe endeared

himself to me more and more. And, after a

while, I got into a Broadway play, 'For

Heaven's Sake, Mother,' which starred

Nancy Carroll. We opened in Philadelphia.

At that time, Brighter Day was on in the

morning, which meant that I had to do two shows, then grab a cab for Penn Station,

make the trip to Philadelphia, play that

evening, then back again, getting in at

three in the morning, Joe met me. Sometimes in Penn Station. More often, he'd take the train to Trenton and meet me there. I'd be too

tired and it was so wonderful of him to be

there."

Margaret and Joe met (that heart-on

collision of a first meeting) in May of 1949. The following December, Joe went

to Florida to make a picture, "Slattery's Hurricane," and they talked about mar-

riage by mail. "Sort of generally, in-

personally," she said, "yet not too im-

personally, for, when he came back from

Florida, I gave Joe a new look, which

said 'Some time in June,' and I gave

him Christmas (four days before Christ-

mas) in my room at the Hotel Royalton.

I'm a tree for him, and presents. I don't

think I have been in my home for years—but I've hung it up every year since, not to

mention washing it and darning it!"

On May 23, 1950, Margaret and Joe

were married in Margaret's home in Salt

Lake City. An after-dinner dance was held with Margaret in white linen dress and cap, and the family there, and childhood friends. And, after the marriage, a four-day hon- 

tour of New York, staying at camps and lodges, then back to New York to begin this exciting marriage. Exciting because—although different in

looks, personality and temperament—they have a complete understanding of each other—live it is. They think alike and feel alike and are alike. With their talents, their many interests, enthusiasms (the

speedboat races being Christopher Court

ney DeSantis, owner of one, and Joe his)

and with the work of their hands, they

live life more fully than any two people

that could be named.

"One Christmas, the upper Madison

Avenue in New York, which they found before they were married, has been literally

taken apart and put together again by the

imagination, and by the elbow-grease, of

Margaret and Joe."

"We scraped all the floors and all the

furniture ourselves," Margaret said. "We

refinished practically every piece of fur-

niture, including the piano, which was

an old black walnut and is now the soft

satin mahogany nature intended it to be.

We painted the whole place ourselves. We

worked out a color scheme which is really

other-worldly. It had to do with the color of

green, ranging from jade to light olive to
darker olive to deep dark green. I made

all the putty-colored draperies in the

living room. And I recovered, re-uphol-

stered, and changed the covering on the

beds to the dusty-pink rug. Joe built the

bookcases, built the bar, the cabinet for

the radio-phonograph and—when the baby

came along, Joe had to move his tools out

of our second bedroom so he could make a

workshop out of the living-room closet.

He also built the lamps with their beautiful carved

The DANGER

in waiting for your child to

OUTGROW

PIMPLES

Psychologists warn that pimples undermine children's self-confidence...may even cause permanent damaging to self-esteem. Skin specialists warn that neglect of pimples can result in permanent scars. CLEARasil, the sens-
national, new, scientific medication especially for pimples may save your boy or girl from these double dangers.

NEW! Amazing Medication

STARVES PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED...HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

DOCTORS AMAGED AT RESULTS. Yes, in skin specialists' tests on 200 patients, CLEARasil brought amazing relief to 8 out of every 10.

CLEARasil is greaseless and fast-drying in con-

tact with pimples. Actually starves pimples be cause it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed on." CLEARasil ends embarrassment im-

mediately because its skin-color hides pimples amaz ingly while it helps dry them up. Grease-

less, fast-drying, stainless...can be left on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Reported in Reader's Digest

CLEARasil is the same type medication used in clinical tests reported recently in Reader's Di-

gest. Thousands (adults as well as teenagers) have found that CLEARasil is one medication that really worked for them. So even if other treatment has failed, you owe it to your child to try CLEARasil. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back!* Economy size 98*. Get CLEARasil at druggists.

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AMAZING CREAM Removes

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Acts Below "Razor Line" Without Cutting or Scraping Legs

The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with Neet' Cream Hair Remover. It works deeper than a razor, be-

low the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender, skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply Neet like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.
made the wooden bases. All the sculpture in the place is Joe's."

They have many talents, these two—not the least of which is their acting, as most radio listeners know. Margaret is, of course, Liz Dennings, the star of the first series, and for quite a while, during a recent episode, Joe was heard as Nathan Eldridge, Liz's "admirer." ("On radio," Joe laughed, "I was definitely the other man, my wife's life!"

Radio is now, as it has been since she played her first CBS role in Joe Powers of Oakville, the most important commitment in Margaret's professional life. Yet when she first came to New York, fresh out of the University of Utah, she was auditioning for and won a membership in the Chekhov Theatre, with which she toured for eighteen months, learning about acting—in the great tradition—from the famous Michael Chekhov, who directed the company. Later, she did summer stock, was understudy in the Theatre Guild's road company of "All's Well," and appeared on Broadway.

Joe, in addition to radio-by-the-yard (he's been on just about every crime series as an old timer, and has also been in more than twenty Broadway plays. At the time of this conversation, he had just finished a run in "Golden Boy" on Broadway. He's done a number of movies, the latest being "The Cloak, "Deadline USA" and "The Titan," narrated by Frederic March, for which Joe did eight off-stage voices.

Margaret attends a class in modern dancing, and often Joe's big interest is photography. "The bathroom," laughed Margaret, "becomes the dark-room." And there is Joe's sculpting, which is, Margaret says proudly, "more of a great deal more of a hobby.

Joe describes his sculpture as: "A sort of semi-abstract." For his work he uses "Spanish yellow pine, mahogany, maple, and sometimes, but not too often, mosaic too," he said, "in Belgian black marble and similar materials. I've given up the idea of trying to earn a living with sculpture," Joe added, rather resignedly, "It's far too expensive, there's more to a sculptor, rather than an actor."

"If sculpture provided a consistent living, however modest, that's all we'd need," Margaret said, "but I largely do it simply, I do my own cooking and my own—"

"Speaking of Margaret's cooking reminds me," Joe interrupted with a real loud laugh, "of the last dish she cooked for me—my favorite dish, chili con carne—soon after we were married. She went to the greatest pains to get all the required ingredients and when, many, I made it with gusto. But, you know, dear, I've since discovered that there was no chili in the house nor had there been while she was preparing the dish. She'd been using curry. As far as chili is concerned, it was wonderful soup," Joe laughed again, fit to kill.

Said Margaret, wrinkling her pretty nose at her convulsed mate, "I learned my lesson. Now Mr. DeSantis does the intricate jobs."

"I do my own—er—embroidery, and I'm a nurse for the baby, but only because my work necessitates it. At that, I take a great deal of the care of Chris myself, for Joe has a very strong feeling, which I share, that a mother should take care of her child. We spend our money on books, sculpture and my painting. And on our car. And on little side trips, day trips to Connecticut and Long Island, where we sometimes buy stock in a farm. In the evenings we spend at home, just talking—for we're talkers. We sit and talk and talk, always planning things, plans for travel, plans for theatre buildings, plans for the beautiful one in New York when the day comes when Joe calls "our state of free-lance flux" settles down into a more predictable pattern.

But now about Christopher and how we want him to grow up, as a child should grow up, without too many fears, without too many restrictions. His whole life is within him, we feel, and he must live his life on his own feet."

"I had a very good start with the baby, by the way," Margaret said, "for I took a number of courses while carrying him."

(Can you beat it? Can you possibly beat that, living without a crutch, without giving it up to the happy hilt?)! Of them was at the Maternity Consultation Service on York Avenue, where I learned all about bathing him, feeding him, minor ailments, raising money and how little you really need—four sheets, for instance, for your new clothes."

"All right, I think, we used the rooming-plan at the hospital. The rooming-plan, which I recommend with all my heart, simply means that the baby is kept in the room with his mother from birth to three months, instead of in the nursery. The theory is that the baby, forcibly separated from the mother at birth, is affected by the separation, and so on. As proof of this, the babies in the nursery cry at anything, they cry at noise."

"Babies 'rooming' with their mothers very little, if at all. Chris cries not at all and, for my part, I brought him home and had him hugging me, and I was used to him, wasn't afraid. The plan contributes a great deal, I believe, to giving the baby a sense of security, of being safe, of being loved..."

At this very moment, as if on cue, enter young Christopher, who is the living image, in miniature, of his father, dark curly hair, brown eyes—friendly, intelligent and happy young Christopher, who sees everything, as babies do, that he has come to a happy home with love in it, and to spare.

And so he has. With life in it, too, and to spare.

In the hallway of the DeSantis apartment, there is a bulletin board (an ingenious device dreamed up by Margaret and Joe) to which is thumbtacked whatever films are being shown, the first glance, bits and pieces of paper, menus, theatre programs, grocery lists and the like. And so they—are—reminders, Margaret explained to me, just to keep them from being bored, to keep them busy. There was, for instance, the program of a Martha Graham recital. "We didn't catch that," said Joe. There was a program of films to be seen at the Museum of Modern Art, "Wogomotions," which, said Margaret, "we've had time to see. There were recipes Margaret—or Joe—is going to try some day. There were lists of things Joe is going to do. "Springs in couch, this can't be fixed," says car talk."

Put away picture frames stacked in the hall... Send clothes to the Salvation Army... There was a lovely little watercolor which Joe gave me for my birthday as a gift, and was inscribed: 'To be framed.' There were telephone numbers and book titles and the names of friends... Memos, these, of an exciting marriage, of a rich, full and varied life.
If You Must Leave Home

(Continued from page 67)

my dreams for the rest of my life. That's why I left home.

When I was a child, my dad, who comes from a long line of ministers and doctors, said that I acted out my prayers for the angels. Be that as it may, I wanted to act in anything anyone was willing to sell wax from door to door—my first job when I left my comfortable home—wasn't exactly what I'd had in mind but, when you're young and in love with yourself and your ability, even selling from door to door has a purpose. This gave me time to make the rounds of the agencies and—to my family's amazement—to write my own plays. When I left I was nineteen, just after I left, with the news that I'd been cast for a nice part in a Chicago play entitled "The Copperhead," with Ian Keith. Through this, I learned one thing every girl should know: one can do anything on her own. Make friends with the people with whom you work. Hazel Haslam, the star of the play, was a woman, much older than myself, but somehow I'd helped herself more than any other. I considered her almost a "second mother," for she was the woman to whom I could confide my hopes, my dreams, my fears, and from whom I've received guidance and advice in my daily living.

During the run of the play I quit selling wax, but not being one to put my eggs all in one basket, as it were, I auditioned for radio. And I became a saleswoman of the airwaves, the voice of the commercials. When the play was over, I found a fairly steady income, and then fate intervened again and I was offered a chance to understudy the role of Violet in the Chicago company of "My Sister Eileen." One beautiful matinee, I "went on" and the play's writers saw me and suggested that I continue in the road-show company of the play. I was in seventh heaven, but my parents were definitely not!

It was one thing to be near them in Chicago, where they both kept their very comforting parental hand in, but quite another to go traipsing about the country in a theatrical company. The second lesson I learned from leaving home came hard, but I think it's one which every girl should know about. After my parents' first strenuous objections, I knew that mere words were not going to be enough to prove to them that I would be all right away from home. I finally decided that, although their objections were all valid, I might possibly overcome them by showing them the company was keeping me in on the people who made up my world, so they would better understand that world. There is always a common meeting-ground if you only search long enough. Sure enough, which pleased me, I met charming Marcy Wescott, who was to be our leading lady, and she had promised that she would share her room with me. Looks at me! My parents were delighted—if I would just go for a while. I kept them posted by letter as the happy months sped by, and it was a year before I finally returned home.

I think I really grew up during that year. Perhaps some girls get so caught up in trying to throw off the trances and run wild, so to speak, but I found that I was too happy, too busy to have any such desires. Marcy, Gretchen Donovan and myself always shared living quarters, so although I've been a bachelor girl for many years now—I've learned that sharing living with a girl friend or my sister or another actress is more fun than living alone.

As I look back on those early years of being away from home, I know that any young girl can maintain the respect of her fellow workers, and more important, her own self-respect, with just a small amount of work at it. For a few moments, I've often seen a girl throw away a lifetime of happiness. You have to live with yourself for a great many years, so why jeopardize those years for a momentary fling? I think if you build a solid building the foundation must be strong. I know my wonderful home life and early training are responsible for that attitude. For many is the time I've felt a sense of great gratitude toward my parents for their help in "building my building."

Personal freedom must always be accompanied by personal responsibilities, otherwise it is a freedom of those with which to hang yourself. In the "My Sister Eileen" company, I made the staggering sum of seventy-five dollars a week—and I saved every penny I could, for I was determined that, when I had accumulated, I was going to live comfortably while I tried out for a daytime radio drama. I landed the job and found I had a steady role and a steady income. Two years later, I was offered a contract in Hollywood and, from then on, motion picture work and radio work have kept me busy.

My sister, who is a medical technician, and I have established a home in the apartment we share together. Here we have a Monday-through-Friday maid who does all the heavy work during the week, leaving the house free for our care on weekends. I've had the chance to own the furniture, as I own the car. I've been able to spend the money as I wished, if I was to succeed, I must have a nest egg which would see me through the lean months which might well be during the play. I moved to New York and, with the savings I'd accumulated, I was able to live comfortably while I tried out for a daytime radio drama. I landed the job and found I had a steady role and a steady income. Two years later, I was offered a contract in Hollywood and, from then on, motion picture work and radio work have kept me busy.

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Make the Most of Vacation Time

(Continued from page 88)

husband and wife should take vacations together, contrary to people's ideas.

BUFF: That's because on a vacation you usually have more laughs and more fun than the rest of the year, so why not share it? It happens. We spend almost two-four hours a day together, of course. But, somehow, being together on a vacation puts us on even better terms. Because on a vacation you get away from our problems, and we're both more relaxed and at peace with the world.

MIKE: We think that a girl who isn't married should try and find another congenial girl to go with, unless she is going to visit the place where she has friends. For her, too, fun shared is fun doubled, and there are always some places she might not care about going to alone, when on a trip.

BUFF: But, if you're a couple and you travel with another couple, it can be a very good idea for each to take their own car—if it's a motor-trip—and have separate cabins or hotel reservations, and then spend the evenings together. That way, you're free part of the trip and they're free, too.

MIKE: We have learned a few things about packing. We think each person should have his own bag or bags. We try to pack everything together and what Buffie calls a "spill-over bag," which we use jointly—the one which ends up holding all the soiled laundry.

BUFF: The girls' vanity case should hold the same things, too, but she should pack it. And she should figure ahead what kind of clothes she will need, and get the ones that will make her feel and look the most comfortable. If they dress differently, she has to prepare for that. Summer versions of the short cocktail dress, or evening tops with separate skirts which can be teamed with daytime blouses, too, will save a lot of them. The more separates she has, the more changes she can make without crowding her suitcase. Two sets of accessories should be enough, like patent leather or bag, shoe and a small handbag, and maybe a light brown or beige set which will go with any color. One handbag ought to be big enough to double as a beach bag, if you're planning any swimming.

MIKE: As for the man, all he needs is enough sports clothes to be comfortable. Even if he doesn't get a chance to wear them much at home, he ought to splurge a little when he's buying for a vacation.

BUFF: Let's not forget food.

MIKE: We think that, if you eat in a definite routine at home, you shouldn't do so on vacation. So, sometimes Buff and I eat at least five meals a day when we're away, a thing we'd never do ordinarily.

BUFF: We just stuff! And we eat the special dishes that belong to each locality we visit. Lobster and crabs in England. Cracked crab and abalone in San Francisco. In Cuba, soup made of those big meaty beans, chock-full with rice and swimming with big chunks of those wonderful yellow onions.

We serve that sometimes as a Sunday-night supper dish and our friends are crazy about it. I collect recipes wherever we go, the way other people collect souvenirs.

MIKE: You keep on remembering where you first ate a certain dish and it makes you re-live the pleasures of the vacation.

BUFF: If you take a vacation on a limited budget—and who doesn't?—I think it's fun to plan for one bang-up time. In New York or some other big city, it might be dinner at one of the famous night clubs. Or a row of hit shows, night after night. Or extravagance in taking cabs wherever you go.

I heartily disagree with the idea of a night-club spree, if you've got any budget at all to be considered. I suggest going to the bar of some famous place at cocktail time. Have a few dainty cocktails, lemonade or a Coke, and you can gaze at just as many famous people without blowing the whole bank-roll. Unless, of course, dining there is the one outing you would rather do than anything else. Better get a good idea of what it will cost you before you get involved.

BUFF: I say amen to that, too. And, you know, some people have very satisfactory vacations right at home. But it is pretty difficult unless you have simply tremendous will-power. Enough will-power to say that you won't do anything you don't want to do, and not longer than you do want to do it.

MIKE: Sounds a little involved, Buffie.

BUFF: You know very well what I mean. The only thing is that, this way you could have any of your own things. Only, you have more things than your independent too definitely. Of course, if a husband likes to fish, his wife could encourage him to go out for the day on his own, if she wants to.

BUFF: Or? I can just see a wife letting her husband go fishing alone when he's on vacation and she's just dying to go places with him.

BUFF: As a matter of fact, I really think both men and women want to get away and meet, and see different things, especially if they live in small places or don't get out as much as they would like. They want to eat in restaurants and maybe go to the movies. They want for snacks when they see cute little places and not have to worry about spoiling their regular meals, because meals can be any time they feel like eating.

MIKE: We think the whole idea of a vacation is to change your point of view a little. Read a different newspaper, listen to what other people are talking about, see the things that pass you by the rest of the year which can be turned into a big treat, if you've never taken one before.

BUFF: Look at the little magazines you can get at hotel desks, which tell you what to see in the city you're visiting. Or watch the newspapers for news of special events, like art exhibitions, fairs, festivals, bals and boat trips.

MIKE: All the places are interesting when they're new to you, if you have any tourist blood at all.

BUFF: Actually, my idea of a really good time is to live it up the first week, do everything wonderful you have planned, then go some place and just sit and soak up all the fun you can, so you come back looking fine and feeling rested. Actually, you should have one last big evening.

MIKE: Oh, sure, and ruin the whole vacation by coming home as tired as when you left.

BUFF: It won't be the same kind of tired feelings. Most of all that good change of scene and pace to carry you over until the next vacation. You know very well, Mike, that's what always happens to us. We come home tired, but happy excitement is nothing that a good night's sleep in your own bed can cure.
A Present for Michael

(Continued from page 8)

into my last month, I really did forget completely, from time to time. It no longer mattered. There were more urgent things, more exciting things, to think about. Bill and I parted, and I was glad. I suppose several weeks went by without a single quarrel. We didn't even argue when he told me one Thursday at breakfast, that he had to fly to San Francisco on business over the weekend.

"Short notice, Bill," I said. "Is it something important?"

"Well, sure, I wouldn't leave you alone right now. Um—I'll tell you about it when it's settled. I hate to go, Bert. Did the doctor really say it might be any time now?"

I smiled at his troubled face. "Really, I couldn't feel better. And if anything happens—even if I feel lonesome—I'll just call somebody to come over. Your sister Meta, maybe?"

"Well..." Bill said uncertainly. "Be sure you call Meta, honey." He kissed me quickly and hurried off.

Such concern, I thought as I went about the morning duties. It bothered me little, the bastardly worry. Everything was nice, these days. The way the little house—and not so little, either, I thought proudly—clean and gleamed. All at once I began to feel as though I'd been wandering and lost. I'd been talking busily out loud for the past five minutes. I would call Meta, I decided. Calm as you might be in the last few days, I felt you could calm as you think. I could use Meta's lovely face across the table, and her wonderful figure as an inspiration to get busy on my own the minute the baby was born.

As it turned out, it was lucky I did call her, for the very next morning I woke up feeling queer, and by afternoon, sitting in the living room watching the clock tick, we decided it was time to see the doctor and get me to the Selby Flats Hospital. The next thing, I was fully awake and Meta was leaning over me, whispering, "Bert? Bert! It's the most wonderful boy!"

Dimly I answered her smile, but I wasn't satisfied. The father, I thought hazily, ought to be the one... Then, behind Meta, I did see his face, and he said he was glad as joy as he pushed her aside. But, even as I met his kiss, the small dissatisfaction remained. He should have been there all along. He should have been the first face I saw. Falling slowly, heavily, so sleep, the thought came with me. No matter what, Bill shouldn't have left me alone.

I woke up to a sunshine new world, a room full of flowers, and an indescribable feeling of calm, but eager, expectant. Meta remembered the dissatisfaction, but I no longer felt it. Who cared? What mattered was that the baby was fine—the recollection of the last few hours was creeping back now and I remembered the doctor's voice in the delivery room, making a satisfied comment to the nurse. A part of my nature, you see, was lonesome, the doctor brought him in for feeding. In about twenty minutes, the nurse came back, took the sleeping baby, and left me a folded blanket. Her words could do no more to me than a suggestion—one of those things that was too drowsy to do more than glance at the front page. But after lunch I suddenly felt restless. How quickly one's strength comes back after a miracle, really, the whole complex business. I sighed, fidgeted, and took up the paper. From habit turned to the theatrical page, and followed with mild interest the activities I felt I ought to keep up with for Bill's sake. The television and radio news, I glanced down the column and was about to turn the page when my eye picked up the name of Bill's agency.

And I read the paragraph in which it appeared, and then sat, stunned and numb, while my mind took it in. Instinct forced me to breathe deeply, to relax. But long after my heart slowed down and my face lost its furious wrath, my thoughts went clicking along in a tight, angry rhythm. So that was it. So that was why he went to San Francisco—why he couldn't be here when the baby was born. Once again she was dividing him from... I took some trouble to be in good shape by the time Bill came in. I spent quite a while with a mirror and some makeup, because I'd learned long ago that a woman had to go into battle looking her best if she hoped to win. And this, I foresaw, was going to be quite a battle.

Nothing could have been more disarming than Bill's dazed happiness, or the armful of magazines and candy and flowers he spilled lavishly on the bed. He kissed me, and then stood back and shook his head.

"Gosh, it's a funny feeling. Isn't it? They let me look at him, through the nursery window. I saw him—he's real. Bert, honest, can you believe it?"

"Well, yes," I follow my own hands on the sheet. "I had him, remember? That makes it easier, when you've been right there with the event, as it were. Oh, thanks, for the flowers and candy and things."

"Don't thank me, Bert. Don't thank me for anything. There's nothing I—" he hesitated. "Sounds corny. But oh, Bert, do you feel the way I feel? That everything is different as of now? We're different. We'll be better. Stronger. Smarter, too. I feel as if I could get hold of the moon, if it would do you and the baby any good to have it. We're going to have everything, Bert, and do everything and be everything... just for him."

I let him take my hand. For a minute I was shyly joined by his hand. He did love us. We were his family. No other feeling could ever be quite like that. Bill was ours. This other thing was outside, it didn't matter. But my hand stiffened of itself, and I drew it. It did matter. I said quietly, "This is really a big weekend, isn't it? Two important events..."

He frowned, and then he stiffened, too. "I get it. You've seen the picture. I take it? You know. I was going to tell you, Bert, just as soon as—I thought I couldn't find the right words. I had a feeling it would be hard to get you to understand."

"But why?" I didn't feel angry, I wouldn't let myself. My voice took on an edge that even I could hear, and it pleased me to see Bill wincing under it. "Why hard? Just because your agency has sold a program to an important sponsor— Just because it was you who sold it, who have birth to it, one might say? Just because he called The Woman Gloria, and happens to star a singer you thought you were in love with for a few weeks ago? But it's nothing, Bill. Nothing at all. Just a matter of matters in the least that your own wife was there. He just deduced she thought that woman was out of your life completely. Just explain it to me, I'll understand."

I understood it was more important to me to San Francisco to sell this woman's show than to stay here when my baby was being born—to say...
nothing on having nothing to do with her at all, which I haven't words to say anything about...

Bill held his head. "Oh, brother," he said. "Here we go again.

I felt almost sorry for him. It was a hard spot, and out of it. What could he say? The plain fact was that all the time I'd been foolishly congratulating myself on how well things were going, he'd been seeing the whole thing from another point of view. He had been planning this show and making her career an important part of his own...and I'd thought she was out of his life forever.

The bitterness I'd believed dead came rushing back. I could feel it, all the old humiliation and horror.

And all the time Bill talked...It was business. Nothing but business.

Gloria was a good singer, she had a voice, qualifi-

It, and I thought of her when the client started looking for something new.

The agency was aglow because it looked as though it had something big... "It could work, this one for me, Bert. You'd like that? What difference does it make how I get it, if I swear it's only business?"

"Why did it have to be you who de-

veloped the show?" I said. He explained all over again that it had just happened, that Gloria's husband, a theatrical agent named Sid Harper, had talked to him about it, and had agreed to have it presented on TV just at the right time...that Sid was really responsible for building the show.

"But they wouldn't have gotten the chance except for you."

"But it's a chance for me, too. If the show goes over, and the client seems to be crazy about it, well, it could mean really big things for me. I could make my own decision then."

"Bert, believe me, as far as I'm concerned she and the show are a property, a— a piece of merchandise."

"What happened?"

"It was a little scene in the hospital room, as I lay back, pretending to be ex-

hausted but really very busy behind my closed eyelids. I did believe him; if I didn't, I'd be screaming my head off and talking divorce, baby or no baby. So why not give in, quit arguing? Things had been so nice, just these few weeks past, when we'd been friends—in my stupid innocence. Let us be friends again; why? I didn't feel friendly. I couldn't.

That slow rebirth of tenderness, of reaching toward Bill as it had been in the beginning of our relationship after the divorce, was snuffed out, squelched, a-dipped in the bud. But what was the use of fighting and yelling? Somehow, sooner or later, I'd figure out a way to get that woman and her program out of my life... somehow. I was left to the chance of winning in the game.

It was a truce. Warily at first, and then with slow relief, Bill said what I had to do. It made all our dealings much pleasanter, of course, and my days at the hospital went by in dreamy, more or less contented preoccu-

pation. After that, the war was over, and the Wannamaker—Gloria a couple of times. Program time coincided with one of Michael's feedings, so it got scant attention after my first look at it, but, of satisfaction the evening Bill came in and saw Gloria yapping away on the screen, with me so busy with Michael I wasn't even glancing at her. "Glad you came in—"you're turning up everywhere, I thought—"don't want to see it? I mean--"

I smiled secretly over Michael's dark fuzzy head. "When you've seen it once, you've seen it, haven't you?"

There's no telling how many, Bert."

Bert. Bert had hesitated. "Look, are you sure about the name? I mean—I'd heard you being called Bill, Jr. Maybe Michael could be his middle name if you like it so much." It was a plea, but I didn't let him see I knew. I had me up now, just me.

"No, I gave it plenty of thought, Bill The night you were in San Francisco it sort of came to me." I almost believed it myself, it was such a just punishment for this be-蒴ous. "Michael, that's what I kept thinking that night. I had no one to talk it over with, so..."

Bill flushed. "Punishing me, Bert, for some reason you agreed at the time I couldn't avoid? That's kind of petty, isn't it?"

"You don't think I'd be petty about a thin as important as our child's name, the one he's going to carry for the rest of his life?" I glanced away from Bill's accusing eyes. They were saying altogether too clearly: 'Come off, Bert, you know yourself we've got to see back to me, and it is petty, it is mean."

The day I was allowed to leave the hospital came at last. I was terribly eager to get Michael's name and answer that you must be so glad to have him at home there. Bill told me to call the office as soon as I knew exactly what time we'd be ready to leave and he'd come pick us up, and Meta and I were ready. Bill and his secretary were both away from their desks when I called. Nurse Holt got us ready so early that there was nothing for me to do but hang around, so I went back up to the living room.

"Wake up! Wake me up!" I told her. "Wake up! Wake me up!"

Bill was there in his usual shirt, looking down at me, "Where is he? Can I go up? Bert, I just don't want to think about it..."

"Of course, of course. You can, if you—never mind, I want to see my son first."

He was up there so long I almost went after him, but I decided to wait and give him time to calm down. He strode in after a while and set a glass down on the table without offering me one, and only after he had done away with half of it did he trust himself to speak.

"Often the answer's tricks, Bert. I wouldn't have thought it even of you." He spoke quietly, but the glass was shaking in his hand. Again I felt a vague shame, but my own sense of what was right was weakened.

"It wasn't a trick, if you mean my coming home alone—"

"You knew what it meant to me. You know how long it's taken me weigh planning just how it would be—how I'd roll out the red carpet, how I'd
I could do about it, but while that shop went on, and while Bill was such a big factor in it, I just couldn’t relax and act happy about everything.

One afternoon Bill came home early, went up to look at Michael—he always called it “playing with Butch,” though, of course, the baby was too young to be played with, really—and came down again with a very obvious determination that I simply stopped prepping dinner and said, “Well, come on, let’s have it. I can see there’s something on your mind.”

Bill cleared his throat. “I don’t like to bring it up, but one of us has to.”

“ar gloria—pardon me, I mean The Woman Gloria, as on television—don’t spare my feelings, Bill. You don’t want to think it’s far from my mind whether or not I talk about it, I hope.”

“That’s just it,” Bill said. He opened the icebox, peered into it, and closed it again without getting interested in any of its contents. “I had to do something, Bert. The strain was just getting too much for me. So I—well, I’ve been working something out at the office and I think I’ve put it in. It looks pretty set that Gloria’s program may go network very shortly.”

I eyed him. “Well? Do you want me to write her a letter of congratulation?”

Flushed. “Please, Bert. I’m just trying to figure out what I’ve done something for you, to make you more—more—well, anyway, the point is, if it does, I’ll probably mean everyone on the show goes to New York and I’ll still be there.”

“Oh, Bill!” I turned away, to hide the sudden quivering of my lips. I suppose it was the measure of how far apart we’d come that I wouldn’t let my husband see his own suffering, couldn’t bring himself to unyielding inside me kept from showing him any softness. “That would be fine with me,” I said. I added firmly, “I’ll be best for everyone. You’ll see—”

“It makes no difference to me if it comes from New Zealand, Bill snapped. “Only I can’t go on the way we’ve been, Bert. You’re all tied up with Butch, never any time for me—sleeping in his room on that cot—”

“It’s because I don’t want to disturb you when I get up to feed him at night, I told you that.”

“And I don’t believe you. Why, even Metas more part of this family than I am. Do you realize that? Anytime I sneak in to see my son I get dirty looks from Butch, and the show will be over there.”

“Bill,” I turned away, hide the sudden quivering of my lips. I suppose it was the measure of how far apart we’d come that I wouldn’t let my husband see his own suffering, couldn’t bring himself to unyielding inside me kept from showing him any softness. “That would be fine with me,” I said. I added firmly, “I’ll be best for everyone. You’ll see—”

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FLASH!

More about The Guiding Light next month! This time, the true-life romance of Jane Allison, the lovely girl who plays the inspirational role of Meta. You won't want to miss this story, complete with pictures—and color—in the September RADIO-TV MIRROR on sale August 8.
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RADIO-TV MIRROR

September
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Janette Davis
Arthur Godfrey's Songstress

Jone Allison
The Guiding Light of Love

Reed Hadley
Hero to His Family

Vivian Smolen
Our Gal Sunday

Big Pay-Off • Eligible Bachelor
Robert Q. Lewis
Bob Trent • Jo Stafford-Paul Weston's Honeymoon
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SEPTEMBER, 1952

RADIO-TV MIRROR

VOL. 38, NO. 4

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VERA MAXWELL, top New York designer, says:
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**CAN'T DRY** YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
**CAN'T DULL** YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

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**Information**

**Ask your questions**—

**About Joan**

Dear Editor:

I like Joan Alexander on radio and TV. Could you give me some information about her, where she was born, etc?

E. L., Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Joan Alexander, heard as Althea on The Brighter Day, was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. Her father died when she was a baby, and Joan's mother took her to the family home in Butte, Montana. Six years later she came—with her mother and step-father—to New York, where she attended parochial schools in Brooklyn and Brentwood, Long Island. Ever since she was a child, Joan wanted to be an actress, but her family did everything to discourage her. Even though she succeeded in getting a part in a Broadway play when she was seventeen, her step-father persuaded her to go to Europe for a year to forget the theatre. But across the Atlantic, no matter how hard she tried, Joan could not escape the lure of seeing plays and meeting theatre folk. She returned to New York more determined than ever before. Soon after her return, Joan decided to try her luck in Hollywood, but a serious auto accident marred her hopes. It was the friendship of actress Madeleine Carroll that saw her through, and gave her new hope. In radio, Joan had her hopes realized and forged a new career for herself. Married to a surgeon, Joan has one daughter, Jane, aged five.

**Theme Songs**

Dear Editor:

Will you please give me the name and the composer of the theme song of FBI in Peace and War? I know it is a Russian classical march.

N. D., New Orleans, La.

You are correct, the theme is a march by the noted Russian composer, Prokofiev, from his opera “Love of Three Oranges.”

---

Fabulous New **Lotion Shampoo** by Toni
Booth
we’ll try to find the answers

Dear Editor:
What is the theme music for the TV program, Mama?
The Mama theme is “Sarabande,” from the Holberg Suite of Grieg.

Frankie’s A Producer
Dear Editor:
Could you tell me if Elliott Lewis, who takes the part of Frankie Remley on the Phil Harris—Alice Faye show, is the same Elliott Lewis who produces Suspense on the radio?
I. H., West Medford, Mass.
Yes, Elliott the producer and Elliott the actor are the same versatile guy. Lewis also writes many of the original scripts used on the Suspense program. He is married to Cathy Lewis—Jane, on My Friend Irma.

Big Sister’s Husband
Dear Editor:
Is the woman who plays Big Sister married?
E. S., Big Indian, New York.
Grace Matthews, star of Big Sister, is married to Court Benson. Mr. Benson has acted in the program’s cast as an elderly friend of the family.
The Bensons have one child, a daughter, Andrea, aged four.

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

Elliott Lewis

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Fred Allen will soon be back in television, and in a big way. He’s all set to do a brand-new show early this fall called Two For The Money, and believe it or not, it’s a comedy quiz. Allen, you may remember, definitely stated his dislike for audience-participation entertainment a few years back when Stop The Music outrated his Sunday night program, with his program going off the air shortly thereafter. Fred’s television set-up will find him interviewing contestants a la Groucho Marx, with the emphasis on laughs, of course, and his wife Portland Hoffa will be among those present. Two For The Money will be a half-hour show on both NBC and NBC-TV—probably a “simulcast” (radio and TV versions broadcast simultaneously).

When the Jack Benny troupe returns to the airlanes soon, Phil Harris and his band will not be in the cast. After a long-time association, Phil and Benny severed relations, though on a friendly basis, and Harris and his wife, Alice Faye, signed a new deal with NBC. Bob Crosby and his orchestra have been tabbed for the Harris spot, with Bob promised plenty of ribbing from Benny. Crosby’s contract per-
mits him to do other shows, so he'll still be heard on his Club 15 program on CBS.

Remember The Life of Riley and William Bendix’ wonderful characterization as Riley? This series, which was so popular at one time, is coming back on the air in a few weeks, both on television and radio, with Bendix once again starred in his original role. The program will broadcast from Hollywood so Bendix can fill his movie commitments.

Comedian Jerry Lester and NBC, who were about to have legal bouts over Lester’s contract—which was giving him a salary, but no work—settled their differences with the television program, Saturday Night Dance Party. Lester is featured, along with a different name band each week and variety acts and soloists. Though only set for the summer, to occupy part of the time used by the vacationing Show of Shows, there is a chance Jerry will get a permanent spot of his own if he proves popular with viewers.

Walter Winchell, who has been off the air because of doctors’ orders, returns soon with his news flashes and rapid-fire chatter. His program may be (Continued on page 24)
New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

• Protects better, longer. New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
• Creamier new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
• The only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
• Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.

Lovely Anne Sargent, TV star of The First Hundred Years, starts early to coach her topknot for a starring role

First things you notice about Anne Sargent are her sparkling green eyes, infectious laugh and smooth, shiny, dark brown hair. While items one and two may be chalked up to blessings gratefully received, Anne can take a very personal bow in the crowning-glory department.

Personal life has cast her in the same role she played in the CBS-TV daytime serial, The First Hundred Years—that of a slightly new and very busy bride. But, in spite of her heavy schedule, hair care stands high on her cannot-do-without list. Especially after a summer of fun in the sun, sand and sea.

If your sun-summered topknot is decidedly not the thing of beauty you're looking forward to under a new fall bonnet, why not steal a march on the weatherman now and break into Anne's routine along with her? Brunettes, especially, take note. Because summer-sun bleaching can badly damage your tresses without your knowing it. The sun doesn't lighten your hair as it does your blonde sisters. Blissful ignorance of its true condition might mean dull, brittle hair at just the time you want to try a new hair-do and home permanent.

First step in Anne's hair conditioning system is to reach for a hair brush—medium stiff, with natural
HAIR-DO'S

bristles. Using long, sweeping strokes, she brushes her hair up and away from her head, then smooths it into place with extra polishing strokes.

Brushing stimulates the oil glands and spreads the oil evenly through your hair. Think of it as the exercise you give your hair. And don't be stingy with your strokes. The traditional 100-strokes-a-day is minimum for Anne.

You needn't fear that frequent washing will make your dry hair brittle or hard to manage. Anne shampooas as often as necessary to keep her hair scrupulously clean, making sure, of course, that she uses a mild shampoo—lotion, cream, castile or special dry-hair preparation. And making extra sure to rinse, rinse, rinse like mad until every speck of dirt and lather has been whisked away.

The wind-up is a luxurious cream rinse that leaves her hair silky soft and easy to manage. She dissolves a tablespoon of rinse in a cup of warm water and works it thoroughly into her hair with her hands. Then rinses lightly with clear water.

If your hair has reached the S.O.S. stage of dryness here's a sure-fire treatment to coax it quickly back to normal: Measure out hair rinse in the proportion stated above and work it thoroughly into your hair. Now apply a steaming towel to your head, turban-wise, and allow it to cool. Use two more steaming towels, then, rinse your hair in warm, not cool, water. We think you'll be amazed at the immediate improvement in the texture of your hair.

If, like Anne, you're planning on a new fall hair-do, get professional help with the cutting and shaping. But don't hesitate to give yourself a home permanent. Even on sun-bleached hair you can achieve a soft, natural curl with the permanents especially designed for very gentle action.

For a finishing touch, spray your head lightly with a non-sticky preparation that will control your hair like an invisible net. (If you haven't yet tried this, you're in for an exciting discovery. It's the secret of that enviable no-wispy-ends look of girls whose stock in trade is day-long, smooth perfection.)

WHY Suave OUTSELLS ALL WOMEN'S HAIRDRESSINGS

"...Makes my hair obey perfectly...yet leaves it beautifully soft."

"Conditions...contains miracle Curtisol! Ends my dry hair worries, split ends, brittleness."

"Gives me easy-do hair instantly, even after shampoo. Prevents frizziness after permanents."

"Suave is lighter, more penetrating. Never leaves oily after-film."

"Nothing else sparkles my hair like Suave."

"It's the hairdressing beauty experts recommend. Buy it! Millions do! At beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters."

created by Helene Curtis foremost name in hair beauty
Music's "ideal marriage" went on the rocks, when, after only three weeks, beautiful Roberta Peters announced that she would seek a parting of the ways from Robert Merrill. Fans of the two couldn't have been more disappointed, ever since the announcement of their engagement on TV's Toast of the Town when the two appeared there together, excitement had mounted. Thousands jammed the streets at New York's Park Avenue Synagogue where the marriage ceremony was performed. Personalities aside, however, no criticism can be given of the "Cavalade of Musical Comedy" which Merrill has just recorded with Rise Stevens for Victor. We particularly liked "If I Loved You," from the musical comedy "Carousel," which is in the album. Mr. Merrill's marriage may have hit a sour note, but his voice hasn't.

Archie Levington, husband of radio and TV's Fran Allison, had a little tough sledding for a few days when "Junco Partner" was barred from the disc jockeys' airings. Banning of the tune was brought about when it was supposed that the Junco title referred to the use of narcotics. Since Junco merely means "worthless man" in Cajun, the tune was reinstated to the airwaves. By now, practically everyone is intrigued with the Richard Hayes Mercury recording of the song.

The record business has been singing the blues in many directions, with record sales off this year—everything from television to the weather is blamed! However, a hit is still a hit and, right now, Doris Day is hair-proofed for more than the reason that she's a blonde. Her "A Guy Is A Guy" is being followed by "When I Fall In Love," the theme melody from RKO's picture, "One Minute to Zero." We liked it—maybe because the man who wrote the lyrics to "Body and Soul," Eddie Heyman, did a superb job on these. The other side is "Take Me In Your Arms," vintage 1932.

Funny how show people are always supposed to kick people when they are down but—like so many other truisms—it just is not so. When Frank Sinatra came into New York at the Paramount, all the disc jockeys in the New York area put on a campaign to get people to the theatre. Now the whole deejay trade is behind his "Luna Rossa" (Blushing Moon), which is backed by "Tennessee Newsboy." Like the newsboy in the latter song, who has to sell his papers to buy some jelly beans, Frank had to make a big comeback to keep his former wife, Nancy, and the kids in jelly beans—and his present wife Ava Gardner in the style to which she has become accustomed. Show people are

Jane Froman—whose voice is rich and strong as her courage—has a new disc out which should be on your "must-get" list.
SPINNING?

By CHRIS WILSON

helping. More power to all concerned! F.F.C. Vic Damone, Mercury's recording artist, is now on report to First Army Command at Fort Jay, New York. He's recorded an official song for the U.S. Women's Air Force, a marching song written by Jules Styne and Adolph Conden at the request of Anna Rosenberg, Asst. Secretary of Defense. Mercury is releasing and promoting it; with all monies going to the United States Air Force.

Four unreleased Duke Ellington sides which were recorded way back in 1945, after Ellington's now-famous jazz concerts at Carnegie Hall, are just coming out on the Victor label. The four parts comprise a composition entitled "The Perfume Suite."

"We've come to like Les Paul and wife Mary Ford's work more and more, and their latest, 'I'm Confessin' and 'Carioca,' is real-fun listening. Perhaps the touching torch quality of Mary comes through even more when you realize that the success of these two there is a real heartbreak yarn. Les experimented for eleven years, studying electronics, building special guitars until he finally could play an entire orchestra of guitars—all handled by Les Paul. His feet were on the threshold of success, when, shortly after his first recording of "Lover" and "Brazil," he was injured in an Oklahoma auto accident. For two years he couldn't play his beloved guitar. Finally, through sheer will power, he overcame his handicap. Then he married Mary Ford. Together they played little night clubs, sang in out-of-the-way places. When they'd come home from work, they'd get out their home-recording outfit and go to work perfecting their instrumental numbers and vocals. Then came "How High the Moon," and they began their phenomenal rise to popularity, selling over six million records last year. A little of that heartbreak and soul must have crept into music that is responded to by so many!

Odds 'n' Ends:

Eddie Fisher and Perry Como have gotten together to do "Watermelon Weather" and "Maybe"—"WW" is by Hoagy Carmichael. The double platter of "Mad About the Boy" and "I Can't Face the Music," sung by Dinah Washington, has the "George" kids in our neighborhood wearing out our turntable. Rudy Vallee has them giggling but liking the songs, "The Beer that I Left Behind Me" and "Bubbles In My Beer." They sip Cokes and pop their bubble gum and can't understand why this should remind anyone of the "Maine Stein Song," obviously a million years old. Al Martino's "Take My Heart" had them spinning more than ever when they finally saw a picture of him. "Why," shrieked one little monster, "he's the man who was on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. He was good!" Yes, he was good—he was Godfrey's guest for seven weeks. Right now Martino's in Hollywood and, if the monster's reaction was any indication, should be in the movies. He's married and has one son, which didn't seem to dull the monster's enthusiastic response to his recording one wit.

Take Your Choice:

"Lovely To Look At" from MGM has been recorded in album form by three different companies. You can get MGM's sound-track version, a Gordon MacRae—Lucille Norman version by Capitol Records under the original title of "Roberta," or Columbia's presentation of the score sung by a cast headed by Joan Roberts and Jack Cassidy. We just liked listening to the old Jerome Kern's music so much we didn't stop to judge one against the other. (Cont'd on page 13)

Barbara Ruick—MGM recorder guesting with deejay Alex Cooper—is the daughter of actress Lurene Tuttle and her ex-husband, Mel Ruick.
Doral’s Performer, Ted’s prize Guernsey bull is worth $25,000.

WPIX’s Ted Steele relaxes in the den.

O’Ted Steele, he has a farm

Ee-i-Ee-i-O

With a baa-baa here—actually, one-hundred-and-fifty sheep provide quite a few baas—on Ted Steele’s four-hundred-acre farm in New Hope, Pennsylvania. Ted and his wife Doris are two Broadway folks who decided to carry the traditional city-slicker dream one step further. They really bought that proverbial farm in the country. What’s more, they really work on it. As Ted says, “I’m no checkbook farmer.”

Doris and Ted had a farm in mind ever since they were married in 1940. She was then a busy advertising account executive, and Ted was getting his start with NBC. At one time, it looked as though the Steeles were trying to corner the money market, what with their Chesterfield Supper Club going strong on one network, Mr. and Mrs. Music on WMCA, and Ted’s WPIX stint. But now Doris is a homebody, and Ted is content with his Monday through Friday WPIX-TV show. You can’t keep either of them on Broadway—since they’ve been down on the farm.

Ted and Doris on the path leading to Celebrity Farm, their 400-acre dream come true.
What's Spinning?

Single Records You Should Get:

If you own 10, you're "George" in our neighborhood; 8, your collection's going; 3, bubble gum and pop may satisfy your stomach but won't add a thing to the popularity of your phonograph.

1. "I'm Yours," Eddie Fisher on Victor, or—if you prefer combos—Four Aces for Decca.
2. "I'm Confessin'" and "Carioca," with Les Paul and Mary Ford for Capitol. Even the older generation will listen to this.
4. "I'm Sorry," by Bobby Wayne for Mercury. We're sorry for you if you haven't bought it.
7. "Cling To Me," a lovely melody by Jane Froman on a Capitol disc. Her courage was so high, and her voice is so good.
8. "High Noon," from the Stanley Kramer Western film by the same name, with Frankie Laine for Columbia records. "Rock of Gibraltar's" on the other side and it's cute, as you full well know.
10. "Half As Much," with Rosemary Clooney for Columbia. You know Clooney and you'll like her "half as much" again on this record.

Wake up your sleeping beauty!

says Yvonne de Carlo

"So many women have natural beauty...and what do they do? They let it sleep under a blanket of stale make-up!" says Yvonne de Carlo. You must get to the bottom of stale make-up and grime. Ordinary cleansing doesn't do it, but Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten, does!

Penaten works the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!

Got that Rosemary Clooney recording recommended above?

You'll look your loveliest

"You'll look fresher, younger," says Yvonne de Carlo, star of "SCARLET ANGEL," a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream with Penaten on your skin today! 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.
Spark up Reducing

THESE DIET TIPS CAN TEMPT THE APPETITE—
WITHOUT ADDING WEIGHT

By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR

Poor Eloise, don’t you feel sorry for her?” a friend remarks. “She’s dieting, eating all those dull foods. Eloise must be perfectly miserable.”

Eloise is not feeling sorry for herself—unless she enjoys self-pity. A reducing diet can be as stimulating, as exciting and as imaginative as the woman who prepares the meals. Unfortunately, there are still many people who misunderstand, who think a diet must taste like medicine to be effective. That’s nonsense. A housewife who is clever in the kitchen can serve an entire low-calorie meal to guests and they won’t even know the difference. But, to be practical, let’s see what can be done to standard reducing dishes to make them extra flavorful.

- Take the glorified hamburger, excellent for dieting when the meat is fat-trimmed before grinding. For variation, fold a slice of sweet Bermuda onion in the center before the meat goes under the broiler. Do you like garlic flavor? If so, add a bit of minced garlic to your steakburger before cooking.

For another change, take a tip from a famous restaurateur: Broil a slice of tomato on top—this you put on, of course, after the patty has been turned.

- When dieting, all meats and fish should be broiled. But you can have, for example, sauteed green pepper and onion with broiled meats, for as little as forty-two calories. They are particularly good with broiled liver. Thin-slice half a green pepper and half a medium-sized onion, cook just until soft and then sauté in a small pan with a scant teaspoon of butter.

Or perhaps you want mushrooms with your chicken. That’s easy and the calorie content of this delicacy is negligible. The trick is in low-calorie cooking. Merely brush a little melted butter over the mushrooms, broil cap-side-up for two minutes, then turn and broil seven minutes longer until mushrooms are tender.

- Take other good reducing dishes. Fish, for one, is most delicious when covered generously with lemon and parsley before broiling—that’s the way gourmets prefer theirs. Seafoods, highly recommended when dieting, are served with a chili sauce, spiked with horseradish, in the finest restaurants.

And that old standby, cottage cheese, doesn’t have to be bland. If you dice in celery, fresh green pepper, parsley, minced onions . . . season lightly with salt, pepper and paprika . . . surround the whole with
Meals

sliced cucumber and radish, and serve on a leaf of lettuce ... you're satisfying that old devil appetite and helping to slenderize your hips.

- The egg, with its high protein content, is a mainstay on any diet. Poached, soft and hard-cooked eggs get tiresome after a while, so change to scrambled eggs. The problem is in cooking them with the least amount of grease. You can do this by using a small, heavy skillet and just a dab of butter. Cook very slowly over low heat, scrapping eggs from bottom of pan as they cook, to prevent their becoming hard and dry.

- To enhance side dishes, such as vegetables, learn how to combine cooked vegetables. A few good combinations are: Minted peas; sauerkraut and apples; parsnips and potato; scalloped corn and tomatoes; a little chopped onion with peas.

When properly prepared, potatoes are not so calorific as you may think. Look at what can be done with half a medium-sized spud. After baking, hollow out the shell. Then mix the potato with skimmed milk, minced onion, seasoning and chopped parsley, sprinkle with paprika, stuff back into the shell and place under broiler for a moment or two. Crown the potato with criss-cross strips of pimiento before serving. It's good for you and amounts to only forty calories.

There is hardly any limit to what can be done to make reducing meals fit for the most discriminating eater. There are dozens of herbs, absolutely fat-free, which open up endless variations in tastes. Any good cook can serve up a tasty reducing meal. So be smart. Learn how to enjoy your reducing diet!
Listen ladies
to Priscilla Fortescue

WHEREVER there are people doing things—not necessarily big names, but just folks—Priscilla Fortescue is there with her tape recorder, introducing them to "just folks" in Boston. For more than twelve years now, she's been entertaining the women—men, too—in the Hub City with anecdotes about famous people and places, and interviews with big and little people.

As with most show people, Priscilla has had her share of tough breaks on the road to success, but the one thing she has always maintained is her regard for people and her interest in their doings. Her previous show, Listen Ladies, was concerned mainly with introducing stage and screen greats to the afternoon housewife-listeners. But radio changes like anything else, and now the Priscilla Fortescue Show has moved out of the studio—the world is its oyster.

Last summer, Boston listeners met people at Blarney Castle, Shannon Airport, the Tower of London, Scotland Yard, the Paris boulevards, with Priscilla as go-between. In her own small way, she felt that these talks with Europeans might bring the one-world ideal a little closer to reality, by providing a bridge of understanding to connect both sides of the Atlantic.

When Priscilla went to Washington, she took Bostonians along via tape. She talked to senators, bureau heads, and Government officials in a frank manner, questioning them on things in general and matters concerning Boston in particular. But, while a talk with a senator is important, Priscilla feels that Mrs. Joe Doakes is important in her own right.

Although her program takes her far afield of Boston, and demands a great deal of her time, Priscilla has managed to lead a normal, happy home life. Wisely, she insists on her family's welfare and comfort before her career. She is an interested and understanding mother to her son and daughter, and spends all of her free time in her Back Bay apartment, or on the family farm in New Hampshire—doing the things any good housewife is expected to do. And Priscilla Fortescue would be the first to admit that her success in radio would be a very empty thing, indeed, if it were not accompanied by the only real success a woman must have—a happy home.
Exciting Color that clings to your lips!
Smooth Loveliness that lasts without drying!

Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick

Eight Glorious Shades—So flattering—and Fashion-Right!

Touch it to your lips... feel how smoothly it goes on! Then see how the radiant color of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick brings a new, bewitching beauty to your lips! And that glorious color stays and stays... fresh, luscious, exciting! Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick won't dry your lips... keeps them always adorable, kissable! There's a perfect, flattering shade for you in Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick. Buy it today!
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

SPECIAL COMBINATION OF BRECK HAIRDRESS AND A BRECK SHAMPOO

Breck Hairdress makes hair manageable, soft and lustrous. Breck Hairdress also conditions dry or damaged hair. It does not leave an oily appearance. Breck Hairdress may be applied daily as a hairdressing or as a cream rinse after your shampoo.

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions— one for dry hair, one for oily hair, and one for normal hair. Choose the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair clean, shining and fragrant.

A 50¢ bottle of Breck Hairdress is currently available in combination with a $1.00 bottle of a Breck Shampoo, plus 7¢ tax.

Journey at dawn

It's twenty miles from Chester, Pennsylvania, to Philadelphia, and every piece of the road between the two cities is as familiar to Del Parks as his own back yard. Del makes the trek every day at 4:00 A.M.—driving through a gauntlet of salutes from blinking highway police headlights, airport control-tower blinkers, and even occasional kitchen lights along the highway—to open up shop at Station WPEN in the City of Brotherly Love.

A modern Pony Express rider, Del stops to pick up his personal mail at the post office, stops again to pick up local news items from district reporters and police blotters, sometimes is hailed by a listener who tells him of a blessed event or some other piece of neighborhood news. The last detour on the road into Philadelphia is at the International Airport for a personal look at the weather maps and a chat with his friends in the flight-control tower. Almost every stopping-off place finds bundles of mail waiting for Del from folks who know his route. Some are requests for music; some, proposals for dedications; and there are always a few bulletin-board items from local civic or religious groups, announcing functions.

A native of Chester, Del has spent half of his life in radio, and has performed every conceivable task in the industry—short of owning a station. In addition to his early morning (6:00 to 9:00 A.M.) program, Del is rarely working less than two TV shows weekly, and makes on the average of three extra appearances a week as a guest on sports shows or before civic groups.

Del's attitude toward his program can best be summed up in his own words, "Too many folks listen to the program for me to decide what to use on the air. Long ago I decided to let my listeners do my programming for me—and they do."

Each stop-off, even his service station, is a fan-mail depot for Del Parks of WPEN.

Debbie (who calls herself "Tex"), Barry and Steve share their dad's enthusiasm for fishing.
AUNT JENNY How close should a man come to being his brother’s keeper? Aunt Jenny watched sympathetically the disruption of the home life of Dick and Amy Rowan, when Dick’s ne’er-do-well brother Jerry not only moved in with them, but brought in a wife as well. However, as Aunt Jenny told of the Rowans’ problem in one of her recent stories, it turned out to have a most surprising conclusion, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Even though Rupert Barlow’s long-range plan to break up Mary Nobles’s marriage has failed, and Mary has called off her divorce from Larry, the Nobles are not completely reconciled. Mary still wonders how Larry was involved with his leading lady, Edith Venable. And Larry is still not certain whether Mary left him to start divorce proceedings or merely to run off with Barlow. Will the rift widen? M-F, 4:00 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER Ruth Wayne’s brother Neddie can no longer complain that he never gets the breaks. He is still stunned by the fortune that came to him on the death of his middle-aged, dearly loved friend, Selina. Neddie is determined that Ruth and her husband, Dr. John Wayne, must reap some benefit from his good fortune. But as for what it is all going to mean to Neddie himself... well, it’s too soon for anyone, even Ruth, to predict. M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY Althea Dennis, beautiful and talented, has always been good at believing just what she wished to believe about herself, and discounting the things that seemed unflattering. But since the accident which left her a wheel-chair convalescent, her family and young Dr. Holden have made it hard for her to remain quite so self-indulgent. Will Althea be forced to admit that her selfishness may wreck Larry Race’s happiness? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 9:30 A.M. EDT, NBC.

DOCTOR’S WIFE Julie Palmer is much disturbed when her husband, Dr. Daniel Palmer, comes to grips with wealthy Mrs. Irwin over a matter of principle. Dan’s colleagues at the hospital are overjoyed at Mrs. Irwin’s generous offer to build a new wing, but Dan refuses to accept a post there because of Mrs. Irwin’s specifications about who may and who may not be admitted. Will her shockingly undemocratic ideas prevail? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL When a penniless young couple of somewhat shady background, known to be living considerably beyond their means, are involved in the death of a wealthy woman acquaintance, it’s easy for the police to start building a case. But when star reporter David Farrell is assigned to “The Carefree Lovers’ Murder Case,” he quickly uncovers some facts about the dead woman that make the case far less simple. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT How far does one life really influence another? Does Meta’s past really determine the course being taken by her stubborn young stepdaughter, Kathy Roberts, even though Meta is now unofficially separated from Joe Roberts, Kathy’s father? Or is it more likely, as Joe has tried to convince his wife, that Kathy would have made her own way even if Meta’s path had never touched hers? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Neither Reed Nixon nor Dr. Jeff Browning has any real claim on Julie Paterno so she is half amused, half annoyed to realize that both are jealous to the point of irritation over her friendship with Jeff’s younger brother. The rival-
JUST PLAIN BILL Certain that Amy Brooks’s mother was ruining the girl’s life by interfering with her romance with Ralph Chadwick, Bill Davidson in all sincerity tried to bring the two young people together. But he did not anticipate that his well-meant efforts would climax in near-tragedy. Was Amy’s mother right all along? Is there any hope for the eventual happiness of the ill-starred young couple? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL For a long time Papa David has watched affectionately as his young adopted daughter, Chichi, fell in and out of what might have been love, but was never quite the real thing. Now at last he recognizes in Martin Walker the right man for Chichi—or at any rate, Chichi does, and that’s enough for Papa David. But as it turns out that Martin is really Martin Vandenbush, Papa David wonders what’s ahead. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY Lansing McKenzie started out on a solitary vacation, determined that it was really going to become a separation from his wife Sidney, who, he believes, is in love with Wolfe Bennett. But his stop-off to visit his friend Jack O’Neill may have a decisive effect on that plan. And back home Sidney herself has made a decision about Wolfe that surprises even herself. M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, ABC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo’s million-dollar buried treasure turned out to be stolen loot hidden by an international thief, so the discovery did nobody any good. Belle, Lorenzo’s wife, who was really responsible for the thief’s capture, allowed Lorenzo to get the credit for it, but not even the glory makes up to Lorenzo for the millions that got away. As always, he’s sure the next idea he gets will be the real thing. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Mathilda Pendleton’s divorce action against banker Augustus Pendleton has really stirred things up. Ma has taken an unswerving stand on the side of Augustus and Amy McKenzie, in spite of Rushville Center’s natural horror at what appears to be a scandalous triangle—for Ma knows the true facts. But she’s wondering how to help the Pendletons’ daughter Gladys, who might fall in love with young Joseph—if she believed in love. M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brintheope, wonder what is behind the sudden appearance in

What are these women doing that is so New... so Smart... so Wonderful?

They’re using
Helene Curtis Spray Net—the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place, looking naturally lovely. That’s right—naturally lovely!

it’s the most exciting thing that’s happened to hair!

You’re in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that “varnished” look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking naturally lovely; even in wet or windy weather. It’s colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!

Helene Curtis Spray Net

“the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place”

Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!
- After combing, to keep hair "just so"
- To control wispy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid "damp-day droop"
- To avoid "wind-blown wilderness"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There’s only one SPRAY NET! It’s made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty

Only $1.25
now! for the first time! SPRAY NET in the amazing new finger-touch pressure dispenser for only $1.25

economy size pressure dispenser $1.75
unbreakable plastic squeeze bottle $1
Daytime Diary

Fairbrooke of their old friend, Judge Horace Reeves. Is it possible that the distinguished judge is guilty of a hit-run crime the consequences of which he is trying to escape? Or is it his daughter Margo, or his foster son, Douglas Clarke, who was driving the family car when the accident occurred? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

SHEPPEP YOUNG'S FAMILY The accident that came within inches of taking Pepper's life will have a fundamental effect on his future and that of Linda, his wife. For during Pepper's delirium, Linda learned of things she had never dreamed went through her husband's mind—thoughts and fears that could not help but throw a revealing new light on their entire relationship. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPEEY MASON Pearl thieves are naturally daring, or they would be in some other line of work. But one would think a jewel as conspicuous as the Blazing Heart wouldn't interest any but the most foolhardy thief. However, by the time Pepper Mason picks up the trail of the organization that so shrewdly profits from lonely folks' need to talk, he is ready to call it anything but foolhardy. Formidable may prove to be a better word. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Miles Nelson's career and his position as governor may survive the treacherous attack of his enemies. But his relationship with his wife, Carolyn, is another and more subtle matter. Annette Thorpe's campaign against Carolyn is a shrewd one, and in some way Miles himself has altered under the pressures of his important public office. Carolyn is worried, too, over the precarious state of Miles's health. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Conrad Overton has fought long and bitterly to protect his position gained by trickery and worse, but with Dr. Jim Brent and newspaperman Frank Dana working tirelessly to destroy him, even Overton suspects that the handwriting is already on the wall for him. In some ways he will be almost relieved when the complete truth about himself and his fortune is finally revealed. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Has the campaign waged by her enemies to destroy the reputation of Hollywood gown designer Helen Trent been successful? Both of her admirers seem less attentive.

lately. Barclay Bailey, convinced by his parents' clever maneuvering that Helen was indifferent to his long illness, decides to return to Philadelphia—never see her again. And lawyer Gil Whitney, whom Helen loves, seems strangely remote. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARIE Because Bill Roberts is on trial for the murder of Blanche Weatherby, two girls who knew neither of these people have had an astounding adventure they will never forget—being held prisoner in their own apartment by Eddie Miles, who does know more about the murder than he wants anyone—especially the police—to find out. What was behind the blackmail Miles collected from Blanche's neurotic mother? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Michael Dalton, new manager of Stan Burton's store, is a clever man, but he has made what may prove to be a fatal error. He has taken Terry Burton for an inexperienced housewife whose only interests are her home and family. Naturally preoccupied during Stan's serious illness, Terry hasn't had time to investigate. But sooner or later she is going to notice something very odd in the store's affairs. M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Knowing that young secretary Emily Calvert is in love with her wealthy boss, Jared Sloane, Stella tries to encourage the girl. But all her plans stop abruptly with the sudden mysterious death of Muriel Drake, with whom Jared had been infatuated. Is it possible that Emily, a former schoolmate of Stella's own daughter Laurel, has anything to do with the tragic and mysterious circumstances of Muriel's death? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nurse Nora Drake is shocked and unnerved when the district attorney outlines the case that has been built up against her in the death of her friend Peg Martinson. Knowing her own innocence, she cannot believe she and Fred Molina will be able to prove it, but when she learns that Dorothy Steward, who could have established her alibi, died in a crash out West, Nora begins to understand what real panic can be. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN It will be a tragic milestone in Wendy's life if Mark Douglas continues to believe himself unfit to marry her, for during the last few months she has finally realized that her complete happiness
lies within him. Will she ever get over blaming herself for Mark's distressing Hollywood escapade? Is it true that if she had married him when he urged it, Maggie Fallon would have caused no trouble? Or—would it have happened anyway? M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan Davis has come to Paris almost convinced that there is no hope for her marriage. But seeing the successful understanding between her sister Sylvia and her brother-in-law Chick, whose marriage was even closer to the rocks than her own, Joan wonders if there isn't a sign here to revive her own faith in herself and Harry. What part will Dr. Brady play in Joan's Paris adventure? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James and Jessie Carter, remembering a recent unfortunate experience with a new son-in-law, are wary about trying to help when their daughter Virginia plans to marry. But when Jessie finds the perfect house for Stan and Virginia, she cannot resist at least exposing them to it. Will Virginia learn through her family the answers to some of her questions about Stan? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE The pressure applied by Ray Gillette at the Springfield plant finally tells. Sam Williams is determined to stick it out as plant manager no matter how obviously Gillette is intriguing against him. But Sam's son Gene sees this as cowardice, not courage. Can Anne Malone and Gene's wife Crystal keep Sam and Gene from a serious quarrel? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 9:45 A.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG WIFIER BROWN When Dr. Anthony Loring's long-stranged wife, Ruth, first appeared in Simpsonville, Anthony desperately tried to establish proof of his contention that their marriage had been annulled many years ago. But Ruth's mental and emotional state appears so pitiable that both Anthony and Ellen Brown, his fiancée, are reluctant to precipitate a situation that will cause her further anguish. Is their sympathy misplaced? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THE REAL ARTHUR GODFREY Don't miss the human, heartworming tale of a red-headed Ishmon who rose to the top by working, fighting, and just plain living... plus a full-color photo of the Godfrey himself! Featured in the October RADIO-TV MIRROR on sale September 10.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents... shift-free driving... soapless detergents. And...

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say... "At last!... this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

5-day deodorant pads

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply... FREE!

5-Day Laboratories, Box #1001
DEPT. RA-9, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

Enclosed find 10c to help cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY... ZONE... STATE

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 25% tax on other deodorants, pay only... 2c on 25c size... 4c on 50c size... 6c on $1.00 size

Offer expires in 60 days

23
(Continued from page 7) telecast also. Winchell, who is under life-time contract to ABC, will be heard at his old Sunday-night time, which commentator Drew Pearson has been occupying during the columnist's illness.

Hollywood is an interesting new half-hour dramatic show, heard on Monday nights over CBS. It was adapted from C. F. Forester's famous books of the same name, and interpreted in England by Michael Redgrave, distinguished English actor, stars in the title role and is supported by an all-British cast.

For a successful Dragent show will be happy to learn it has been renewed for the 1952-53 season. The award-winning police action-drama will continue over NBC, both on television and radio, with Jack Webb, of course, as star and director.

This 'n That:

Have you caught the Du Mont television show, Midway, which is seen Wednesday nights? This show originates from the Palsades Amusement Park on the New Jersey cliffs, overlooking the Hudson River, and is billed as "on location" program to be telecast on a coast-to-coast hookup. It's interesting that "way back in 1905, Palsades Amusement Park, was a popular destination with some of the earliest movies ever made." Pearl White filmed "The Perils of Pauline" serials there, and such silent stars as Harold Lloyd, the Palomino, and Mack Sennett made their first films at the park.

Louise Froilond, producer-director of the Vaughn Monroe radio show, and Gene Hammott, Monroe's musical director and chief 'publicity man,' Mr. and Mrs. Their romance began when they worked together on this program. Vaughn is throwing a big party for the pair when the show goes back on the air in a couple of weeks. Louise, incidently, is one of the few girl producers in radio, and she started on the Monroe show as a production assistant six years ago.

Did you ever hear of "The Bedside Network?" Probably not, but it's a cinch the boys in the Veterans Hospitals around New York City have. It was created by the Veterans Hospital Radio Guild, a group of more than 200 volunteers from all branches of radio, who visit hospitals each week to encourage and teach patients to write, act, sing and produce their own radio show. The Guild, which was founded by singer Jean Tighe in 1948, has gone quietly along doing a marvelous job, without the benefit of fanfare or publicity. Such well-known personalities as Patsy Campbell, Bud Collyer, Dwight Weist, Betty Wragge, John Gambling, Howard Claney, and many, many others are actively involved in the Guild and devote a certain amount of time, every week, to the venture. The troopers visit one ward another, armed with tape recorders, microphones, scripts and sheet music, paying particular attention to paraplegic wards where men are bedridden. After the veterans rehearse a program, their acts are taped on a recorder and "the Bedside Network," through the hospitals' intercommunication systems.

Patsy Campbell, who is one of the most active and enthusiastic members, says, "Although the Veterans Hospital Radio Guild started out as a recreation and rehabilitation project, we feel that it often has a definite therapeutic value. For giving these men a new interest in life, and developing their self-confidence, they are given the will to get better. Some of the boys who have improved enough to be discharged from the hospitals have gone back to radio jobs in civilian life, we are proud to say. We are working in four hospitals now, but we won't be satisfied until we can have veterans in radio in every city in the country. And we're out to solicit funds so that we can speed the organization along."

Peggy Wood, star of television's Mama, has returned to the United States after a long tour in Europe. George has completely recovered from his illness, and he and Betty both hope to become active in radio work again. Accompanying them home was their baby son, Regan.

The "stand-in" business is picking up in television, with more and more shows gradually acquiring them. As in the past, stand-ins are used to clear positions, for make-up tests, lighting rehearsals, etc., in order to save the valuable time of high-priced stars. Dinah Shore was the same girl who works with her in her movies; Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis use their writers, Ed Simmons and Norman Lear, who set up a scene so the "mad" boys can get an idea of how it will look on camera. Donald O'Connor's dance director, Hal Belfer, substitutes for him so he can get a lens-view of his numbers. Dragent star Jack Webb has George Sawaya as his stand-in while he is rehearsing the rest of the show, and Sawaya also doubles as an assistant director in addition to playing bit roles. And even Kate Smith has a stand-in.

Another television romance recently culminated in marriage when Bob Hamilton and Gloria Stevens said their "I do's" at New York's City Hall. Cupid tapped this pair on The Show of Shows, where they danced weekly as part of The Hamilton Trio. Gloria is the attractive brunette member of the threesome, and her blonde colleague, Pat Horn, stood up for her in front of the judge. Gloria will do the same for Pat when Pat marries Freddie Rheinstrom soon. This romance also started on Show of Shows, where Freddie was the floor manager of the program until he went into the Army.

Believe it or not, but the thirty-three men staff that works the 5:00 to 10:30 A.M. shift on the NBC-TV early morning show, Today, daily consumes 6½ gallons of coffee, 1½ gallons of cream, 3½ pounds of sugar, and one ten-gallon Dave Garaway is the lone tea drinker.

Florence Ames, who plays Inspector Queen, on the Ellery Queen show, has been appearing on Broadway in the musical "Thee I Sing." He's the only member of the cast who was in the original production back in 1931.

When the American Medical Association telecast an actual surgical operation to the public during their convention a few weeks ago, Bob Hope came up with a won-
What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Bill Perry, who used to sing on the Saturday Night Serenade a few years ago, Perry seems to have dropped from sight, and investigation as to his whereabouts and activity has discovered nothing. Bill, if you're around, drop us a line so we can tell our old fans what's happened to you.

Henry Gerrard, who was the first Henry Aldrich on the television version of that show? Henry was replaced by Kenneth Nelson before the program went off the air, and at the present time he is working in summer stock. There is a possibility that both the video and radio Henry Aldrich shows will be back on the air later this fall, with a new producer and director, and maybe an all-new cast.

Lucille Wall, who starred for so long in Portia Faces Life? Lucille is very much with us, appearing as Belle on Lorenzo Jones, and doing lots of freelance dramatic work on many shows. Lucille says she thinks the confusion as to "what happened to her" when Portia left the air was due to the fact she hadn't been billing on the Lorenzo show up to that time, because of her contract with the Portia sponsor.

Lanny Ross, whose musical program was heard over Mutual last season? Lots of letters on Lanny, who is also very much around, though not currently on the air. Lanny is now touring the strawhat circuit, singing the leading role of Johnnie Nolan in the show, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." He plans to return to radio in the fall.

Clarence Hartzell, who appeared prominently for many years on the old, popular Vic and Sade program? Recently Hartzell has been doing his Uncle Fletcher characterization with Don McNeill on the Breakfast Club show.

William Gargan, who was Martin Kane, Private Eye, on television? This is a case of listener confusion due to a cast change. Lee Tracy took over as Kane a while back, and Gargan started his radio show, Barrie Craig, Confidential Investigator, on Tuesday over NBC. Gargan is not appearing regularly on television at the present time. By the way, did you know that Bill, before his grease-paint days, was a private detective in real life?

Jean Rouverol, who used to play the role of Betty on One Man's Family? Jean recently moved away from the Los Angeles area, and therefore had to give up her part, as the show originates in Hollywood. Virginia Gregg replaced Jean as the new Betty on the program.

These are personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 265 E. 42nd Street, New York City, 17, New York, and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers.

(Ratner crack. "Imagine having your appendix out and seeing it a year later on kinescope!" quipped Robert. Leave it to Hope!)

Read Why You Should Never Use Weak Homemade Solutions of Vinegar for This Intimate Purpose

Feminine hygiene (including internal cleanliness) is a sane, wholesome practice among women. It is so important for health, married happiness, womanly charm, after their periods and for deodorizing problems. This has been verified among doctors.

The vital question is what antiseptic to use in the douche. Your antiseptic should be a powerful germ killer and one that protects against offensive odors. Yet it should be so safe it could be accidentally swallowed with safety. ZONITE fulfills these requirements. ZONITE is bringing poise, serenity and confidence to women by the thousands.

Proof of ZONITE's Safety to Tissues

The membranes of a rabbit's eye are even more delicate than membranes in the vaginal tract. Laboratory tests show that ZONITE, as used in the douche was put twice daily for three months into rabbits' eyes. Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. But ZONITE's safe qualities are not based on rabbit eye tests alone but on clinical tests by a famous surgeon and scientist, and on actual use by thousands of enthusiastic women for over thirty years.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicidal of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE.

Warns Against Use of Vinegar

What intelligent woman would ever use vinegar as a deodorant? What woman would pour vinegar over an open cut and expect germicidal protection? Vinegar has many valuable uses. But any intelligent woman would never use such homemade makeshift solutions for a cleansing, deodorizing douche. A woman needs and deserves ZONITE's powerful germicidal and deodorizing action.

ZONITE's Miracle-Action

ZONITE completely deodorizes. It cleanses and flushes away odor-causing waste substances and deposits. ZONITE helps prevent infection and kills every germ it reaches. It's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ. Inexpensive. Always use as directed.

FREE! Mail coupon for free book, Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-92, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.*

ZONITE

This Ideal 'All Purpose' Antiseptic-Germicide Should Be in Every Medicine Chest

Zonite, 1962, Z.P.C.
Singing folk songs with a trained voice is "like putting molasses on mashed potatoes," according to Pick Temple—who never took a lesson in his life, but does right well for himself on Station WTOP-TV in the nation's capital. He has a little more guitar education—went to a teacher once, but gave her up when she told him he had "the most atrocious fingering" she'd ever seen. Actually, Lafayette Parker Temple II is doing what comes naturally, because he didn't want to waste the money he'd spent on a $6.75 guitar. His parents wanted Pick to become a violinist, or when that failed, even a pianist, but destiny stepped in and made a folk singer out of Temple.

Pick's radio career dates back to a show on WFRB, Baltimore, when he played with a banjo player named "Red" Godfrey. His first TV break came when he won WTTG talent contests four times. As a result, WMAR-TV in Baltimore signed him for a series of shows. In 1948, Pick came to WTOP radio, and in 1951, he joined the station's TV staff.

Journeys into the back country for genuine folk-song swapping have made Pick something of an authority on American folk music. He can literally sing "for days" without repeating a song. He is proud of the invitation he received from the Library of Congress to record some numbers for their large folk-music collection.

The cowboy singer was actually born in Washington (January 20, 1911), but his family moved to Baltimore when Pick was two weeks old, returning to D.C. in 1938. He attended St. Paul School in Baltimore, and, briefly, Johns Hopkins, George Washington and American Universities. The Temples have two children, a daughter, Faye, and a son, Lafayette Parker Temple III. Pick's greatest popularity is with the younger set, who would rather do without ice cream than miss his show. He calls two of them every day and sends each a silver dollar—his trademark. Pick's fan mail is voluminous, mostly requests for photographs. And Pick believes in signing all the fan photos himself. He recalls the time when he received a photo from a movie idol as a child, with a printed signature. He'll never forget his disappointment at not getting the star's real signature, and each of Pick's fans gets a hand-signed picture of their cowboy hero—one idol who deserves the popularity he has.
JOAN CRAWFORD . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Crawford uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

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

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

You, too, like Joan Crawford, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse ... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water ... needs no special after-rinse.

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

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair.
New creamy-soft make-up
covers so lightly

Looks so naturally lovely
Feels like your very own skin

Your Pan-Stik® Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of “made-up” look. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor’s exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, natural loveliness.

Pan-Stik
by
max Factor

$1.60 plus tax, in seven enchanting shades. Delightfully right for suntan season:
Natural Tan, Golden Tan. Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

CINDY GARNER
as she looks when away from the studio.
Now appearing in
"RED BALL EXPRESS"
a Universal-International Picture
She uses Max Factor’s Pan-Stik because it feels so light and free compared with most make-ups. And it looks and feels so natural. Dress by Ann Fzentty

So quick! So convenient! Easy to use as lipstick!

1. Max Factor’s Pan-Stik is creamy make-up in new convenient stick form. No puff, no sponge, can’t spill or leak into your purse.
2. Swivel up Pan-Stik just like lipstick. Apply light strokes to nose, forehead, chin and cheeks. No messy fingernail deposits, as with ordinary cream make-up. No dripping as with liquid.
3. Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently over your face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how perfectly it covers. And how fresh and naturally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.
ROBERT Q. LEWIS—

Eligible Bachelor

He's a man of many moods and life in the Lewis office is never, never dull!

By GLORIA DULCHIN

Bob’s secretary for the past five years (see left)

When the CBS personnel department told me I could be assigned to Robert Q. Lewis' office, if I wanted to be, my mouth fell open, but no words came out. I could only stare and nod. If I wanted to be! Hadn’t I always run home from school as fast as I could to catch the Lewis disc jockey show on radio? Would I want to make a dream come true that I had been dreaming for many months? Would I?

My whole idea in applying for a job at CBS had been to work my way up and become secretary to a radio and TV personality. Now I faced one of those wonderful breaks that you read about and think cannot possibly be happening to you.

See Next Page
With so many glamour girls competing for his attention, Bob's "pin-ups" seem strangely out of date: Voluminously-clad bathing beauties of about 1910!

When the personnel man asked Bob that day if he would drop by the office to approve the new secretary—me—I thought Bob just might happen to remember our previous meeting a few months before. He didn't remember it, or me, at all. It hadn't been a particularly memorable occasion for him. One of the girls had taken me into his office to meet him after I told her what a fan of his I had always been. He had peered at me pleasantly through those horn-rimmed glasses he always wears, said, "Hi—nice meeting you—I'm rushed right now," and walked out. I had been thrilled. I had met my idol. He had been bothered, but kind. I have since learned that he usually is—kind, I mean—even when he is bothered.

The first thing Bob said to me when I followed him back to his office after the second meeting, the one in the personnel department, was completely characteristic of the Bob Lewis I have come to know. "You haven't called me by any name so far," he began, "so start right by calling me Bob, or Robert, but don't 'Mr. Lewis' me. I don't like formality." He doesn't, whether he is dealing with big people or little people, because he never has to depend upon a formal approach to gain respect. He gets that as a matter of course, because he works harder than anyone who works for him and he puts the job before any other consideration. You expect him to expect you to do the same.

That first day on the job, however, I thought everything was going to be just a breeze. It was fun fixing
up new files (no one had ever provided any for him), ordering the supplies for the expanded office, and answering his telephone calls, many of them from people whose names were famous.

Then he gave me a radio script to type, the first I had ever done, although I didn’t tell him so. He said he wanted four copies, so I selected some thin, strong paper for the carbons. When I brought the finished job to his desk he practically exploded. “Don’t ever type a script on that stuff again,” he warned me. “Crisp paper rattles and makes thunderous sounds in the microphone. Listeners will think it’s a bomb.” I apologized meekly, feeling pretty downcast. “Forget it,” he said then. “You have to make mistakes in order to learn.”

This job is going to be a breeze? I thought to myself. A cinch? Oh, Gloria, what you’ve got to learn! I realize now that working with an amateur in show business, as I certainly was then, must have been hard on my boss. He knows this business inside and out. His dad, a lawyer, had acted (Continued on page 74)

Lewis is heard on Arthur Godfrey Time, M-F, 10 A.M. EDT, for Sonotone, Frigidaire, Chesterfield, Pillsbury, Nabisco, Pepsi- dent, Rinso, RealLemon, Toni, on CBS (part simulcast on CBS-TV); Robert Q.’s Waxworks, CBS, M-F, 7 P.M. EDT, Sat., 10 P.M.; and The Name’s the Same, ABC-TV, Wed., 7:30 P.M. EDT, for Bendix Home Appliances and Swanson’s Frozen Foods.

Old playbills “reflect” Bob’s theatrical interests—but are only part of his collecting hobbies.

CONTEST—“MY FAVORITE SECRETARY”

Would you like to be Robert Q. Lewis’ secretary for a day? Would you like to share in the excitement of actually being a part of show business, going behind the scenes to see how it works, what the stars are really like? This will all be possible for the winner of Radio-TV Mirror Magazine’s “My Favorite Secretary” contest.

Anyone can nominate you. To be nominated have your boss, your teacher, or your relatives tell us in fifty words or less why you are the best of all possible secretaries. Also, send us a snapshot of yourself. The winner will be given a trip to New York and an action-packed day as Robert Q. Lewis’ secretary.

Mail before September 10

RADIO-TV MIRROR
Box 1769, Grand Central Station
New York, New York

I nominate as “My Favorite Secretary”

Because (see attached letter of 50 words or less).

Her address
Your name
Your address
Firm name
ROBERT Q. LEWIS — Eligible Bachelor

When the personnel man asked Bob that day if he would drop by the office to approve the new secretary—me—I thought Bob just might happen to remember our previous meeting a few months before. He didn’t remember it, or me, at all. It hadn’t been a particularly memorable occasion for him. One of the girls had taken me into his office to meet him after I told her what a fan of his I had always been. He had greeted me pleasantly through those horn-rimmed glasses he always wears, said, “Hi—nice meeting you—I’m rushed right now,” and walked out. I had been thrilled. I had met my idol. He had been bothered, but kind. I have since learned that he usually is—kind, I mean—even when he is bothered.

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Mail before September 10
RADIO-TV MIRROR
Box 1269, Grand Central Station
New York, New York

I nominate as “My Favorite Secretary”

Because (see attached letter of 50 words or less). 

Her address

Your name

Type address

Firm name
It was Paul who "discovered" Jo as a singer. But it took more years than either would like to remember—to realize what they'd found in each other.

HOW WONDERFUL CAN MARRIAGE BE? PAUL WESTON AND JO STAFFORD
Honeymoon happiness

by Maxine Arnold

Home...there's no place like it...
So agreed honeymooners Jo Stafford and Paul Weston as, back from their exciting European travels, they were rediscovering all the wonders of their own grey-shingled Cape Cod abode atop its own picturesque hill overlooking Bel Air.

"And how about those gladioluses!" breathed the bride.
When they left, the yard was being done over and looked like somebody with a crew-cut, but now every flower bloomed its special welcome for them. And, at that, the gladioluses were running a poor second to the Westons' devoted cook, Lillie Mae, and their deliriously happy pooches, Beau and Cricket—who were blooming each in his or her own way all over the place.

Lillie Mae had whipped up some of her own brand of strawberry shortcake—"Ah figured you wouldn't get any 'over there.'" The dogs, just back from the canine beauty salon, were all gussied up for the occasion with fresh poodle-dos, and Beau, the only piano-playing poodle in Local 47 (the Musicians' Union), kept racing back and forth to the piano hitting a chord out of sheer pleasure—because his folks, Mr. and Mrs. Music, were back home.

A mighty magic moment, this. A moment almost as misty as that on the deck of the S.S. Independence steaming into New York when (Continued on page 96)
I NEVER LOST THE

When we told people we'd won The Big Pay-Off—a trip to Paris, a mink coat—they thought

My husband Powell—who had to answer the questions—was understandably nervous, though emcee Randy Merriman did his best to put us both at ease.
DREAM

we were crazy. We were. Crazy with joy!

By JOAN LOBEL

No one believed me. Strangers thought we were tipsy. I phoned my sister and said, "We were just on The Big Pay-Off and won a trip to Paris and a mink coat." She hung up.

We went into restaurants, drugstores and hotels to tell anyone who'd listen our good fortune. "Listen to the crazy kids," they said. "No show gives away anything like that. They're crazy." But I'm here to say it's all true—the sensational Paris trip, the expensive mink coat and the accessories that ranged from lingerie to gowns.

It all started when I had a miserable head cold. My husband Powell and I live in Cleveland, Ohio. We're a fairly average couple. We both work, Powell as a real estate salesman, and I myself as a personnel counselor. We live on a budget, trying to save enough money for a home and a family of our own. Our last vacation was our honeymoon, three years ago. You can probably fill in the other details from there. The possibility of owning a mink coat had never crossed my mind. The idea of a trip to Europe is something else again: There is a dream I've bundled in my head since childhood.

"One of these days I'm going to get on a tramp steamer with all my pennies," (Continued on page 80)

The Big Pay-Off is seen on NBC-TV, Monday through Friday at 3 P.M. EDT—Sunday, 8 P.M. EDT—for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

The Marquesa Pamela de Connick—the show's representative in Paris—took us to Cafe de Colisee, on the Champs-Elysees.

We were all eyes during sight-seeing tours, saw everything—from Montmartre to Versailles.

When we landed in Paris, we stepped out of the plane feeling like billionaire celebrities.

My camera-fan husband took pictures of me in the Tuileries, in front of the statue of Diana.
Jane's heart—and program—are always open to such public-spirited organizations as the Girl Scouts.

The SECRET of a good life

by Martin Cohen

Eighteen years ago, a beautiful, gifted young woman came perilously close to emotional collapse and the end of a career that held the golden promise of fame and fortune. In that year, her child was born crippled, and she suffered the loss of her husband. The young lady was Jane Pickens, whose daily program brings warmth and sunshine to so many over NBC radio.

Until those fateful months, Jane's life had been fantastically successful: Jane was endowed with loveliness, intelligence and such great musical talent that, from the age of fourteen on, she had won scholarships to the best academies here and abroad. Critics and teachers predicted a magnificent career—and then her world came crashing down around her.

Nothing in her background had prepared the sweet-faced, trusting, talented girl for the blow fate struck. Jane's childhood was happy, fruitful and musical. Her father, a cotton broker in Georgia, was an (Continued on page 71)

The Jane Pickens Show is heard M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, NBC network.
EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO. BUT FAITH IN GOD GUIDED HER TO A RICH, FULL LIFE
Expressive looks and gestures came naturally to Johnnie, even at age one.

His mother has always been his pal; he visits her often, out in Oregon.

Western landscapes helped to inspire "The Little White Cloud That Cried."

JOHNNIE RAY'S life story

PART II

Success, to Johnnie, has meant extra happiness he's been able to give his family. Left, his sister, Elma Hass, and her daughter enjoy a song which he recorded. Above, his parents admire the fine farm he bought for them.
"I FOLLOWED MY HEART AND IT LED ME HOME"—THROUGH JOHNNIE'S LONG STRUGGLE TO SING HIS OWN WAY—and find his own true love

by Gladys Hall

When Johnnie was fifteen, the Rays moved to Portland and Johnnie made the adjustment from a small town to a large town very quickly. At Franklin High, which he attended, he was popular, had a host of friends and was part of almost everything that went on in the way of entertainment.

When it came time to make plans for the Senior class play, Johnnie was appointed chairman in charge of seeing to it that all went well. "In addition," Johnnie said, laughing, "I wrote the script, directed, produced and I also—this is the pay-off, the ham supreme!—played the leading part!"

Yet at no time did Johnnie lack perspective or humor about himself, according to his older sister, Elma Ray Hass.

Elma remembers one classroom incident which, when Johnnie described it to the family, gave them all a hearty laugh. The class had been asked to give its reactions to a show-off. When it came Johnnie's turn to speak, he said: "I do get a little miffed at a show-off, but only because he's usually doing something that I wish I was doing!" The teacher frowned upon the levity but the class, like Johnnie's family, had a laugh.

Now, as then, Johnnie has perspective and humor about himself.

"I haven't a great voice," he said. "Sincerity in it, and my heart, Like Jolson, maybe?"

And again: "I don't particularly like to listen to my own records. I sang flat three times," he laughed, "in 'Cry.' "

Then as now, however, he also had his faith in, with God's help, his star.

Thinking back on Johnnie's graduation from Franklin High, what his sister most clearly remembers is, she says, young John in his somber cap and gown, along with the appropriate facial expression. "I also remember what the principal said as he presented John with his diploma. 'Here is a boy,' he said, 'who tells me that when (Continued on page 85)"
A boy named Checkers found it was easy to hate,
—but even easier to love—once he knew how!

Checkers stood belligerently in front of Dr. Crane and Robert Baker in the living room of the Baker home, located on the grounds of the State Training School where Baker was assistant superintendent. Checkers' freckled twelve-year-old face held fear but, over and above that, defiance and hate. Yes, he'd stolen Dr. Crane's pen—yes, he'd destroyed a picture with his knife—and what did he care that Baker was going to lose his job because Baker had defended him against the head of the institution, who had wanted to throw him into solitary for his latest escapade? . . . This had been the scene Dr. Crane had witnessed some two nights before. Mary, Baker's wife, had tried to tell Baker he should allow Checkers to be punished and, now that Checkers had run away, it was Mary who kept reminding her husband that she'd "told him so." The evening grew late and Dr. Crane started to retire as Mary and her husband were still arguing. It must have been a short time afterwards that Dr. Crane heard the sounds of crying and muffled, running steps as if urgent things were going on below. Dr. Crane descended to the living room and the scene that met his eyes made his throat suddenly tighten. Mary knelt beside Checkers, whose freckled face was covered with tears. "It wasn't until we heard the radio in the car we'd stolen that I realized what it meant—I didn't want Mr. Baker to get fired over me—honest, I didn't. Then Wally and I got into a fight over my returning and he knifed me and I bound him up in the back of the car—and, well, Mr. Baker gave me a break, so I just had to give him one, too." For an instant, Mary looked deep into Checkers' eyes, "You know, Checkers, you and I were both wrong. I was fighting with my husband because I felt he was giving too much of himself to you. You were fighting him, too, because no one had ever given you anything of himself."

"Yes," interrupted Checkers, "it's funny about us people, isn't it? When you're hurt, you sure try to hurt back!" "You're right," replied Mary and the tears in her eyes shone as brightly as Checkers'. "But," she added softly, "when you're loved, you want to love in return." For a moment Checkers hesitated as Mary went on treating his leg wound, then slowly, painfully he reached out and patted her head. . . . Dr. Crane knew in that moment a human life had been saved, not by medicine, but by the miracle of love.
MAN COMES ALONG

Hearts willing and able to pray—everything will be right. This Doris Day believes now.
I was nobody’s “Dream Girl”

Not even my own! Then I realized there was only one person who could do anything about it—myself

by

Janette Davis

Now I’m glad I worked so hard to overcome my “three F’s,” and hope I can help others to wage and win the same battles.

During the years when you are growing up, you are always trying to make yourself into the kind of person you know you can be, whether you put this thought into words or whether it’s just a feeling you have, deep down in your heart. Sometimes, of course, you get discouraged and start thinking there isn’t much you can do about yourself, anyhow, so why bother? I believe everybody goes through that phase, especially in their early teens. I know I did. It wasn’t until I was about sixteen or seventeen that I really took stock of myself, stopped dreaming up excuses for my failings, and came to some definite decisions.

Jan, I said, there seem to be three things that are wrong. You can do something about each one of them; in fact, you are the only one who can. First: Freckles! Every summer you bake in the sun without a hat and then you are miserable because you freckle. (I had red hair, since darkened to auburn, and the light skin that goes with reddish hair.) Second: Fingernails! You bite them dreadfully. That’s pretty silly for a pianist who wants her hands to (Continued on page 98)
the
GUIDING LIGHT
of LOVE

So like—yet so unlike—the role she plays, Jone Allison has found a happiness that Meta Roberts has never known.

By DIANE SCOTT

For close to three years now, Jone Allison has been your Meta Roberts on CBS radio’s The Guiding Light. Recently, Guiding Light added to its laurels—and Jone’s—by making its debut in television. Jone’s debut, too. For, although she did a few spots in the early days of video, this is her first stellar appearance on what she calls “grown-up TV.”

So believable is Jone in the role of the unfortunate Meta, on both radio and television, that fans by the dozen ask, “Are Jone and Meta really alike?”

There are similarities. Meta Roberts is a physically beautiful young woman or she wouldn’t have had the chance of a raindrop in a hot sun of being a model in Hollywood. Jone, in a subtle way, is beautiful, too. Her hair is reddish-brown. She wears it in an individual coiffure, which she designed herself. Her eyes are dark blue and have that jewelled look. Her face is delicately modelled, her complexion translucent. She is of medium height and, of course, model-slim.

Meta Roberts is extremely feminine, or she wouldn’t become as emotionally involved with men—and trouble—as she does. Jone, with the exception of the fact that she does not become involved with either men or trouble, is ditto. She is, indeed, just about the most feminine career girl I’ve met in the theatre world and, from Garbo to Debbie Reynolds, I’ve met them all.

The way she dresses, for instance... the day we lunched at New York’s Hotel Gotham, Jone was wearing a navy sheer, shirred from the neckline to the hemline (and nothing is more quaintly soft than shirring) with fragile lace at throat and elbow-length sleeves, delicate jewels of jade and gold by way of earrings, rings, bracelet. Dainty laces and dainty embroideries are Jone’s trademarks. She collects ‘em. Loves ‘em. Beautiful blouses, too. And jade.

“I get down on my knees,” Jone laughed, “and beg my husband to give me jade for my birthdays, Christmases, our anniversaries. Have a passion for it.”

Like all truly feminine women, Jone, the career girl, is home-loving and domestic. She’ll tell you: “I’m a terrible house-keeper. Rely on a maid, more

It took a meeting long after “first meeting” to make Jone and Jack understand their hearts.
Femininity is Jone's keynote, both on and off the air. In making a truly distinctive home for husband Jack, she's turned many a decorating trick—like that bedroom lamp above, converted from an old spinning wheel.

than I should, in that department." Nevertheless, Jone's husband, radio and TV producer Jack Mosman—and her home, which is a duplex apartment in New York—come first and foremost in Jone's "scheme of things entire." She loves to cook, admits, "I am a good cook. One of my specialties is veal birds a la Rossini. And one of my prized possessions is a cookbook supposed to be translated from the prize recipes of Napoleon Bonaparte's chef. All of them begin," Jone laughed, "'Go out with bow and arrow and kill the stag,' or something. In other words, everything from the slaughter of the animal to its appearance on the dining table is included. I skip the slaughter," Jone laughed again, "and begin Operation Casserole, or whatever it may be, at the kitchen stove."

Jone has a passion for interior decorating, too. The home of a charming woman invariably, it is said, is a frame for her personality. Jone's is.

"Our living-room walls are the color," Jone said, "of the skin of an eggplant. For the tone of the draperies and the rug, we went into the inside of the eggplant—they are a pale, greeny, strange yellow. One large sofa is the color of the draperies. A smaller sofa is red-striped for accent, for gaiety. There is a dark green leather chair by the fireplace, again from the eggplant. Across one wall is the bookcase and record cabinet, which Jack designed. It's enormous, it's huge—we have quite a library

The Guiding Light, sponsored by Procter & Gamble, M-F, on CBS at 1:45 P.M. EDT, on CBS-TV at 2:30 P.M. EDT.
of records—it's handsome and was made by two brothers who buy the wood of old barns and houses in process of being torn down so that, while the workmanship is new, the wood is aged and beautiful.

"Our little dining room is done in wood papering, the color of weathered pine. Our bedroom is in green, with white-painted woodwork and 'features' our old, cherry four-poster bed, canopied, with a peach muslin spread which is a copy of the spread in the bedroom of George Washington's home in Mt. Vernon.

"A mixture of Early American and traditional English is the way you'd describe our home, I think.

Or, better still, since we did it ourselves without benefit of interior decorator, a mixture of us! We have some lovely antiques, which should make me," Jone added, with a sigh, "a better duster, waxer, oiler; in a word, a better housewife than I am."

In the small amount of leisure time she has, Jone "haunts" auction rooms and antique shops. On her terrace is a fabulous old table, the top of which was, once upon a time, a church window. In the bedroom, a spinning wheel, now doing duty as a lamp, gives a lovely light. Mounted in a shadow-box on the living room wall is a copy, so old its cover is tattered, of (Continued on page 88)

Jone loves to combine the old and new: Note the table on their terrace, made from a dismantled church window—and the canopied four-poster with a coverlet copied from George Washington's home.
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OUR
GAL
SUNDAY

When you try to solve another woman’s problem, expect the worst—hope for the best.

Sunday couldn’t help smiling to herself over the expression on the faces of pretty little Audrey West and Robert Hunter. If those two weren’t in love, Sunday had never seen romance before. As she pattered about her garden, Sunday thought about the events of the past few months—how tragically they might have ended! When Audrey’s mother and father, Rosalind and Alec West, had first arrived at Fairbrooke and became Sunday’s neighbors, there had been something definitely wrong. Sunday had sensed this as she felt the great tension on Alec’s part. He was in need of some sort of mental and moral assistance. Young Audrey seemed to be torn in her loyalties between love of her mother and her father.

Then it was that Sunday learned the truth. Somewhere along the line, Rosalind, once a beautiful stage actress, had acquired an intense possessiveness which threatened not only to darken the lives of her husband and her daughter but would ultimately have led to her own destruction as well. In ruthless fashion, she had “arranged” the accident in Alec’s automobile when she found he had turned to other people in his search for the love and affection which he obviously wasn’t getting from her. The “accident” caused Rosalind to bring Alec to the new hospital which Lord Henry Brinthrope, Sunday’s husband, had endowed. Since it was famous for its orthopedic and paraplegic services, Rosalind knew that her husband would get the best in medical services.

But it was also the hospital which provided still another complication in Rosalind’s life, for it was here that Audrey met Robert Hunter, who was visiting his relatives, the Brinthropes. It wasn’t too difficult for Sunday to guess what was wrong when she heard Rosalind talk. Even more evident was the effect on Audrey’s personality as her mother began putting stumbling blocks in the way of the romance. Slowly Audrey’s love for her mother was turning to hidden hate! Then came the day when Sunday broke a rule of behavior which she had once tried to establish—never interfere with another’s life. However, so much was at stake, so much could be done, if she could just make Rosalind see the truth. Sunday said things which she honestly believed, said the things necessary to make Rosalind at last see what she was doing in her effort to keep everyone clinging to her.

From that moment on, it was relatively simple for Rosalind, once she was able to see that the trouble was not in Audrey, not in Alec—but in herself. Rosalind, once she understood, became capable of infinite understanding toward Audrey, infinite love and companionship with Alec. Sometimes, mused Sunday—watching Robert smile down at Audrey—poking your nose in other people’s business can come to some good!

Our Gal Sunday, CBS, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, for Anacin. Gerrieanne Raphael, Richard Newton and Vivian Smolen are seen at left in their roles as Audrey, Robert and Sunday.
The Racket Squad idol has what it takes to win a woman. Better still, he knows how to treasure the woman he’s won!

**REED HADLEY—**

From blonde Duchess and black Noches (above) to auburn Helen and ten-year-old Dale (below), the home vote is unanimous—they think Reed’s just great.
Helen Hadley plays a very leading role in the lives of her men-folk. She helps Dole with his homework—demonstrating on the blackboard—and cues Reed in his lines for next day's rehearsal.

By BETTY MILLS

"It's very baffling," said the tall, dark, handsome young man, as he ruffled his hand through his hair. "But then, ladies have always baffled me."

For a moment Reed Hadley looked very much the opposite from the assured, non-baffled Captain Braddock he portrays on CBS-TV's Racket Squad. In his capable hands he held an off-season valentine, all pink, ruffly, and terribly feminine. It had just arrived in the mail and was signed by ten teenagers who begged Reed to show that he had received it by winking on the next telecast of Racket Squad.

The valentine, only one of hundreds of letters Reed receives weekly, is typical of his fan mail. He gets romantic communications—in all shapes and forms—every day by the dozens. Some letters are from housewives who do not aspire to meet him, only want him to know their deep-felt admiration for him. Other, more amorous letters are from younger listeners who want to know if he's married—and (Continued on page 102)

Reed Hadley is seen as Captain Braddock on Racket Squad, over CBS-TV, Thursdays at 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Philip Morris.

Dad's advice is tops, too. If he wants that swing made softer, Dole scrambles to fix it.
Successful Romeo

Jack Barry is in love with youngsters, oldsters and

At first sight—and sound—Jack Barry is one “golden boy” of radio-TV who really has everything. At thirty-four, the sleek-haired emcee is handsome as a matinee idol, has the movie studios clamoring for screen tests. His personality wins the adulation of bobby-soxers, glamour gals and housewives alike. He has two immensely popular programs currently on television: Juvenile Jury, on NBC-TV, and Life Begins at 80, over Du Mont. As their mastermind, he’s making upwards of $150,000 a year and has long been considered one of the most marriageable men in show business.

For Jack Barry has, indeed, had everything up to now—except a wife. Several nights a week, he’s been a familiar sight at New York’s smartest spots, squiring New York’s top models, cover girls, debutantes and starlets. He’s dated

Professional family: Jack with five of the Juvenile Jurors—Laura, Billy, Charlie, Mai-Ian, Ronnie.

Private tête-a-tête: Jack supper-clubbing with lovely singing star Marcia Van Dyke.
He studies child psychology, wins serious awards—the governor of New Jersey even proclaimed a special "Juvenile Jury Day."

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO HAS HIS HEART

by Jack Mahon

such noted beauties as Eva Gabor, Gigi Durston, Betty Alexander, Ruth Cosgrove, Lillian Moore, and is currently being seen around with the lovely Marcella Van Dyke of musical comedy fame, who is known to have his heart. Gossip columnists have had him ready to ride the marry-go-round a couple of dozen times since his star rose so spectacularly a half-dozen years ago. But, each time they were about to tie the knot for Jack, he confounded them by switching his attentions to another glamour girl.

"I'm not ready to fall in love yet," he always told them. "I'm too busy with a family of my (Continued on page 100)
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Professional family: Jack with five of the Juvenile Jury—Lauro, Billy, Charlie, Mol-lan, Ronnie.

He studies child psychology, wins serious awards—the governor of New Jersey even proclaimed a special "Juvenile Jury Day."
Scandal swirled about Helen's lovely head, jealousy dogged her every step—no matter how hard she worked to forget her love for Gil and tried only to be his loyal friend.

The Romance of Helen Trent—
Cynthia was determined to ruin Helen’s chances for happiness—even at the expense of her good reputation.

Pretty, blue-eyed Helen Trent bent her blonde head over her drawing board and worked intently on the sketch of a costume for Jeff Brady’s latest motion picture. She was trying desperately hard to finish it before the time for production to begin. On her sketch-board was the newspaper with columnist Daisy Parker’s latest lie about her, printed in black bold type. Hard as she was trying to concentrate on her work, Helen couldn’t help but glance at the newspaper each time she looked up. Finally she took it and stuffed it savagely into the wastepaper basket. “It isn’t fair,” she found herself saying. “I know why this is going on, but it just isn’t fair.” For days now, Daisy Parker had been spreading the rumor that Helen was a home-breaker and a fortune hunter. It seemed to Helen that, ever since Cynthia had entered her life, trouble had brewed and bubbled. Helen couldn’t help it if she was in love with Gil Whitney, the man whom Cynthia had tricked into marriage. Both she and Gil had supposed each free of entanglements when they had met and found a mutual attraction. Then Cynthia had re-entered Gil’s life, claiming him as her husband, establishing and finally proving her claim—only to have it clearly demonstrated that the marriage ceremony had been accomplished by trickery when Gil was a victim of amnesia during the war. Helen could understand Cynthia’s desperate fight to get Gil to return.

Gossip began as Gil’s estranged wife, Cynthia, gleefully plotted with Hollywood columnist Daisy Parker to blacken Helen’s name. It grew as others added rumors, for envious reasons of their own.

See Next Page

Whispering Secrets
That accident with Barclay Bailey, for instance! He was seriously injured, Helen was badly shaken up—and Gil was the first passing motorist to give them aid. The gossip grapevine made much of that.

to her, but it still wasn’t fair that she should get together with Daisy Parker and outline a vicious gossip campaign designed, not only to keep Helen from Gil, but also to wreck Helen’s career at the Jeff Brady Motion Picture Studios. True, Gil was a successful lawyer now that he had fought and won several important law cases, but did Cynthia really feel that spreading gossip would win him back?

Would this make Gil love her when he had already made it clear he had no feeling for Cynthia? As Helen’s hands completed the figure drawing in front of her, she thought over all that had happened in the past few months. There was the offer of a lucrative job with Barclay Bailey, who had fully recovered from his serious automobile accident—the accident in which Helen had escaped in—
Recovering, Barclay himself was suspicious of Gil's presence at the scene—but still so enamored he tried to win Helen by offering her a big job with his studio.

jury but not gossip about herself. Helen shook her head as she remembered the scene with Barclay when she had refused his generous offer of a job. It wasn't just because she was loyal to Jeff Brady—and she certainly was that—but it was also because she wanted no further involvements with Barclay, who was openly in love with her. In a way, Helen thought, she was responsible for all that was going on for Barclay was jealous of Gil and he, too, was beginning to believe the concerted gossip campaign against her. His parents weren't helping much, either, by hashing over and adding to every idle scrap of talk that was said about her. Helen was certain they believed her nothing but a fortune hunter and they, too, were using the Daisy Parker columns to ruin Helen's reputation. Besides, there was Lydia, Jeff Brady's wife. Lydia was jealous of Helen, believed the worst—that Jeff's interest in Helen was more a personal one than a business inter-

Though Helen refused the job, Barclay's wealthy parents were ready to believe any evil and Cynthia gave them final "proof" Helen was a fortune hunter!
That accident with Barclay Bailey, for instance! He was seriously injured, Helen was badly shaken up—and Gil was the first passing motorist to give them aid. The gossip grapevine made much of that.

to her, but it still wasn't fair that she should get together with Daisy Parker and outline a various gossip campaign designed, not only to keep Helen from Gil, but also to wreck Helen's career at the Jeff Brady Motion Picture Studios. True, Gil was a successful lawyer now that he had fought and won several important law cases, but did Cynthia really feel that spreading gossip would win him back?

Would this make Gil love her when he had already made it clear he had no feeling for Cynthia? As Helen's hands completed the figure drawing in front of her, she thought over all that had happened in the past few months. There was the offer of a lucrative job with Barclay Bailey, who had fully recovered from his serious automobile accident—the accident in which Helen had escaped injury but not gossip about herself. Helen shook her head as she remembered the scene with Barclay when she had refused his generous offer of a job. It wasn't just because she was loyal to Jeff Brady—and she certainly was that—but it was also because she wanted no further involvements with Barclay, who was openly in love with her. In a way, Helen thought, she was responsible for all that was going on for Barclay was jealous of Gil and he, too, was beginning to believe the concerted gossip campaign against her. His parents weren't helping much, either, by hashing over and adding to every idle scrap of talk that was said about her. Helen was certain they believed her nothing but a fortune hunter and they, too, were using the Daisy Parker columns to ruin Helen's reputation. Besides, there was Lydia, Jeff Brady's wife. Lydia was jealous of Helen, believed the worst—that Jeff's interest in Helen was more a personal one than a business inter-
And what of Jeff Brady, Helen's boss, whose interest in building her career has always kept tongues wagging?
Devoted to her boss, Helen feels there are many differences between Jeff and his wife—besides the latter's jealousy—but Jeff won't even discuss it.

No matter how hard Helen tried—and she tried very hard—to patch up things between Lydia and Jeff, neither had done anything to mend the feelings of the other, and both had been quick to blame Helen for interfering. At last, as the natural light from the window above her sketch-board faded, Helen put down her drawing pencil. It was finished and, if Jeff Brady approved, the last of the costumes could be completed in the morning. As she stretched her arms and began to put her pencils away, she thought about the meeting she would soon have with Gil. They were going to have dinner to discuss plans for his law firm. It would be the one bright spot in her day. She knew that all this gossip was having the opposite effect from what Cynthia had hoped for—if anything, it was drawing Gil closer to Helen and farther away from his unloved wife. Where would it all end? Certainly she had a right to share Gil's company and his plans for his future, although perhaps she could never be a part of those plans. Would she ever be free, would Gil ever be free of various entanglements to allow them to work out their own destiny? As she made her way out of her office, Helen wondered.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Helen Trent.................................Julie Stevens
Gil Whitney.................................David Gathard
Cynthia........................................Mary Jane Higby
Jeff Brady.................................John Stanley
Daisy Parker.................................Sarah Burton
Barclay Bailey..............................Tom Collins
Mrs. Bailey.................................Ethel Remey
Mr. Bailey....................................John Riggs

The Romance of Helen Trent. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS; sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

Cynthia's tactics have only driven Gil further from her. He's now learned how she tricked him into marriage, realizes her rumors about Helen are lies.

But Cynthia's still determined to wreck Helen's career—and to share in the wealth from Gil's. It is she who is really the fortune hunter, not Helen.

Will love be strong enough for Helen and Gil to overcome treacherous gossip, fight their way free to a happy life together? What lies ahead for them?
my Astonishing husband

"I had a strange, panicky feeling that the next few moments would decide my future. And I was right, for they opened the door to a glorious future as Mrs. Torme."

by

Candy

Toxtton Torme

Two sides of Mel Torme—personal and professional: Above, with school friend John Poister and Uncle Art; below, drumming for fun with Skitch Henderson at the piano.

Cameras and queries greeted Candy and Mel at the license bureau. Then a quiet ceremony, a heartfelt kiss—and a wedding gift which any bride would treasure!
When Mel and I married, our friends' packages of crystal, silver and linen delighted me. Yet the present which pleased me most is one seldom found in a display of wedding gifts. Mel wrote me a song. It's a simple, lilting melody, easy to sing, and with the kind of words any boy can say to his girl and not feel silly saying them. Mel calls it "There Isn't Any Special Reason." It's our love story. Since then, other boys and girls have made it doubly precious by singing our song with us.

There wasn't any special reason, to quote Mel's title, why he should fall in love with me at first sight. Yet Mel insists he did.

We met in a New York night club. I had a date. Mel didn't. The man I was with introduced him, and Mel sat down at our table. I had heard of Mel Torme, of course. Everyone in show business had heard of Mel Torme, the astonishing young star who confused the critics. They no sooner had him labeled a motion picture actor than he turned up singing on radio and recordings. When, as the Velvet Fog, he had bobby-soxers spinning, he wrote (Continued on page 82)
"We've learned a lot from our hobby—friendliness and a good way of life," says the heroine of The Woman in My House.
"Lish! Lish, come quickly," called Les from the top terrace. And from the urgent note in his voice I knew something was wrong, so I flew up the brick steps leading from our vegetable garden.

When I rounded the corner and spied Les, he called, "Now honey, don't get excited—I just killed a snake, a big one!"

I smiled to myself, because I wasn't excited, but Paw was! He detests snakes and spiders. Yet he just hates killing anything.

"I—I don't know if it's a poisonous or a friendly kind of snake," explained Les, "he was just so big, I didn't wait to ask any questions."

"Oh, Les, Les," I laughed, "for two old inveterate jungle explorers, we're about the softest-hearted pair I know. And I've a feeling every living thing on this place knows it, too.'

It's so true. Since living in our sunny hilltop Valley home in Sherman Oaks, California, my husband Les Tremayne and I have already made friends with a bushy-tailed squirrel who raps on our side door if we forget to put out his daily ration of peanuts. And even the big blue jay who lives in the same pine tree cocks a disapproving eye if we're equally lax in supplying him with a handful of the nuts. Animals simply love us!

There was the gopher who lived somewhere underneath the house, but who soon discovered (Continued on page 69)
Raised on radio scripts instead of Mother Goose tales, Larry Robinson, heard as Brad on The Second Mrs. Burton, started his air career at the age of three. He gave his first performance on the children's program, Coast to Coast On A Bus, singing "The Old Farmer" in fluent Danish, taught him by his actress mother. Larry was born in New York City, where his father was a lawyer. When the young star was five, his father died, Mrs. Robinson moved Larry and his elder brother to Manhattan from their suburban home. Larry began to attend Professional Children's School at about the same time that he got his first Broadway role as Pud in "On Borrowed Time." His performance received high praise from the critics, and after the play ended its run he was cast as Harlan in that longest-run hit, "Life With Father." Even while playing on Broadway, Larry continued his radio work and, when he made his first appearance as Sammy on the radio version of The Goldbergs, he had already been cast more than 5,000 times in different radio roles. Until a few years ago, Larry considered radio and TV parts mere bread-and-butter means to the end of attending medical college some day, but now he has decided on radio and TV as a career. Larry is still unattached, seldom dates actresses, they always talk "theatre."

Gerrianne Raphael started her show-bizing a year later than Larry Robinson, but she has more than made up for that year she missed. Starting her career at the grand old age of four, Gerrianne was one of the Let's Pretenders. She combined an amazing memory (enabling her to act before she could read scripts) with a child's sense of whimsy. She, too, went to the Professional Children's School in New York, while acquiring practical experience on the Broadway stage in plays like "Solitaire," when she was nine; "Guest in the House," at eleven; and at sixteen in "Good-bye My Fancy." Most of Gerrianne's summers were spent in the straw-hat circuit, and one vacation to Bermuda landed her a job in a night club. Her creative ability is not limited to the stage—Gerri is an expert cook, and makes all of her own clothes. She found this necessary, since she wears a size seven dress and finds it very difficult to buy appropriate garb for her one-hundred-pound, five-foot-four frame. In her present role on Our Gal Sunday, Gerrianne portrays a girl of her own age, whose family's theatrical background creates a heartbreaking problem (see page 51). Gerrianne's actual home-life is completely opposite, though. Her own parents, a former actress and a pianist, have given Gerri much encouragement.
in Radio-TV

Gale Gordon

Gale Gordon beats the Robinson-Raphael entrance into show business by miles, for he made his first stage appearance at the age of eight days. The offspring of a great vaudeville family (see next column at right), Gale was born while his parents were on tour and his proud father insisted on introducing his son to the audience. Gale always wanted to follow in his parents' footsteps and got his first bit part at fifteen dollars a week in "The Dancers." Since then he has been on the stage, screen and in radio, now devoting all his time to the airwaves. Aside from the stage, Gale's other great passion is for travel. He spent five years in London, fourteen in New York, and for the past fifteen years has lived in Hollywood. In 1948, Gale joined the U. S. Coast Guard, spending eighteen months in the Pacific assigned to LST's. The actor is a writer of some merit, too. He has published two books and two one-act plays. Painting is another of Gale Gordon's hobbies—he sold his first one to Bing Crosby's guitarist. Gale's versatility can be recognized in two of the many roles he plays. On Our Miss Brooks he is the bombastic principal of Madison High School, and in Halls of Ivy he is the lovable Mr. Merriweather of the college's Board of Managers. Gale is married to the former Virginia Curley—an actress of course.

Gloria Gordon

Born in Liverpool, England, Gloria Gordon began studying voice at an early age. She made her theatrical debut as a mezzo-soprano in Carl Rosa opera productions. Switching from the more serious side of the entertainment world to the light-hearted musical comedy and vaudeville brackets, Gloria played the famed Coliseum and Hippodrome theatres in London. It was at the Hippodrome that she met an American pantomimist and quick-change artist, name of Charles T. Aldrich. She voyaged to Detroit to be his bride. From that time on she was an American citizen, and mighty proud of it. Gloria gave up the stage for several years to raise her two children, Gale (left above) and Jewell. In 1923 she returned to the stage in Richard Bennett's "The Dancers," Gale appeared in the same show, and it was then that mother and son decided to take the same stage name. After "Dancers" closed, Bennett organized a troupe to tour the country in a skit called "To Let." Gloria joined the cast, made her first trip to Los Angeles in 1928—liked it so much she's been living there ever since. When she isn't busy playing My Friend Irma's landlady, Mrs. O'Reilly, she spends leisure hours making household gadgets out of tin cans, and distributing them among her many friends. Her companion is Nuit, a pet spaniel.
Bob Poole—Paradise found

A simple but sure-fire philosophy helps him balance a happy home and busy career

by Marie Haller

"People tell me I'm a real easygoing guy. Well, perhaps I am . . . I like to think so. And, if that is the case, it's not—contrary to common belief—because I'm a slow-moving Southerner.

"Rather, it's because somewhere along the course of living I ran across a piece of philosophy that made quite an impression: 'When you feel like you're at the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on!' I don't know, maybe I picked it up in the Navy—which, sure as you're living, is full of ropes and knots—or perhaps one of my park-bench acquaintances passed it on to me. It might even be that some wise man wrote it, and I read it. No matter, it's the philosophy, not the source, that's important.

"And, let me hasten to add, you don't have to wait until you're really at the end of your rope (Continued on page 87)
Tremayne

Although we're interested in archaeology, we're undeniably active in our avocations. Actors, members of the press, and archaeologists—among ourselves, anyway.

We're all trying new things, and we're long on curiosity, so we were delighted to get word from Les's fellow, the University of California at Los Angeles, that he was on a trip to the Mojave Desert, and that he was going to have us join him in some diggings.

Les and I have always been interested in archaeology, and we certainly didn't want to miss the chance to go on a dig.
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- See for yourself if Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine doesn't help your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier!

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**Morning:** 1. For thorough cleansing, apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water wash your face with Noxzema as if using soap and water. How fresh and clean your skin looks after “cream-washing!” No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Apply Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base.

**Evening:** 3. “Creamwash” again with Noxzema. See how make-up and dirt disappear.

4. Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help your skin look softer and smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It’s medicated—that’s one secret! And it’s greaseless, too. No smears face! No messy pillow!

that we’re living life to its fullest. When Les has on his beloved Bush jacket from Marshall Field’s and I’m nattily attired in old slacks and a long-sleeved cotton shirt, we think we’re most beautiful! At least we feel like it, because we’re our happiest.

I made my first brief two weeks’ visit to Mexico in 1941, before I knew Les. But I never stopped talking about the wonder of the place and my desire to get back to see it all I had missed that first time. One of my first impressions of Les was that he shared my enthusiasm for Mexico. He had been there in 1940. So, naturally, where did we go on our first vacation in 1946, following our marriage in ’45—Mexico!

We went again in 1948, 1949, and 1950. And we’re already dreaming about an expedition to Mayapan in 1952. But it is 1248 which stands out to date, for that was our first visit to Yucatan, Mexico’s famed peninsula, which boasts thick, steaming jungles and the remains of the great ancient civilization of the Mayas—the greatest, incidentally, of our Western Hemisphere.

Les and I are always asked by our slightly mystified friends, if we are so crazy about old things, how come we don’t collect antiques. It’s as simple as this—we like to find old things, not collect them.

We’ve had to pay some unusual prices in time and energy—not to mention honest-to-goodness money—in pursuit of amateur archaeology! But we don’t regret a minute of it.

In 1949 we took a regular archaeology course at Columbia University. This meant we had to turn in term papers! Because I had more spare time than Les, who was working nightly in the stage play, “Detective Story.” I took my time doing research and study for what I thought would be a dilly of a report. Les, I knew, was working on his paper backstage every night. But imagine my surprise when his term paper, so good it now rests in the New York Museum of the American Indian, received an A! I came up with a B-plus.

We have so much pleasure in just learning about archaeology that when we do come into possession of a rare piece of pottery we’re unbearable to live with. Several Christmases ago, I wanted to get us a present for Les. Visiting the Carlebach Galleries in New York I not only was able to purchase a 2000-year-old pot, but ended up by getting myself asked to be the Associate Curator of the Field Museum in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Mr. Carlebach, who knew all about Les and me, arranged my meeting with the Curator of the Museum, then visiting in New York, for a talk about the position. From the shocked expression on the gentleman’s face, I gathered that it was his first experience with an actress, much less a small blonde actress interested in archaeology. He asked me to take the job, which I had to refuse because Les and I just couldn’t give up our acting professions for which we’d worked so hard, no matter how tempting the offer of life in Santa Fe. I haven’t abandoned the idea because some day Les and I probably will retire to a museum, either as perpetual visitors or workers. We both hope it will be the latter.

We’ve learned a lot about living, through our interest in archaeology. Why hurry, rush and beat your head against the wall? We’ve come to appreciate things—dead or living. That’s why we can’t bear to harm anything. Even the snakes or the gophers who eat the vegetable garden. As I said, I’m sure they know it, and this makes them our friends. To us, that’s important.
The Secret of a Good Life

(Continued from page 36)

accomplished pianist. Her mother was a singer who trained her three daughters to sing and harmonize from childhood—the Pickens Sisters started early, and Jane was a happy and healthy child. When Marcella was born, the doctors told Jane that her baby would require many operations. Then came the loss of her husband. Then one day, another, and it seemed that Marcella couldn't be helped in weeks or months, if not even years. There would have to be constant attendance, a change of climate in winter and summer, special treatments. It would be a long time, an indefinite time.

"Even today, after all these years, I remember that period. It was the time to live, the time in my life," Jane says. "The problem was the decisions to be made for the baby and myself nearly paralyzed me with fear."

In every way, Jane's family had always been good Christians, respected by their neighbors, but, like many people, they hadn't gone to church regularly and had no family background. Jane herself didn't miss religion until everything turned itself inside out.

"My outlook couldn't have been worse then," she remembers. "There were plenty of people with bigger problems. It was the right and proper thing to do, but it didn't work for me. I wanted to make my own decision and I turned to God as instinctively as a sick child turns to his mother."

Jane's religious experience was so deeply felt that out of it she developed a philosophy rich enough to cope with every need of her life.

"I began to think of faith, hope and charity and just what it meant to me and everyone I knew, and my life took on new meaning," she says. "I found there was enough help, enough meaning in religion to meet every crisis or doubt we face in this modern world.

"Patience must be the first thing I learned about God, and how can you have patience unless you have faith in God's working for the good of men?"

"I think it's the time element which defeats most of us," Jane adds. "If we can fix some part of it, we can fix something immediately, we get a sense of hopelessness and depression. Without faith, no human being can endure gradual progress which would otherwise seem endless."

Jane's goal was to get Marcy as physically fit as possible and, along with this, she wanted Marcy to develop independence. I found there was dignity without it."

And by step by step, Marcy— as Jane calls her daughter—was developing independence of her own. Marcy, now eighteen, has never walked. But she is a model who makes her mother proud and happy. As Jane herself said, she is a fine artist and twice has won awards in the Chicago Tribune contests for fashion designs. Marcy thinks for herself and makes her own decisions.

"Everything besides Marcy was and is secondary, but I found my new understanding of religion helpful in many other ways," Jane tells you. "Now, suppose there's a little girl you've heard about and you're interested in the welfare and destiny of that little girl. No matter how satisfied she was with her appearance when she got to a party, she froze up inside. Shyness!

"What do we call it?" Jane says, "but sometimes it's a matter of being too absorbed with ourselves. In a way it's selfishness, nasty word that it is."

Religion taught Jane to project herself, interest herself in the welfare and problems of others. When she met strangers she began drawing them out. She found each person had something different and stimulating to offer. Instead of fearing a strange gathering, she was excited at the idea of meeting new people. This projection, when extended, accounts for her broader and deeper interest in the Paly Foundation.

And when Jane gets lonely, for celebrities and for more immediate anyone else, she may listen to music or read a while for diversion, but invariably she begins to think of something constructive she can do for herself and others.

"I received information from the Good News Reel letters on my program," she says. "It's amazing how one good act is like a spark that starts off a chain reaction of good sentiments.

Recently, Jane read a letter from a little girl named Margery Jean who was dying of cancer. It was a courageous letter that the girl had written without the knowledge of her parents. She had written to herself, but she wanted to know why her family couldn't get out of their cramped, pitiful home and into a decent house. When a woman heard Jane read the letter, a woman whose best friend had just died of cancer. She wrote Jane that the little girl's letter had given her new hope, the will to live. And that wasn't all. Margery Jean's own neighbors were so moved by the girl's faith that they moved her family into a better home. Margery Jean got to live there two weeks before she died.

"When you face a problem, even if it's an incurable illness, the terror fades away," Jane says. "People can't make anything of their lives when they live in fear."

Just about five years ago Jane was literally at the end of her rope. Her bookings fell off and for six months she was out of work. In the meantime, her bills and Marcy's piled up.

"I'm a singer but, according to my manager, no one wanted to hear me sing. What could be worse?"

Instead of wallowing in her own misery, Jane practiced more strenuously than ever. She came up with fresh ideas, new interpretations of songs. She told herself things would work out and they did. And fortunately, as she puts herself, she was introduced to Moe Gale, one of the top managers in the country.

"I was sold on Jane immediately," he remembers. "She had a fine mind and a great voice for doing good. I saw that her problem was a temporary thing, for Jane is the kind of person who does things outside herself, in interest in a person with that kind of attitude can't fail."

Jane's comeback is now show-business history. She recovered so quickly that by 1949 she was offering the starring role in "Regina," the famous musical version of "The Little Foxes." The part called for not only a great singer but a woman who could act, as well.

"I have doubts about my dramatic ability," Jane recalls, "I had never before attempted such a part on Broadway. But I pitched right in. I knew I could do it. I was in the right role. The critics were merciless, sparing no one who faltered. But they were unanimous in acclaiming Jane's performance.

"Acting is a crisis, squarely, intelligently and carefully is the most difficult but most effective way to get along," Jane observes. "We all have daily doubts: The baby's cold could turn into a fever, the budget won't balance. But if the baby is well and the Smiths and Browns will likely ruin your party with an argument." Jane smiles and, with her hand, just pushes them all aside.

"If you tell yourself everything's going to work out all right, you can save yourself a lot of grief and misery. And many times it's that positive attitude itself which makes things better."

A LETTER FROM HOME

Have YOU written our boys in service this month . . . this week, this day?

In the summer she goes to the country. Jane visits her frequently and, in-between times, Marcy comes to New York.

There is no work for her living in Jane's crowded schedule. Every morning Jane practices for a full hour. And this is an ordeal—painful, tedious work, but she never misses. After work, she answers all the phone calls that have accumulated. There is no time for lunch and her pick-up is merely gelatin and crackers before she rushes off to the NBC Studio to rehearse and broadcast her five-day-a-week show. From the broadcast, she goes into conference with the producer and writers, meets with her manager, stops for fittings, pauses for her interview and votes time and thought to the work of the Cerebral Palsy Foundation. She is National Co-Chairman, along with Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith and Arthur Godfrey. Her position is not a mere title, for once or twice a week she travels to any part of the country to lecture and to organize local committees.

"The interest I expressed in the Cerebral Palsy Foundation came about through her religious experience. Curiously enough, it was the same philosophy which also solved a social block. A long time ago she had a fear of herself as a woman. No matter how satisfied she was with her appearance when she got to a party, she froze up inside. Shyness!

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When the Right Man Comes Along

(Continued from page 42)

an important factor in Doris Day’s life even before she ever met him; the agency he heads handled her business and professional affairs even before she came to Hollywood.

When her career started zooming, she saw Marty nearly every day—on business. Because they were both unhappy and lost in their own marriages, they also sometimes spent a social hour or two together, going out to dinner or to a show.

But that they belonged together—for all the world was beginning to accept them as a couple— had never occurred to her. Marty was the right man, all right. But, before she could know it, be ready for her happiness, she had to find a whole new set of values, make some drastic changes in her thinking.

There was a big lurid sign on the highway near Carlton Brothers’ Studio (where Brothers crossed from East, it boasted) which urged all passers to “Relax—let Paul do it!”

“I had to relax,” Doris says straightforwardly, “and let God do it.”

Like many others who have had a deep religious experience, Doris is reluctant to talk casually about it. Her religious adviser has told her that she doesn’t have to: “Just know he’s a good person,” her mentor counselled her, “and your light will shine.”

And it does.

People gravitate toward Doris these days as if to a welcoming fire on a cold night, marvelling at the way she’s changed, at her contagious happiness when she explains that she just “learned to think differently—and to be grateful.” Driven, worried people find themselves wishing that they could learn those lessons, too.

Just as Doris herself, a driven, worried girl only a few short years ago, marvelled when she met an old friend who when she last saw him had been sick, unhappy, and lost, and now miraculously was well and in love with life.

Only his thinking had changed, he said. “I wanted to think that way, too,” Doris remembers. And, being the open-minded sort of girl she is, she began to read about and study the religion which had helped her friend, and thus found her own solution.

She learned to know what things are really important in life—love and gratitude, simplicity and sincerity; she began to think as Marty thought, and thus discovered in the process what she really wanted in life—marriage to Marty, first of all.

And with Marty,” she says, “came everything else”— stability that she needed, the home that was really a home, a family togetherness such as she had never known before.

And, with her ten-year-old son) really made the decision for us.” The boy had adored Marty from the first time he saw him. “And he needed a man to confide in,” Doris admits.

But Marty, long before there was anything half so personal in his relationship with Doris (he was her manager, she was his most profitable client), took a fatherly interest in his stepson, and now that he has joined the family, he is really beginning to understand the little-boy problems on a man-to-man basis.

“I want Marty for my daddy,” Terry announced after their initial well-briefed introduction. And he would have Marty for his daddy, Doris knew right then. It was as simple as that.

There is nothing duty-ish about Marty’s concord with Terry. He loves doing things with the boy. On a recent Saturday Doris, unexpectedly excused early from the set, got home at noon to find Marty and Terry in a flurry of preparation.

“Oh, boy,” yelled Terry, when his mother came in, “now you can come, too. Marty and I are going to my school’s play day.”

So Doris whisked into some relaxing clothes and off they went to the school. A program of races was underway—potato races, barrel races, relays. At first only the children participated, and then somehow Doris got in on the fun.

A little tyke she had never seen before pulled at Doris’ elbow. “Come on,” he said, “you can be in the whistle race.”

Doris came on, ran briskly toward the judge. Who let the blue-jeaned aficionado stuff a handful of crackers into her mouth. “Eat,” he said, “and then whistle. Then start back.”

I can’t report, laughing, “even without crackers.”

She swallowed the dry, salty mouthful, pucked her lips—but nothing happened.

She tried. In the meantime, her small opponents were romping back down the long field.

Doris, grimacing and laughing in turn, glanced at the sidelines where Marty, his stereo camera around his neck, was frantically taking pictures.

PEOPLE GRAVITATE TOWARD DORIS THESE DAYS AS IF TO A WELCOMING FIRE ON A COLD NIGHT, MARVELLING AT THE WAY SHE’S CHANGED, AT HER CONTAGIOUS HAPPINESS WHEN SHE EXPLAINS THAT SHE JUST “LEARNED TO THINK DIFFERENTLY— AND TO BE GRATEFUL.” DRIVEN, WORRIED PEOPLE FIND THEMSELVES WISHING THAT THEY COULD LEARN THOSE LESSONS, TOO.

SPECIAL FALL ISSUE

Read all about the new shows, the new stars . . .

October RADIO-TV MIRROR

on sale September 10

“His stereo is always around his neck,” Doris says. “Rather, my stereo. I thought he should have a hobby, so I loaned it him. I haven’t had a hand on the camera since. Nowadays I come home from work after having my picture taken all day—my hair is up in curlers and my feet are killing me—I walk in the door and Marty shouts ‘Hold it!’ And I thought he needed a hobby!”

Doris lost the whistle race, but she made quite a few friends, who insisted that she participate in all of the remaining contests.

“I had a bull,” she beams.

Everybody was staying for dinner, but there was nothing along any food. Fortunately, the Kenny Bakers had an enormous hamper full of cold chicken and potato salad and chocolate cake—enough for a week’s meal.

“Unless,” as Marty warned, “my wife embarrasses me as usual.”

“I love to eat,” Doris admitted cheerfully after all that running she was famished.

“You can have some of mine, Mom,” Terry volunteered, amazingly, Terry loves to eat, too. But it was a big day with his whole family, he thought, and he was willing to give a little.

They stayed at the school until almost ten o’clock. When it got dark, they turned on the lights on the basketball court, piled records on the phonograph and had a square dance.

At one point, the little girls were invited to dance with their daddies, the boys with their mommies in a wild version of the “Hitchhiker Dance.”

Terry, of course, grabbed Doris, and Marty settled down to take pictures. (The Melchers hope to have a daughter one day, or another son, or maybe even both. But for the present Marty was prepared to sit this one out.)

A nine-year-old girl waved him on the sidelines as if she had practiced cautiously.

“Mister,” she said, “when we have this dance my daddy always ducks. I’ve looked everywhere and I just can’t find him. We made a charming couple.

In the middle of last June, right after Doris finished “April in Paris,” the three Melchers took off in their car for a fishing trip to the mountains of California.

“I don’t like to fish,” Doris confesses, “I can’t kill anything.” But her two men wanted to go, and she could sit on a sunny rock and watch the two of them fish.[8]

She had been working straight through the summers for several years. “We almost took Terry on our honey-moon,” she recalls, laughing.

“I’m not sure he didn’t want to go away at all. But brides and grooms are supposed to go on honeymoons, and we thought we should conform.”

“Have you ever seen the Grand Canyon?” Marty asked, when the problem came up.

“I can’t remember,” said Doris, who wasn’t remembering anything those days except her new happiness.

Anywhere, they went to the Grand Canyon (spending their wedding night in a sweltering hotel room in the heart of the lavender trailer, El Centro).

They stood on the rim of the vast crater and looked.

“Well?” asked Marty.

“Well, it’s beautiful,” Doris admitted, adding quietly, “but how things are at home. Let’s call Terry.”

So they called Terry, who said everything was fine but they should hurry home. They hurried home.

Home, although both Marty and Doris feel it is the best place to come home to they’ve ever had, and they love every brick and board of it, has been in the process of being built. Basically they moved into it, and a lot of sitting is being done on floors.

The refurbishing job is taking so long only the busy people and have only a few hours each week to work with the decorator. The final effect “has to be perfect.”

“And we’re being extravagant!” Doris admits. Doris Day, that is, who has been zealously economical ever since a glorious spending spree the first year she was with Melchers Brothers (“I just wrote checks, she says.”

“How Marty had to slave to get all that straightened out!”

Marty taught Doris to economize, but where it concerned he is just as much a pushover for the oldest fruit-wood table, the finest china, as she is.

“Everything has to be right,” Doris glares over her glasses. “We put up with all of it. We pur chase what we can—but wait for the really fine things, if we have to.”

Home is important to the Melchers. Like the rest, Doris has learned to know have the only real value in this life, Home is spelled with a capital and it has to be right.

Everything important has to be right; everything important is right for this girl who learned to relax—and let God do it—and for her right man, who was right there all the time.
"It's my one essential cream"

This is the cream trusted and loved by beautiful women all over the world.

This cream not only cleanses skin beautifully clean, but at the same time supplies softening oil and moisture your skin needs regularly to look smooth and fresh.

There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream. These ingredients work on your skin as a team—in inter-action. When you swirl on Pond's, you help both sides of your skin.

On the outside—embedded dirt is swept away. And your skin is given oil and moisture.

On the inside—circulation is stimulated, helping the skin repair and refine itself.

Mrs. Cornelia Vanderbilt, Jr. (above)
She has unusually fine skin that needs special protection from wind and sun. "I feel nothing I've ever used keeps my skin looking so smooth and fresh as Pond's Cold Cream," Mrs. Vanderbilt says.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor (at left)
People always notice the exquisite look of Mrs. Astor's skin. Mrs. Astor is devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. She says, "I've used it since my early teens. Pond's is my most helpful and most necessary cream."

A fascinating immediate change can come over your face

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and your throat, generously. Tissue off well.
Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly.

Now look at your skin:
This double Pond's Creaming cleanses immaculately and brings back to your skin the oil and moisture it needs. At the same time, it livens your skin.

Use it every night—remember, the robbing of your skin's oil and moisture goes on every day.
(In the morning, a quick Pond's Creaming starts your day with a new freshness.) Get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today!

The Lady Bridgett de Robledo (at right)
She divides her time between her native England and her adopted South America. Any change in climate can easily bother skin. But Lady Bridgett says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin always smooth. I really feel I couldn't be without it."
Robert Q. Lewis—Eligible Bachelor

(Continued from page 31)

in college theatricals himself and I don’t think he’ll be列入 the theatre out of his blood or ever will. As a little boy, Bob and his father used to go to a neighborhood vaudeville house almost every Saturday afternoon, where they sat right smilin’ in the front row! Bob could watch the drummer and drink in the beautiful beat of the old-time vaudeville music. Bob got to know the whole roster of big-time and fall-time acts—the comedians, the blues singers, the tap dancers, the dog acts, the class dance teams, the jugglers, acrobats, aerialists, strong men and magicians—and the rhythm of the music sang in his ears and beat in his blood starting all the years of growing up. No wonder that show business is a part of him now and that his knowledge of it is so complete.

It’s his boast that he was one of the first—if not the very first—disc jockeys. At seven, his father brought him a little microphone device that could be hooked up to the radio—Bob would play his favorite records and give each one an appropriate announce-
ment from his post in the hallway. It was strictly a sustaining program in the inter-
val of radio breaks and named Matinee perfectionist even then, as he is now, al-
tways trying to better his last performance.

Part of his dissatisfaction with things as they are stems from the fact that he has un
cannily good judgment of what people will like, and he therefore has no patience with himself when he thinks he has fallen short of that. His ability to judge a new song is so acute that he can tell almost at once if it will be a commercial success. Since I have known Bob, whenever he has said a song is good, but not commercially good, time has proved him right.

Life in the Lewis office is never dull and hasn’t been during my five years there. My boss is a man of many moods, and I can usually tell which one will prevail through the day. He hasn’t lost his voice over the telephone in the morning. If he sounds a little tired and impatient, I try to postpone some of his minor appoint-
ments. His schedule is always crowded to the max, and he will need a breathing space somewhere during that particular day. But he will not let me cancel any appointment that involves a party. He is so nice to me, and especially any young performer he is trying to boost.

Bob even gave me a break on TV—the most frightening experience of my life, I can tell you. The script on one of his Sunday evening shows called for a skit burlesquing an average day in the life of Robert Q. Lewis. “Who, better than Gloria, could play my secretary?” Bob demanded, during a casting conference. Unwillingly, I was given the part. All I can remember about it very clearly was that the whole cast was fitted with horn-rimmed glasses just like Bob’s. To this day, he has never commented on my performance, but I think the fact that I am still his secretary and not his leading lady speaks for itself.

As Bob’s office secretary I keep strictly out of his private life, but naturally it’s no secret to me that he dates some of the leading girls in this town, and is often seen at the night-club or downtown, and he loves parties at his terrace apartment high up in a mid-
town New York hotel. Parties for Bob mean getting together the people he really likes, not just big-name stars or important people for the sake of publicity. They, too, are among his guests if they happen to be his friends, but so are the many other people he works with on his programs. He is well liked by all, and when he joins in the singing without being coaxed. Besides a record collection, he has old postcards from all over the world, totem poles, yellowing playbills, shaving mugs and cups. On his records and in his extravagances and he usually comes back from a trip with at least one new pair. I have never heard anyone more de-
volutionist. He is the bushidō, and I feel closely, I have seen how considerate he is of his parents, and nothing interferes with any date he makes with them. I have heard him turn down the most marvelous invitations because he would not ask his parents to change their plans to have him over at the family dinner table—for the roast beef that his mother knows is his favorite dish. Bob has one brother who lives with his parents, and is an executive of a clothing store.

I’ve learned to say “Yes, Bob,” when he comes into the office complaining that his dog, Bob, and his wife, Gloria, is wild out of control. I’ve just had to go because he has been misbehaving again. I know very well this is all bluster and that Bob is as soft-
hearted towards his dog as he is toward many people.

Actually, I have quit my job about five times in five years, but each time Bob has given me a chance to cool off and retrain myself, about a year, I was quite definite, or so I thought. Bob said to me, “Gloria, the next time you get angry and feel like quitting, you’d better just get up and go home for the day, until you feel better about things.” Personally, I might just have to take you up on this some time, if only to preserve my own dignity.” I haven’t quit since!

I recently turned down a friend to write a little handbook called The Secretary’s Job, Bob was as pleased as I was at the request, and even contributed a hu-
morous foreword, which reads like this: “The company didn’t stay in business, so please don’t send for your copy!”

“The writer of this book, Miss Gloria Dulchin, is well known to me. She is of sound and truly honest principles; has devoted her life to the work. Unfortunately her work is of no much importance to me. It is my work in which I am interested. Writing this book has taken her mind off my work. I, therefore, should like to suggest that anyone who reads this book, follows all the instructions therein, and assimilates all the material, can have a job as much better as I never saw, and be very happy. Miss Dulchin will be available to any publisher as a writer of cook books. She makes one heck of a chicken pot pie. Bob Q. Lewis.

As is happens, the job as Bob’s secre-
tary will be open soon and I will be mak-
ing chicken pot pies instead of stochastic pothooks. I already have my engagement ring and will be breaking in my successor in the office this fall. (Don’t get your hopes up—the job is already filled—though, as you probably noticed on page 31, you can have a chance to see what it’s like to be Bob’s secretary for a day!)

In the meantime, the new successor is wishing me an early and happy marriage, so she can get started being Robert Q. Lewis’ secretary, one of the most fascination-

jobs in a completely fascinating busi-
ess—show business!
### Saturday Programs

#### Morning Programs

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Howdy Doody</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
<td>Renfro Valley</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Mary Lee Taylor Show</td>
<td>Bruce MacFarlane, News</td>
<td>St. Louis Melodies</td>
<td>Garden Gate</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td></td>
<td>Helen Hall</td>
<td>Gail Drake, Qute Kids</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>My Secret Story</td>
<td>Fun with Classics</td>
<td>New Junior Junction</td>
<td>News, Bill Shadel, 11:05 Let’s Pretend</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
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<td>U.S. Marine Band</td>
<td>At Ease, with P.F.C. Eddie Fisher</td>
<td>Give and Take</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Hollywood Love Story</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Man on the Farm</td>
<td>101 Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Theatre of Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Public Affairs</td>
<td>Fifth Army Band</td>
<td>American Farmer</td>
<td>Stars Over Hollywood</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
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<td>12:35 Cedric Adams</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>National Farm and Home Hour</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>Navy Hour</td>
<td>Grand Central</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1:25 It Happens Every Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Dude Ranch Roundup</td>
<td>Dumb on Discs</td>
<td>Vincent Lopez Show</td>
<td>City Hospital</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>Coffee in Washington</td>
<td>Front and Center</td>
<td>Music With the Girls</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Big City Serenade</td>
<td>Georgia Crackers</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; Frank</td>
<td>Make Way For Youth</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>Down Homers</td>
<td>Bandstand, U.S. A.</td>
<td>Pan American Union</td>
<td>Report From Overseas</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
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<td>3:25 News</td>
<td>Adventures in Science</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>U.S. Army Band</td>
<td>Sport Parade</td>
<td>Lone Pine Mountainaires</td>
<td>Farm News</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
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<td>Correspondents’ Scrub Pad</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>Win, Place or Show</td>
<td>Caribbean Crossroads</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Stan Dougherty Presents</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
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<td>Finnegan’s Erin Score</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
<td>Musicana</td>
<td>Man MacGregor’s Show</td>
<td>International Jazz Club</td>
<td>Cross Section, U.S.A.</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>Author Speaks</td>
<td>Harmony Runners</td>
<td>Roseland</td>
<td>P.F.C. Eddie Fisher</td>
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<td>5:15</td>
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<td>Bands For Bonds</td>
<td>At Home With Work Club Time</td>
<td>Treasury Bandstand</td>
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<td>Key to Health</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
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<td>Pentagon Report</td>
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<td>Larry LeSueur, News</td>
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#### Lyrical Speaking

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### Sunday Programs

#### Morning Programs

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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>The String Quartet</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>World News Roundup</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>We Hold These Truths</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Carnival of Books</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>Faith in Action</td>
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<td>National Radio</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Pulitzer</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Art of Living</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>News, Peter Roberts</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Faithless Search Time</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>Morning Serenade</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>UN is My Best</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>The Author Speaks</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Choris Siena</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>Latin American Music</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>The Eternal Light</td>
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<td>Critic at Large</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>&quot;Mike 95&quot;</td>
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<td>Univ. of Chicago</td>
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<td>Roundtable</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
<td>Summer Show</td>
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<td>Bob Considine</td>
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<td>The Falcon with Les Damon</td>
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<td>Martin Kane with Lee Tracy</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Tales of Texas</td>
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<td>The Chase</td>
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<td>Affairs of Peter</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Concert Bands</td>
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* Approx. time—Midwest & Southern areas only.
### Baseball on Television

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>GAME</th>
<th>CHANNEL</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tues, Aug. 12</td>
<td>8:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed, Aug. 13</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fri., Aug. 15</td>
<td>8:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
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<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sun., Aug. 17</td>
<td>1:50 P.M.</td>
<td>&quot;Boston vs. Giants&quot;</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
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<td>8:25 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
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<td>2:25 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>8:25 P.M.</td>
<td>Cleve. vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat., Aug. 23</td>
<td>1:55 P.M.</td>
<td>Cleve. vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>8:20 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>2:25 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thurs., Aug. 28</td>
<td>2:25 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>1:55 P.M.</td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sun., Aug. 31</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yankees</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mon., Sept. 1</td>
<td>1:25 P.M.</td>
<td>&quot;Boston vs. Yankees&quot;</td>
<td>11 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed, Sept. 3</td>
<td>8:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Giants</td>
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<td>Fri., Sept. 5</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Giants</td>
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<td>Sat., Sept. 6</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sun., Sept. 7</td>
<td>2:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tues., Sept. 9</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Pitts. vs. Giants</td>
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<td>Wed., Sept. 10</td>
<td>8:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Dodgers</td>
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Randy Merriman and lovely Bess Myerson.
3:30 P.M. Johnny Dugan Show • 4
Stunts and comedy with the handsome tenor and Barbara Logan.
4:00 P.M. Matinee in New York • 4 & 6
Bill Goodwin and Robin Chandler co-star with summer variety.
5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 62000 • 4
The dramatic story of life in an American small town.
6:15 P.M. The Early Show • 2
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6
Wonderful whimsy with Burr Tillstrom and lovely Fran Allison.
7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M.W.F)
Capulett musical comedy starring Pinky Lee and Martha Stewart.
7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore • 4 (T.Th)
Dinah returns August 26. Until then Liberace, the amazing piano virtuoso, offers interpretations of classics and pops.
7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre • 9
Legitimate Broadway plays presented in their original form.
7:15 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
John Cameron Swayze edits the news with late newscasts.

### Monday through Friday

#### 7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6
The personable Mr. Garway with the video eyecatcher of news, special events and entertainment. Others: James Fleming, Jack Lescoulie.

#### 10:30 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)
Fifteen minutes of sight into the Godfrey Gang’s radio show.

#### 10:45 A.M. Al Pearce Show • 2 & 6
Veteran comic Al Pearce morning glow assisted by pianist Edna Fischer, monologist Arlene Harris. Show begins 10:30 Fridays.

#### 11:15 A.M. Bride and Groom • 2
Wedding bells ring out as John Nelson emcees, Phil Hanna sings.

#### 11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Worthy contestants try to earn as much as $500 in cash.

#### 12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2
The scrambled eggs peculiar to love and a chicken farm.

#### 12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons’ 50 Club • 4 & 6
Fun, music and comment with Ruth and her fifty studio guests.

#### 12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6
Dramatic serial starring Peggy McCay with Paul Potter.

#### 12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6
Day by day story of the problems of younger generation.

#### 12:15 P.M. Kovacs Unlimited • 2
Forty-five mad minutes with Philadelphia mad-man.

#### 1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
Entertainment and good, clean fun with Garry and his crew.

#### 2:30 P.M. Guiding Light • 2
The popular daytime serial will follow same storyline as radio show.

#### 3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 4 & 6
Lingerie and mink and a trip abroad are among the prizes awarded to the lucky woman in this quiz show with genial

### Monday P.M.

#### 8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 4
Peanut gallerys have a ready answer for quizzical Joe Kelly.

#### 8:30 P.M. Godfrey’s Talent Scouts • 2
Young professional entertainers bid for a boost to stardom.

#### 8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6
Thirty-minute recitals by outstanding American singers.

#### 8:30 P.M. Washday Theatre • 7
Hollywood films to lighten your Monday night ironing.

#### 9:00 P.M. My Little Margie • 2 & 6
Comedy series co-starring Gale Storm and silent screen star Charles Farrell. They play daughter and widower-father.

#### 9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Unearthy, haunting tales with Frank Gallop as narrator.

#### 9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
The noted actor is producer-host to fine drama series.

#### 10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2 & 6
Top-flight drama while Studio One closes down for the summer.

### Tuesday

#### 8:00 P.M. Tomorrow the World • 2

#### 8:00 P.M. Midwestern Hayride • 4
Whoopdeedoo with the Pine Mountain Boys, yodelin’ Bonnie Lou, guitarist Smoky Duval, Lazy Jim Day and Eemce Bill Thall.

#### 9:00 P.M. My Little Margie • 4

#### 9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Fictional thrillers and taut documentaries in this series.

#### 9:45 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Relax in your armchair orchestra seat for excellent drama.

#### 10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
One of the best thriller-dillers. Dick Stark is your host.

#### 10:00 P.M. Original Amateurs Hour • 4 & 6
The show that boasts such cume laude graduates as Frank Sinatra, Vera-Ellen and Robert Merrill with a new crop of hopefuls.

#### 10:30 P.M. Candid Camera • 2
Allen Funt catches innocent New York citizens off guard.

### Wednesday

#### 8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6
Long-time favorite Frank Parker with romantic ballads, plus
Thursday

8:00 P.M. Burns & Allen • 2
The great husband-wife comedy team in half-hour shenanigans biweekly: August 14 & 28. Alternating with—
Al Pearce Show • 2
Fun-making variety with Al in his famous droll characterizations.
9:00 P.M. The Beat of Grouchko • 1
Reruns of a select group of Mr. Marx's You Bet Your Life.
8:00 P.M. Date with Andy • 7
The indefatigable teenager in hairbrain comedy.
8:30 P.M. Steve Allen Show • 2
Amos & Andy • 2
The uproarious comedy of errors as Kingfish misadventures with Amos and Andy. Aug. 21 & Sept. 4.
8:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7
Host Dennis James offers an opportunity for fame and fortune to a weekly trio of professional talent-tested entertainers.
9:00 P.M. Dragnet Call • 1
Factual, strong crime drama alternating with Gangbusters.
9:30 P.M. Mister Peepers • 4
Weekly story of mild-mannered schoolteacher (comedian Wally Cox) who becomes befuddled in humorous situations.
10:30 P.M. I've Got a Secret • 4
Elfin Larry Moore presides as moderator while a panel of distinguished members tries to ferret out the “secret” of contestants.
10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 & 6
Excellent suspense melodrama, filmed in Europe for video.
10:30 P.M. Author Meets the Critics • 5
Verbal fisticuffs in discussions of provocative books.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
The humorous aspects of a harried father (Stu Erwin) and his wife (June Collyer). Sheila James and Ann Todd as daughters.
8:00 P.M. Arthur Murray Dancing Party • 2 & 6
Light variety with song and humor and, naturally, dance. Kathryn Murray, Arthur's wife, as your gracious hostess.
8:30 P.M. Carrol Cathcart • 7
9:30 P.M. Pantomime Quiz • 2
Host in Hollywood, Mrs. Hickey is emcee, assisted by blonde Sandra Spence. Opposing teams of entertainment world celebrities compete in a variation of charades.

3:30 P.M. We, The People • 4 & 6
Spotlighting the dramatic and entertaining highpoints of the political race to the White House.
9:00 P.M. Doorway to Danger • 4 & 6
High-voltage series replacing vacationing Big Story.
9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5
Popular panel quiz from the windy, windy city.
9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 1
California-born Edith Atwater stars as the very human English teacher who just can’t help getting into a merry mix-up.
9:30 P.M. Campbell Playhouse • 4 & 6
Thirty-minute film stories featuring Hollywood actors.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
Star-studded vaudeville with host-comedian Larry Storch.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 & 6
Great circus variety acts. Jack Sterling as Ringmaster.
7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2
Bud Collyer, assisted by glamorous Roxanne, challenges studio couples to perform stunts for valuable prizes.
8:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2
Six amateur songwriters showcased with top-ranking vocalists.
8:40 P.M. All Star Summer Revue • 4 & 6
Full-hour variety show, spotlighting guest stars.
9:00 P.M. Continental Film Theatre • 2
9:00 P.M. Blind Date • 4 & 6
Six young men vie for blind dates with three beautiful young ladies as Arlene Francis charmingly femecees.
9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Dance Party • 4 & 6
Comedian Jerry Lester, of Open House fame is host.
10:30 P.M. Assignment Manhunt • 4 & 6
Ruthless criminals and saboteurs relentlessly tracked down.

Sunday

11:15 A.M. Joe DiMaggio’s Dugout • 4
One of the Yanks’ greatest stars with big baseball talk.
4:00 P.M. Fearless Fosdick • 4
Puppets, based on Al Capp’s characters, in comedy adventure.
5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 & 6 at 5:30 P.M.
Spectacular acrobatics and circus acts with Claude Kirchner.
6:30 P.M. It’s News to Me • 2
John Daly moderator to panel-quiz on current events.
7:30 P.M. Lucky Clues • 2 & 6
Basil Rathbone stars in mystery panel show.
7:30 P.M. Meet the Press • 4
Well-known political figures are put on the spot by newspaper men as decorous Martha Rountree and Lawrence Spivak moderate.
8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6
Excellent entertainment knows no season as Ed Sullivan’s show continues through warm weather with four-star acts.
8:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 4
A trip to anywhere in the world.
8:30 P.M. Mrs. America Contest • 9
Four beauties vie weekly for the “Mrs. New York” title.
9:00 P.M. Information Please • 2 & 6 at 6:00 P.M.
The familiar roster, Padman, Kiernan and Adams, signal America to wake up and stump the experts in this pioneer panel show.
9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6
Sunday’s sixty-minute theatre offering fine productions.
9:30 P.M. Break the Bank • 2
Bert Parks emcees the famous quiz show which has paid over ten thousand dollars apiece to many of the big winners.
10:00 P.M. Hall of Fame • 4
Sarah Churchill, the White House Minister’s daughter, is narrator to half-hour drama based on famous historical persons.
10:30 P.M. What’s My Line • 2
Regular panelists Kilgallen, Cerf, Francis and Block take turns at vacations as guests help guess your occupation.
10:30 P.M. American Forum • 4
Pressing problems of the day debated. Theodore Granik moderates.
For a back-to-school ice breaker —

☐ Try a new romance
☐ Plan a Leap Year dance

New term... new faces; and it's up to you gals to start the shy boys social-whirling. Plan a Leap Year dance, with ample eats; each guy inviting a new classmate. And for a quiet riot—feature a cut-in, where the gals tag and lead! "Ice breaking" is a matter of forgetting about yourself. As you do (at certain times) with Kotex—knowing those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. Furthermore, you get extra protection with that special safety center!

How should they settle the check?

☐ One for all
☐ On the cuff
☐ Pool the mooa

Spare the waiter needless waiting while you buttercups pool your loot! Stead of knocking him out with the slow count, let one gal settle for all. Saves confusion. You can pay her in advance or when leaving. But when buying sanitary protection—there's no "one for all" absorbency of Kotex, because different gals have different needs. So try all 3 absorbencies. Find the one for you.

If you're a problem blonde, should you—

☐ Brush up
☐ Brighten up

Towhead, woohoo!—when shadowy threads bedim the gold. Brushing helps undarken the roots; draws up excess oil. Also, tinted shampoos (wash-outable) brighten topknots—safely. You'll always be the fair haired gal, if you watch your grooming; guard your daintiness. On problem days choose Quest deodorant powder, best for napkin use. Safe. Unscented. Positively destroys odors.

Do smart school belles treat teachers—

☐ To lunch
☐ Like people
☐ With kid gloves

Oke. You don't aim to be a P.C. (privileged character). But you needn't be a B.P. (bored plenty) either. In or outside the "ivy halls," why not treat your teachers like people? Be friendly. Get to know them. You'll find they're interesting, helpful... fun! And don't try the "calendar absentee" gag—for Kotex gives softness that holds its shape, keeps you really comfortable.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

How to prepare for "certain" days?

☐ Circle your calendar
☐ Perk up your wardrobe
☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic — this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting... non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait 'til the last minute; buy a new Kotex belt now. Why not buy two—for a change!
I Never Lost the Dream

(Continued from page 35)

I would tell Powell, "and see Europe."

"Sure," he answered, smiling tolerantly. And his habit of solving French in hopes that some day I would get abroad. Oh, I was anxious, all right.

A week later, we received a short reply from the office of The Big Pay-Off. They asked us to be in their offices on Friday, February the first, for an interview, to determine whether we would be on the show. And Powell was away, visiting his father in New York. I lost no time in getting to a telephone and placing a long-distance call.

"Why don't you take a train to New York Thursday and I'll leave after work and meet you in New York."

"Well—"

"But you are only three hours from New York now," I said hurriedly.

Of course, he didn't really have much time to think in a three-minute call. And he agreed. By coincidence, we both walked into a hotel lobby at the same time Thursday night.

"I told you it was possible," I said first thing.

"They aren't guaranteeing that we'll be on the show."

"We will," I said confidently.

The next morning, we were in the outer office of the producer with five other couples, waiting to be interviewed. And we were the last to go in. That was the filling time, and then he came out and said, 'You kids are going to be on this afternoon.'

We both jumped up.

"Now try to relax," Randy said, "but don't be surprised if you're nervous. Honestly, I always get a lump in my stomach before every show."

We found ourselves on the streets then, just a few minutes later, waiting for time to report back to the studio. Someone had said there was no sense in going to the library to study—there was one chance in a thousand that we would hit on the questions that would be on the show. We walked up and down Broadway, across our eyes, doing nothing. And about one o'clock we reported to the studio.

When the show began, we suddenly discovered we were definitely certain we would be on. We were the last of four couples and there was another couple carried over from the preceding day. If we didn't get on that Friday afternoon, we'd be back in the wings. Powell had to be back at work Monday morning.

We sat in the audience while the other contestants went before the cameras. And then we were called into the wings of the stage. None of the other couples had gotten beyond the second question, so they were moving rapidly. I still got nervous just thinking about those questions. By then, our brains were positively rattling. Powell's especially, for he had to answer the questions.

Powell's knees were figuratively buckling, and when Myerson came by, put her arm around his shoulder and gave him a little pep talk.

Then we were separated and I found myself being led out to the "wishing chair" to be interviewed for the front of the cameras with Randy Merriman. From then on, I was practically feverish.

The first question, a musical one, was for songs, lingerie and a dozen pairs of hose. "If you're Big Pay-Off starter," Randy said, "tell me the title of this song."

They played the music. I knew it well but couldn't think of the title, and I realized they meant by "freezing up." Then I heard Randy say, "Speak, Powell."

Powell said, "My Darling, My Darling."

The audience applauded and a model was demonstrating the next prizes. A lovely purse, a handmade Chinese cocktail tailcoat, hat, costume jewelry and a party dress.

"Here's the second question," said Randy, "the gates of a Hungarian prince opened in December of 1951 and four American flyers were freed. The Hungarian government involved a heavy ransom for the release of these men. Within ten-thousand dollars, what was the amount of money paid by the United States Government?"

"Pays de big, big pay," ("If you read your newspapers, you'll know that one."

And how many times had I been asked when Powell hid himself behind the evening paper?)

"One—hundred and twenty thousand dollars."

"Right on the nose," Randy called out.

The audience reaction was deafening and right then and there I began to tremble all over. I hardly saw the next set of questions and arrived a day later.

Randy had been interviewed by the Post Office. In fact, he quotes the doctor as saying, "A pretty girl sometimes does more for a man than all the doctors put together." Well, pretty or not, it didn't tell the whole story. It was love that actually helped in the end. For love, I thought of what Powell and I had for each other. That was the incident Powell described in his letter to The Big Pay-Off.

"You really saved my life," Powell told me, "and if you don't deserve a chance at those prizes, no wife does."

He mailed the letter on January twenty-first, and my hopes were high. I'd been preoccupying for a trip to Europe, all my life. From childhood, Mother, who was a native of Vienna, hadentranced me con-

MOVING?

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81
didn't. Timid. I knew someone was yelling, "You won!"

I ran across the stage, hurling myself into Powell's arms. And the audience was shouting and many of them were crying, they were so happy.

"You're delicious," I told him, "but so am I!"

It was like midnight on New Year's Eve. Even the people who assisted on the show were cheering, as thrilled as we were. They took pictures and congratulated us over and over. And then the show was over and we were out on the street all by ourselves.

Even Broadway seemed quiet. It was hard regaining our balance.

"I don't believe it," Powell said.

"Me neither."

"We've got to tell someone," he said. That's when we called my sister, long distance—but, even so, she thought we were talking nonsense. It took a second call to convince her. And we walked some more and I remembered to ask Powell the answer to the fourth question. Woodrow Wilson. What a man. And then we tried to tell some other people and they thought we were crazy. We were. Crazy with joy.

Because of a two-week session with flu and an operation my mother underwent, our trip to Paris was delayed until the first week of May. My boss at the Bell Vocational Service and Powell's at the Marvin Hotel Real Estate generously gave us time off, even though it was a busy season in their businesses.

The day before we were to board the Pan-American Clipper, we arrived in New York and were given a complete head-to-toe treatment from Gerald, the famous beauty stylist. Meanwhile, Powell was in the producer's office getting details of the trip. We would be leaving at the Paris airport by a gentleman from the American Express who would give us a Paris itinerary, and we would stay at one of the best hotels in the world, Hotel Georges V.

The next afternoon we made a ten-second appearance on the Big Pay-Off.

"Here is a pair of live winners," Randy said. "In forty-five minutes, they leave for Paris."

And we were rushed out of the studio, with everyone waving goodbye. We felt that we were practically in France when we stepped off the plane. All the crew spoke French. There was French music on the speaker system and somewhere someone handed me an orchid and a bottle of perfume. And then we were off the ground and being served champagne.

Dinner on the plane was scrumptious, served by Maxim's, the famous restaurant in Paris. We slept and, the next we knew, we were stepping to refuel at picturesque Santa Maria do Azores.

We landed in Paris at 2:55 in the afternoon and stepped out of the plane feeling like billionaire celebrities. A photographer was snapping our pictures, a limousine was pulled up, and we were escorted to our hotel. And my first sight of Paris was everything I imagined: The magnificent boulevards, the women and their poadotes, the Champs-Elysees. And the noise, such noise: Hundreds of little automobiles and bicycles scooting about and everyone screaming at the top of their lungs.

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CITY.......

STATE.
Then a doorman handed us out of the limousine and we paraded into the hotel. The manager came forward and bowed. There was a bellboy for every bag and even one for my beautiful mink coat. Our room was so large—well, the Clipper could have easily landed there. We had a balcony overlooking a garden and the furnishings were luxurious.

"Pinch me," Powell said, "it's impossible. Are we really here?"

"Can you understand what people are saying?"

"No."

"Then you're in France, all right."

To describe everything we did during the next eight days would fill a book. Every day was just crammed full of excitement. Food, we soon discovered, is considered one of the finer arts in Paris and we were sent to the best restaurants. We were told the sky is the limit and we never did come down to earth.

When we lunched at the Table d'Or, the chef came right over to the table and kissed my hand before I even saw a menu. Then I learned there was no menu. The chef himself decided what you would eat. And the woman, I discovered, is queen at the table, and we were sent the best restaurants, and we were sent to the best restaurants.

One night when we got back to our hotel, I wanted chewing gum badly. The only room open was the bar, and I asked the bartender.

"You could try the drugstore but the drugstore is closed," he said.

"Try Broadway and Forty-Second Street," an American called from a table.

We turned around to face George Raft. He had liked us so much we were seated at the table next to us and we told him and his friends our story.

"How about that," he said. "I've got to work hard to make this trip and you win it."

When we left at the end of eight days, I knew my dream had come true. Paris was everything I'd imagined: Exciting, romantic, gay, beautiful, enchanting.

One night, Powell, saying, "This I call The Big Return. We've had an experience that I'll remember as long as I live."

And, if I could make a wish come true, it would be that everyone who reads this wins the same trip on The Big Pay-Off. It could happen to you, too. Anything's possible.

My Astonishing Husband

(Continued from page 63)

another song, and people spoke of him as a composer. Since then, he's entertained with great success in night clubs, and now—television, where his C.C. shows gives him a chance to reveal a multitude of talents. A hard man to classify, my Mel Tormé.

We three had a pleasant evening, but there wasn't any special reason why I should carry the acquaintance further. I told him as much when he phoned next day to ask for a date.

I didn't see him again until we both had returned to Hollywood, two months later. Glided through the milling crowd at one of the smartest cocktail parties of the year, Mel's rebellious forelock of yellow hair, his quick, boyish smile, seemed familiar, but I didn't particularly care. It was one of those evenings when I felt lost. Even my new dress hadn't given me a lift. Everyone else was having a wonderful time, but I was wondering how soon I could slip away and go home. I had just found an inconspicuous place to set down my glass when Mel turned up at my elbow.

"You're Candy," he said. "I met you in New York. Can I get you a cocktail?"

"I'll tell you a secret," I confided. "I don't drink."

"I tell you another. I don't either."

Instantly, there was a bond between us. Each knew how the other felt. It was silly to be bored to death in the midst of a brilliant party, yet we frankly acknowledged we were. We edged into a corner and sat down to talk.

As the gaiety and laughter swirled around us, we found we had much to say to each other.

"I think," I said, "by discovering our mutual love for Chicago. Mel was born there; I had worked there."

Somewhat surprisingly, I was soon telling him things I seldom talked about in Hollywood, simple, personal things. The didn't quite fit the brittle bright pattern of conversation in a city where everyone is an actor, and sets his scene to depict the character he wants to be. I told Mel, too, about my name problems. I was born Florence Tockstein. At the College Inn, it became Candy Toxtton. Now, I had still another name. Now I was Susan Perry.

Mel considered them all, and announced.

"I like Candy Toxtton best."

As he said it, the syllables became a song. "That's like you," he added. "It has rhythm, movement at his table, and I think Candy Toxtton sounds better."

I stared at him, unbelieving. Literally, this was so sudden. I had seen this young man only once before. He had the grace to blush. Suddenly, I was flustered, too.

"Let's go," said Mel abruptly.

For a moment, I had a strange little panicky feeling that the next few seconds would decide what would happen during the rest of my life. I wasn't ready for a big decision. My own career looked bright, and I had no room for romance. A million excuses tumbled around in my mind.

"Please," Mel repeated. "let's go."

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My Amazing Husband

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"Please," Mel repeated. "let's go."
Without a protest, I got my wraps and followed him, asking myself as I did so, why I was so pliant, what gave this young man his sense of power, of sureness.

I learned, as bit by bit I pieced together the Torme story, that the sureness, the sense of power, constitute Mel's most outstanding characteristic. He sets an objective, and it doesn’t matter how many obstacles are in his way; Mel overcomes them and reaches it.

It has been that way since he was a tiny child, I found, as the story unfolded. I heard parts of it that night from Mel as we stopped at a drive-in for hamburgers, and more of it the next evening when I went with him to the hot-rod races where he had a car entered. I heard it, too, from his parents when we spent evenings at his home, drinking Cokes and listening to his huge collection of records.

Mel was only four when he got his first professional engagement singing with the Coon Saunders band at the Black-hawk Restaurant. Not much later, during the foamy days of Chicago daytime drama, he became a radio actor. He had to stand on a box to reach the microphone, but he read his lines like a veteran. Already, young Mel was insisting he didn’t want to be “good for his age,” he just wanted to be good.

He was learning, too, this strangely serious small boy, to play drums and to set music down on paper. He wrote the first of the 250 original melodies which he still has packed away in a trunk, and he also began making orchestral arrangements of the compositions of others. Bands bought them, bought them not because they were turned out by an appealing boy, but because they were good arrangements. Mel felt grown up and pleased with himself.

Mel, in telling it to me, said wryly, “At thirteen I thought I was grown up for sure. Harry James came to town, looked me over, and concluded I was a bargain. I was arranger, singer, drummer. He hired me, and practically on fire I went back to Hyde Park High School to say goodbye. I told all my friends and some who turned out to be not quite so friendly. Oh, it was a great thing, they held farewell parties, and everything.”

Then James checked with his attorneys. He went on. “In twenty-three of the twenty-four states of the proposed tour, there were laws which would have required the band to carry a tutor for me. James said he was sorry, but I’d have to wait a while.

"No one at school believed me. They thought I had just made up the part about the job, that I had never been hired at all. You know the way kids can be. I’d come into a drugstore after school and they’d all stand up, bow from the waist, and yell, ‘Here comes Harry James’s ex-drummer.’ There was only one friend who stood by me, and that was John Poister.

“But that wasn’t the worst,” Mel added. “There was a girl, a girl who wasn’t impressed. Call it a school-kid crush if you want to, but to me it was serious. I mourned and moaned, and finally I packed all my grief into a song. I wrote ‘Lament to Love.’ Harry James recorded it, and it stayed at the top of the Hit Parade for a month.”

Success of his tune restored Mel’s prestige so much that when Mel and John Poister wrote a musical comedy and his high school staged it, Mel had the lead; he and John produced and directed. The school made enough money to buy an honor plaque on which were listed the students in service.

Next step, for Mel, was a tour with Chico Marx’s band. They reached Hollywood, and Mel recognized that’s where he wanted to be. Only in Hollywood could he find an outlet for his varied talents as a singer, actor, song writer, arranger, drummer, producer and director. His mother, father and sister joined him, which gave his parents a chance to insist that he take time out to finish high school.

Hollywood put him to work. As a drummer, he got bit parts in Frank Sinatra’s “Higher and Higher” and in Cary Grant’s “Night and Day.” He also achieved stardom, junior grade, as leading man in the Gloria Jean epics. He kept his hold in music by organizing a quintet known as the Meltones.

When his eighteenth birthday rolled around, the Army took over Mel’s booking. Although his face was unlined, his stomach had spent fourteen years in show business, and Mel was on a crackers-and-milk diet. After two months, mess sergeants and medics decided he wasn’t tough enough for the Army and sent him home.

“I wish they could have seen how I worked,” Mel said. “Compared to what I did, Army life was a vacation.”

When he listed his activities, I could understand what he meant. His time was split up between motion pictures, radio, recordings, and personal appearances.

“ ‘You should have seen some of the spots I’ve played,’ said Mel, ‘Carlos Gastel, my manager, decided to toughen me up by making me face live audiences. My first really big booking was at the Copa-cabana in New York.”

I had heard that story. People in show business still talk about it. The crowd at the Copa liked sophisticated entertainment. They didn’t know what to make of this slender young man who cooned into the mike in a style all his own. Mel Torme didn’t mean a thing to them. Few had

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ABSOLUTELY FREE! Big package actual sample fashion booklet. No risk. Bring free gift along in dressing room. Just ask. There are no reqts. at all. Send 20c today. Free, and Columbia Pictures had great plans. Living in Hollywood, both Mel and I had seen the marriages of too many of our friends, and now that there wasn't room for two careers in one family.

“Look,” Mel would say, “that's no good. What's the point of getting married if you are going to be on the Coast while I'm out on the road? I don't want to be separated. I want you with me.”

I would answer, “I want to be with you, too,” and put off making a final decision. Yet I was in love, too. As deeply in love as Mel was. So long as we were bang in it, Mel felt the same way, and it was worse for him, out on the road. I had my friends, my apartment, my job. He had his career, his acting, his fame—his everything.

We used to spend a lot of time together, walking and talking, and talking and walking. Our only link was long distance telephone, and Mel turned into AT&T's best customer. He would call me sometimes as much as four or five times a week. But Mel, you can't afford it. You're spending a fortune in toll charges.”

“I know it,” he would answer, “but Candy, I have to talk to you.” That went on for five months.

At last, in December, four years ago when Mel was playing the Chicago Theatre, either I dropped everything and came East to spend Christmas with him. Through all the return trip to Hollywood, I felt as lost as if I was at the long-ago cocktail party. The music, the waiter, the blender and blender, each one taking me farther away from Mel.

Strangely enough, the thing that really did it was Mel's Macaroni.

When Mel had come back to the Coast to cut some records, and he asked me to go with him to the studio, "I've found a tune," he confided. "No, I didn't write it, but I wish I had." He was growing sentimental.

He sat me down on a bench about twenty feet away from the microphone, and he sang right to me. After the first eight bars I couldn't stand being in love with a man who was reaching toward him? Could a career be ever be as wonderful as the time between shows when Mel and I sat in his dressing room, making up new songs, picking over words, or just talking? Could success, however bright, ever make up for being lost and alone, separated from the man I loved? Sure, it seemed simple and inevitable. Being with Mel was my career, a career well worth the shedding aside of all other commitments which were in the way.

It's a strange thing, but the moment I realized that, all the turmoil I had been in for all these months subsided. I had, in its place, a peace, a contentment, such as I had never known before. This, I knew, was true love, and I didn't want to lose it.

When the band folded up its music, and Mel and I walked out on the street together, I said, "You win. One career is enough for one family. Let's get married now."

We almost eloped. I wanted to, but Mel thought twice. "I want my mother and father with us, and your family, too. I want my uncle, and I want my cousin, and my sister, and my brother, and my friend from school. Let's go back to Chicago."

We studied his schedule, and found three days between engagements. I went on an errand to arrange things. For my wedding dress I chose a Christian Dior model of iridescent sea green taffeta, fashioned much like the blue dress Mel liked so well. I even picked the wedding song, "The Sheets we've Never Spread," just those we loved present in the hotel suite, but when Mel and I said, "I do," we felt they were the most important words we'd ever speak.

Mel and I were married, but only grown stronger, in the three and a half years we've been married. The only thing that could possibly make us any happier is to have a family. And that's not too far off. Mel's TV career blossoming into full flower, and our life together growing sweeter with every passing day, we are more than content. That's not to say we don't appreciate the meaning in the words, every time Mel sings our special wedding-present song just to me: "There isn't any special reason . . . but you're you and I'm me and we're us, and you're beautiful."
Johnnie Ray's Life Story

(Continued from page 30)

Ray, came swiftly, spectacularly. Came breathless. Like this:

While working his way across country to his mecca, New York, Johnnie stopped in Detroit and sang for his supper at Detroit's Flame Bar. During his brief engagement Bobby Seymour, a disc jockey, heard "The Weeper" and—stirred as he had never been by a singer before—asked Danny Kessler, visiting in Detroit, to "Listen to this kid. He sends you!" Danny Kessler, then recording director for Okeh Records, listened to "the kid." And, as Danny tells it, "A bell rang."

In Detroit, Danny put Johnnie and two of Johnnie's songs, "Tell The Lady I Said Goodbye" and "Whiskey and Gin," on records. These were the first two recordings Johnnie Ray ever made.

Also in Detroit, Danny introduced Johnnie to Bernie Lang, a young man of about Johnnie's own age. Bernie had been a song-plugger in New York but had not found a way to become a manager if he could find "the right talent." Danny described would-be-singing-star Ray to would-be-manager Lang. "This," said Danny, "is the kid for you."

As Johnnie tells it, "When Danny introduced us, Bernie and I took one look at each other and that was that. A wave-length—and it has paid off."

The records "made noise," as Johnnie phrases it.

"They were the biggest-selling records in Cleveland," Johnnie said. "But I didn't know it. Didn't know it, that is, until one night I went into Main Street Cafe, not as an entertainer, but to hear Don Cherry, who was singing there. Later in the evening, with everyone feeling friendly, I was asked, as is sometimes the custom, to sing. I got up and sang—and the lid of the place blew off! That's when it happened. That's where it happened. That's when we realized the possibility of what might happen, of what could happen. . . ."

"What happened. . . ."

In New York, Johnnie's records came to the attention of Mort Miles, record director of Columbia Records. Mort found "Cry" (and what could be more appropriate?) for Johnnie. "Cry" started to hit (it has now sold better than 4,000,000 copies, which beats the record for any Columbia song on record, with the single exception of "Rudolph, The Rednosed Reindeer"), and Johnnie, a human skyrocket, was up among the stars.

Meantime, he played the Town Casino, his first major night-club engagement, in Buffalo. He opened with Ann Shelton and Ethel Smith, as the first number on the bill. After opening night, he went on last. No one could follow him. No one, since then, ever has.

After the Buffalo triumph, he continued on in night-club engagements until, at the Boulevard in Queens, New York—which canny manager Lang planned as a strategic showcase for his star—Johnnie was haunted by Jack Entratter, one of the owners of New York's talent-happy Copabana, Mr. Entratter, who knew an "attraction" that would make show-business history when he saw and heard it, signed Johnnie Ray. "And so Johnnie, who had been in eight tough but never discouraged years had kept his eager eyes turned toward mecca, reached his goal."

Never in the annals of the Copa's crowded clientele had it been so crowded as, its owners say, Johnnie Ray crowded it. For which, at the end of his sensa
tional engagement, the appreciative Copa management gifted John with a Cadillac convertible ("A Cad convertible was, for years," says Johnnie, "one of my tall
dreams!"
and Johnnie gifted Marilyn, whom he calls, the Copa, with a diamon
d ring which he placed, also at the Copa, on her "engagement" finger.
When, soon after their marriage, "Mr. and Mrs. Emotion" told me their story, they were the same old story, really, the same old true
story of everything I believe in and have lived by, which is—"follow your heart and it will lead you where you're supposed to be."
I've followed my heart in my work, never compromising. I
only sang the songs I wanted to sing and sang them my way, even when I'd lose
jobs because, they'd tell me, 'Your work is too weird.' I never compromised, I
followed my heart and it has taken me where I want to be. I've followed
my heart in love, too, never compromising with it half lives, light lives, and
it has led me home. My heart's home. I feel as if I am where I want, and was meant, to be.

And Marilyn, small and sprite-like Marilyn ("I always call her Baby, 
Johnnie says), with her curly dark hair and beautiful black-lashed blue eyes, said
gravelly: "I didn't really know, at first. I just realized that something close had
happened to Johnnie and to me."

"We didn't actually meet at the Copa," Johnnie explained, "not, that is, the first
time. We met first out in Hollywood, at the Mocambo—which is owned by Mari
lly's Dad—when, one evening, my date of
that evening and I dropped by to have a late snack. At the table where we joined
some people we knew, I was introduced to Marilyn—I don't know I only remember that my date sat at my
right and she sat at my left and that I was trying to hold her hand under the
table all evening."
Shortly after their meeting at the Mocambo, Johnnie left the Coast and didn't
see Marilyn again until, some four months later when he was playing the Copa, he heard
she was in town, called her and—"We dated, thereafter," said Johnnie,
"every day."

"Most of our dates were in Central Park, driving around in a hansom cab, some
times in the early morning, sometimes in the moonlight. We took long walks up
and down Fifth Avenue, window shopping, and strolling up at the skyscrapers. Once
we took the ferryboat to Staten Island, and

"And every night, three times a night," Marilyn's small, soft voice broke in, "I
sat at a table at the Copa and caught Johnnie's act, all three performances! And
as I watched him I'd think, and keep thinking, He's tall and handsome, with beautiful
eyes, wonderful eyes (they are, you know), cute too. . . . He has tremen
dous talent. I'd think, tremendous—a terfific showman and with such deep and
sincerity. . . ."

"I think the same now, only more so," said Johnnie. "But now I know that, in addition to being handsome and
tremendously talented, he's thoughtful, too, and sweet, and very romantic. Every
time he has to go somewhere without me, he brings me a present, even if it's only a
package of lollipops, which," Marilyn
laughed, "it sometimes is. Or a gag bottle of
perfume, in the shape of a lampost."

I know, too, how much he is—his love
of his mother and father and sister, his love
of dogs and children and everything that's
good—that's Johnnie.

And just as I'm more in love with him
every day I've lived together, so'm I'm increasingly excited about his work.
Every day and evening, while he was at the Paramount Theatre in New York,
every show he gave, even if there were
seven a day, I always stood in the wings, jumping up and down like one of his fans. And
every show then, and now, is like seeing him for the first time. I under-

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Bob Poole

(Continued from page 68)
to apply this wisdom. No, sir, whenever you have a problem—and who doesn't?—just tie a knot and hang on. Easy does it, my friends, easy does it.

Which is a pretty good picture of Bob Poole, one of radio's most easygoing, as well as most-listened-to, personalities. Yes, if the time ever comes when there is but one man left in the business without ulcers, it will probably be Bob Poole—and that, despite his unusually heavy Monday-through-Friday schedule.

Each day, after Poole's Paradise, Bob heads for home to play with the children—Michelle, aged four, and Randy, a life under a year. After dinner, he squeezes in an hour's nap before watching TV with his delightful wife, Gloria. Before he knows it, "time off" is over, and Bob and his typewriter go to work preparing the next day's scripts—Bob writes the complete scripts for both his shows. If all goes well, he finishes his writing and climbs into bed somewhere between two and three in the morning.

Multiplied by five days a week, here is the family portrait of a busy man—but not one headed for a breakdown... for the simple reason that we—snag, he merely ties a knot, and hangs on.

"One of the most important knots I ever tied," continues Bob, "had to do with my move to New York. In 1946, after my discharge from the Navy, I had to go to work for Station WWL in New Orleans, where I originated Poole's Paradise. The show 'took'—people seemed to like my slow buffoonery and leafiness, mixed records and some serious notes. I thought I was set for life... a wonderful wife, an adorable daughter, security in a job, and a most pleasant mode of living. Each year, we had bought a beautiful nine-room Colonial house with large grounds in New Orleans. In fact, just shortly before my New York offer came along, I had invested $2,000 in camellias and azaleas for our garden.

Above and beyond all this, we were surrounded with friends and family, Gloria being a New Orleans girl.

Then, suddenly, six months after we moved into our new home, the network offered me a coast-to-coast contract if I would come to New York. Well, what to do? Sure, the added income was enticing, but I knew that the difference in the cost of living would eat pretty heavily into that. As it turned out, for my six-and-a-half room apartment in Forest Hills I pay about three times what it cost me to maintain our nine-room home in New Orleans. And the money also meant pulling up our roots—leaving our friends and Gloria's family.

"Believe me, I tied a knot in that rope but fast, and Gloria and I hung on for dear life. Then after a short time of hating, we found we could think our problem through clearly and sanely. Once it was thought through, we were certain we had arrived at a sound decision as human beings can hope to make.

"We moved to New York, certain our future was here. Never once have we regretted the move. We've found that people north of the Mason-Dixon line, so to speak, are just the same as those south of it—except, perhaps, that they talk a little faster. It's for certain people are just as warm and friendly, and why, for sure that we're real proud to have our second offspring a 'darned Yankee!' Five years ago we tied the knot and hung on, thinking through to a decision. Now, we can look back, knowing that what was well thought-out yesterday is making a Poole's Paradise today."

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(Continued from page 49)

Thomas Paine’s The Rights of Man. Jone likes to think it was carried and read and worded—by some yeoman soldier during the Revolution. Another treasure is a picture Jone bought at an auction one day. A little oil of a French peasant, on the back of which is inscribed, in faded ink: “Toujours votre ami, Ed. Manet.”

“Manet always signed his paintings,” ‘Edouard Manet,’ Jone said, “so this may not, of course, be a Manet. Or rather, not the Manet. But I’m not going to have it appraised. It’s kind of fun to wonder . . .”

Meta Roberts could not always be described as a creature of impulse. But Jone is. As an example, Jone was a stickler for J-o-a-n, Joan, same like all the famed Joans—Crawford, Fontaine, Evans, Blondell, et cetera and et cetera. Soon after she started in radio, Joan changed the Joan to Jone. Not because numerologists so advised. Jone doesn’t bother her pretty head about isms and ologies. She changed the spelling of her name because: “Suddenly, in the midst of it, it might be fun,” Jone laughed, “so I did.”

This change of name, or the spelling thereof, is a clue to Jone, who is a creature (as lovely women are popularly supposed to be) of many impulses—some of which land her, as she admits with amusement, on Uxenay Street.

As an instance, when she first started in radio and TV, Jone went one day to see a producer about a TV job which, she’d heard, was “open.”

“This was some ten or eleven years ago,” Jone explained. “This was a woman who was scarcely working and couldn’t have been more unknown. When this producer asked me the stock question: ‘What have you done?’ I told him that I was working in summer stock in the South, in hot sun. Players and named the play in which (strictly as a supernumerary) I was appearing. So far, so good, and also true, but when he came to the part where I was playing, impulse got the better of me and I told him I was playing the second lead, naming the character by name. To which Mr. Producer replied, both eyebrows arched—‘You mean that’s the part my wife is playing.’

“I went quietly,” Jone related, with relish, “but quickly.”

“Other than in beauty, femininity and impulse, Meta Roberts and Jone Allison are just about as opposite as possible.

Meta Roberts has been on trial for murder. Jone can’t even read a word without shuddering.

Meta Roberts is a girl who has suffered a great deal, more than her share, in fact, as you who have followed her through the years—know so well. She’s everybody has known some unhappiness,” Jone remarked. “Everybody woman her teens has met some hurt, great or small, and so have I. But as compared with Meta I have suffered, I should say, not at all.”

Meta’s troubles, most of which she brings on herself, started with her complex about her decent, but unremarkable family. Because she was, shamefully, ashamed of her family, she ran away from home and so her troubles began . . .

But Jone loves her home dearly, is proud of them, was happy with them and never ran farther than around the block from home. Not until after her graduation from Friends Seminary did Jone meet with a family impasse. Even then, it was a slight one, and surmountable:

“I always wanted to be an actress,” Jone said, “since I’d spent most of my indoor life as a child listening to radio, particularly to serial dramas and dramatic things, I particularly wanted to be a radio actress. But after finishing school, I had to throw a fit to avoid going to college. Born of a non-theatrical family, my parents took a dim view of the theatrical profession for their daughter. However, I threw the fit—whereupon my family, understanding the strong grip Jone had on me, gave me two years in which to get a job, after which, if I had not been successful, I agreed to go to college. I never,” Jone laughed, “went to college.”

Also, Jone is the national counterpart, Meta, who brings disaster to everything she touches, courts disaster wherever she goes, Jone, starborne, walks a celestial Milk, always a month or so ahead of the times. In one instance, Jone struck pay-dirt in her chosen career.

“I just feel I’ve been lucky in radio,” she says, “Don’t know how it’s come about, only know—I’m grateful for what I’ve got.”

Since her network debut in 1940, Jone has been heard on Lincoln Highway . . . as Mary Aldrich in The Aldrich Family . . . on the Uncle Ted of the Brave, Pepper Young’s Family, Kitty Foyle, Brave Tomorrow, The High Places, Tenneesey Jed, Rosemary . . . and, of course, Guiding Light.

In her private life, too, stars shine on Jone Mosman, née Allison. Curiously, the one time Jone was not invited to a party was because she’s too much like our stars are liable to be all impulse—meaning, when she fell in love. Or rather, when she took her own time in calling love by its right name.

Also, in her career, “when he was directing Kitty Foyle on radio, with Julie Stevens in the name part and with me in an all-but-nameless bit part. We met one morning in the studio—and even families, and I don’t mean in the other sense, but in the radio sense. He called to me, ‘Miss Jone.’”

“Or, if you read to be。“I worked for him, off and on. We ran into each other, now and then, at studio parties and the like. And that was it. There was never so much as a flirt between us. If I never thought he was attractive, never did. I just never thought of him as a man at all, period.”

Then one day, some seven years after our first meeting, we practically collided on a Fifth Avenue bus and sat, quite by chance, together. Merely to make conversation, I asked him where he was going. ‘Sailing with Miss Jone,’ he told me more than I could do. ‘gee’ by each other. I worked for him, off and on. We ran into each other, now and then, at studio parties and the like. And that was it. Door with me in an all-but-nameless bit part. We met one morning in the studio—and even families, and I don’t mean in the other sense, but in the radio sense. He called to me, ‘Miss Jone.’”

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The guiding light of love.
viduals, we are in the same business, which always a bond between any two people and a very valuable, gilt-edged bond between married people. Jack's career is important and exciting to me, my career. I thrilled people in that outside of a sense of humor—which I suspect is the most important thing in marriage—sharing career-interest is the best Golden Wedding Day insurance ever written!"

Just when, where, how, in what words, if any, Jack said "Will you?" and Jane said "Yes, I will", I don't remember. Doesn't believe there was any calendar date on which she said to herself, "This is love," or any proposal-on-bended-knee to remember.

"The only thing that comes back to me," Jane said, "is of sitting in Louis and Armand's one evening, having coffee, and of hearing myself suddenly exclaim, 'Oh, I can't get married on the twenty-eighth—I have Tennessee Jed to guard."

"I have my own Tennessee Jed to guard."

As to Jack's own Tennessee Jed, I have no idea as to the best way to get him for July 4th.

"I think I have written out of something or other by then, we got married, on schedule, on August 28, 1949. Our friends, Toni Darnay and her husband, Bill Hoffman, stood up with us and, after the ceremony at City Hall, we went to the customary dinner at old Frances Tavern in downtown New York. Then we had the customary for radio and TV people, two- and-a-half-day honeymoon at the changing old Outpost Inn in Connecticut—and no thanks to us, either, for we'd forgotten, unimaginably, to make a reservation. As it was the Labor Day weekend, it was a minor miracle that they did not shut their roof. The minor miracle was brought about by the friends we paged, all the friends we thought might have 'pull', for help in our dilemma. At the eleventh hour, one succeeded."

Other than the threat of no roof over their honeymooning heads, things went then—and have gone since, Jane says—as smoothly as if free, slip, from a home after the brief honeymoon. Jack gave up his apartment, moved into Jane's and now, in the same building, they have their present, and much larger, duplex.

"Which will probably be Ye Olde Family Homestead for always," Jane laughed. "With Jack's hours what they are, and TV added to radio for me, it doesn't look as if we'll ever get away to the country, which was our wish all summer. Weekends when we're not on the boat, we drive around Long Island or Connecticut and look at lovely old houses and gardens and dream about living in this one, or that one—what a pleasant daydream;"

On the air, Meta is one of life's unfortunate, for whom everything goes wrong; Jone in real life is a girl, at whose christening all the good fairies came, bearing gifts, but Meta, because she is Meta completely," Jane said, "perhaps because her character is so well-drawn, is such good writing, that it plays itself. I think, too, that Meta has, of late, pretty well adjusted her life, pretty where she is and may one day be able to say, with me, 'I am well content!"
“I love you, Elizabeth,” Jack had said. “Doesn’t that mean we’re
I was too love starved

by Elizabeth Miller Mason

It was the most beautiful spot in the world, the most beautiful moment; and if ever I myself had come close to looking beautiful, it was now. Jack had told me, on the plane coming down to Nassau, that I’d looked beautiful at our wedding, and my heart had been so grateful to him for that. But I knew that it wasn’t quite true. I’d been too tense, too nervous, it had been far too nearly a dream in which I was numb and mechanical for me to looking my best.

That had had to wait until now, when we sat opposite each other in the hotel dining room, and I looked at his strongly drawn, handsome face, at the feathering of gray through the black hair, and said to myself in wonder and gratitude, “I’m his wife. I’m Mrs. Jack Mason! And it’s true, not a dream at all!”

Jack’s eyes met mine, and he smiled. “Elizabeth. You look like an angel.”

I laughed. “I hoped I looked more like the other thing, in this outfit.” I brushed the net frill around the strapless bodice to make sure it was where it ought to be. “Don’t I look sophisticated and chic in this—what was it Terry called it?—this creation?”

Jack pressed my hand. “Sophisticated, chic and alluring.” He lifted his glass to me, but with a sudden irritated quiver of my heart I saw that his eyes had become preoccupied again. Terry! What a talent I had for saying the wrong thing! Just when I’d been congratulating myself that for the first time in weeks I could be sure Jack had thought of nothing but me. Not his practice, back in Dickston; not any of his patients. Not even Stan Burton, though he was so desperately ill. Nor Terry, Stan’s wife. . . .

Shame warmed my cheeks. Really—how petty, how mean-minded could I get? I must remember that what Jack had told me was true, true, true—Terry Burton was nothing to him but the wife of his best friend. To be so concerned with my old, worn-out jealousy of Terry when, as her friend, I ought to be concerned only with hoping Stan was better. “You’re not a schoolgirl, Elizabeth,” I told myself fiercely. “Pull yourself together! You’re just giving way, looking for something to feel sorry for yourself about, because everything’s too good to be true. Stop it, or you’ll spoil everything. You’ll spoil your own honeymoon, and Jack’s pleasure . . .”

“Elizabeth?” Jack was frowning, leaning across the table. “What is it, darling? You’ve suddenly gone so pale—”

“You promised to leave your doctoring back home!” I retorted as lightly as I could. “There’s nothing wrong with me, Jack Mason! Don’t you go looking for trouble!”

There was a sudden, tremendous crash, and Jack laughed as I jumped. “Only the band coming in,” he said. Even as he spoke, a teasing rhythm began, and there was stirring at the tables as other diners got up to dance. Jack looked at me inquiringly.

“I’d love to,” I said. “But listen to that rhythm, Jack. I don’t know if I can!”

Jack grinned. “I’m darn sure I can’t, but come on, woman. If you don’t live dangerously on your honeymoon, when will you?”

It was surprisingly easy, once we got out on the floor, where the lights were dimmer and we were happily melted together with the others. The music had a complicated, insistent, infectious beat, and after a while I stopped worrying about how well or badly I was following it. It was sheer heaven to be swaying about in Jack’s arms.

“Ah, the tropics,” Jack murmured. The music stopped, and he draped his brow and mine with a handkerchief. “So this is the way it gets into a man’s blood. There’s a lot to be said for it, you know!”

“It was fun!” I was (Continued on page 92)

The Second Mrs. Burton is heard on CBS, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, for General Foods. Bart Robinson is seen here in his original role as Dr. Jack Mason, with radio actress Jean Gillespie as Elizabeth Miller Mason.

one flesh, one spirit?” Would I ever find the answer to his question?
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tack, but I could still recall the sudden, sharp chill of aloneness. Then, almost at once, concern for the Burtons drove out all other sensations. And, though they wouldn't allow me to help or in any way upset them, I think the outcome of course nothing could be the same with Stan lying there . . . and Jack taking care of him until Stan could be taken to his mother's home.

It was a heart attack, a bad one, and not the first. Stan—who had always been so matter-of-fact and sturdy! Talking it over later, as we were finally on our way to Nassau, I realized that had been puzzling to me before. Knowing that Stan wasn't well, of course Jack had been concerned. That explained his many conversations with Terry, the way he seemed to hover over them—I had thought because he couldn't keep away from Terry, but I'd been wrong.

It explained, too, his preoccupation. I don't suppose I realized how bitterly hurt I was those first few hours, which should have been entirely mine. He couldn't get Stan out of his mind. He tried; he was loving, wonderful to me, but every now and then his eyes became abstrac-ted, and I felt as though he had retreated behind a door I wasn't supposed to open. He and Stan had been friends for years and years, of course. But—I was his wife, his bride!

Under the moon like this, starkly alone, I couldn't be anything but honest. "You know Jack loves me. I told myself aloud, "You know it in your bones. What devil is there in you that drives you to make trouble, to look for trouble? Is that what Jack meant by my being in rebellion? I've gone just got to stop!" For I knew, in that moment of blinding honesty, that unless I did stop, unless I relaxed and believed in Jack, in myself, in our life together—our marriage couldn't go on very long.

I must face the fact that Jack was a person in his own right, as well as my husband. A man and a doctor and a friend. He chose a career for himself, but every now and then I discovered him, nothing but Elizabeth's husband. There was no way to do it. In my heart I didn't even want to do it, for I loved him for all that he was, all he'd built up. Because he was all those things, he was the more worth loving. "You've got to be less self-centered," I told myself fiercely. "You've got to try!"

In his sleep, Jack turned and mur-mured something. Quickly I threw away the cigarette I had started, took a last deep breath of the lowered night air, and came quietly into the room again. I felt once more relaxed and at peace, as though my battle had been fought and won and left outside there on the balcony. In no time at all.

I woke next morning to the brilliant sunshine I was getting used to, with almost no memories of the night before. . . . But with it, I felt though someone had cut the ropes binding me to the earth. It was the greatest pleasure of all to see Jack responding to all my care. I was able to clean the house and dress for dinner, and there hadn't been a moment when we hadn't been blissfully content with being alone together. It things would just stay this way for a while, I thought, as we wrapped ourselves in order to take our seats at our table long enough for me to build up my confidence, to get used to being secure in his love—then I wouldn't care what happened. I wouldn't need to fight battles with myself.

Almost as if he'd known what I was expecting—"I couldn't finish the thought. "Oh, no. I think Stan will pull through this one all right." He covered my hand reassuringly. "As well as anyone can predict, at any rate."

"Only—and, well, I asked Terry to see me about his progress." He paused. "I'm going to phone up, Elizabeth. Just to get it off my mind." He drained his cup and touched my shoulder lovingly as he went out.

I poured myself another cup and sighed. But it was a serene sigh; with enormous self-satisfaction I realized that my reaction had been right, this time. When he mentioned Stan, I hadn't flinched, nothing had covered me inside. Every day in every way I'm getting better and better, I thought, smiling as I remembered the saying that had been so fashionable. Mother used to tell me, when she was a girl. Vaguely, I remembered now the things I'd told myself the night before. Yes, it had been a battle. And it looked as though I had won . . .

Sauterning out on the terrace, I was leaning over the balustrade watching the smooth, incredible blue of the sea, and thinking that it was a day for nice things to happen, when a nice thing did. A boy who couldn't have been more than nineteen came over and invited me to play a couple of sets of tennis with him, if I wasn't tied up. "I might have known," he said with a dramatic sigh when I explained, gently, that I was waiting for my husband and I thought we were going to spend the day bicycling. "You don't have a sister in your pocket, I suppose? A twin sister?"

I shook my head, laughing, and he laughed, too. "Oh, well. However—do you think your husband would mind terribly if I— if I asked you to dance tonight?"

"I'll risk it! I accept right now," I said, and shaking hands solemnly on the agreement, he went his way. When Jack came out I was still so full of bubbles that his gravity seemed out of place. Then with a start I remembered what he had been doing.

I sobered at once. "What's the news, dear? How's Stan?"

Jack shook his head. "They couldn't get through. They're placing the call, and I'll have to stick around in case it comes through."

"Oh," I said. "Yes. Of course.

Jack looked at me. "Gosh, I am sorry, honey. I just remembered about our— our—"

"It doesn't matter! We can go some other day. I'll just go in and tell them to cancel the basket lunch they're packing."

Jack held his arm, his face grim. "No, wait. I'm being a little more thoughtless than I believed I could be. It's our honeymoon—darling—our holiday. Why, Stan would be the first to call me down for spoiling it this way! We can call this evening. Let's go. Just as we planned."

"Really, Jack?" I raised a radiant face to his. "Are you sure you won't be too worried?"

"Really," he said. He sounded so firm that I wondered if he too had won a battle of his own.

It was a perfect day. We got back, exhaused and utterly relaxed and happy, with my mood. I thought to clean and dress for dinner, and there hadn't been a moment when we hadn't been blissfully content with being alone together. It things would just stay this way for a while, I thought, as we wrapped ourselves in order to take our seats at our table long enough for me to build up my confidence, to get used to being secure in his love—then I wouldn't care what happened. I wouldn't need to fight battles with myself.

Just as if he'd known what I was
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I excused myself to go upstairs for repairs. I had only two drinks all evening, but I was now so unused to any liquor that they'd been enough to create a happy, hazy mist through which everything looked somehow indistinct and different. Afraid I might wander into the wrong room, I checked with a passing bellboy, who politely directed me to my own, gave me a conspiratorial grin, and went down the corridor. He thinks I'm tight, I thought wryly. Then I heard myself giggle, and got quickly into the room. If I wasn't tight, I was

It wasn't until I turned to shut the door that I saw the envelope. It had been slipped under the door—the unmistakable red and white of a radiogram. Instantly I felt a chill run down my spine. I thought of the crazy Bastards yet, but my instincts jumped into frantic alertness. There was nobody to send us a wire, no reason for a wire—except from Terry. And if it came from Terry...what would it say about Stan?

I don't know how long I stood there, looking at it. What would it say? If Stan were better, would she have bothered to send a wire? She would have dropped us a note, or waited till Jack called. She must know Jack's going to call, I thought with sudden verison that surprised me and yet seemed perfectly justified right then. She knew he couldn't do without news of his beloved Terry for such a long time.

So it must mean Stan was worse. Perhaps...even dead. I felt clamminess on my palms, and cold sweat stand out on my forehead. Jack would go back at once, naturally. His best friend. His best friend's dear little wife, who would certainly need a man to lean on in her trouble. But it was my problem, too...Stan, the first happiness I'd known in years...and I'd waited so long and planned so minutely and hoped so passionately that it would be a happy time. We had only three days of it! Was it fair—no matter what happened back home in Dickson?

Oh, we'd help—we got back, we'd do anything. But we were entitled to this much untroubled time alone! We had to have it!

About ten minutes later, the frill repaired, my make-up finished, I went down again and joined the others. I was as gay as I knew how to be. Gay, as a matter of fact. I had to laugh loudly enough, talk fast enough to drown out the memory of that radiogram being torn into fragments of ash...by my hands. I hadn't even read the thing. I'd been afraid to know.

The only thing I remember about the rest of that night was Jack taking a glass out of my hands. He didn't say anything or look reproachful. In fact, he smiled. But the message was clear, and thank...
Tears rolled uncontrollably across my cheeks and dampened the pillow. "You don't understand," I whispered. "I've waited so long. There was such a long time when you didn't know I was alive. I can't get used to the idea that it's really over..."

"What can we do to make you understand?"

"Jack—do you mean Stan—?"

Jack smiled faintly. "No, he—doesn't. As a matter of fact, Terry had wired to say he was gaining. So you see..."

"How could he have any for me, when he knew?"

By afternoon, facing him became intolerable. He asked me, frowning with concern, if I felt all right, and finally I admitted to a blinding head-ache and said perhaps I ought to go up and lie down. Postpone the evil moment.

I must have slept for quite a while, for when I opened my eyes the room was almost dusky. I lay for a moment while full memory flooded back over me, and then I threw myself over with a moan. "I don't want to wake up," I said aloud. "I don't want to. Not yet!"

"I don't blame you, Elizabeth. There was a moment to sacrifice, but today—and Jack came slowly toward me and stood looking down. I didn't try to avoid his eyes. The look in them would have burned through whatever I could possibly have between us.

"You know?" I said.

"Yes, I know. At least I know something must have." He turned away abruptly, turned to the far corner by the desk, and Jack came slowly toward me and stood looking down. I didn't try to avoid his eyes. The look in them would have burned through whatever I could possibly have between us.

"Don't be silly," Jack said irritably. "Naturally when the bellboy told me he'd slipped it under the door and asked if I'd received it all right, we phoned for a verification of the news."

"Elizabeth... can't you tell me why you did it?"

His irritation had faded, and I shrank from what sounded like tenderness. Better to have him furious, disgusted, appalled!

"Why?" he repeated. He reached over and took my hand, and there was no mistaking his tone now. I wandered the hand away.

"What's the difference? It's done. Nothing I can say will undo it. Only..."

The tightness in my throat made it hard to speak. "Only it's your honey- moon... Jack. And you... I don't... you'll have to go back home..."

"And if I had?" He still spoke softly, reasonably. "What of it, Elizabeth? Marriage isn't just the length of a honeymoon is it? I never thought so. It's forever. It's—everything, taking the good with the bad, the pleasures with the duties and difficulties it certainly brings. What if you... crap a bit:... If you mean that if Stan were... or if the attack had proved fatal, I'd have gone—and I would. But—suppose we did go? We're married... no matter tri..."

"Next month, next year, any time—God willing. There's no excuse for our acting like children, afraid a favorite toy is going to be snatched away. We've got each other for keeps..."

"We've held all could be held. I can't recall seeing anything that had made everything a marvelous adventure. I made the leaden apprehension that filled me now all the more hopeless. Of course, he'd find out. I must have been drunk or mad to think for a moment that I could do this horrible thing. And when Jack knew... then he'd believe I wasn't..."

"I knew. I..."

"It's all right. All for nothing. My cheating and cowardice had been all for nothing. If only I hadn't panicked like that, Jack need never have known..." I stopped and fell back again, hopelessly staring up at the ceiling. Jack took my hand once more.

"You're acting like a child, Elizabeth," he said seriously. "You've done a mean, ugly, dirty thing—but I suppose that lets... my..."

"Doctors. Yes, the doctors. And the..."

"But..."

"You'll be alive sooner if you... "I've been saved..."

"I've waited so long. There was such a long time when you didn't know I was alive. I can't get used to the idea that it's really over..."

"What can we do to make you understand?"

"Jack—do you mean Stan—?"

Jack smiled faintly. "No, he—doesn't. As a matter of fact, Terry had wired to say he was gaining. So you see..."

"How could he have any for me, when he knew?"

By afternoon, facing him became intolerable. He asked me, frowning with concern, if I felt all right, and finally I admitted to a blinding head-ache and said perhaps I ought to go up and lie down. Postpone the evil moment.

I must have slept for quite a while, for when I opened my eyes the room was almost dusky. I lay for a moment while full memory flooded back over me, and then I threw myself over with a moan. "I don't want to wake up," I said aloud. "I don't want to. Not yet!"

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"Next month, next year, any time—God willing. There's no excuse for our acting like children, afraid a favorite toy is going to be snatched away. We've got each other for keeps..."
Honeymoon Happiness

(Continued from page 33) they first glimpsed the Lady in the harbor—the Eight Wonder of the World, which they felt the other Seven would do well to see. Until that heart-swelling moment, they hadn't done just any homeward sick they were. Although they'd had a general idea. Theirs was a trip to long remember—motoring and sight-seeing through France, Italy, and Spain. But there arrives a saturation point when a Yank can't work up enthusiasm for one more ruin or old master ... when, feeling somewhat like a couple of children, one says the other, "I'd rather look at the Thrifty Drugstore."

Now, in their happiness at being home again, they wondered why they'd ever gone away.

"Well," recalled the bride, "I went to play the Palladium.

This she would never forget. She'd undertaken the English engagement with more than usual opening-night jitters—and for a highly understandable reason. Under ordinary circumstances, she would have received her recalled to mind the English sponsor who'd fired her from her first radio show—a program which also marked her first teaming musically with Paul.

"We've known each other 8,000 years," she laughs, "but with a look in her blue eyes that denotes she's enjoyed every thousand of them."

A more accurate account, however, would be twelve years. They met when Jo and seven male singers comprised the Pied Pipers, and Paul Weston and Axel Stordahl, radio arrangers for Tommy Dorsey, heard the group sing and got them a job on Dorsey's New York radio show. Once arrived in the big town, however, their professionalism was but held. Their English sponsor, seeing his show for the first time, happened by the studio just as the Pipers were bearing down on "Hold Tight—Hold Tight! Foo-ra-de-ack—Wank!—Want Some Sea Food, Ma—Ma—"

The shocked and sedated Englishman wanted no part of the group, ordering them out of the studio and off his show. They might have pressed their case, but they were worried. "Why don't you just say we were starving?" suggests Jo. Her bridgegroom recalls how the eight Pied Pipers tramped through the streets of New York,

"Axel and I felt terrible about the whole thing. After all, we were responsible for their being there. Whenever we saw our singers coming down the street on masse, we cut over to Eighth Avenue in a hurry —to keep away from them. We were really embarrassed."

Later, however, after the singing group made their way back to the States, and the Pied Pipers, together with the folk of Columbia Records, received the news that they were to record and had their manage,

"In 1946, he began arranging her future, as well. They dated steadily and, while Hollywood gossip columnists insisted on seeing their engagement duet, her auburn-haired singer and her Irish musical maestro went their own quiet way making music together—that would, each knew, help up some day to a lifetime of "Lohengrin."

That date was hastened, the bride now insists teasingly, one afternoon a year ago, when the groom couldn't work up a golf game. They were sitting in the car by the golf course in Palm Springs when he proposed to her. Paul had planned to play a round of golf and Jo intended to walk around with him. But no clubs were available, and they were back in the car wondering what they'd do instead, when he turned to her and said suddenly, "I'd like to be married to you. Would you?"

"I'll say yes, dear," and him a big old-fashioned and best friend of five years with, "Now that you mention it—yes." Despite Paul's present insistence that "I'd already been thinking of him since he asked me, and his bride, says laughingly: 'I've always said that if I could have found any clubs and played golf that afternoon, we wouldn't be married today.'"

They exchanged vows one 11 A.M. last February (the twenty-sixth), without fanfare, at St. Gregory's Church in Los Angeles, in the presence of their immediate families. Paul's manager, Mrs. Butler, and his bride and maid and cook, Lillie Mae. With her forthcoming Palladium engagement—and since Paul Weston, West Coast artist and the owner of Columbia Records, needed to scout songs and talent abroad—a business trip became their European honeymoon.

Jo's nervous openingnight was ex- cepted. Paul says it was the smartest thing of her husband. "When Paul's nervous, he flicks his right thumb—and he was really thumbing up a breeze that evening." And Jo? They both say "thumbs up" the gist of which goes: 'Don't let me fall.'" Her bridgegroom bolstered her confidence with the customary encouraging word the he's employed before any opening, for Jo, these many years, saying of the character, "It's a comedy—"a childish psychology—which I can see through completely—but it still sounds good. 'What's the worst that can happen? You'll faint—and they'll carry you off the stage—and you'll make the papers bigger than ever ... '"

But Jo didn't faint. Nor did her arranger-groom. The only items carried from there were the memories of "Seafood, Mama" were assuaged by the applause given "Shrimp Boats," not to mention her famous hopped rendition of "Temptation."

Jo was no stranger to the British, it developed. They heard her broadcasts on Radio Luxembourg regularly. They were very gracious, and they were no little impressed by what was given by the American Embassy (the first for any entertainer) in honor of their "Singing Diplomat," as they referred to Jo, in recognition of the Voice of the American and her regular Sunday-night recorded shows over the Luxembourg radio.

Their American sense of humor was to stand them in great stead often, these two Yank innocents returned from abroad.

Nothing in a travel folder had prepared them for the various difficulties to be encountered in the simple operation of ordering cornflakes topped with bananas, their favorite breakfast combine. They bought the cornflakes-bananas affair and never once won. What they ordered and what they got were ten different things. Just plain bananas sliced on just plain cornflakes... or vice versa. It often seemed simple for the elaborate European cuisines.

Checking into a small hotel in Avignon, France—say—they would go into great detail on ordering either "with" or "without," the night before; for their breakfast the next A.M. "Two orders, of cornflakes? Oui—" the waiter beam. He was still beaming the next morning when he placed before them two steaming bowls of hot cornmeal mush.

By this time, having decided there was no conceivable way to get the two-to-
gether they decided to try ordering a "Banana au Naturel," there was a bit of an awk-
ward reaction from the waiter, in the hotel where they next stepped, seemed to promise, at long
last, success, "Banana au Naturel," they were
smugly assured. "Oui?" said the waiter. "No
surprise," he smiled again. The cornflakes,
accompanied by a generous serving of bananas piled high in a sherbet glass
with whipped cream, and a maraschino cherry on top! "And it seemed so
simple," laughs Jo, remembering
now.
More confusion set in during their shop-
poming expeditions, particularly in Italy,
where they discovered they were expected
to go into an Abbott and Costello "Who's
on first?" routine to get to first base with
the shopkeeper. They argued and bargaged
with and bargained down. "If you
don't," they were advised, "they'll think
you very dull." They had Lillie Mae a
white hand-stitched blouse in Flemish
Guards, and a hand-painted papier mache tray and stand, concerning
which the shopkeeper apologized. "This
isn't too much of an antique—but 1870.

With her bridegroom's six years of
visual study of the French language—but
I never planned to speak it— Jo de-
pended on Paul's translations to make
her desires known in a noble trying but,
when they stopped in Jean Les Pins,
France, and Jo decided to visit the
local beauty salon, "Paul refused to go
along—and everyone says he really
go it alone," the salon, located over a
restaurant, looked harmless enough.
Their driver called the shop to make sure
somebody there spoke English. The hair-
dresser assured her that he himself spoke
English very well.

She decided to get a manicure, too,
and found she had a badly-split nail which
was giving her trouble. He found a way to
fix it, and the manicurist kept smiling
and nodding, but nothing hap-
penned. "I had the feeling I wasn't really
getting through to him," she laughs.
Finally, Jo gave up and walked into
how she spoke English so well to come to her
rescue. "Look, will you please ask the mani-
curist if there's any glue?" she said. "I'd
like some glue for a hangnail." The
hairdresser was proud to be of service.
"Oui, Madame," he smiled, "cheese, ham
or liver sausage?"

But the honeymooners had no difficulty
in interpreting and enjoying the beauty
and romance around them. The breath-
taking views in Lucerne, Switzerland, of
blue lakes against green mountains, back-
The impressive historical landmarks that
are Rome's. Driving along on Sunday
evenings, lost in the beautiful country
voice on the car radio via Luxembourg.

"Tonight I'll be in Paris"—and remember
the night she'd recorded it two months
before in Rome, was inspired to write a song. Driving from
Rapallo, Italy, he'd gotten the melody
for a waltz. When they got to the Ex-
cellor Hotel in Rome, they'd rushed down-
stairs immediately and found a pianist
"You played it for me and some of the
keys stuck," Joe reminisces. "It's a sweet
little French waltz," she adds.

"No lyrics yet," explains Paul. "Jo's
been a great help on the songs she does.
She's got a fine ear for music," he says.

"You're speaking of the gal who only
turned down "To Each His Own," she re-
monds. "You had to twist my arm on
"Spiderman of the Bells." And what about
"Whispering Hope"—she didn't want to do
that one, either..."

"Don't forget I've picked some dogs,
too—although I'd rather you would," he
smiles, remembering now.

They'll always consider themselves the
luckiest tourists ever. Their American
Express driver, Kay Kandjean—his name
is really Jean, but you call him Kay—
turned out to be a tournament bridge
player. Together with Mike Nidorf, who
accompanied them, they had some fast
and furious bridge games wherever they
played the night. The Westons are
admiredly bridge-happy. For instance,
when others go to New York, they see the
shows. When Paul and Jo hit the Big
Town, they spend most of their time hav-
ing their bridge game analyzed. They
really take their bridge game seriously,
at home or abroad. "Argue? Well, we
do a lot of—rehashing. But we never
leave a gathering in separate cars."

It can now be revealed that the strange
little bits of paper mysteriously floating
around the European countryside, with
numbers and symbols scrawled on them,
showed a large and quite just bridge
hand written down by Jo and Paul and saved for later discussion as to how the
hand "might have been made."

At the last, they found themselves miss-
ing their fellow-members in the Westwood
Bridge Club, and the feverish sessions
with crinolines in the music room at home.
It was about this time they knew the only
right way to see was their native land. As
Jo says, "We just got plain homesick."

Their devoted Lillie Mae, a faithful cor-
respondent, kept them informed on all
developments.

But there were many other details Lillie
Mae couldn't fill in. The view, for in-
stance, from the curved picture window
in their living room which reveals a
breathtaking sweep of city and sea and
sky. Their own flower-fringed green
lawns, and the eucalyptus trees that lean
delightfully over their oval blue swimming
pool.

They missed working on arrangements
together—Paul with his shoes off, feet
propped up on the coffee table in com-
fort, and him padding around in his
loved ballet shoes. They missed coffee
the way they like it. And they missed—
much too much—their personality poodle,
Bete, who got bored when they talked
all night, hanging their paw on the
piano until he gains their eye (and a
cookie) again. Beau, who takes a bel-
gerant stand at the door barking a hint
that something amazing was about to
happen. As Beau should go. "Now you bark," his master reminds him. "Where were you when
the house was broken into three times while we were at sea?"

Looking around them, Jo and Paul asked
each other yet again, "What has any place
got that this place hasn't?" Stuck for an
answer, they prepared to unpack their
suitcases and settle down.

The next morning, with her heart in
her hand, Jo made a visit to her physician
whom she hoped would confirm what she
had suspected, the one urgent reason of
all for returning to her beloved home. Two
days later, a radiant Jo was able to greet
Paul at the door with the news a baby
was on the way and due in December.
Jo and Paul's honey-
moon was indeed ending with complete
fulfillment of their dreams.

With a song in their hearts—they were
home.
"It's given me something to live for"

Countless people have found a new lease on life since hearing their very own problems solved on radio's "My True Story." For "My True Story" vividly dramatizes everyday problems of everyday people—people as real as you or your family or the folks next door. Listen and hear solutions to many emotional problems of love, hope, fear, jealousy—taken from the files of True Story Magazine.

TUNE IN MY TRUE STORY AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Be sure to read "Our Fatal Kiss"—the poignant story from a girl's anguish-hearted—in September True Story at all newstands.
Successful Romeo

(Continued from page 55)

of his own. Many of his kids on Juvenile Jury and my foster parents on Life Begins at 80 keep me far too busy for romance right now.

Despite their tender ages, ranging from six to twelve, the Juvenile Jurors have sometimes taken more than a passive part in Barry’s romantic interludes. One night, for instance, they had a ball with a film queen about whom they had some mental reservations. They locked Jack in his dressing room and he missed the date. Rumors of that romance cooled with the cold.

On another occasion, serious-minded little Elizabeth Watson electrified Barry and the entire cast. This night, it seems Jack had a date with a famous cover girl, who arrived late to the show. The latter stammered an acknowledgment, then burst into tears and ran from the room, shrieking hysterically: “You can’t have me! Uncle Jack. He promised to marry me!”

But once upon a time—when Elizabeth was too young even for Juvenile Jury—no one fought for Jack’s favors, either in radio or the movies. Instead of fighting with himself he thought he was headed back to his father’s hangkchief business. Born March 29, 1918, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Barry, Jr., he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with a B.S. degree in 1939, he had spent four years working for his dad, then taken a summer radio course in 1943 and finally the job of radio manager. He dreams with Station WTTM, Trenton—at the magnificent salary of twelve dollars a week.

Now, a year and a half later, he had made up his mind. Thanks to some hard plugging, several commercial and announce jobs, plus emcee work on women’s audience-participation “Radio Half-Hour” hospital shows, Jack had raised himself by his vocal cords to a snappy $290 a week. He felt he was entitled to an executive’s post, and that his work proved it. He sent a message to the show’s producer and stated his case, “Do something for me,” he demanded. He fired me!”

Jack was a pretty sad and disillusioned young man. The fact that he looked like a commercial hospital show announcer was his own personal-selected switch into a radio career—to those four hopeless years on the road trying to sell hangkchiefs for his father. Where was he headed now? Or was he only going into reverse?

He didn’t know it then, but—if he hadn’t been given the heave—he might still be something of a nonentity on one of the smaller stations. Instead, he took a job as an announcer at Mutual Network’s WOR, at forty-five dollars a week (a cut of more than seventy-five cents off his previous radio salary).

But it was at Mutual that Jack first attained prominence and established himself as a master of the ad-lib with Daily Dilemma, an audience-participation show in which guests were reduced to solve such problems as: Should a wife tell her husband she’s had lunch with an old beau? He also aired a daily plea for Veterans’ Homeless in the metropolitan area at the time, but Barry succeeded in procuring an average of 100 homes a month for a solid year and was subsequently honored by the Veterans Club of New York.

Jack took a personal interest in WOR’s famous Uncle Don kiddle program and one night, for a gag, stopped some of the children on the show, as well as others in the audience, and started firing ad-lib questions on a variety of subjects at them.

“I was floored by the promptness, the understanding, the participation of their answers,” Jack recalls, “and then there’s the idea for Juvenile Jury. We cut a half-hour disc and the follow-up, April 11, 1946, we made our debut on the air.”

The response was staggering. Thousands upon thousands of letters poured in from all parts of the country. Every parent in the land was writing to him or her offspring a genius and a natural-born radio star. News magazines and papers hailed the Jury as one of the discoveries of the year. Universal Pictures signed Jack and his brood for a series of twenty movie shorts.

Juvenile Jury’s format is simple—a panel of grammar-school-age youngsters eager to talk about their fears and worries in an honest and open way. They’re usually crowded in by other youngsters, teachers and parents—but its success has been proven beyond doubt, on both radio and TV. As proof, consider its current two-year-old rivalry with the National Broadcasting Company for a plum, round-figured $2,000,000.

“We’ve screened thousands of youngsters for the Jury,” says Barry, “I look for a kid who is not afraid of a mike, who has a good imagination and likes to talk.”

The Jury panel at the present is a present panel of regulars, which includes—reading up through the age levels—Billy Knight, six, son of famous tenor Felix Knight; Max Stenseth, a six-year-old Oriental princess, daughter of an American dentist and an Indo-Chinese mother; Laura Mangels, already at six-and-a-half, a small blonde heartbreaker; Ponta Raby, Plotkin, also six-and-a-half, the panel’s perpetually amazing “Mr. Nussbaum”; Ronnie Molluzzo, seven, ex-citable imp of the gang; the love-smitten Elizabeth Watson, nine-and-a-half; Charles Hall, Jr., the golfing sportsman, particularly baseball; and Dickie Orlan, a poised, precocious man of the world at the ripe age of twelve.

Like his father, Barry has something of a romantic reputation himself. “Girls,” he confesses, “are always writing and asking me to marry them. I write back I’m not ready for that sort of thing. Occasionally a girl came to the studio and kept pestering me for a year for a yes or no answer. I finally told her I was engaged. It was a white lie. Dickie is already contemplating the writing of his memoirs. “I don’t know how much longer I can continue in this type of work,” he bemoaned recently. “I was just a kid of six when I started, and now I can’t even read. I want to be a nurse and then Jack used to read my fan mail to me. This was often difficult, for so many of my fans couldn’t write.”

Barry is usually accompanied by a combination of41. The jury panel is a mixture of performers, schoolteachers, playmates, father-confessor and child psychologist to his family of rugged little individuals. He has a keen sense of what problems of the young are to be of interest, and he doesn’t hesitate to bring them up. He is an old hand at the funniest bones and pounces on any slip they make to try and “get them on the hook.” They often wriggle right off and leave him hanging in mid-sentence.

One night, he thought he had them as he told of a little girl who was very plain and knew it and had a hard time trying to become popular. What should she do...
about it? Could the jurors help her?

Various methods of getting one or more skills, such as piano-playing and bike-riding, were suggested. Then Laura Mangels panicked the audience by cau-
tioning the little ugly duckling: "Don't worry about reading novels—there aren't everything—look at Mrs. Roose-
velt!"

Many times the jurors got in heated discussions, suggesting points that completely ignored Barry. On such occasions, he just sits by till he thinks enough expletives have withered the air. If he attempts to cut in, he is firmly and finally squelched. It was Claude Willmott who once snapped, at such a moment: "Why don't you keep out of it? You're only

an adult?"

It's part of Barry's highly successful technique—his easygoing manner, his lack of condescension, and his talent for phras-

ing questions—to set the stage so the kids have every chance to "top" him. The result is that he is thought of as one of the rare occasions when the pint-size punsists thought Barry had given more of himself than was absolutely necessary. Dickie Orlan flattened him with: "Who do you think you are—Jack Barry or Jack Barrymore?"

Jack's understanding of child psychology seems to have come naturally to him. "I've always liked people," he observes, "kids in particular. While in college, I had a lot of fun watching them develop. You see, I was a baby-sitter while at the University of Penn."

Barry, who is intensely interested in trying to analyze the personality of the youthful guests who visit the program, is amused at the unexpected gift the show often gets. One night, a young lady named Dorothy (aged seven) was asked what she wanted to be when she grew up. "A doctor," she replied immediately. "Why?" grinned Barry. Dorothy explained that she had been reading a Florence Nightingale-ish reply. "Because," she answered sweetly, "I like to stick needles in people."

There's one member of the Jury who probably couldn't have agreed with Doroth-y less. That's Charlie Hankinson. Once, in Chicago, he caused a near panic in the Barry menage, screaming and clutching at his stomach. Jack who was taking the gang to the studio, rushed Charlie to the nearest doctor. A few minutes later, all was quiet. The doctor's diagnosis: Charlie, who's always a bit huffy, had put his underwear on inside out, and the buttons had been jabbing him painfully!

The success of Juvenile Jury has had one completely unexpected result. "Strangely enough," Barry says, "I am directly responsible for the creation of Life Begins at 80. That was in 1948, and for many months we'd been trying to get Fred Allen, the famous comedian, to ap-

pear as a guest star. Dan Enright—my partner—and I looked at each other, and I yelled: 'Hey, this is it! What an idea for a show!'"

That, of course, is a fair description of Life Begins at 80. The show is filled with lively octogenarians who discuss mature problems of love, romance, politics, the international situation and whatnot.

As he considers the youngsters, Barry lets the eighty-year-olds tell the story. As Barry puts it: "They are the stuff of which books are characteristic of all those appearing on the show."

At eighty-four, handsome ex-dancer Lorna Standish is the "ingenee" of the troupe, in manners, appearance and speech—the kind of woman, as one fan remem-
bered, "who can make yourself fall in love with a half-century ago!" Mrs. Jessie Graham, one-time star of the legit-

imate stage, is just one year less young—

ninety-five. But it's eighty-seven-year-

old Georgiana Carhart, former opera singer, who is the storm petrel of the show—

the Eloise McElhone of the over-80 set. She in- 

serts: "It's better to have 200 pounds of curves than 100 pounds of nerves"...

"Whether you get married or not, you'll regret it..."

"Don't ever worry about life; you'll never get our age alive!"

Male members among the Life Begins at 80 regulars include: Paolo Gallico, eighty-four, scholarly father of famed author-novelist Paul Gallico; bearded sea captain Edward Lewis, in his eighties; Dr. Dean Hathaway, eighty-two, a retired minister; and Fred Stein, eighty-four, who was formerly a real estate operator.

"As with the Jury," says Jack, "we have only limited qualifications for appearances on Life Begins at 80. The members must be at least that age, able to speak and hear well, and have a sense of humor."

The simple formula has worked well. "The public must enjoy the opinions of these old-timers," Barry remarked. "In the early days of the show, the network decided to cancel it out. I announced my cancellation on the program, and the follow-

ing week 75,000 letters poured into the station protesting the decision. It has prospered and grown tremendously ever since."

As he points out, "According to the latest census, there are approximately one million Americans eighty years of age or older. Thousands of these people lived out the remaining years of their lives in misery, forgotten, existing on some form of dole, but still ambitious, with no one willing to give them a chance to show they could still prove useful."

Barry is as interested in geriatrics—

the study of the problems of the aged and

Dorothy—"as he is in child psychology.

"I am proud to think our program has

given children secretaries.

"They were a sensation on my show. They're just enough," Barry remarks. "I'll be in night-club and movie offers and signed to play in a series of twelve documentaries being produced by the American Society of Geriatrics."

A psychiatrist once told Barry he'd be interested in young people on the couch, just how Jack has had such terrific success with youngsters—at both ends of the age-scale. The answer may not be found in any medical books, but the proof certainly can be found in Barry's bank-

books!

"Out of the mouths of babies often come gems of wisdom," Barry is sure. And out of the chatter of the glittering wonder of starry-eyed childhood, as well as wisdom and serenity of happy old age, Jack every week distills the joy of living which worried so rarely needs today."

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Reed Hadley—Hero to His Family

(Continued from page 53)

if he is—well, they'll just have to grin and bear it. If he isn't, they'll like him to death after he's shown them the telegrams and the attempted phone calls boil down to the fact that Reed Hadley is that rare combination, in any woman's life, of man who's exciting, but stable! At least, that's what the ladies tell him over and over again.

"It's perfectly natural," Helen Hadley explains, "and no more than he deserves. I've always felt Reed was the perfect citizen man in the world and it's about time everyone else knew it, too.

Helen Hadley is an attractive red-head, with deep blue eyes, who should and does draw more attention than Reed Hadley. They met in 1940, after having first felt "that" attraction, just by glimpsing the back of his head.

"That's the man for me," she'd said to herself when she watched him walk ahead of her down the hallway in the apartment house in which she lived.

"To this day, I can't understand—"I never thought of him as a feminine reason," says her husband, with a twinkle in his eye that belies the seriousness with which he considers Helen's mental processes. "How can a woman tell anything by the back of a head?"

To Helen's feminine mind, her reaction to Reed was perfectly logical, and it was also a testament to Reed's ability to introduce and quickly learn that he lived in the same apartment house. After that it was up to Reed, and for one year he courted Helen until, one evening, it seemed to her as if every logical to his masculine mind that they should get in his car and drive to Las Vegas for the wedding ceremony.

"We decided on the spur of the moment and just got married—that's all," says Reed. Man-like, Reed is completely lacking in sentimentality about the actual ceremony, but in his official biography he lists his wife as his most treasured possession. Helen is the most important thing in the world to him.

He smiles quite often away from the television screen. This is because, in his Packard Squad, Packet Squad, Reed was a picture as a stable character who's rarely called upon to just smile. "Yet Captain Braddock is my favorite role," quickly defends Reed, "because he's so much like me!"

"I like being Captain Braddock because the man is an average, normal character. I don't have to act. I just relax and I'm Braddock."

During his radio and picture career, Reed has played every type of part. Excepting in 1938, when he was brought from New York under contract to Columbia to make "The Treasure of the Pacific," he'd never before had a chance to work in the lot, didn't set foot on a sound stage. Later, while under contract to 20th Century-Fox studios, Reed made some Westerns, detective yarns and a few others, but after his two years there was narrating documentary films.

"If you'd only give me something to sink my teeth into," he begged. And they did.

During those two years, Reed found himself cast as a native tribal chief in a Dorothy Lamour movie. He groaned to think about it. "Wearing next to nothing, but replete with a wildness vocabulary, I was miserable. Now, when approached to play an Indian, I say, 'No, thanks, unless I can wear buckskins from head to toe.'"

What time isn't spent in filming television is devoted to his home and family in Van Nuys. The Hadleys, Reed, Helen and son Dale, ten, live in a small ranch-type house, which was a large front yard and even larger back yard. Reed himself takes care of the grounds, which includes mowing giant lawns and looking after trees, shrubs, and flowers.

"But I'm not much of a gardener," he moans. "I no sooner cut it back on one side than it pops up on the other. I cut both lawns just last week and, when I got around to the back lot, I could have sworn it was ready for cutting again."

The Hadleys bought their home five years ago when Reed was still under contract to 20th-Fox. The very next month he had got a part in Reed Reed, in which he painted and redecorated the place themselves.

I'm not much of a handyman either," he says. "I don't do anything like the next day—I no sooner paint the frames all around, when I get back to where I started, they look like they need more paint." But even a brief visit to the house will dispel both that till both the house and yard are in perfect order.

Helen and Reed did over their rambling one-story home in different shades of gray, rose and pastel colors. The living room has modern furnishings, including modern pieces and a wall-to-wall white string rug. The family television set is here, and so are the Hadley's most every room in the house, Reed and Helen have both found their way to in the home.

"The house was never very to me, but the house, Reed and Helen have both found their way to in the home.

"We decided on the spur of the moment and just got married—that's all," says Reed. Man-like, Reed is completely lacking in sentimentality about the actual ceremony, but in his official biography he lists his wife as his most treasured possession. Helen is the most important thing in the world to him.

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What time isn't spent in filming television

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people on the air

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What's New
FROM COAST TO COAST

Sammy Kaye really knows his rhythms: He's just published his third book of verse—the first two sold like hot discs!

By JILL WARREN

AFTER LONG negotiations, Dinah Shore signed a fabulous five-year contract with NBC which will guarantee her $1,500,000 during that period. Under the terms of her pact, she will appear on this network exclusively, both on radio and television. Incidentally, her twice-weekly video show, which was such a hit last season, has been renewed for two years, with the same sponsor.

Edwin C. Hill has returned to the ABC radio network, under new sponsorship. His Human Side Of The News will originate from New York City and will be heard each weekday evening, Monday through Friday.

The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air is also back on ABC radio. This show, one of the most popular daytime programs, is set for fifty-two weeks over an expanded lineup of stations about the country. Formerly heard as a fifteen-minute broadcast, Betty Crocker will now be on in three five-minute features daily, Monday through Friday.

Sports fans should be happy with the Football Roundup, which will be back for its fifth season over CBS Radio, beginning Saturday, September 27. Twenty major contests will be covered via direct pickup, special wires and telephoned news reports. This multiple coverage technique was conceived by Red Barber, who will be on hand again this year as co-ordinator of the three-hour broadcast. The Roundup set-up eliminates all extraneous material, such as time-outs, substitutions, etc., and features only the highlights of each game.

Nelson Eddy, who has concentrated on his career in the concert field the past few years, may be back on radio soon. There's a deal brewing for Eddy to return to the air on CBS as the star of his own hour-long musical program. The baritone has retained his tremendous fan following through the years, though he has not been actively engaged in radio or movie work. By the way, there are rumors that Eddy's former movie singing partner, Jeanette MacDonald, will sign for television this fall with her husband, actor Gene Raymond. If it goes through, the program would be another husband-and-wife show, with Mrs. Raymond handling most of the singing chores.

This 'n' That:
As if they didn't have enough to keep them busy, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are going into business on the side. The screwball comics are forming a company to manufacture a new stereo three-

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Palmolive... The "Chlorophyll Green" Soap With The Pure White Lather!
When Agnes Moorehead steps to the CBS microphone in September it will mark the tenth anniversary of Suspense—radio's top mystery thriller—and the sixth anniversary of "Sorry, Wrong Number," the program's prize-winning play.

Aggie, who frightens millions of people half out of their wits each time she performs in "Sorry," claims that she even scares herself. "I can't bear to go home alone when it's over," she laughs, "and I find myself checking doors and windows before I go to bed." Many of her listeners become even more frantic. After each of the five previous "Sorry's" a number of people have been so carried away by her mounting terror and hysteria that they have grabbed telephones and tried to get the police to protect the poor invalid. Miss Moorehead admits that, when she first read the script, she turned it down—"Because I thought it was morbid and people would turn it off." But a second reading made her change her mind. Now "Sorry," with Agnes Moorehead doing the honors, is recognized as one of the most famous plays to come out of radio, has been translated into nine languages.

Red Skelton scared himself when he did "The Search for Isabel."

James Mason, as a master detective in play, "Banquo's Chair."

Danny Kaye got goose-pimples when he starred on Suspense.

Bette Davis gets into the act in "Good Night, Mrs. Russell."

Elliot Lewis greets First Lady of Suspense, Agnes Moorehead (see rt.).
Ace Thriller Celebrates a Decade in Radio

With ten chill-packed, horror-filled years behind it, Suspense goes into its eleventh season in 1953, still the unchallenged champion of radio thrill-theatre. Since the first Suspense drama hit the airwaves the producers of the program have been providing top-flight psychological dramatic fare and featuring the most brilliant stars of stage and screen in its leading roles. . . . The creators of Suspense make it quite clear that theirs is not just another whodunit show. It is in a class by itself. In the typical Suspense yarn there is usually a single dramatic situation in which suspense is built to an excruciating pitch before the sudden "twist" ending. In the past decade Hollywood's brightest stars have flocked to the Suspense microphones, because of the fine direction that has distinguished the show, and the prestige a Suspense appearance has come to mean. Not only dramatic actors but comedians, as well, have starred in the spine-tinglers. Red Skelton, Danny Kaye, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, and many other funny-fool have taken their first crack at serious characterizations on Suspense, and have done very well, too. . . . The current producer-director of Suspense is Elliott Lewis, who is also known to radio listeners as Frankie Remley on the Phil Harris Show. He predicts at least another decade of Suspense. And no doubt when the show celebrates its twentieth anniversary, Agnes Moorehead will still be making millions tremble with Suspense's all-time prize play, "Sorry, Wrong Number."

Susense is heard on CBS Radio, Mon. at 8 P.M. EDT, for Electric Auto-Lite Co.
Lots of people remember Joan Edwards as the girl with the grand voice and grander personality, who used to warble on the old Hit Parade. Joan was with the Hit Parade for five years, to be exact, and most of her friends still associate her with that show. Before the Hit Parade, Joan sang with "Pops" Whiteman for three years, and, even before that, folks were looking forward to hearing her as a guest star on the Rudy Vallee show. It was Rudy, by the way, who gave Joan her first break. . . . Joan Edwards is now the star of her own show—At Home with Joan—over CBS Radio every weekday morning. Within a short time since the program's network bow, it has steadily climbed in popularity. Reason: Joan's just one of those lovable people who draw audiences like honey draws bees. Joan's ability is not so surprising when you consider that her uncle Gus (Gus Edwards, composer, star-maker, and producer) was one of the all-time, show-biz greats. . . . The Edwards talent extends far beyond the singing. The blonde with the million-dollar smile is a top-notch songwriter, writes special material for comedians, and does some snappy piano-playing, too. Her hit tune, "Darn It, Baby, That's Love," won her a membership in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. . . . A supper-club favorite, Joan has appeared at such plush hangouts as the Waldorf-Astoria and Versailles in New York, the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, and at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel, to mention a few. The versatile songstress proved her mettle as an actress-comedienne in the road company of "Annie Get Your Gun," and in the St. Louis Opera Company's production of "Too Many Girls." . . . In private life, Joan Edwards is Mrs. Jules Schachter. The couple met when they were both working for Paul Whiteman. Jules is a violinist and concert master for some of radio and TV's top shows. The Schachters and their two children, Judy, eight, and David, four, live in New York City—one of Joan's favorite places in this universe.
"I broke the rules at a football game!"

"My favorite way to spend a holiday," Diana Lynn says, "is at a game. But an actress should never break her 'training' rules as I did by exposing my skin to raw winds for hours—'specially as it got colder towards the end.

"All the way home I looked forward to Jergens. It works so fast—doesn't leave a greasy film like ordinary lotions, but really penetrates the upper layer of skin. Try it and see. Smooth one hand with Jergens...

"I was so excited, I even forgot to put on my gloves, and my hands got dreadfully chapped. You can guess how good it felt to smooth on soothing, pure, white Jergens Lotion.

"Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care!

"Back at the studio my hands were smooth—ready for close-ups. It's no wonder Jergens is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1. It's so effective!

So try Jergens yourself. See why more women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. And Jergens is only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax."
Talented blonde wins chance at Hollywood Screen Test.

It couldn't be true. Mary Staver stared in amazement, and the telegram shook in her hands. Congratulations, it began... she'd won! She, a young housewife in a neat Chicago suburb, had won the fabulous talent contest in Radio-TV Mirror, and now she was going to fly to New York and have her big chance in network television on Hollywood Screen Test. Always—clear back to her baby days in Kentucky—Mary had wanted to be an actress. She'd done college plays at Indiana State University, acted in summer stock and—after her marriage to a rising young chemical engineer—gained valuable experience free-lancing in Chicago radio-TV. But she'd never had the "big" break yet, and this was it!... The dream became reality, as her American Airlines ticket arrived from the magazine and her script was forwarded from the

- Arriving in New York by plane, Mary Staver gets "visiting celebrity" treatment complete with pictures for the newspapers. But later, at rehearsal, she gets down to serious business, listening attentively to director Alton Alexander and host-emcee Neil Hamilton of Hollywood Screen Test.
Screen Test office. It became real-life drama, as Mary arrived in New York. Luncheon at Sardi's, surrounded by theatrical notables. Dinner, high among Manhattan's skyscrapers, with music by a "name" band. Front-row seats at the opening of a Broadway musical. Her pleasant room at the Hotel Astor, in the heart of Times Square, with waiters and bellboys vying to be first to show her the latest newspaper clippings about herself. . . . But, above all else, the rehearsals for her exciting role, the actual performance, and the final assurance from her sponsors—on both program and magazine—that she'd "done them proud." Slim, blonde Mary Staver, with the wide-set eyes and photogenic features, had passed Hollywood Screen Test with highest honors.

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

Professional line-up: Left to right, Rudolph Justice as the Nazi general, Mary as his secretary, Hollywood Screen Test co-writer Mort Lewis, actor Winstan Ross.

Make-up tricks: ABC-TV expert George Greenfield helps Mary create the exciting character she is going to play—a spy in the headquarters of a Nazi general.

Financial reward: Producers Lester and Juliet Lewis hand a professional salary check to Mary, as well as Isabel Elsom, guest star from Broadway and Hollywood.
of all trades

WIP'S McGUIRE...

What with six radio shows running neck-and-neck, plus song writing, and recording dates, you'd think Mac McGuire would be one of those fabled radio men that people write novels about—no time for laughter, love, and all the other things which are considered part of the good life. But that doesn't happen to be the case with WIP's Mac. He's one man whose good humor is consistent, whose life is filled with a great deal of love (spends loads of time with his beautiful wife and two kids), whose laugh rings out loud and long wherever he is.

Start the Day Right, Matinee McGuire, Kitchen Kapers, and the Mac McGuire Show (all running five days a week), the Mac McGuire Talent Hunt on Friday evenings, and the Mac McGuire Show for Mutual on Saturdays—these are the stints Mac manages on radio. In addition, many of his songs in the Western-ballad vein have been recorded by the Harmony Rangers—his latest release, "Ooh, Honey How I Love You," for Capitol. His office at WIP in downtown Philadelphia is lined with pictures of stars in the entertainment world, many of them personal friends of Mac's. He stretches his six-feet-three-inches to a degree of comfort among shelves lined with records and music. It isn't often, though, that Mac has the time to relax in his office—once he has outlined the work to his secretary, he is off to prepare for one of his shows.

Mac's cheerfulness and activity are more astounding when people know that he has had recurring difficulty with his eyes, and that at least six times in his thirty-three years Mac has waged a courageous battle to regain his sight. Once, he could not see for an entire year—but, during all that time, he missed only two broadcasts.

Happiest when he is with his family, Mac somehow finds time to work around the house in spare moments. Work around the house consists of anything from building an outdoor fireplace, or a swimming pool, to erecting a carport. McGuire is quite clearly a Mac of all trades, besides being 'a guy who lets plenty of love and laughter into his busy life.
dimensional attachment for both cameras and projectors. It will supposedly bring into three dimensions all film, whether professional or home movie. In addition to their back-breaking schedule of picture work, night-club and theatre appearances, their television and radio shows, making records and playing benefits, the boys also find time to concentrate seriously on their home movies, which they write, shoot and edit themselves. Those who have seen them say they are good enough to be released commercially. If this zany duo keep up their frantic pace, they'll probably have to find some way of avoiding sleep entirely.

Lu Ann Simms is the newest Cinderella of show business. Lu Ann, who is just twenty years old, was practically unknown except for a little singing in her home town of Rochester, New York, when she came to New York City in hopes of getting on the Talent Scouts program. She not only got on the show, but won first place, and wound up on Arthur Godfrey's daytime program. Now she has just been made a permanent member of the "Little Godfreys" and also has signed a long-term contract with Columbia Records. Three major movie studios wanted to sign Lu Ann but she turned them all down in favor of remaining with the Godfrey gang, and Arthur himself predicts she will be one of the biggest singing stars in time.

Julius La Rosa, another former Talent Scouts winner who got his big chance with Godfrey, is now averaging 1,600 fan letters a week. And Julius is a very popular young man around the CBS studios in New York, because his sudden popularity and success have not changed him a bit. He has saved his earnings and is now in the process of buying a home for his family in Long Island, which will be the first one they have ever owned.

Some of the members of the One Man's Family television cast kept busy acting during the hot months, though the show itself was on vacation. Marjorie Gateson (Mother Barbour), Jimmy Lee (Cliff), and Eva Marie Saint (Claudia) all went

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

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
Touring in summer stock, Miss Gateson did two plays, "Kiss and Tell" and "Yes, My Darling Daughter"; Jimmy played the comedy lead in "Fig Leaf," and Eva Marie made her debut as a singer in the musical, "Down in The Valley."

Sammy Kaye reports that his third book of poetry will be published in November. Like his two previous volumes, which sold more than half a million copies, Kaye's book will be a compilation of favorite poems presented on his ABC Sunday Serenade radio program. On the musical side of things, Kaye has been having his troubles. He parted company with most of the members of his orchestra, who are starting their own organization. They are now auditioning new musicians so that he can form a new group for his fall radio and television shows.

Patsy Campbell, who plays Terry Burton, says she is the most frustrated new home-owner in the world. She and her husband, Al Reilly, bought a house in Brooklyn but they can't move in until the present occupants find a new place to live. They are so far they haven't found. "I'm so anxious to get settled," Patsy says, "that I'm tempted to go out and help them look."

Bobby Benson, who is heard regularly on Mutual's Songs of the B-Bar-B, has been presented with his second award by the American Federation of Musicians to call themselves "The Swing and Sway Band." Kaye, of course, is fighting this because he says it is an infringement and that that name belongs to him. Meanwhile, he has been busily auditioning new musicians so that he can form a new group for his fall radio and television shows.

Jerry Lawrence and Bob Lee, who script NBC's The Railroad Hour, are collaborating with novelist James Hilton on a musical version of Hilton's famous book, Lost Horizon. Titled "Shangri-La," the dramatic musical is destined for a Broadway production later this season.

Friends and fans have been extending sympathy to comedienne Pert Kelton, who has been seriously ill following a heart attack. Pert, who did some marvelous job in the sketches on the Jackie Gleason television show last season, collapsed in Chicago, and was hospitalized immediately. She had been appearing with Gleason on his personal appearance tour, and was set to be with him again this fall on his new series for CBS-TV.

In between his multitudinous chores before the microphones and cameras, Dave Garway is on a private little detective hunt all his own. It seems that, back in the days when Garway's 1160 Club was broadcasting from Station WMAQ in Chicago, he had a fan club group in New York City who used to follow his show faithfully. In time, one of the club members decided to take the shows off the air on transcriptions, which he did—hours and hours of it. Since the entire program was ad-lib, Dave has no notes of any of the material he used. Now he would give his eye teeth to locate the man with the transcriptions. He is somewhere in New York—so are the recordings—and so is Garway. The bespectacled comedian

Are you in the know?

If you have "sandpaper" arms, better—

☐ Hug the TV set  ☐ Start scrubbing

You'd turn down "dressy" dates because you've rough spots on your upper arms? Spark your circulation—by scrubbing arms with bath brush, soap, warm water. (Start now, so you can wear your new Fall fashions—unembarrassed.) And for extra protection—on problem-day embarrassment, count on Kotex (so absorbent!) and that special safety center.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

Should a greeny hesitate to date a—

☐ Redhead  ☐ Varsity hero  ☐ Frosh

Every eye's peeled while you 'set' your future rating; a Jezebel? Or do in the know? Takes grit for a freshman to reject an upperclassman's bid, but it's love, date-wise; guards junior and senior gals' bookings. Stick to the frosh set. On certain days, don't hesitate to meet all eyes—unflinching. The flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Further, you're extra comfortable: your new Kotex belt's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling. Dries wink-quick!

When it's time to leave, do you—

☐ Dine longer  ☐ Dash for the door

Ever insist you must go—then tarry at the door 'til your hostess wils? Even worse, do you sprint doorward almost without warning? Exit gracefully! After saying goodbye, depart—with poise. But poise at "problem" time often depends on comfort that stays! Choose Kotex; this softness holds its shape. Try all 3 sizes!

Want to get "certain" facts straight?

☐ Ask Sis  ☐ See a librarian  ☐ Read "V.P.Y."

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming... do's and don'ts a girl should know. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address Room 410, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

What's New from
Coast to Coast

keeps plotting to find a way to get all three together.

Songstress Jo Stafford and her composer-conductor husband, Paul Weston, are really in a lullaby mood these days, with their first baby due in December. Jo has had to postpone her movie for Warner Brothers, "My Fine Feathered Friend," in which she is to co-star with Dennis Morgan, and plans for her television show have been shelved until after the first of the year. While awaiting the long-legged bird, Jo will do only occasional radio appearances and make records.

Don McNeill is pleased as Punch over the success of his camp for underprivileged boys, which he opened this past summer. Don set up the camp on a forty-five-acre site outside of Chicago and agreed to furnish all expenses for groups of city boys from ten to fourteen years old if the Boys' Clubs of America would take the responsibility of selecting the lads. During the summer, seventy boys from clubs around the Midwestern area spent time at the McNeill camp, which has a six-and-a-half acre lake. Thanks to the Breakfast Club maestro, they had a healthy helping of swimming, boating, fishing, woodcrafts, etc., supervised by counsellors.

What Ever Happened To...?

Ramona, who was very popular several years back as a pianist and soloist with the Paul Whiteman orchestra? Ramona has more or less retired from show business in recent years, except for an occasional guest appearance. She is happily married to Al Helfer, whom you hear as a sports commentator on the Mutual Network. They have a daughter, Ramona, Jr. Julia Sanderson, who, with her late husband, Frank Crumit, starred on radio many years ago with their highly successful Battle of the Sexes show? After Mr. Crumit passed away, Miss Sanderson continued working on the air with a sort of brief while, and then gave it up completely. She is now living quietly in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Bill Lawrence, the singer, who was with the Arthur Godfrey aggregation before he left to enter the Army? Still the letters keep coming in about Bill, though I told you a few months ago that he was not singing regularly on any radio or television show at the present time. When Bill was medically discharged from the Army, he returned to New York City to recuperate. Since that time, he has done a few guest appearances and also sung in theatres and clubs occasionally. In answer to many inquiries, Bill will not return to the Godfrey programs.

There are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what has become of one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers. Write Jill Warren, Radio-Television Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York.

(E NOTE: On all shows, both radio and television, consult your local paper for time, station and channel.)

1 TAKE A GOOD LOOK. This fragrant liquid-saturated pad is called the 5-Day Deodorant Pad and it is fast revolutionizing America's deodorant habits.

2 YOU WIPE UNDERARM, then throw pad away. Liquid in pad applies itself as no cream or spray can. No trickle! No sticky feeling or messy fingers.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents... shift-free driving... soapless detergents. And...

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women —and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say... "At last!... this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

5day deodorant pads

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply... FREE

5-Day Laboratories, Box 22001
DEPT. RA-10, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

Enclosed find 10c to help cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY . . . . . . . . . ZONE . . . . . . . . STATE .

Offer expires in 60 days

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 30% tax on other deodorants, pay only . . . 25c on 25c size . . . . 49c on 59c size . . . . 56c on $1.00 size
LIVE, LOVE and LAUGH
is the motto
of Nelson Bragg

The little town of Milo, Maine, has a native son of whom they're mighty proud. So proud, in fact, that in 1949 the town fathers elected Nelson Bragg Honorary Mayor. Bragg left Milo for the lure of radio, and has done the home-folks proud by becoming one of Boston's top radio personalities—responsible for what goes over the mike on Station WCOP twenty-seven hours a week. Nelson has quite a few stints going—the Hayloft Jamboree, newscasts, and the Nelson Bragg Shows.

With a strictly homespun delivery full of Maine plain-talking, Nelson has been compared to men of the Will Rogers-Bob Burns stamp. His "live, love and laugh" philosophy has made his own life a happy one, and his listeners think it's a pretty good formula, too. His comments are laconic, but always filled with gentle whimsy and horse sense. One listener described the feeling people get when they listen to Bragg, "He just makes you chuckle inwardly without quite knowing why, or caring, as long as you're listening to a friendly voice in a troubled world."

After four years of building good will for one of his sponsors, Nelson sold them an idea which has meant a lot to New Englanders in need of a pal. He asked them if he could help people who were featured on his sidewalk interview program. The sponsor went for the idea, and now Bragg gets people jobs, finds them apartments, sells their used cars. "It's wonderful," says Nelson, "to be able to use WCOP's facilities for a sponsor, and do people a service at the same time. I don't see why all commercial sponsors can't inject a little of the Golden Rule into their stuff on the air. Most of 'em think it's enough just to entertain people. We use our show to give life a little more meaning. That's good and it fits in with my idea of live, laugh and love."
COMPARE FATIMA
with any other KING-SIZE cigarette

1. FATIMA filters the smoke 85 millimeters for your protection.
2. FATIMA's length cools the smoke for your protection.
3. FATIMA's length gives you those extra puffs—21% longer.

AND you get an extra-mild and soothing smoke...plus the added protection of FATIMA QUALITY

FATIMA—The Difference is Quality

Copyright 1952, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
You'll never look lovelier—than the day you try Woodbury Powder!
Your skin—satin-smooth!
Your color—naturally lovely all day! Thank Woodbury's special color-blending... and foundation-cream ingredient for your pretty new complexion!

ELIZABETH TAYLOR,
costar of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "IVANHOE" [color by Technicolor]
Wears Woodbury Fiesta to intensify the tone of her skin. (Hollywood Stars chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1)

new big 50c size
also 15c, 30c, $1.00, plus tax.

new woodbury liquid make-up...
tints, smooths, glorifies! Devastating alone, doubly so with matching shade of Woodbury Powder, 59c, plus tax.

INVEST IN THE

Pauline Frederick

A man is president for four years, and in four years a great deal can happen to affect the future of these United States. During the past four years, for example, in my job as correspondent for the American Broadcasting Company, I have covered the Berlin Airlift and lifting of the blockade; followed the reports of the Korean conflict at United Nations Headquarters; watched on ABC wires the development of the Japanese Peace Treaty; kept up with the establishment of NATO—uniting the Western nations in fighting strength; reported the dramatic seizure of the nation's steel industry, and the events which precipitated one of the biggest steel shutdowns in U.S. history.

Yes, these past four years have been crowded with big headlines—headlines which have reached out to all parts of the globe in their effects.

The President of the United States, as the chief executive of this nation, is one of the world's key figures. His daily activities make news from Texas to Singapore.

Whether his policies be domestic or foreign, they are of vital concern to every man and woman in the free world.

And the exciting thing about this key figure is that a man becomes president because the American voter chooses him. Thus, it is the American voter who is really the power behind the President of the United States.
I have heard American citizens say they did not vote in the last presidential election and I was shocked. When these people were women, I was more than shocked, I came right out and told them exactly what they lost by not voting. They lost the right to have a say in the important business of whether their sons should go to war, whether the fathers of their children should be called back into service, whether food should be permitted to become so expensive that they could not afford to feed their families properly, whether they should pay more taxes, and the many other decisions which are of special and vital concern to all Americans, women as well as men.

As one of the reporters at the national conventions this summer, I saw many women in the delegations from the states. For many of them it was the first convention they had ever attended. Not every woman in the United States has the time or the experience to become an active member of a political party—but every woman over twenty-one years of age, can take the ten or fifteen minutes' time required to register, and an additional five minutes to vote on November 4. That twenty minutes' worth of time off from household duties is an investment in four years of this country's history—and a lot can happen in four years.

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

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

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

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

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
"ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"

Yes, there's more lather . . . faster lather . . . in an Ivory bath!
It's so relaxing to sink into an Ivory bath! You don't grope for soap—Ivory floats right into your hand. You don't wait for lather—that husky cake of Ivory fairly bursts into rich, foamy suds! For Ivory makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

There's Ivory's famous mildness . . . and such a clean, fresh odor!
It's pure delight—the gentle caress of silky Ivory suds. For Ivory is 99 4/100% pure . . . mild as mild. Why, more doctors advise Ivory Soap for skin care than any other soap. And that clean, fresh-smelling Ivory lather leaves you so refreshed! All aglow and ready to go!

You get more for your money, too!
Yes, mild Ivory . . . pure Ivory . . . floating Ivory . . . actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99 4/100% pure...it Floats
"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"
America's Favorite Bath Soap!
Sweet potato man

ARTHUR GODFREY has his ukulele, Bob Burns has his bazooka, Phil Baker has his accordion, but Gene Klavan of Station WTOP radio and television has announced to all who will listen (quite a few Washingtonians do) that he is "the Heifetz of the ocarina." Gene Klavan—a hot man on the sweet potato, and a hot talent on screen or mike—is one of the few disc jockeys in the country with fans from Nova Scotia to the Virgin Islands. He even received a letter from a listener in Sheffield, England, who admitted, "The signal is a wee bit weak, but I listen to you every night I can get your show."

Although he refuses to admit that he hogs WTOP's facilities, Klavan can't deny that his two shows—one from 12:30 to 2 A.M. every night except Sunday, and the other from 5:05 to 5:45 five evenings a week—do monopolize things a bit. Actually, though, Gene is best known for his late show, which is simulcast. It seems all you have to do is give the madcap Klavan ninety minutes of air time, and you come out with some of the zaniest shenanigans going. There is no script for the show—Gene completely ad libbs the whole thing except for the last five minutes of the first hour, which is skit time. The skit sets something of a record in itself, when you consider that there are twenty characters or more in each one, with Gene playing all the parts.

Gene Klavan was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on May 4, 1924. He attended public schools in Baltimore and tortured a few professors at Johns Hopkins University, too. A veteran of the Air Corps, Gene was discharged in 1946. Married to the former Phyllis C. Helfant of New York City, Klavan is a poppa of one year. Ross Eliot, the Klavan offspring, gave Gene the proudest moment of his life as he toddled up to the TV screen, when his Daddy was on it, and said (with typical Klavan wit and personality) "Dada."

A lot of people have called Klavan another Godfrey. In fact, a national magazine recently did a story on the possibility, but Gene's fans consider him incomparable: A uke's one thing, but an ocarina—now, there's a sweet potato of a different color.
Lucky is the home with room enough for teenagers to have separate entertainment quarters, with the fall season coming on. As the bubble gum and soda pop set settle down to school lessons and radios are once more tuned to deejay programs or phonograph turntables grind out their favorite melodies (whatever, at full volume, natch!), the parents settle in easy chairs for what they hope may be a few hours of peaceful home entertainment. "Longhair," scoffs the younger generation, quickly flipping off one of Columbia's new precious Walter Gieseking piano selections to substitute the antics of Jerry Lewis’ Capitol recording of "I Can’t Carry a Tune"—and the fight is on. Before Dad drowns his opinions in a dose of newspaper he gives vent to some well-chosen phrases about the insensitivity of the insane behavior, of the younger generation. Mother, a little more realistically, grins and bears it, mentally making a note that tomorrow, and not a moment later, she'll use those precious pennies she's collected from the grocery money to invest in family peace. And tomorrow she does, by buying one of those new three-speed victorolas which she installs beside the miniature radio in her daughter's room. You can’t blame either generation for wanting their own particular type of home entertainment—this fall's pop list is fun, rhythmical, and good listening for the deejay set. The classical recordings are some of the greatest that have ever been released and to each his own. (Dad labels his daughter's taste "poison" and daughter has an adjective known as "murder" to describe his).

Junior Generation News:

Following the popularity of Johnnie Ray’s "Walkin’ My Baby Back Home," Columbia released “All of Me” from his album as a single record. Back of the record is “A Sinner Am I” in which Johnnie, who wrote the lyrics himself, sings of unreturned affections and, of course, his love for the wrong girl. Right now, Johnnie is preparing for his junket to Hawaii for his scheduled appearances there, following Tony Martin’s captivating the islanders. Also out this month is his biography, prepared by his longtime friend, Bill Randle, a disc jockey for Station WERE in Cleveland. No other singer has as yet appeared to challenge Johnnie’s top spot on the singers’ hit parade. Did you know that "Cry" and "The Little White Cloud That Cried" hit the two million mark last month? Whoa, and business is supposed to be bad among the record companies?

We can’t make up our minds which we like better, Helen O’Connell’s "Zing a Little Zong" for Capitol or Robert Q. Lewis’ rendition of the same number for MGM. They are both so gay! Of course, Helen has that old favorite "Body and Soul" on the back of her number while Robert the Q. goes right on being zany with "On a Sunday by the Sea" from "High Button Shoes." Speaking of Robert Q. reminds us that he did a magnificent job as Godfrey’s replacement while Godfrey took a well-deserved rest. And speaking of Godfrey reminds us that Godfrey’s "I Love Girls" for Columbia (it was written by a Talent Scouts winner) is as delightful as his oldie "Can You Whistle, Johanna?" His reasons are not exactly unique when he says girls have such "Luscious faces and they’re angled here and rounded there, in just the proper places!" but the reasons are fun the way Godfrey sings ’em. "Honey, Vintage 1928," is on the other side. That young man with the horn Ray Anthony’s latest for Capitol is "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" from the mid-Thirties and the number "On Your Toes." Originally this was a ballet danced by Ray Bolger and Vera Zorina but it’s lost the last vestige of a ballet under Ray’s raucous and brilliant interpretation.

While Fran Warren’s "What Is This Thing Called Love" continues on the best seller list (despite some critical brickbats) we like her "One for the Wonder" and "Former Members of the 106th Division" which she recorded with Woody Herman for MGM. They're natural, informal and good listening.
The crowds go wild at Billy Eckstine's singing of "Hold Me Close" in the motion picture theatres where they see the Esther Williams picture "Skirts Ahoy!" and they'll probably go wilder at the record counters buying up his MGM release of "Strange Sensation" and "Have a Good Time."

Waxed in the great tradition of jazz blues, Lionel Hampton chalks up another hit with "Cryin'" and "Oh, Lady Be Good." We like everything we know about this jazz musician who reads his Bible, which he carries with him, for a few minutes every day, who once learned drums from a Dominican nun, and who once jerked sodas for pharmacists Leon and Otis Tene who wrote "Sleepy-Time Down South" and "When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano." He's hard-working—and talented.

For those who collect strictly from the corn belt, there's a novelty called "I'm No Communist," backed by "Will Someone Please Tell Me Who to Vote For" on an MGM label sung by Carson Robinson and same song backed by "Pickin' on Me" sung by young Grandpa Jones for Victor. The patriotic sentiment of the top side has also been picked up by the youngsters who've added a few verses of their own. Columbia's "The Benny Goodman Trio Plays for the Fletcher Henderson Fund" recorded as played on disc jockey Martin Block's Make-Believe Ballroom program which paid tribute to arranger Fletcher Henderson, when Henderson was critically ill. It's the combo of Goodman, Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson, with "China Boy," "Body and Soul," "Runnin' Wild," "Rose Room" and "I Found a New Baby," plus other selections with talented soloists improvising with the trio. The album's one of the best in the jazz field.

Okeh label for Columbia has re-issued Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Jimmie Lunceford, Count Basie and Cab Calloway, all in recordings which each made famous.

(Continued on page 27)
count
the
blessings
of
Tampax

The perfecting of Tampax has simplified the whole subject of monthly sanitary protection for women. Read the sum-ming-up that follows and judge for yourself on each of the counts.

1 No belts or pins are necessary with Tampax—and no outside pads. Because Tampax is worn internally.

2 Each Tampax comes in its own applicator for dainty insertion. Hands need not touch the Tampax.

3 No odor or chafing—and Tampax is only a fraction of the size of the external kind. (Disposal very easy.)

4 No bulges or "edge-lines" to show through your clothing. It's really good for your social confidence on "those days"!

5 The wearer cannot feel the Tampax when it is in place—and she need not remove it while in shower or tub, or in swimming.

6 Tampax is based on modern scientific principles. Invented by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton throughout.

Sold at drug and notions counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) to meet individual needs. A month's supply will slip into purse. . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

AUNT JENNY What is happening in the house next door, the house across the street, the house around the corner? All the doors of Littleton are open to Aunt Jenny, who every week or ten days begins a new story about what goes on in the lives of her neighbors. Love and hate, frustration, success wind through Aunt Jenny's stories just as they wind through the life of Littleton and a thousand other towns just like it throughout the country. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Though Mary and Larry Noble will not be divorced, Mary has not yet recovered from the strain of their recent serious misunderstanding, which was engineered by wealthy Rupert Barlow. When Barlow's henchman, Victor, was arrested for narcotics traffic, his sensational confession has far-reaching effects. Will it help clear up the trouble between Mary and her matinee-idol husband? M-F, 4:00 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER When Ruth Wayne's friend Selina died and left a fortune to Ruth's brother Neddie, was she doing him good or harm? The money doesn't actually force a crisis in Neddie's life, but it does complicate one that arises. Both Ruth and her husband, Dr. John Wayne, are so much involved with Neddie's affairs that Ruth hopes John's own psychological problems are being relieved by his desire to help someone else. M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Althea Dennis' one hope for recovery from the paralysis following her injury lies in a series of operations to be performed in a New York hospital by a celebrated surgeon. With this crisis in Althea's life, the whole Dennis family enters upon a new chapter. Is it wise for them all to accompany Althea to New York? And how will Dr. Robert Cunningham figure in Althea's future? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 9:45 A.M. EDT, NBC.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Some people appear to be generous givers, but actually attach strings to their gifts. Such a one is Mrs. Irwin, who wants to provide a new wing for the hospital but open only to certain selected citizens. Dr. Dan Palmer, violently opposed to Mrs. Irwin's proposition, runs into trouble he didn't foresee. Is this one time Julie can't help? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL "The Summer Theater Murder Case" presents reporter David Farrell with one of the most glamorous and explosive cases of his career. When wealthy Thomas Rutledge is poisoned, the suspects are numerous, and the strong personalities of the theatrical folk involved make it unusually difficult for David to find the weak spots in their stories. He goes up many blind alleys to get at the truth. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Many girls of eighteen manage to prove to their reluctant families that they are able to run their own lives. But Cathy Roberts is not so successful. Defying her father and repudiating his affection and help, she finds herself involved in more trouble than she can handle. Will Cathy's problem be a decisive factor in the fate of her father's marriage to Meta White—the marriage so bitterly opposed by Cathy? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Sooner or later every orphanage runs into the problem of the patent who offers a child for adoption at birth and resigns all claim to him, only to turn up years later regretting the earlier renunciation and pleading for the return of his child. Julie Paterno, supervisor of Hilltop, is fearful that this tragedy will disrupt the family of her dear friend. Judge Lennox, who adores his adopted grandson. Can Julie help avert heartbreak? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.
JUST PLAIN BILL What is behind the stubborn opposition of Hannah Brooks to the love affair between her daughter Amy and wealthy Ralph Chadwick? Despite Hannah’s furious threats, Bill Davidson advises the young couple to run off and get married. How can Bill be sure he is not encouraging tragedy? What secret has he learned about Amy, about the Chadwicks, and about Hannah herself? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL The friendship that Chichi began some time ago with wealthy Victoria Vandenbush has borne all kinds of strange fruit—some happy and some disturbing. The great love of Chichi’s life has resulted from it, indirectly, for Martin Walker would not have met Chichi if he weren’t establishing his claim to the Vandenbush name. But what about Paul Vandenbush, who was supposed to be Victoria’s only heir? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Belle always warned Lorenzo, and now it has happened—real tragedy has come because of his too-active imagination. Kidnapped and wounded in reprisal by friends of the jewel thieves he helped to capture, Lorenzo wakes in a New York hospital with no memory of his past—or of Belle. Escaping from the hospital, he starts wandering around as an odd-job man. Will the distracted Belle ever catch up with him? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS The whole town of Rushville Center is torn apart by the divorce case of Pendleton vs. Pendleton. Will it ever be the same? No matter how the verdict runs, will half the town ever forgive Ma for taking the part of the ‘other woman’ in the case? And how will it affect the future of the cynical Pendleton daughter, Gladys, who would like to believe in love and simple happiness, but feels that her background makes it hopeless? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday is depressed and worried over the family troubles of her friend, Judge Horace Reeves, whose foster-son Douglas Clarke has confessed to a hit-and-run killing. The Judge has resigned from the bench. Douglas’ wife has renounced him, and Margo, the Judge’s daughter, appears hard-hearted and indifferent toward the whole tragedy. How can Sunday bring peace to this disrupted family? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY Mother and Father Young are a model of marital happiness, but that doesn’t guarantee smooth sailing for their children’s marriages. Peggy Young, married to Carter Trent, believed her troubles with her dy- (Continued on page 90)

Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

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

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It’s as simple as that. Of course Dial’s bland beauty-cream dries you gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more! Here’s the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

DIAL DAVE GARRWAY—NBC, Weekdays

DIAL SOAP DIAL DIAK SOAP

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.
Red cuts up in his usual wacky manner for staff members. He's one guy for whom the show never ends—on or off the stage. Below, four red-headed Skeltons pose for the camera—Valentino, age six; Georgia; Richard, age five; Pop himself.

Beautiful Georgia Skelton points with pride to one of Red's oil paintings of a clown.

That friendly red-headed clown with his suitcase full of lame-brained characters will return to the TV screen this fall, much to the delight of audiences throughout the country—and very much to the delight of Red Skelton himself. The man who started his show-biz career as a singing midget (he was ten years old at the time) has come a long way since vaudeville days. But, during the long climb up, his basic qualities as a comedian haven't changed. He's been polished off—no longer the diamond-in-the-rough who first wowed New York audiences with his doughnut-dunking act—but he's still getting laughs by trading on his extremely mobile face and cast of weird men such as Willie Lump Lump, Clem Kadiddlehoffer, et al. . . . Red has grown taller since he passed for a midget—six-feet-three, to be exact. And he has become a family man—wife, Georgia, and two little red-heads, Valentina and Richard . . . No one would deny that Red is a pretty active guy, what with his radio, TV, and movie work—but he still leaves himself plenty of time to enjoy his home and family, and to do every benefit performance he's asked to participate in. Georgia claims that Red's whole life is a show—he's always entertaining. On a cross-country trip, he just clowns for everyone they run into, from gas station attendants to folks in neighboring cars. And all along the way people shout out "Hey, Red," as if he were an old friend . . . And an old friend he is. NBC said, "Hey, Red, come and give the folks a laugh this fall," and that's exactly what Red will be doing starting Sunday, September 28, on NBC-TV for Procter & Gamble's Tide.
clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

Penaten works the magic

you'll look your loveliest

“Come clean...and show your true colors!”
says Joan Crawford

“Does your make-up accent your true color, or is your lovely natural coloring buried under stale make-up? Come clean, then,” says Joan Crawford. While ordinary cleansing doesn’t get to the bottom of yesterday’s make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten, does!
BOTH LISTENERS AND TELEVIEWSERS ARE IN FOR A TREAT THIS FALL,
FEATURING OLD FAVORITES, NEW PROGRAMS—AND RADIO-TV SURPRISES

Predictions in politics may contradict each other fiercely... the ardent promises of summer sweethearts may chill and wither away... but there's one happy prophecy bound to come true this fall: Home entertainment is going to be brighter, more varied, more exciting than ever. Thanks to a new era of good-neighborliness between radio and television, TV-set owners will be able now to channel right in on some of the microphone's most popular programs and performers, long reserved for the air alone. A number of shows, new and old, will be available to both televiewers and listeners—either simulcast at the same hour, or presented at slightly different times in a format specially adapted to each medium.

But, no matter the form, there are always old favorites whose return is a traditional part of autumn, as welcome as the cool breezes after Indian summer, or the multi-colored leaves aflame on the countryside. It's homecoming time. The whole world seems to smile again, "as the days grow shorter when you reach September"—and Jack Benny returns to the airwaves.

For twenty years now, Americans have looked upon Benny and his merry troupe as members of the family. It was in 1932 that Jack, a headliner in the then-dying two-a-day vaudeville circuit, made a reluctant entrance into radio. Ed Sullivan, the newspaper columnist—now a Sunday-night star himself on CBS-TV's Toast of the Town—invited him to guest-star on a new airshow. "Radio?" Jack protested. "I don't know anything about radio." "That's all right," Sullivan soothed, "nobody does." Benny was
Garry Moore grew up in radio, is now a video "must-see" on weekday afternoons over CBS-TV.

Stop the Music! Bert Parks calls America's radio audiences each Sunday night on ABC—pops up 'mast everywhere else between times.

Art Linkletter's another top emcee with many programs—and now his Monday-to-Friday House Party is on CBS-TV, as well as CBS.
Vacationing since July 4, CBS-TV's beloved Mama (Peggy Wood) returns to her Friday television life with Papa (Judson Laire).

hardly bolstered by Ed's reassurance, but he consented to go on, introducing himself with those memorable first words: "This is Jack Benny talking . . . there will now be a brief pause while you all say, 'Who cares?'" Of course, everybody knows the answer to that one, today. We all cared so much that, not only is the Benny show a permanent fixture in the fall-winter lineup, but Jack himself will make more frequent TV appearances this year.

Through the years, Benny's endeared himself to audiences with his impersonation of "the fall guy" in every conceivable situation, and his aging Maxwell, his perennial toupee, proverbial stinginess, squeaky fiddling, and never-changing age of thirty-nine have become symbols as familiar to Americans as Uncle Sam's striped pants. But perhaps the best-remembered comedy of Jack's two decades of mirth-making was his famous running duel with his rival comic, Fred Allen.

The battle started when Allen cited the unique talents of a child prodigy who had guested on his show and had zipped through "The Flight of the Bumblebee" rather masterfully on the violin. "Only eight years old, and you can play like that?" Fred gasped. "Why, Benny ought to be ashamed of himself."

The frolicsome feud lasted for years but simmered out after Allen's show left the airwaves in 1948. Now, however, fans are rubbing their hands with glee in anticipation of a revival of the quip-lashing, for Fred is coming back this fall. He's being launched in the role of quizmaster, for the first time, in Two for the Money—a decision undoubtedly inspired by the success of the Groucho Marx show, You Bet Your Life. And, like Groucho's opus, Allen's own expert ad-libs will be available on both (Continued on page 101)
The perennially popular Amos 'n' Andy is almost 25 years old, now comes in two versions: That's the CBS-TV cast above, as seen every other Thursday (the radio originals, of course, will be back Sunday nights on CBS).

Eve Arden will be Our Miss Brooks two ways—heard Sundays on CBS, seen Fridays on CBS-TV.

Good news by phone: Jack Benny's back Sundays on CBS. Dinah Shore continues singing, Tuesdays and Thursdays, on NBC-TV.
Ruth Lyons carried on a heritage, borrowing from the past to build for the future. Like her personality, her home combines the modern and the Victorian—the practical and the sentimental.
Grew a little when she made her fateful decision

by Joan Nelson

When should a family undertake the exciting but upsetting project of building a new house or remodelling an old one?

NBC-TV's Ruth Lyons, her professorial husband, Herman Newman, and their elfin blonde daughter, Candy, had the momentous question catch up with them one rainy Sunday afternoon last fall.

It was not an exciting rain. No torrents slashed the transparent barrier of window glass, no gale tossed the spreading branches of the ancient elms and oaks.

It was, instead, merely a steady, boring drizzle squeezing unceasingly from the sponge of cloud which hung low over their personal hilltop at the edge of Cincinnati. It was just wet enough to keep Ruth and Herman from their usual stroll around their acres; just sloppy enough to make Ruth call to Candy, "Put on your rubbers before you go out to feed the dogs."

It was also just sufficiently dismal to make a person feel shut in, Ruth conceded, as she finished storing dinner leftovers and wandered on into the little room adjoining the kitchen.

Of all the rooms in their hundred-year-old farmhouse, this was the one which had no name, no clear definition of purpose, yet the entire family gravitated toward (Continued on page 84)

Ruth Lyons' Fifty-Club, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, for a variety of sponsors, including A-1 Sauce.
Ruth Lyons carried on a heritage, borrowing from the past to build for the future... when she made her fateful decision

When should a family undertake the exciting but upsetting project of building a new house or remodelling an old one?

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Program guests are part of Ruth's family, too, precious links to the land she knows and loves.

Like her personality, her home combines the modern and the Victorian—the practical and the sentimental.
Lucille Ball HAS SO MUCH WARMTH TO OFFER SHE MAKES LIFE EXCITING
It isn't always "smooth sailing" for Lucille and husband Desi Arnaz, but they enjoy every moment!

RED-HEADED WONDER WOMAN

By BETTY MILLS

DESI ARNAZ stood on the train platform in Pasadena, watching wide eyed after the two automobiles had arrived. In the first, impatiently directing the driver, sat his wife, Lucille Ball, whom Desi calls affectionately his “Red-headed Wonder.” Behind them sat the baby's nurse and the baby, Lucie Desiree. Besides directing the driver, Lucille was giving instructions to the nurse. Meanwhile, Desi's and Lucy's press agent was trying to say something about “This is a vacation?” but Lucy was talking to him, too. In fact, Lucy was talking to the agent with one hand, the driver with her other hand, and to the nurse directly.

But Desi, on the train platform, was unimpressed. This sort of thing was not new. It was the second car that claimed his attention. (Continued on page 69)

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are seen in I Love Lucy, Monday at 9 P.M. EDT, over CBS-TV, for Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.

AND COLORFUL FOR THOSE AROUND HER
It took a heap of Living to make

Arthur

Godfrey

KING

By FRANCES KISH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Each month our readers write us requesting details of Arthur Godfrey's life. Here Radio-TV Mirror in one complete round-up presents highlights of the life of America's most fabulous home entertainer.

EVERY DAY—sometimes twice a day—an impish grin, a shock of red hair and an impudent tongue coax gentle laughter, and a mood of relaxation is engendered in millions of people across the nation. It took a heap of living to make that person into the man so many know so well—and so few know intimately. It took a heap of living to make that man into the beloved Arthur Godfrey, king of entertainers on both radio and television.

Actually, Godfrey is many persons rolled into one. He is a fabulously successful entertainer. He is Commander Godfrey of the United States Naval Reserve. He is gentleman Godfrey, farmer and cattle-breeder on a 1,700-acre Virginia estate. He is a sophisticated city guy with a penthouse at the top of a Lexington Avenue hotel, high above one of New York's busiest

American boy: Arthur was born in Manhattan, moved to suburban Hasbrauck Heights, N. J., went to school there. Later—crowned with success beyond all dreams—he made a sentimental journey to see Miss Mary B. Quigg (below), favorite teacher.

Arthur Godfrey Time, 10 A.M., M-F, CBS (part simulcast, M-Th, CBS-TV); under multiple sponsorship. King Arthur Godfrey and His Round Table, CBS, Sun., 5 P.M.; Holland Furnace, Godfrey and His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M.; Chesterfield, Pillsbury, Toni. Talent Scouts, CBS and CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M.; Thos. J. Lipton. All EDT.
Serviceman: Young Arthur joined the Navy, got valuable technical training.

Odd-jobber: He felt the pulsebeat of America in coal mines, forests, farms.

Stout heart: Accident or illness can never keep him from the work he loves.

Arthur Godfrey King

Entertainer: Best-loved of all the "Arthur Godfreys" is the man with the music, the chatter, the chuckle and grin, sections. He's a man who owns boats and private planes and commands the maximum of attention from a tremendous cast and network crew. He's also the man who can sell anything.

Yes, he is all these things and more, too. He's a man with a fabulous present—and a past crammed, packed full of robust living. He is the end-product of a life which is truly as common and yet as unique as America itself.

Arthur Godfrey is a man who has worked in a coal mine, washed dishes in a restaurant, driven a taxicab, clerked in a shabby hotel. And he's a man who hobnobs with statesmen and generals, with business executives and scientists, with the greats of Hollywood and Broadway... the man who likes people for what they are and for what they can be, not alone for what they have already done... and never for what they possess.

Then, too, there is a Godfrey who can understand pain and suffering, perhaps better than anyone, for he himself has lain helpless—and, at times, hopeless—in a hospital. There is strength, too. For Arthur Godfrey, injured in an automobile accident, with several dozen fractures and

38
serious lacerations, was able to make a complete mental and physical conquest of what might have been to others a permanent disability. Yes, this is a man who has lived—and almost died.

There is a beginning of all these Godfrey stories, which is a warm August 31, 1903, the day a red-haired boy was born to the Godfreys in New York City. They named him Arthur after his father, and he was the first of the three boys and two girls who later filled the house with their laughter and shrieking and fighting and fun. By the time Arthur was two, the family moved from crowded upper Amsterdam Avenue to the quiet community of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, across the Hudson River from New York.

Like his English father, who loved horses and wrote about them, Arthur loved all animals, and he early began to climb on the back of any horse whose owner would let him. Like his Irish mother, he had auburn hair and a feeling for music and the other arts, and a desire to express himself through them.

His musical debut at the Franklin School kindergarten in Hasbrouck (Continued on page 98)
Arthur Godfrey
KING

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His musical debut at the Franklin School kindergarten in Hasbrouck (Continued on page 98)
laughter for a LIFETIME

It was a gala evening for Joan and Mary when Benny triumphed at the Palladium.

London sidelight: Daughter Joan gets an 18th-birthday kiss from Jack.

The touching story of love shared by Jack and Mary Benny—a love which makes all things possible

by Maxine Arnold

LIKE a prince, “Stradivarius” in arm, he strolled out on the stage of London’s Palladium. Stood there, suave and seemingly sure. Surveyed the packed house with his bland and Benny-blue eyes. But, for one so long crowned king of comedy by fellow-Americans, Jack Benny was doing some fancy and royal worrying. The Palladium was filled with such famous personages as the Duchess of Kent, attending her first entertainment function since mourning the death of the King; Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands; Claudette Colbert, who’d flown over from France; William Goetz, film executive, and his wife, Edith; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Vivien Leigh, Sir Laurence Olivier, Errol Flynn, and Danny Kaye—who’d made sure his plane would reach London in time for Jack’s opening.

Tomorrow morning, English reviews would rave—as they always raved—“Jack Benny Scored His Familiar Success.” But this was tonight. . . .

And tonight—sitting out front, her dark hair fashionably coiffed, and looking (as usual) ultra chic and tres elegante—was the one person who knew what Jack Benny was going through. Who shared the freeze inside him that would melt with the magic of that first laugh. That familiar first laugh. She’d made a career out of doing what many wives would occasionally welcome—heckling her own husband. Their love had been in bloom for twenty-five years—and was still blooming. (Continued on page 80)
Fortunate is the child who has Love's warmth. Money can't buy it—nor substitute for it!

by Art Linkletter

I think most people know that I was a foundling, adopted by the wonderful parents who brought me up. Financially, they had nothing, but they believed they could give me the one item of riches no child owns in an institution: the sense of being loved for himself as an individual, and the conviction of being a member of a family with a right to share its fortunes.

Mostly, our fortunes were lean. My dad was a traveling revivalist, a dedicated man of God who accepted, literally, the Biblical admonition to go into the world and teach the gospel. He and my mother preached on street corners, in bus and railroad stations, anywhere there were people who might need the help of faith.

I passed the tambourine. The collections were pitifully small; they had to support the three of us as well as anyone else who came to my father in hunger or need of any kind, and those supplicants were uncounted.

We lived from one meal to the next, and sometimes they were widely spaced. I used to stand near the doorway of a bakery to sniff the warm, sweetish fragrance of fresh bread, or beside a popcorn wagon to inhale the salty, buttered aroma of the hot popcorn, or beside a candy shop and roll the scent of chocolate around with my wet tongue.

All those growing years (Continued on page 105)
Arthur Murray's Party gave
me a new lease on life—
gave me Jerry, the man I love

By IDA GEFFIN

Now, in our own home, we often drop everything
to whirl around the room in each other's arms.

I like to believe that even if Jerry and I had
never learned to dance and had not met on a
certain evening at an Arthur Murray Party,
still our paths were fated to cross somewhere,
somehow. I like to believe this is so, because
not knowing Jerry and not loving him is
unthinkable to me now.

Everything good began for me when I decided
I was missing out on most of the fun a young
girl should be having, because I didn't know
how to dance and was shy about trying. Like
all girls, I was looking for more social contacts,
as well as for ways to improve myself. In
school I had been more of a bookworm than
anything else. I had worked in the school
library and had gone in for sports like tennis
and horseback riding for recreation, but when it
came to the parties and proms I always
managed to find some excuse for staying away.
I never felt at my best with large groups of
people. I was too shy. I refused to dance. I
said I didn't like dancing, but I realize now
it was because I didn't dance well.

Jerry, too, was self-conscious and shy. Yet
he, too, wanted to meet young people and
have a good time. Completely unknown to each
other, we were both (Continued on page 74)
Watching Kathryn Murray dance so gracefully on the TV screen helped me make an all-important decision.
Beautiful Ruth Wayne knows that loneliness is hard for a woman, but it's not the worst thing that can happen—with courage, tomorrow can always bring a better day.

BIG SISTER—the story
Dr. John Wayne, confined to Green Acres Sanitarium, refuses to be a patient. Mistakenly, he tries to help others.

The only sound in the modest living room of Ruth Wayne's apartment was the scratch of Ruth's pen as she made out check after check, catching up on the monthly bills which were mounting ever higher. There was the check for her son Richard's schooling, a check for the latest doctor who had been brought in on Dr. John Wayne's case, and the usual check for gas and electricity. It was with a sort of detached calm that Ruth stuffed the checks and the bills in their clean, white envelopes and prepared to seal them. She smiled to herself as she remembered the first days of fear and panic when she had faced the world alone, the day when she had found that her husband would

Ruth Wayne smiled to herself as she remembered the days of fear and panic when she first faced the world alone. Now she felt self-sufficient.

See Next Page

of a woman's courage
Neddie and Hope had been estranged but when Hope fell ill with an incurable disease, Neddie effected a reconciliation. He had more than done his duty.

Hope's body mended as her mind was set to rest by Neddie's kindness. Miraculously, she recovered and now, would Neddie be able to carry on this marriage?

be confined to Green Acres Sanitarium to get over his nervous breakdown, confined to the very sanitarium where he had worked to help others. The panic was gone now and Ruth felt almost self-sufficient. Funny how you can rise to almost any of life's situations, if you're forced to, she thought. . . For instance, there was the problem that now confronted Neddie. Neddie and Hope had been estranged for ages, when Hope fell ill with what was thought to be an incurable and fatal disease. Faced with this fact, Neddie had risen to the occasion and effected a reconciliation with Hope, knowing that this would make her last months more secure, happier than they could have been otherwise. Given only a few more weeks to live, Hope's whole attitude toward life seemed to change and, to the doctor's astonishment, Hope's body began to mend. Now, Neddie, who out of kindness and sympathy had set a pattern of life with Hope, was faced with the problem of following through with his deathbed promise, to try and make a go of their marriage. . . Ruth sighed lightly. You never know what odd twists fate would put to life. She thought about her own problems, about John, about the whole pattern of living which had changed so radically for her during these past months. Perhaps the most difficult part for her was standing by, waiting, unable to do much more for John, who was in an intolerable position. At the sanitarium, Dr. Seabrook, who was handling John's case, was continually confronted with the fact that John refused to be treated as just another patient. Things had reached a horrible impasse when John had undertaken to advise Stephen
of a woman’s courage

One more step toward independence for Ruth Wayne. Dr. Marlowe had offered and she accepted a job at the Health Center. It was seeing her through a bad time.

Wallace, a deeply disturbed, morose young man who was refusing to communicate with any members of the staff of Green Acres. Dr. Seabrook had to call upon all his inner strength, tact and wisdom in dealing with this problem. He’d warned John not to interest himself in young Stephen’s case—not just for Stephen’s sake, but for the sake of John’s own mental health, which was so precarious. But now Dr. Seabrook was proving to John that by concentrating on the young man’s problems, he was actually evading solving his own. Perhaps John might now be persuaded to help in curing himself, Ruth thought. . . . Richard, too, was a problem. He didn’t like boarding school, didn’t like the idea of his roots being torn away from home, but Ruth could only hope that time would heal his wounds and help him get used to his new way of life, his new school situation. Ruth finished sealing the last envelope. As she got up from the desk and moved around the living room, straightening the magazines on the table, emptying the ash tray where she’d had her after-dinner cigarette, she thought about the emptiness of her life. During the days, now, it wasn’t so bad because she had her job at the Health Center, working with Doctor Robert Marlowe, which gave her a chance to keep occupied. Nighttime was the worst for it was in these hours between dinner and bedtime that all her problems had to be faced and, whenever possible, solved. Loneliness is hard for a woman, Ruth thought, but it’s not the worst thing that can happen—with courage and determination, perhaps tomorrow might be a better day.

Dr. Seabrook at the Sanitarium warns John Wayne he is only refusing to solve his own mental problems by concerning himself with others. John must change!

John Wayne resents Ruth’s working, resents her independence, and she tries to comfort him by telling him all problems can be solved by courage—and time.
the song that touched BING'S heart

Bing Crosby wanted happiness for one disappointed little boy. His reward was a memory he'll cherish always

By JOAN MAXWELL

The boy stared longingly out the window of the little country schoolhouse into the winter sunshine. He could work up no enthusiasm for his classroom work. Not this morning. School was all right, usually. School was okay. But the boy hadn't meant to attend today. He was going pheasant-hunting instead. For days, he'd been telling everyone how he was going hunting. What, he worried, would the other kids think?

Even as he worried, unknown to him, his two would-be hunting companions, Senator Herman Welker, of Idaho, and Bing Crosby, were in a caucus as to the ways and means of liberating him. The two older men had been friends since boyhood, "Herm" (as Crosby called him) and Bing. They were on a hunting trip together now as the guests of Chet Thorsen, an Idaho cattleman, and they'd faithfully promised Chet's twelve-year-old son, Freeland, he could go hunting with them. But, the night before, the boy had indulged in some boyish breach of conduct and the "top command"—his mother—disciplined Freeland by saying he couldn't go.

Now, by some odd coincidence, the Senator and Bing turned up hunting near the little white country schoolhouse—which numbered twenty students, one a very reluctant and heartbroken little boy. When the two men were almost at the schoolhouse, they stopped and leaned their hunting gear against a tree. This was a matter which called for careful deliberation.

Freeland's mother had said he must go to school. Well, Freeland had gone to school. On the other hand—Bing couldn't forget that look in the kid's eyes. Putting Bing's thoughts into words, the Senator took the floor. "Think how Freeland must be feeling. We invited him to come with us, and there he sits in that schoolhouse. Why don't you and I walk on over there and see if I can get (Continued on page 87)
NO ROOM FOR FEAR

Fran Carlon has played many a daring heroine, confident and unafraid. In real life, she waged her biggest battle against panic

By MARIE HALLER

When I was a youngster," explains Fran Carlon, "I was a tomboy . . . could skin-the-cat, pitch a ball, or climb a tree with the best of the neighborhood boys. But I was haunted by well-meaning adults. All I had to do, it seemed, was get into a particularly precarious position, then a solicitous adult would come along and sing out, 'Look out—careful!' Startled, I'd look in the direction of the voice, and voom—a perfect three-point landing, with one point broken! Broken bones, ye Gods, we finally stopped counting!

Surprising as it may seem, it was not the broken bones that left the real marks on Fran Carlon, popular radio and television star—the girl who has played Irene Galway and so many other exciting heroines. It was that constricting phrase, "Look out—careful!" A phrase, an idea so often used by adults in an effort to protect children.

"Actually," continues Fran, "I never fully realized how affected I was by this negative approach until I met my husband, Casey Allen. To Casey, I must have acted like one of those dogs you read about—the ones that have been trained by scientists to drool at the sound of a bell. My 'bell' was a word of caution. I'd be going along great guns until somebody would offer a word of caution. Immediately I'd tighten up and become a sure bet to lose. Casey sensed my trouble. Patiently, and at great length, he proceeded to undo the inner damage these very well-intentioned adults had inflicted. You see, his philosophy was, and still is, quite the opposite from that hammered into me. He believes that to instill confidence is to assure success. And I, Fran Carlon Allen, am here to say he's right. I've seen it work on me. I've seen it work on my children."

Even though Fran is now a (Continued on page 81)

Fran Carlon is Irene Galway on Our Gal Sunday, CBS, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT; sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. for Anacin. Fran and Casey Allen are also heard frequently on Armstrong's Theatre of Today, CBS, Sat., 12:00 noon EDT.
Silently, Sally Farrell sat beside David as he drove through the Black River Valley on their way back to the Ludlow Inn. Her usually vivacious eyes lacked the sparkle which revealed her natural high spirits and satisfaction with the sheer joy of living. The bare trees that hovered close to the narrow dirt road seemed to stretch out their branches in unfriendly fashion as the car wound by. The wind through the barren tree tops, so recently aflame with red and gold leaves, made an eerie whistle, high, shrill, unnatural. The whole valley in the fall grayness seemed raw, naked, stripped, as if waiting to receive the winter garment of snow which must come soon to cover its ugliness. The whole place reminded Sally of the gray, weather-beaten house they had just left and she shivered at the recollection. Crime is never pleasant, but ordinarily David's cases involved tangled lives which could—with a dose of humor, some real detecting and David's alertness—he straightened out. But this last one had few elements that made it pleasant. A man's insanity had led to murder and the wrecking of the lives of three young, innocent children. There was nothing funny, nothing even hopeful, when the record of David's detecting which brought the man to justice was added up—human wreckage is never pleasant to see. Sally sighed deeply and David, as if sensing her discouraged thoughts, quickly put out his hand to cover hers. But, at that moment, even David (with his strange ability to get in and out of situations in which crime is involved) seemed a part of all the horror that had gone on during the last three days. Sally withdrew her hand and huddled close in the corner. During the next hour, her thoughts were so concentrated inward that she didn't observe anything until David abruptly halted the car. "Thought you might like to get a small thrill from being with your husband," he grinned down at her, before sliding out of the car to open the door on her side. No bright retort rose to Sally's lips as she stepped wearily out. She stood looking up at David, her thoughts too recently dragged back from crime to comprehend what he was saying as he took her hand and looked deep into her eyes. "Look, I want you to see something—a sort of phenomenon of nature which I discovered a long while ago when I came here on a camping trip," he said softly to her, as if gently but firmly he would remove the spell of despair that seemed like a mantle, enveloping her. Sally allowed herself to be led through the trees. The rustling of the fallen leaves and the occasional scratch of the bare limb against another were the only sounds that broke the silence as they climbed steadily upward. Suddenly, a small green bush stood in the path and, as Sally looked about her, she realized that they were in a tiny glen by a lake, the rocks towering high along one side. The air had lost its sharpness and there was a soft, warm quality to it. Overhead a tree, still wearing its autumn mantle, blazed with red leaves and beside it grew another bush, its garment startlingly green. The water in the tiny lake lapped the shore and here indeed was a peace Sally could almost smell and touch, it seemed so real. "This is what I wanted to show you," David said, his voice taking on a slightly husky quality. "You see, coming back in the car, I sensed that you were looking at the ugly side of life—and Lord knows, from what you've seen these last few days, I can't say I blame you." Sally nodded. "I don't very often go feminine on you," she said, smiling reflectively. David's sober face looked down at her. "No, you don't often turn feminine on me as you call it," he said solemnly. He took her chin and tilted it so her eyes looked directly into his. "There is ugliness, Sally, lots of ugliness in the world—like the people we encountered this week, like the hillsides on the road through the valley. But, with us, life is like this glen. Because we have built a fine life together, because we share—well, we share ugliness, too—but mostly we share laughter and love. I don't very often say things from the heart but I have to tell you, that for the years of our married life, you have made our time together like this place—a haven in a world that is sometimes not all we'd like it to be, a place where beauty is always present." Sally's eyes were moist as she put her arms around David's neck and rested her head on his shoulder. All the weariness and the heartache of the last few days passed from her and her heart once again felt light and gay. Yes, David with his wonderful instinct for detecting had known how to find her heart and salve its soreness. Truly, she was a lucky woman to have a man who could solve her problems, too!

Front Page Farrell is heard on NBC, M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc. Staats Cotsworth and Florence Williams are pictured here in their starring roles as David and Sally Farrell.
Sally felt she'd never forget the secret David had shared from the depths of his heart.
It takes a real detective to know when a woman’s heart is broken, and it takes a real man to know how to mend it!

Silently, Sally Farrell sat beside David as he drove through the Black River Valley on their way back to the Ludlow Inn. Her usually vivacious eyes lacked the sparkle which revealed her natural high spirits and satisfaction with the sheer joy of living. The bare trees that hovered close to the narrow dirt road seemed to stretch out their branches in unfriendly fashion as the car wound by. The wind through the barren tree tops, so recently afiled with red and gold leaves, made an eerie whistle, high, shrill, unnatural. The whole valley in the fall grayness seemed raw, naked, stripped, as if waiting to receive the winter garment of snow which must come soon to cover its ugliness. The whole place reminded Sally of the gray, weather-beaten house they had just left and she shivered at the recollection. Crime is never pleasant, but ordinarily David’s keenness involved tangled lives which could—with a dose of humor, some real detecting and David’s alertness—be straightened out. But this last one had few elements that made it pleasant. A man’s insanity had led to murder and the wrecking of the lives of three young, innocent children. There was nothing funny, nothing even hopeful, when the record of David’s detecting which brought the man to justice was added up—human wreckage is never pleasant to see. Sally sighed deeply and David, as if sensing her discouraged thoughts, quickly put out his hand to cover hers. But, at that moment, even David (with his strange ability to get in and out of situations in which crime is involved) seemed a part of all the horror that had gone on during the last three days. Sally withdrew her hand and huddled close in the corner. During the next hour, her thoughts were so concentrated inward that she didn’t observe anything until David abruptly halted the car. “Thought you might like to get a small thrill from being with your husband,” he grinned down at her, before sliding out of the car to open the door on her side. The bright retort rose to Sally’s lips as she steadied wearily out. She stood looking up at David, her thoughts too recently dragged back from crime to comprehend what he was saying as he took her hand and looked deep into her eyes. “Look, I want you to see something—sort of phenomenon of nature which I discovered a long while ago when I came here on a camping trip,” he said softly to her, as if gently but firmly he would remove the spell of despair that seemed like a mantle, enveloping her. Sally allowed herself to be led through the trees. The rustling of the fallen leaves and the occasional scratch of one bare limb against another were the only sounds that broke the silence as they climbed steadily upward. Suddenly, a small green brush stood in the path and, as Sally looked at her, she realized that they were in a tiny glen by a lake, the rocks towering high along one side. The air had lost its sharpness and there was a sort of warm, peaceful quality to it. Overhead a tree, still wearing its autumn mantle, blazed with red leaves and beside it grew another bush, its garb startlingly green. The water in the tiny lake lapped the shore and here indeed was a peace Sally could almost smell and touch, it seemed so real. “This is what I wanted to show you,” David said, his voice taking on a slightly husky quality. “You see, coming back in the car, I sensed that you were looking at the ugly side of life—and Lord knows, from what we’ve seen these last few days, I can’t say I blame you.” Sally nodded. “I don’t very often go feminine on you,” she said, smiling reflectively. David’s sober face looked down at her. “No, you don’t often turn feminine on me as you call it,” he said solemnly. He took her chin and tilted it so her eyes looked directly into his. “There is ugliness, Sally, lots of ugliness in the world—like the people we encountered this week, like the hillside on the road through the valley. But, with us, life is like this glen. Because we have built a fine life together, because we share—well, we share ugliness, too—but mostly we share laughter and love. I don’t very often say things from the heart but I have to tell you, that for the years of our married life, you have made our time together like this place—a haven in a world that sometimes not all we’d like it to be, a place where beauty is always present.” Sally’s eyes were moist as she put her arms around David’s neck and rested her head on his shoulder. All the weariness and the heartache of the last few days passed from her and her heart once again felt light and gay. Yes, David with his wonderful instinct for detecting had known how to find her heart and save its soreness. Truly, she was a lucky woman to have a man who could solve her problems, too!
If she loves, that love will never dim and the object of her love will never fade or change in her eyes.

FRAN ALLISON—the woman who sees with her HEART

by Helen Bolstad

Family secrets have a way of turning into the Kuklapolitans' best production numbers. Sometimes they are confided to television friends in their original form; sometimes they reach the screen as Burr Tillstrom's gently satiric comment on a characteristic trait of some member of his Kukla, Fran and Ollie cast.

Many viewers sensed that such a secret inspired the show in which Fran, about to leave for Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where her alumni association at Coe College had named her guest of honor, was beset by Ollie bearing gifts.

Though lovingly be- (Continued on page 86)

Kukla, Fran and Ollie is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 6 P.M. EDT; Breakfast Club is heard on ABC, M-F, 9 A.M. EDT.

Wearing odd costumes on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club doesn't bother Fran—but a party dress embarrassed her!
BERT PARKS—Every day’s a Holiday

"It takes work, but a man and wife have only themselves to blame if they’re failures at building a life together."

By GREGORY MERWIN

"SOMEONE comes along every day and says you’ve got to work at a marriage to make it successful, but that’s only half the story. Maybe ants and eager beavers get happiness merely by plodding, but not human beings. People have to think, give of themselves, to build surroundings for happiness."

Dynamic Bert Parks, known as one of the most contented family men in radio and video, well knows from experience, and wouldn’t jeopardize or neglect any aspect of his family’s welfare for the sake of his career or for anything else. Home comes first and for that reason it’s always a holiday at the Parks house. Of course, there is work to be done daily, but it is work—and play—in an atmosphere that is relaxed and tension-free.

"Every married couple starts out with love, and then sometimes things go berserk." Bert grins a little self-consciously at the philosophizing, but continues, "The way it goes, they take each other for granted. Actually, they’ve stopped respecting each other as individuals. With respect comes understanding and dignity, and finally the true sharing of a life together."

In the Parks home everyone has a vote. Bert is neither considered the lord and master of the manor nor is Annette crowned the queen. Petty, just about three years old, has inherited her mother’s beauty, but there the similarity ends and (Continued on page 103)

Bert Parks is heard and seen on Break the Bank, Sun., 9:30 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV; sponsored by Bristol-Myers.
Search for tomorrow

Joanne Barron finds the value of today
in successfully living for tomorrow

Events in the life of Joanne Barron are proving over and over again that, in any human being's search for tomorrow, complete love and understanding must be built on a firm foundation of faith in today. Joanne is the widow of Keith Barron, only son of Irene Barron, a self-centered woman who has always claimed and gotten the attentions of her children. When Keith died, Irene was determined that she would take Joanne and Keith's daughter, Patti, from Joanne. The same selfish determination underlies all Irene's actions, and again and again she fights for custody of Patti without ever realizing the harm she's inflicting on her daughter-in-law or on her grandchild by insisting that scandal is present in Joanne's life.

Mrs. Mitchell was Joanne's next-door neighbor, and it was to Mrs. Mitchell that Irene turned for confirmation of gossip about Joanne. . . . On this particular day of the hearing for custody of Patti, Mrs. Mitchell came to testify in Irene's behalf. As she made her way to the witness stand, it was apparent that she was a motherly type of woman, honest and yet obviously inquisitive. Certainly nothing in her opening sentences about Joanne indicated the bomb she was about to drop on the courtroom scene. Her voice was calm as she told about the excellence of Joanne's care for Patti. Then, suddenly, it took on a scornful note as she pictured the scene in Joanne's house when she came to borrow a cup of sugar, during the time when Keith was dying in the hospital. Mrs. Mitchell had yoo-hooed her approach and then wandered through the house in search of Joanne. Abruptly, without warning, she had come upon Joanne in the living room—in the arms of another man, a man not Joanne's husband, but one Dr. Hilton. . . . Her testimony was unshakable as she described the scene of Joanne enfolded in Dr. Hilton's arms. It wasn't until there was a cry of protest from Joanne's sister-in-law, Louise, that the judge decided to question Mrs. Mitchell further. Louise had not only witnessed the scene but denied that Dr. Hilton was doing anything except giving Joanne a friend's consoling shoulder. Louise explained that Dr. Hilton and Joanne had been friends for a long time, and it was the greeting of two who shared each other's grief. The judge seeking the truth, turned to Mrs. Mitchell. "Well," admitted Mrs. Mitchell finally, "I didn't see them kiss, although I thought that was what they had been doing, and perhaps . . . perhaps it could have been that kind of greeting." After the judge had dismissed Mrs. Mitchell, he turned to the court and observed, "I am puzzled about what I've heard this morning. How can a woman commit a perjury in good faith? She has taken an incident and blown it up into a damning piece of evidence. Idle gossip has no place in anyone's mind at any time!" To which Joanne silently added, "In our search for tomorrow we are often disappointed in what we find, for we have built today on the quicksand of trouble."

Search for Tomorrow is seen on CBS-TV, M.F., 12:30 P.M., for Procter & Gamble. Pictured here in their original roles (left to right): Sara Anderson as Louise, Mary Stuart as Joanne, Coe Norton as Dr. Hilton.
Peering from the doorway, Mrs. Mitchell saw Joanne in Dr. Hilton's arms — and believed the worst.
Anderson as Louise, Mary Stuart as Joanne, Coe Norton as Dr. Hilton.
Search for tomorrow

Joanne Barron finds the value of today
in successfully living for tomorrow

Events in the life of Joanne Barron are proving ever and ever again that, in any human being's search for tomorrow, complete love and understanding must be built on a firm foundation of faith in today. Joanne is the widow of Keith Barron, only son of Irene Barron, a self-centered woman who has always claimed and gotten the attentions of her children. When Keith died, Irene was determined that she would take Joanne and Keith's daughter, Pati, from Joanne. The same selfish determination underlies all Irene's actions, and again and again she fights for custody of Pati without ever realizing the harm she's inflicting on her daughter-in-law or on her granddaughter. Pati, insisting that scandal is present in Joanne's life. Mrs. Mitchell was Joanne's next-door neighbor, and it was to Mrs. Mitchell that Irene turned for confirmation of gossip about Joanne. On this particular day of the hearing for custody of Pati, Mrs. Mitchell came to testify in Irene's behalf. As she made her way to the witness stand, it was apparent that she was a motherly type of woman, honest and yet obviously inquisitive. Certainly nothing in her opening sentences about Joanne indicated the bomb she was about to drop on the courtroom scene. Her voice was calm as she told about the excellence of Joanne's care for Pati. Then, suddenly, it took on a fearful note as she pictured the scene in Joanne's house when she came to borrow a cup of sugar, during the time when Keith was dying in the hospital. Mrs. Mitchell had you-honed her approach and then wandered through the house in search of Joanne. Abruptly, without warning, she had come upon Joanne in the living room—in the arms of another man, a man not Joanne's husband, but one Dr. Hilton. Her testimony was unshakable as she described the scene of Joanne enfolded in Dr. Hilton's arms. It wasn't until there was a cry of protest from Joanne's sister-in-law, Louise, that the judge decided to question Mrs. Mitchell further. Louise had not only witnessed the scene but denied that Dr. Hilton was doing anything except giving Joanne a friend's comforting shoulder. Louise explained that Dr. Hilton and Joanne had been friends for a long time, and it was the greeting of two who shared each other's grief. The judge, seeking the truth, turned to Mrs. Mitchell. "Well," admitted Mrs. Mitchell finally, 1 didn't see them kiss, although I thought that was what they had been doing, and perhaps I should've been more observant." As the judge had dismissed Mrs. Mitchell, he turned to the court and observed, "I am puzzled about what I've heard this morning. How can a woman commit a perjury in good faith? She has taken an inexact and blown it up into a damning piece of evidence! Life gossip has no place in anyone's mind at any time!" To which Joanne silently added, "In our search for tomorrow we are often disappointed in what we find, for we have built today on the quicksand of trouble."

Search for Tomorrow is seen on CBS-TV, M.F., 12:30 P.M., for Porter & Cashable. Picture here is their original role (left to right): Sue Anderson as Louise, Mary Stuart as Joanne, Cee Wannam as Dr. Hilton.
GOLDEN CHARMS MARK HER SHINING HOURS,
TINY MEMENTOS ADDING UP
TO NINE GLORIOUS, GOLDEN YEARS
RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

By GLADYS HALL

Like the legendary sundial that "only marks the shining hours," the golden charms on Claudia Morgan's bracelet are the symbols of her heart's happiness. One by one, they tell the story, mark the shining hours of her romance with radio director and commentator Ernest Chappell, and of their marriage, now almost ten years old—and still a romance.

Golden Claudia, heroine of The Right to Happiness radio drama. Golden Claudia—golden hair, wide-set hazel eyes, golden-gleaming skin—jingled the profusion of golden charms: A tiny car, a miniature hansom cab, a boat, discs engraved with names and dates, hearts engraved with names and dates, a tiny pig, a book no bigger than your littlest fingernail, were among those that could be identified at a glance.

"The bracelet itself came first, of course," Claudia said. "Chappie gave me the bracelet the Christmas after we (Continued on page 82)

Claudia is heard as Carolyn on The Right to Happiness over NBC, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, for Procter & Gamble.

Two "charms" too big for Claudia's bracelet—but still among her treasures—a Colonial church bell (left) and "Mr. P.," their dog.

From the start, Claudia knew she and "Chappie" had so much to share, with their radio-TV careers.

But she never dreamed that one day she'd learn to love farming as he did—and even drive a tractor!
TINY MEMENTOS ADDING UP
TO NINE GLORIOUS, GOLDEN YEARS
GOLDEN CHARMS MARK HER SHINING HOURS,
TINY MEMEINTOS ADDING UP
TO NINE GLORIOUS, GOLDEN YEARS

By GLADYS HALL

Look the legendary sundial that "only" marks the shining hours, the golden charms on Claudia Morgan's bracelet are the symbols of her heart's happiness. One by one, they tell the story, mark the shining hours of her romance with radio director and commentator Ernest Chappell, and of their marriage, now almost ten years old—and still a romance.

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Two "charms" too big for Claudia's bracelet—but still among her treasures— a Colonial church bell (left) and "Mr. P.," their dog.
The accident of laughter made Garry the man he is today. But he'd rather be right than funny

By MARTIN COHEN

"To begin at the end," says Garry Moore, CBS-TV's comedy star, "I do not consider myself a comedian again."

The again is ungrammatical but accurate. Garry, for eighteen years, has been fighting a quixotic battle. Periodically, he declares that he is no comic. He asserts he doesn't want to tell jokes, can't tell jokes, isn't funny and no one laughs at him. Each time, just as sure as the rising sun, fans, sponsors, critics and assorted veepees come back with, "Garry, you're a very funny man. Keep us laughing."

The merry but maddening mix-up began eighteen years ago when Garry went to work for a radio station in his hometown, Baltimore. He had a burning ambition to be a writer and received tremendous encouragement from the great American novelist, F. Scott Fitzgerald. Garry had collaborated with Fitzgerald while he was still a senior in high school. Nothing came of the play, but Garry at the age of eighteen found himself launched as a professional and earned a job as a radio writer.

"I wrote everything for a while—spot announcements, mood stuff to go with organ music, skits and, in particular, an afternoon comedy show. The last was my undoing."

One day the star of the comedy show took ill at the last minute. The station manager asked Garry to go on.

"I'm not a comedian," he said.

The boss coaxed. Garry (Continued on page 72)

Garry Moore Show, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, for Best Foods Corp., Stokely-Van Camp, Inc., and others.
"Others can never know the depth of determination in your heart—only time and courage can reveal it."

Margaret Draper—
STUBBORN LASSIE

By JOE JENSEN

The clue to the character of Margaret Draper, star of CBS' Brighter Day, is not in her gentle voice or her gracious manner. It's in those serious, deep blue eyes which reveal the intelligent determination that led to her success as an actress.

"Not all of it was intelligent," she says quickly, "some of it was ordinary stubbornness."

Of course, all little boys want to be airplane pilots and all little girls want to be actresses. Margaret caught the bug while she was still in kindergarten. She was chosen for a play presented by the University of Utah at the Salt Lake City Opera House. Her desire was so intense that at the ripe old age of eleven she first displayed the determination which was to be her greatest asset.

"My French class was putting on the 'Three Bears' and I was to be the little bear—but only if I could get a costume. I told the teacher I could."

She asked her mother to make a bear suit. Mother, a little bewildered by the request and the short notice, had to refuse. The day of the play, Margaret had no costume. She fibbed, telling the teacher she had forgotten her costume.

"Lying was misplaced determination. However, I learned my lesson through embarrassment," Margaret says. "You can see, even at that age, how intent I was on being an actress."

Margaret took advantage (Continued on page 72)

Margaret can be heard on The Brighter Day, M-F, on CBS, 2:45 P.M. EDT—on NBC, 9:45 A.M.—for Procter & Gamble.
My husband, John, is one of the nicest—and most unexpected—silver linings I ever found for myself.

Early struggles grow dim, even the work I love seems far away, at our summer place on Lake Tonetta with two of my daughters, both my grandchildren—and John.
I believe in Silver linings

Call me a Pollyanna, if you wish, but I believe in silver linings. More than that, I know—I've had to find a few for myself.

And therein lies the one catch—finding your own silver lining yourself! No one can give it to you, and it seldom comes tailored, cut to fit. You have to do your own cutting, basting and seaming. After all, your silver lining is a personal thing—what one individual considers compensation might very easily be spurned by another. A sort of "one man's meat..." If you're lucky, you may have an occasional helping hand along the way, but you have to be prepared and willing to do the finding—the achieving—yourself.

Needless to say, a liberal dash of optimism and courage will stand you in good stead... not the kind of optimism that refuses to look an unpleasant fact in the face, but the kind that leads you to make something worthwhile out of a seemingly bad state of affairs... and, when a method of improvement presents itself, have the courage to follow it through.

This is one subject I feel I know about. I know all about the dark clouds that make the search for silver linings so important. Years ago, (Continued on page 88)

Ethel Owen is heard frequently on Armstrong's Theatre of Today, over CBS, Sat., 12 noon EDT. She is also Mother Burton on The Second Mrs. Burton, CBS, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, for General Foods.

A HELPING HAND REAFFIRMED ETHEL OWEN'S FAITH IN HUMAN BEINGS

Only my busy actress-daughter, Pamela Britton, is missing from this family reunion—that's her child, Kathy, in the back seat with John and me—in the front seat are Mary, Virginia's little girl Heidi and Virginia herself.
I believe in Silver linings

CALL ME a Pollyanna, if you wish, but I believe in silver linings. More than that, I know—I've had to find a few for myself.

And therein lies the one catch—finding your own silver lining. You can't have an unexpected silver lining if you've already given up. You can't have one if you're only thinking of yourself. People will say, "What about me?" and they'll be thinking of themselves. You have to have a little humaneness in your heart to dare to think of another person. I believe there are silver linings to every cloud—only one can give it to you, and you have to be prepared and willing to find the silver lining.

Needless to say, a liberal dash of optimism and courage will stand you in good stead...for the kind of optimism that refuses to look an unpleasant fact in the eye, but rather musters up the courage toEnumerations, making something worthwhile out of a seemingly hopeless state of affairs...and, when a method of improvement presents itself, have the courage to follow it through.

This is one subject I feel I know about, I know all about the dark clouds that make the search for silver linings so important. Years ago, (Continued on page 88)

Ethel Owen is heard frequently on Armstrong's Theatre of Today, over CBS, Sat., 12 noon EDT. She is also Mother Burton on The Second Mrs. Burton, CBS, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, for General Foods.
Luigi and Rosa

Luigi Basco is one of the many characters whom J. Carrol Naish has brought to life over the years. Though quite a few of these foreign-accented people played by Naish were not all as lovable as the Luigi who delights radio listeners, they all had the benefit of being portrayed by one of the ablest character actors in the American theatre. An Irishman born in New York City, Naish is usually taken for anything but a native citizen, since his career has been packed full of roles which required him to imitate every conceivable type of foreign accent—not an O'Reilly in the lot. He made his theatrical debut in Paris with a French musical-comedy company, toured Russia, Egypt and India with the troupe; trained for the legitimate stage with a Yiddish theatre group; and played the role of a Japanese prince in his first movie, “The Shanghai Gesture.” This portrayal led to a series of villains-of-all-nations movie parts—a step which found him an Academy Award nominee three times. In 1947, the Foreign Correspondents of the World gave him their “Oscar” for the finest character acting of the year. Although Luigi is a bachelor “by choice,” J. Carrol is married to an actress, Gladys Heaney, and has a nineteen-year-old daughter, Elaine. Hobby-wise, Carrol is a student of Irish history—he owns a two-hundred-year-old ancestral castle at Bally Cullen in Ireland, one of the few spots in the world where folks know he’s an Irishman.

Despite Pasquale’s machinations, it looks as if Luigi will never make good his contract to marry patient Rosa, his willing but “slightly plump” daughter. But Jody Gilbert, the gal who brings Rosa to life, isn’t taking it hard—after all, it’s only Rosa who has to worry. Her part on the Luigi show is the first radio work Jody has done since her teen-age days. At that time, she specialized in singing and had her own musical shows on Fort Worth and Dallas stations. When she finished high school, Jody went on tour through the South in musical comedies, then did some summer theatre work and finally ended up in New York. Broadway producers were cold to Jody’s Southern accent, so she attended a school to lose her drawl. She studied dialects, and became an expert on European voice characterizations. In 1932, Jody came to California for a few years and joined the Pasadena Playhouse. A return to New York in 1935 found Jody appearing in what she dubs a “series of sensationally quick flops.” Three years later, she went back to Hollywood to begin a long career as a motion-picture character actress. To date, Jody has appeared in some 128 movies—making good use of her flair for dialect. When she lost out in the tryouts for the My Friend Irma—Mrs. O'Reilly part, Jody immediately brushed up on her Italian accent, and tried for the role as Luigi’s Rosa. She got it, and has been the foil for Pasquale’s marriage plots ever since.
Friends

From her photo, it's pretty easy to see why Luigi and the other pupils love to go to school and take English lessons from Miss Spalding—Mary Shipp, off the radio. Mary began her radio career as one of fiction's most famous little schoolgirls, Tom Sawyer's own true love, Becky Thatcher. She got the role just after she was graduated from Los Angeles City College, where she majored in dramatic arts. ... A native of Los Angeles, Mary studied ballet as a child, and her dancing ability brought her into the child-actress field when she was eight years old. While a student at the Immaculate Heart Convent, the little girl's extra-curricular activities included a tour of Southern California in "The Little Princess," and other stock-company roles at the Old Egan Theatre. ... Some of the radio parts Mary has handled were Henry Aldrich's girl friend, Kathleen, and "Mrs. Milton Berle" on the Milton Berle show. In 1938, the actress signed for a five-week show called The Phantom Pilot, with Howard Duff. While working on the program, she met Harry Ackerman, the program's producer. She became Mrs. Ackerman on August 16, 1939. Mary, Harry, their two children, Susan and Stephen, a Scottie dog—name of Gramps—and a mongrel called Dorothy reside in Beverly Hills. Mary says her only hobbies are home-making and studying French. "Harry's the one with all the hobbies, and he has enough enthusiasm for the whole family," she explains.

Another native New Yorker who is a master of the fine art of imitating foreign accents, Alan Reed, portrays that tireless matchmaker and haunter of poor Luigi, Pasquale. Reed has been heard on almost every prominent radio program—he's Mr. Clyde, Irma's boss, on My Friend Irma; he was Falstaff Openshaw on the Fred Allen show; and Ciancy the Cop on Duffy's Tavern. At one time, Alan was doing thirty-five shows a week, which he cut down to fifteen when he started to do character roles in the movies. His latest film appearance was as Pancho Villa in "Viva Zapata." ... Reed attended Columbia University when he was a lad, where he became the college's broad-jumping champion, took a letter in wrestling, and distinguished himself as a college playwright of some note. After school, he worked successively as an actor manager and production chief of the Playwrights' Theatre; as a vaudevillian; as a candy manufacturer; and at one point, to make ends meet, as a physical director of a Manhattan gymnasium. ... Then came radio, and Reed went right into it with his usual enthusiasm. The Reed family—Alan, his wife (former actress Finette Walker) and their brood of three sons moved to Hollywood in 1943.

Life With Luigi is heard over CBS radio at 9 P.M. EDT, Tuesday, sponsored by Wrigley's Chewing Gum; and viewed over CBS-TV, at 9:30 P.M. EDT, Monday, sponsored by General Foods.
Dad wrote the song, "Cathy," for me—but he usually calls me "Matilda," and sometimes even "Chub-Chub"!

I'M A VERY
When I was little I used to think my dad, Bob Crosby, was the most wonderful man in the world. I still do!

by Cathy Crosby

Now that I'm thirteen years old (and practically a grown woman) Mother and Daddy let me go to a movie with the boy next door. When I got home from that first date, Daddy asked, with a smile, if I went to see "Two Tickets To Broadway"—because he's in it.

"Gosh, no," I answered, "who wants to sit in the balcony with a boy and have your Dad watch you from the screen!"

Of course Daddy laughed hardest. Because he knows I'd really be lost without his guidance and companionship. When I was a little girl I used to think my dad, Bob Crosby, was just about the most wonderful man in the world. Now that I'm grown, I see no reason for changing my mind. I still think so. In fact, the older I get the nicer he gets... and smarter, too. Look at the way he handles his job on the Jack Benny Show, as well as his own Club 15!

Until my little sister Junie Malia was born in 1951, I was the only girl in pretty much of a masculine household. There was Mother, of course, but we were sort of outnumbered by my three brothers and Dad. Three younger brothers and a father who sings can be pretty noisy at times. Now that we have Junie Malia (that's Mary in Hawaiian) I feel the girls are coming into their own around here.

Since Mother is (Continued on page 104)

Bob Crosby is heard on Club 15, M-W-F, 7:30 P.M., for Campbell's Soups, and the Jack Benny Program, Sun., 7 P.M., for Lucky Strike; both EDT on CBS.

LUCKY GIRL
PRETTY little dark-haired Marsha, Julie Paterno's latest problem charge at Hilltop House, was frankly one of the most undisciplined children Miss Julie had ever been called upon to handle. Julie believed to the very depth of her being that any child must learn to love herself before she can love others. Concretely, Julie felt that Marsha should be urged to be part of her age group and to learn to respect herself by experiencing the rewards that come from having others of her own age respect her. This was a little difficult to accomplish, especially since Marsha was determined to do everything in her power to bring punishment down upon her head. . . . Gradually, however, Julie began to see a small change in Marsha. She found that, every once in a while, Marsha would do a kind act for someone her own age and then bask in the sunshine of the approval. As this was being accomplished, Julie's next step was to urge Marsha not only to participate in the fun the teenagers were having, but also in the responsibilities they were to assume around the orphanage. Julie's job here was almost as difficult as her project with the teenagers . . . for Hannah, the cook, was set in her ways and believed that children should just automatically be helpful, no matter how they had been trained beforehand. Julie was prepared for tension when she walked into Hannah's kitchen the day Marsha was scheduled to work there, but the scene that met her eye was a little more than she'd bargained for. Belligerently, Marsha stood in front of Hannah, daring her, taunting Hannah to strike her. One look and Julie knew what had happened. Marsha had deliberately left Hannah's favorite pot holder edged over the stove burner so that it had caught fire. . . . As Marsha's voice rose to a shrill, excited pitch, Hannah reached out to strike Marsha and Julie stayed her hand just in time. Sternly, Julie ordered Marsha out of the kitchen and into her office and calmed Hannah. It took tactful handling, but Julie was finally able to bring Hannah around, by once more enlisting her aid in helping the unruly child. In her office, Julie confronted Marsha, not with criticism but with understanding. "I understand why you act as you do," Julie said sympathetically. "We all want attention and there are two ways of getting it, a right and a wrong way. Hannah likes you and wants you to learn to cook as well as she does. . . ." "Learn to cook?" said Marsha, the sullenness leaving her face and her eyes lighting up, "but I thought she just wanted me to clean up the kitchen and scrub out the pans." "I guess Hannah was wrong too," Julie said, smiling. "She should have explained that this is the worst part of cooking—we all have to do it—but the best part is to come. Why don't you replace the pot holder out of your allowance and give it to Hannah with an apology? I think then she might be willing to let you try a hand at the next birthday cake that's going to be baked." Marsha grinned. "I'd like that," she said simply. . . . A week later when Marsha placed "her" birthday cake on the table for one of the other orphans, Julie knew she'd won another victory. The praise which the other girls gave Marsha warmed her heart . . . but, more than that, it showed Marsha how to gain attention the right way—with love.

Hilltop House is heard on CBS, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Miles Laboratories (Alka-Seltzer). Pictured here in their radio roles, left to right: Lili Darvas as Hannah, Joan Lazar as Marsha, Jan Miner as Julie Paterno.
It was an explosive situation between angry cook and willful child—and both were wrong. What could Julie do?
had caught fire. As Marsha’s voice
Lazar as Marsha, Jan Murter as Julie Paterno.
Can a child be DISCIPLINED with Love?

Pretty little dark-haired Marsha, Julie Paterno's latest problem charge, was frankly one of the most undisciplined children Miss Julie had ever been called upon to handle. Julie believed to the very depth of her being that any child must learn to love herself before she can love others. Consequently, Julie felt that Marsha should be urged to be part of her age group and to learn to respect herself by experiencing the rewards that come from having others of her own age respect her. This was a little difficult to accomplish, especially since Marsha was determined to do everything in her power to bring punishment down upon her head. . . . Gradually, however, Julie began to see a small change in Marsha. She found that, every once in a while, Marsha would do a kind act for someone her own age and then bask in the sunshine of the approval. As this was being accomplished, Julie's next step was to urge Marsha not only to participate in the fun the teenagers were having, but also in the responsibilities they were to assume around the orphanage. Julie's job here was almost as difficult as her project with the teenagers . . . for Marsha, the cook, was set in her ways and believed that children should just automatically be helpful, no matter how they had been trained beforehand. Julie was prepared for tension when she walked into Hannah's kitchen the day Marsha was scheduled to work there, but the scene that met her eye was a little more than she was harbored for. Belligerently, Marsha stood in front of Hannah, daring her, taunting Hannah to strike her. One look and Julie knew what had happened. Marsha had deliberately left Hannah's favorite pot holder edged over the stove burner so that it had caught fire. . . . As Marsha's voice rose to a shrill, excited pitch, Hannah reached out to strike Marsha and Julie stayed her hand just in time. Steadily, Julie ordered Marsha out of the kitchen and into her office and calmed Hannah. It took tactful handling, but Julie was finally able to bring Hannah around, by once more enlisting her aid in helping the unruly child. In her office, Julie confronted Marsha, not with criticism but with understanding. "I understand why you act as you do," Julie said sympathetically. "We all want attention and there are two ways of getting it, a right and a wrong way. Hannah likes you and wants you to learn to cook as well as she does. . . . "Learn to cook?" said Marsha, the solemnness leaving her face and her eyes lighting up, "but I thought she just wanted me to clean up the kitchen and scrub out the pans." "I guess Hannah was wrong too," Julie said, smiling. "She should have explained that this is the worst part of cooking—we all have to do it—but the best part is to come. Why don't you replace the pot holder out of your allowance and give it to Hannah with an apology? I think then she might be willing to let you try a hand at the next birthday cake—she's going to be baked." Marsha grinned. "I'd like that," she said simply. . . . A week later when Marsha placed "her" birthday cake on the table for one of the other orphans, Julie knew she'd won another victory. The praise which the other girls gave Marsha warmed her heart. . . . but, more than that, it showed Marsha how to gain attention in the right way—with love.

Hilltop House is heard on CBS, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Milo Laboratories (Alka-Seltzer). Pictured here in their radio roles, left to right: Lilli Davis as Hannah, Jean Larson as Marsha, Jan Miner as Julie Paterno.
Here they are for TV—just as millions of listeners envisioned them: Seated, the Kingfish and Andy; behind them, Henry Van Porter, Amos, Lightnin', Lawyer Calhoun.

Gentle Amos,

blustering Andy

and the lovable rogue, Kingfish,

had to come alive for America.

Two years' effort made it possible

By MARY TEMPLE

Now the story can be told. The story of how Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, creators of radio's famed Amos 'n' Andy, searched two years for their television counterparts, whom you enjoy every other Thursday night over CBS. The search covered the entire country, involved more than eight hundred personal interviews, some fifty screen tests and more than two thousand voice recordings.

"White actors didn't seem believable to portray these beloved Negro characters," Gosden says, "so our search began to center on talented Negroes. We had definite ideas about what we were looking for and we knew that, after more than twenty years of listening, the public had the same ideas. We had to find exactly the right types." How well they succeeded, everyone now knows, but how tough a job it was is only now being told. And some of the amusing stories concerning the search are just now coming to light.

There was the time, for instance, (Continued on page 106)

Amos 'n' Andy is seen on alternate Thursdays, over CBS TV, at 8:30 P.M. EDT; telecast sponsored by Blatz Brewing Co. for Blatz Beer.
Red-Headed Wonder Woman

(Continued from page 35)

Suitcases, all small, singly and in pairs, were jam-packed into it. Fishing rods popped out of every window and suitcases hung from every door handle. Even the baby's playpen (on top of the car) was set up to hold more suitcases.

Actually, there really wasn't quite as much luggage as there seemed. One large trunk, at the most two, would have held it all. But the small cases, packed into the car in haste and partially avery, took up a great deal of room.

The railway station porter took off his red cap and scratched his head. "Man," he muttered, "that's the mostest baggage Ah ever saw!"

Desi began counting under his breath as the bags came out of the car. "Uno, dos, tres, my trout rods, cuatro, cinco, seis, my box fishing tackle, siete, ocho, nueve, diez. Good Lord!"

"Lu...cy," he said in a butter-sweet fashion.

Lucy alighted from the car still talking. "Yes, dear."

"You going 'round the world?"

Lucy's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you got enough luggage for a lifetime. What happened to the big trunk?"

"It's not 'practical'," said Lucy. "I couldn't find a thing in it. This way, at least, I know where everything is."

"But you've got too much stuff."

"It's not stuff. You never know when you'll need something for an emergency."

"Well, you can't take it all."

"Don't be silly. You'll just have to leave some of your fishing stuff."

"Wh...at?"

"You heard me. You've got at least five rods. You'll just have to leave some of them. I don't see why you need them all anyhow."

"I see you know a lot about fishing. Those are all for different purposes. And I can't leave any of them."

"And I can't leave any of my things or the baby's things." They stood and looked at one another in mounting silence, as the mountain of luggage began moving into their compartments, safari fashion.

Not long after the luggage was loaded and the train had started on its way, Lucy and Desi (cramped in their compartment with the fishing tackle and the playpen) looked at each other and laughed. They laughed so hard and loud they fell back exhausted on their seats. As they adjusted themselves to fitting in with their luggage, anger vanished and once more their sense of humor came to the rescue.

Life for Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz is like that. They pride themselves on being so average—"just boringly normal," they'll say with pride—but nothing about Lucille and Desi is "normal," let alone—"boring." They're really exciting and colorful and, because they have so much warmth to offer, they share it with the nation in their television adventures on 'Love Lucy,' which are not too unlike things that might happen at home—or on boarding a train.

When Lucille and Desi first stepped out of their usual evening clothes—after years of night-club work—nobody was sure they could stand life on a quiet five-acre home in Chatsworth, a lovely suburb in the San Fernando Valley. Even Desi and Lucille didn't know for certain. But because they wanted so much to live an average, normal life like other people...

(Continued on page 71)
New creamy-soft make-up covers so lightly

Looks so naturally lovely

Feels like your very own skin

Your Pan-Stik® Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh it looks and feels like your very own skin.
Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of "made-up" look. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients in a stick form gives you a new, more alluring, natural loveliness.

ALICE KELLY
as she looks when away from the studio.
Now appearing in
"SON OF ALI BABA"
A Universal-International Picture
Color by Technicolor
Guaranteed by Max Factor
Pan-Stik®
by Max Factor

New creamy make-up in stick form
$1.60 plus tax. In 7 enchanting shades to harmonize with any complexion.
Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

Pan-Stik
by max Factor

So quick! So convenient! Easy to use as lipstick

1 Max Factor's Pan-Stik is creamy make-up in new convenient stick form. No puff, no sponge, can't spill or leak into your purse.

2 Swivel up Pan-Stik as you do your lipstick. Apply light strokes to nose, forehead, chin, cheeks. No mess, no fingernail deposits, as with ordinary cream. No dripping as with liquid.

3 Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently over face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how perfectly it covers. And how fresh and naturally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

*Pan-Stik trademark means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.
Desi and Lucille made their house into a dream home.

Desi loves to build! Not only did he build the three-room nursery wing onto the main house, for Lucille Desi is said to be a master builder in his own way. For Lucille and Desi know where they are going. Following the tremendous success of the TV show, life has become pretty smooth and happy. And now the most exciting news has topped it— they are going to be parents again in late winter!

To Lucille, who wants a family more than being an average housewife, this is the greatest news that ever happened to her. "Of course, we'd like a boy," she said. But, looking at chubby, happy little Lucille Desiree, her eyes said: Another girl would be wonderful, too.

That's Lucille. She's always practical. Another girl undoubtedly could share little Lucille Desiree's nursery, clothes and toys. But a boy would be wonderful, and every family's first child is a special one.

Lucille's practicality and her wonderful sense of loyalty are the keynotes to her personality. Because a more loyal person than Lucille never existed. She's loyal to old friends, to new ones. She's quite a friendship won over to her. "Of course, we'd like a boy," she said. But, looking at chubby, happy little Lucille Desiree, her eyes said: Another girl would be wonderful, too.

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Margaret Draper—Stubborn Lassie

Margaret's friends dropped her in Manhattan and went on. She was truly all alone and downright terrified. While the thirty-eight dollars lasted, she tried for a scholarship in a drama school but with no luck.

"I was down to my last dollar and I knew if I wired home for money it would be 'Please help.'"

Margaret walked into Schirmer's music store and, when a saleswoman asked if she could help, Margaret said, "Yes, you can give me a job." Just like that. She got one.

Margaret worked every night writing letters, letters to all of the summer theatres in the country. She listed all of her education and experience and asked simply for an apprentice job. Within a month the Provincetown Theatre told her she could have a job acting in return for their scenes.

During the next five years she was up and down. For two, during World War II, she worked for the Red Cross in Europe and the Middle East as a recreational director. She sang with the American Legion Band and worked for the Theatre Guild as an understudy in the road company of "Papa Is All." But in 1947 she was sitting at a desk reading plays for CBS. Instead of acting, still pouting her heels in and out of casting offices, sometimes with only money enough for bare existence.

How poor can you be? It's all compared. She said, "You can be down to two dresses, as I was at times. Any woman would consider herself destitute with two dresses—but, for a young actress who had to impress people, it was a catastrophe."

In 1947, she got her first radio role with Carl Beier in the CBS program, Joe Pow- ers of Oakville, and that marked the end of the lean years. She got more radio work and then television. She appeared in the Abbott and Costello show, "Fred and Joe," and "Papa's Family" and was voted one of the most promising actresses of the year. She was getting roles in two Broadway shows and was being considered for the part of Liz Dennis in Brighter Day. Margaret won and has played the part ever since.

That same year, I began to audition for the lifetime role of wife to actor Joe De Santis and, in May of 1950, was officially wedded into a cast that now includes one-year-old Christopher De Santis. She believes, too, the marriage. I can honestly say, was the result of love, not determination.

But perseverance or determination defi- nitely accounts for the major part of her success.

"Outside of an untrained talent, I had little else to go on. Neither money nor clothes. I'm not glamorous and I'm not strikingly beautiful. More than that, when I came to New York, I felt inadequate and lacked confidence. A continuous self-appraisal helped me understand my assets and liabilities. Working with others gave me courage but, actually, I am like the old Horatio Alger. It was 100% deter- mination which carried me through."

(Continued from page 59)

Garry Moore—Unfunny Man

(Continued from page 58)

walked. But a boss, a boss, and Garry suddenly found himself on the air telling jokes.

"You were great," the boss said afterwards. "You've got a new job."

Garry at first refused. The extra job would take time away from his writing. The boss insisted and Garry, more than a trifle bewildered, did a mental somersault and agreed. To give it a try. And he was great. The audience loved him, but Garry didn't love his job.

"It was like adding another eight-hour day to my work," Garry recalls. "I found myself working to three or four every morning, writing jokes. They told me I was funny, but I would listen to the big-timers—Ed Wynn, Bob Hope, Jimmy Du- rante. They're funny, I thought, how can I be funny?"

At the end of a year, everyone but Garry was convinced he was a good comic. And Garry quit. He found another radio job in Los Angeles. He was a popular announcer. This, he figured, would give him the spare time to write.

"Radio was to be my bread and butter only," he said and so it was for three months, while he attempted the great American novel. Then word got around that the young man with the bristling hair had a talent. He was assigned to do a comedy show.

"I took the job, but mostly because I didn't want to be numbered among the unemployed, and especially because I was planning on getting married in six months." For seven months he coaxed laughter from audiences, but he felt he was a fish out of water. He began lining up another job. The day he gave his notice, a stranger walked up to him and called him "the funniest fellow on the air."

"Everybody was crazy but me," he said, "and that was my life."

That was in 1939. He had another straight news job lined up and was about to marry his childhood sweetheart, Eleanor Little, of Richmond, Virginia.

"I told Garry about my ambitions, too," he says, "and wanted me to prove my- self as a writer. As a matter of fact she could never see me as a comic, still can't. Instead of acting, still pouting her heels in and out of casting offices, sometimes with only money enough for bare existence.

How poor can you be? It's all compared. She said, "You can be down to two dresses, as I was at times. Any woman would consider herself destitute with two dresses—but, for a young actress who had to impress people, it was a catastrophe."

In 1947, she got her first radio role with Carl Beier in the CBS program, Joe Pow- ers of Oakville, and that marked the end of the lean years. She got more radio work and then television. She appeared in the Abbott and Costello show, "Fred and Joe," and "Papa's Family" and was voted one of the most promising actresses of the year. She was getting roles in two Broadway shows and was being considered for the part of Liz Dennis in Brighter Day. Margaret won and has played the part ever since.

That same year, I began to audition for the lifetime role of wife to actor Joe De Santis and, in May of 1950, was officially wedded into a cast that now includes one-year-old Christopher De Santis. She believes, too, the marriage. I can honestly say, was the result of love, not determination.

But perseverance or determination defi- nitely accounts for the major part of her success.

"Outside of an untrained talent, I had little else to go on. Neither money nor clothes. I'm not glamorous and I'm not strikingly beautiful. More than that, when I came to New York, I felt inadequate and lacked confidence. A continuous self-appraisal helped me understand my assets and liabilities. Working with others gave me courage but, actually, I am like the old Horatio Alger. It was 100% deter- mination which carried me through."

"If I were a good comedian, I figured I should be good at everything."

"I'm not a comedian, is that right?"

"I thought that was right."

"But, if Garry says something that turns out funny and you laugh, believe me, it's just an accident. He likes it that way."
Look lovelier in 10 days

with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

Women all over the United States have tested this quick, sensible skin care and report thrilling results!

- If you would like to help your skin look fresher, lovelier, try Noxzema’s Home Beauty Routine. Surveys show that women in every part of the United States are switching to this fast, easy, skin care developed by a doctor.

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema’s quick help for many annoying complexion problems — such as rough, dry, lifeless skin, externally-caused blemishes, etc. Many others express delight because Noxzema helps their skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier—and helps keep it that way.

No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. It’s a medicated formula. That’s one secret of its amazing effectiveness. And Noxzema is greaseless, too! No smeary face! No stained, messy pillow.

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with skin problems to look fresher, smoother skin. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! Take advantage of generous money-saving offer! Get Noxzema today!

43% MORE NOXZEMA
for your money than in Small size

85¢ for only 59¢ plus tax

Limited time—at drug or cosmetic counter.

1. Morning: Smooth
Noxzema over face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water, wash your face with Noxzema as if using soap. No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Make-up base: Now apply a light film of greaseless, medicated Noxzema as your powder base. It holds make-up beautifully and helps to protect your skin all day.

3. Evening: "Cream-wash" your face again using medicated Noxzema. See how make-up and dirt disappear. How clean and fresh skin looks after "cream-washing."

4. Night Cream: Apply Noxzema to help keep your skin looking soft, smooth, lovely. Always pat a bit extra over blemishes to help heal them—fast. It’s medicated!

*Blemishes*, "Noxzema’s 1-step routine quickly helped heal my blemishes," says Audrey Thompson of Auburndale, Mass. "And make-up goes on much better!"

"No tight, dry feeling after 'cream-washing' with Noxzema!" says Daphne Doré of New York City. "It has helped my skin look so much fresher!"

Sensitive skin: "Noxzema is so soothing for a dry skin like mine," says Joan Condon of Rutherford, N. J. "It’s a grand greaseless night cream, too!"

Dry skin: "I wash my face with water and Noxzema!" says Ann Rush of St. Joseph, Mo. "Dirt, make-up disappear in a jiffy and my skin looks much softer—not dry!"

Blemishes, "Noxzema’s 1-step routine quickly helped heal my blemishes," says Audrey Thompson of Auburndale, Mass. "And make-up goes on much better!"
I Danced My Way to Happiness

(Continued from page 42)

groping for the same thing, and we each made a decision that proved to be a big turning-point in our lives.

I watched the Arthur Murray Party on television for months, and I suppose like others I had to get up courage to go to the studio for a demonstration lesson. I finally made an appointment and began my lessons in October, 1936. Meanwhile, Jerry had come down to New York from his home in Montreal, Canada, and was living with his sister in Long Beach, Long Island.

At the Arthur Murray studio, the only time you meet other students, except to pass them in the corridors, is when your own teacher's group of pupils get together at one of the regular monthly parties. Then the one exasperates his willfulness to Fred Jones, to get acquainted and relaxed, and after that you're on your own, free to dance with anyone who wants you for a partner. I was so shy, even after several months of lessons, that I would dance only with my teacher, but gradually I got more confidence. And, still unknown to each other, Jerry and I were in the same group, attending the same weekday parties, for about six months.

This particular night I had just finished dancing with another boy when Jerry came over and asked the teacher to introduce us, and then asked me for the next dance. I said yes, hardly glancing up at his face. The dance was a fox trot, and if either of us had known how important it would be to the rest of our lives we might have remembered the music.

After another dance, Jerry asked to take me home. I said he could, and hesitantly told him I lived in the Bronx on the eastern part of New York City, more than an hour by subway from the studio. I thought he might mind the long ride with me, but he didn't bat an eyelash and acted as if living way uptown was nothing for a girl to be concerned about if a boy wanted to take her home. We stopped for a snack and sat and talked quite a while, and then he folded a taxi-hack and drove me in style.

On the way, he told me about staying with his sister and living a couple of hours' travel in another direction, and I told him about my own life, and how much I seem to care at all. In fact, he asked to see me again. When he tells me now it was love at first sight for him that evening, I have to believe it. How else could one explain his willingness to take most of the night just to see me again?

I was definitely interested in this slim young man with the marvelous dancing feet and his whole look about him. I felt I wanted to see much more of him. I had one unmarried sister at that time, with whom I shared a room, and I woke her up out of a sound sleep to tell her I had met a wonderful dancer who had brought me home and asked for a date. "What does he look like?" she asked realistically, ignoring my raving about his dancing, and I realized I couldn't even describe him very well except that he was a bunet, about six feet tall, with a quiet and rather reserved personality.

Whether this account of February 13 seems like something that happened to someone else, and this seems like a story I am telling about another girl, because I moved in a dream from the moment Jerry put his arm around me and we began our first dance. Perhaps I did fall in love with him, too, that first moment. I only know I wasn't aware of it then, or for a few days after that.

After my first date with Jerry—a dance date, of course, at the Tavern on the Green in Central Park—I stopped going with anyone else. As the days passed into weeks, Jerry was skimming on lunches so he could take me dancing a different place every date. Then, just a month from the evening Jerry took me on March 13, we were having a cool drink in the little restaurant across from the dance studio. Jerry and I had a little table in the corner and we had formed the habit of drinking a "toast" to each other whenever we were together.

This evening Jerry said, "To our future life." Someone jiggled his arm accidentally and the drink spilled all over the table, and in the confusion I said something about "Does that mean anything special?"

"Yes. It does mean something special," Jerry answered me. "I drank that toast to our future life—together." It was our unofficial engagement. On April 20, he gave me his ring, a star sapphire. He didn't say anything, just caught my left hand in his and slipped the ring on my finger.

Originally we set our wedding date for the following September, the birthday month for both of us, but we were fortunate in finding just the apartment we wanted, out on Long Island, so we got married in that June evening. The wedding was a quiet one. There was a small reception in a pleasant hotel overlooking Central Park and close to the Tavern on the Green, where we had met.

We could get away for only a three-day honeymoon at that time, and we chose a dude ranch where there was dancing every evening and we could indulge in my new outdoor sport. riding. During the day, that fall, we had a second honeymoon when we went to visit Jerry's home in Montreal.

Jerry and I have been shy about telling anyone he was taking lessons. He isn't shy about it now that he is a Bronze Medalist dancer and has appeared with some of the others in the Arthur Murray Party on television.

Jerry and I both think that being good dancers has given us a greater sense of importance to ourselves. When you can get a man to dance, he's apt to lead a partner, if you're a man, in perfect rhythm with the music, and be aware of the steps you are doing and yet dance with you. It makes you feel that if you look or what others may be thinking about your dancing, you have achieved a little of that freedom that we all want so much.

Even at home, in the middle of doing the dinner dishes, if the radio plays one of our favorite tunes, we will stop everything to whirl around the living room in easy, quick steps, our arms and legs on records and spend an evening dancing in our apartment. (We want a bigger one now, with more dance space and more room and comfort for our future family.) My favorite dance is the tango. Jerry's the samba, but we dance them all, even the jitterbug.

If, as an unmarried girl, I felt that dancing didn't mean a whole new outlook on life, as a married woman I can say that it has continued to help me and, naturally, my husband, particularly in our social lives. As we are growing up, we hope to send them to dancing school much earlier than we ourselves went. We think it will help keep them from becoming so shy and introverted as we both were if they are inclined that way, and we know it will open the way to much happiness for them in later life.

As for Jerry and me, we expect to be dancing together on our Golden Wedding Anniversary.
### Morning Programs

**NBC**
- 6:30 World News Roundup
- 6:35 Gabriel Heatter

**CBS**
- 6:30 World News
- 6:35 John Conte

**MBS**
- 6:35 Breakfast Club

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**Local Programs**
- Bob Warren
- Bill Stern
- Three Star Extra

### Afternoon Programs

- 12:15 News
- 12:30 Lunch with Louis

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Curt Massey Time</td>
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<td>Jack Berch</td>
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### Evening Programs

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<td>Richard Harkness</td>
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<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>One Man's Family</td>
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### Local Programs

- Bob Warren
- Bill Stern
- Three Star Extra

### Evening Programs

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### Local Programs

- Bob Warren
- Bill Stern
- Three Star Extra
## Inside Radio

### Saturday

**Morning Programs**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>News, Bob Warren</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>News, H. V. Koltenborn</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC Symphony</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Bob Finnegans, Songs of Labor</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Al Helfer, Sports Reports</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Down You Go</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:20</td>
<td>Saturday Night Dance Party</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>MGB Theatre of the Air</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>Lombardo Land</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of the Air - Summer Time Concerts</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Reuben, Reuben</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Collin Beatty, Songs of Labor</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>St. Louis Melodies</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Galen Drake</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Quiz Kids</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>News, Bill Shadel</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>National Radio News, Peter Roberts</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Faultless Starch Time</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Noon Serenade</td>
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<td>UN Is My Beat</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Public Service Program</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>At Ease, with P.F.C. Eddie Fisher</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>New Junior Junction</td>
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<td>Give and Take</td>
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**Afternoon Programs**

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<td>12:00</td>
<td>News on the Farm, Mind Your Manners</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>101 Ranch Boys, American Farmer</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Man on the Farm, Fifth Army Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>National Farm and Home Hour</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>Dunn on Disks, Navy Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Front and Center, Music With the Girls</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>Georgia Crackers, Make Way For Youth</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Down Homers, Bandstand, U.S.A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>U.S. Army Band, Sports Parade</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>U.S. Army Band, Lane Pine Mountainaires</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
<td>Dunn's Adrove, Stan Daugherty Presents</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Musican, Mac Guelth's Show</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>Dancing by the Sea, Roseland</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>Author Speaks, Pee Wee Reese</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>Key to Health, At Home With Work Club Time</td>
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**Evening Programs**

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<td>Smiley Whitley, Unas Mae Carroll</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Preston Sellers, Organ</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Murder Reporter, Bob Finnegans, Songs of Labor</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>As We See It, Time at the Chase Faces Room</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Jane Ace, Disc Jockey</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>Tin Pan Valley, Saturday Night Dancing Party</td>
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<td>MGB Theatre of the Air</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>Give and Take</td>
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### Sunday

**Morning Programs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Jack Arthur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>World News Roundup, We Hold These Truths</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Carnival of Books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Faith in Action</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>National Radio News, Peter Roberts</td>
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<tr>
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**Afternoon Programs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Viewpoint U.S.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Chan's Flights, The Eternal Light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>U.S. Military Band, News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>News Desk, William Surpice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>&quot;Mike 95&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Univ. of Chicago, Roundtable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Sammy Kaye, Serenade</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Top Tunes With Trendler</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>Dixie Quartet</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Elmo Roper, Jimmy Carroll Sings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Interview, Bob Censidine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Bandstand, U.S.A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>Bandstand, U.S.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>The Falcon, with Les Damon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>Minn Lone with Lee Tracy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>San Francisco Sketchbook</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>The Shadow, Heart Strings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Hollywood Star Playhouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Barrie Craig, True Detective Mysteries</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Barrie Craig, Heart Strings</td>
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**Evening Programs**

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>News, Bob Warren</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>News, H. V. Koltenborn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC Symphony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Bob Finnegans, Songs of Labor</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Al Helfer, Sports Reports</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Down You Go</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Saturday Night Dance Party</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>MGB Theatre of the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Lombardo Land</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of the Air - Summer Time Concerts</td>
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**Programs by Network**

- **NBC**
- **MBS**
- **ABC**
- **CBS**

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**Networks**

- **NBC**
- **MBS**
- **ABC**
- **CBS**

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**Radio Networks**

- **پخش شبکه**
- **پخش شبکه**
- **پخش شبکه**
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**Radio Programs**

- **پخش شبکه**
- **پخش شبکه**
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**Radio Music**

- **پخش شبکه**
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**Radio News**

- **پخش شبکه**
- **پخش شبکه**
- **پخش شبکه**
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**Radio Interviews**

- **پخش شبکه**
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**Radio Sports**

- **پخش شبکه**
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**Radio Variety**

- **پخش شبکه**
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- **پخش شبکه**
- **پخش شبکه**

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### TV Program Highlights

#### New York City and Suburbs and New Haven

**Channel 6 September 11—October 10**

### Baseball on Television

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Game</th>
<th>Channel</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thurs., 11</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Pitts. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri., 12</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinn. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
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<td></td>
<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat., 13</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinn. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>Sun., 14</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinn. vs. Giants</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>2:20 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mon., 15</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Giants</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinn. vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tues., 16</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Giants</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Pitts. vs. Giants</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>Wed., 17</td>
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<td>Sat., 20</td>
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<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>Sun., 21</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinn. vs. Giants</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Giants</td>
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<td>Tues., 23</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinn. vs. Giants</td>
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<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Pitts. vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<td>Wed., 24</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinn. vs. Giants</td>
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<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat., 27</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinn. vs. Giants</td>
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<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9 &amp; 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sun., 28</td>
<td>1:20 P.M.</td>
<td>Cinn. vs. Giants</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

### Monday Through Friday

#### Baseball on Television (Continued)

- **7:00 A.M. Today** • 4 & 6
  - The top of the morning brings GarroWay and his assistants with two hours of news, special events and entertainment.
- **10:30 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time** • 2 (M-Th)
  - Behind the Godfrey curtain to see this radio gang at work.
- **10:45 A.M. Al Pearce Show** • 2 & 6
  - Morning laugh session with Al and Arlene Harris. 10:30 A.M. Friday.
- **11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich** • 2 & 6
  - The show with a heart offers up to $500 to contestants in need.
  - Genial Warren Hull as quizmaster and your host.
- **12:00 Noon Bride and Groom** • 2
  - Join the guests at the wedding with John Nelson and Phil Hanna.
- **12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons’ 50 Club** • 4 & 6
  - Amiable Ruth with a little music, fun and lots of good talk.
- **12:15 P.M. Lorne Greene** • 2 & 6
  - Dramatic serial starring Peggy McCay with Paul Potter.
- **12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow** • 2 & 6
  - Mary Stuart and Lynn Loring dramatize present day tensions.
- **12:45 P.M. Kovacs Unlimited** • 2
  - The manquace from Quaker City who catapults everything.
- **1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show** • 2 & 6
  - Sly-humored Mr. Moore with his pals, especially Durward.
- **2:30 P.M. Guiding Light** • 2 & 6 at 11:00 A.M.
  - Jone Allison and Herb Nelson star as Meta and Joe Roberts in this serial, well known to radio listeners.
- **2:45 P.M. House Party** • 2
  - Art Linkletter promising the usual high jinks and informality.
- **3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off** • 4 & 6
  - Husbands compete to win their wives a wardrobe and possibly a mink coat and a trip abroad. Randy Merriman emcees.
- **3:30 P.M. Welome Traveler** • 4
  - Beginning Sept. 29, Tommy Bartlett presents human interest interviews with travelers as he does on radio.
- **4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show** • 4
  - Kate is back at the old stand with entertainment, interviews and advice strictly for women. Ted Collins assists.
- **5:00 P.M. Hawkeye & the Poor Peepers** • 4
  - The pop, stays constant but there is plenty of excitement and grass-roots humor in life in a small American town.

### Monday P. M.

- **7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test** • 7
  - One of TV’s first dramatic shows resumes with Neil Hamilton, host and test director for aspiring young actors.
- **8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show** • 2
  - Variety-features featuring popular game. “What’s My Name?”
- **8:30 P.M. Godfrey’s Talent Scouts** • 2
  - Arthur’s showcase of ambitious and ready talent.
- **8:30 P.M. Concert Hour** • 4 & 6
  - True artists of American music in thirty-minute recitals.
- **9:00 P.M. Love Story** • 2 & 6
  - Beginning Sept. 29, the sensational comedy show of last season starring Lucille Ball and husband Desi is back for a new year.
- **9:00 P.M. Lights Out** • 4
  - Spine-chilling stories narrated by plum-eyed Frank Gallop.
- **9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents** • 4
  - The great actor-producer entertains with exciting hour drama.
- **10:00 P.M. Studio One** • 2 & 6
  - Returns Sept. 22, but on the fifteenth, Summer Theatre presents a promising thriller titled “The Shadowy Third.”

### Tuesday

- **8:00 P.M. Tomorrow the World** • 2
  - Hollywood films emceed by Andre Baruch through September then Jane Wyman and Eddie Albert as guest hosts, new show.
- **8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre** • 4
  - Back at the old laughing gas station, Milton Berle. Every fourth week, Showboat, a new program.
- **9:00 P.M. Boss Lady** • 4
  - Lovely Lynn Bari continues her comedy series until Sept. 30, when Fireside Theatre resumes.
- **9:30 P.M. Suspense** • 2 & 6
  - Melodrama designed to keep you on the edge of your chair.
- **9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre** • 4
  - Wholesome stories that the entire family can enjoy.
- **10:00 P.M. Danger** • 2
  - One of the very best and exciting productions in video theatre.
- **10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour** • 4 & 6
  - America’s oldest amateur show continues through September.
- **10:30 P.M. Candid Camera** • 2
  - That man Funt gets people in acts they never expected.

### Wednesday

- **8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends** • 2 & 6
  - Fan reign supreme as the Redhead with Janette Davis, Frank Parker and all the others entertain for an hour.
- **8:00 P.M. Adventure Playhouse** • 5
  - No baby-sitter? Enjoy a movie in front of your TV set.
- **9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich** • 2 & 6
  - The show that makes strong men weep when Warren Hull draws out stories of loneliness and hardship from contestants who are about to be quieted in hopes of earning cash.
- **9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre** • 4
  - Mid-week video theatre excellently cast and produced.
TV program highlights

Thursday

8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6
But it’s a sure bet that you’ll laugh from the belly, as Groucho trades quips freely with contestants and gives them a chance to earn a few hundred dollars in cash.

8:30 P.M. Four Star Playhouse • 2
Premiere this week of a new video theatre that will star such popular actors as Dick Powell, Rosalind Russell and Charles Boyer. Program alternates weekly with—

Amos ‘n’ Andy

Up in Harlem, American Kingfish and the rest of their friends court to bring you humor-laden situations.

8:30 P.M. T-Men in Action • 4
Semi-documentary melodrama drawn from U. S. Treasury files.

8:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7 & 6
Dennis James with a showcase of professional entertainers who are ambitiously striving for the big time.

9:00 P.M. Pick the Winner • 2
Major parties, in the Presidential campaign, will present their campaign issues, candidates and other leading figures.

9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4
Dragnet stars Jack Webb in crime drama based on actual police files. Alternates weekly with Gangbusters.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Reporter Steve Wilson, played by Pat McVey, proves that the pen is mightier than the tommy-gun as he fights crime.

10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2
Reed Hadley, head man of the police squad, chases down swindlers and conmen that fleece many innocent citizens.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane • 4
The pipe-smoking detective in fiery pursuit of red-hot criminals.

10:30 P.M. I've Got a Secret • 2
A bright lot of panelists, Louise Albritton, Laura Hobson, Orson Bean and Walter Kiernan try to dig out the secrets of contestants as bristle-haired Garry Moore moderates.

10:30 P.M. Author Meets the Critics • 5
And they meet head on to dissect new, controversial books.

Friday

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
Lovely, gracious Peggy Wood in the title role of this ingratiating series about the home life of a Norwegian family settled in San Francisco at the turn of the century.

8:00 P.M. Captain Call • 4
The excellent, half-hour productions of Worthington Miner, recent of Studio One, October 3, RCA Victor Show comes back starring alternate weeks, Dennis Day and Exio Pinza.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6
Interviews of people in and behind the headlines with special coverage of events in the Presidential campaign.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
Each week a dramatized account of how a newspaper man overcomes all odds in cracking a front page story.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5
"Hang the Butcher" panel quiz featuring Dr. Bergen Evans.

9:00 P.M. Rebound • 7
Psychological thrillers, filmed in Hollywood, with kick ending.

9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
The very real but very funny account of the predicaments of a high school teacher as played by Eve Arden.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6
If you've heard that long, plaintive call for Henry Aldrich, you know enough to expect rib-tickling domestic situations.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6
Topflight fighters in action from Madison Square Garden.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
June Taylor dancers trip the light fantastic, Larry Storch handles host-comic chore with a variety of special acts.

10:45 P.M. Greatest Fights • 4
Historical bouts in America return on film.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 & 6
Great circus acts kick up the sawdust. Jack Sterling as ringmaster in this big hour show from Philadelphia.

2:00 P.M. (Approx. Time) College Football • 4
Beginning Sept. 20, NBC cameras will point at the major grid-iron battles of the week throughout the country.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Film • 9

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4
Life with the Barbour's in San Francisco. Bert Lytell stars.

8:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2
Studio contestants attempt tricky parlor stunts for valuable prizes. Bud Collyer, host and timekeeper.

8:30 P.M. Jackie Gleason • 2
Jack, ex-comedy star of Cavalcade of Stars, premiers his own show on CBS Sept. 20. Until then, Songs for Sale.

8:30 P.M. All Star Revue • 4 & 6
Jack Carson, Jimmy Durante and other great comedy lights return to make this a fat hour of laughter and gaiety.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6
Ninety minutes, count them, with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, wonderful comedy duo, plus the music of Margaret Piazza, Jack Russell, wonderful dance teams and a guest host.

10:00 P.M. Cass Daley Show • 2
The popular comedienne introduces her own video show.

10:30 P.M. Hit Parade • 4 & 6
The country's choice of top ten tunes, sung and danced by Snooky Lansford, Eileen Wilson, Dorothy Collins, the Hit Paraders and backed up by Raymond Scott's mighty band.

Sunday

4:30 P.M. Hall of Fame • 4
Dramatic interpretations of events in famous lives.

6:30 P.M. See It Now • 2
Keen commentary and analysis by Edward R. Murrow as he covers in picture and word vital events of the day.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6
Exceptionally fine entertainment: A panel, with Clifton Fadiman presiding, comment, not too seriously, on questions that have nothing or little to do with the acts.

7:30 P.M. Jack Benny • 2
Great comedian makes one of his too-infrequent video visits on October 5.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6
Vaudeville at its best selected and, presented by Broadway columnist and showman Ed Sullivan, your host.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
Fun Festival featuring name comedians each week.

9:00 P.M. Information Please • 2 & 6 at 6:00 P.M.
Stump-the-expert show with John Kiernan, Franklin P. Adams and a guest. Fred Waring and his huge musical aggregation return to this spot on Sept. 28.

9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6
Superb dramatic fare in Sunday's only full hour production.

9:45 P.M. Big Band Rank • 2 & 6 at 6:30 P.M.
Bert is back, eager to see winners earn many thousands of dollars by simply giving the right answers to the right questions.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line • 2
Panelists try to guess the occupation of studio contestants.
A. Cuff-Link Jersey!
All-wool jersey... its rib-knit collar linked by golden clasps!
Grey heather, white, green, black, gold.
32 to 38.
$399

B. Barber-Pole Stripe!
Elegant striped broadcloth, with starchy white collar.
French cuffs.
Sanforized. White with red, navy, green or black.
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C. Corduroy Duster!
Coat and/or dress, belted and/or loose! Gold, purple, green.
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D. 100% Nylon Sweater
striped 3 shades!
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Nylon! Shades of heather, scalloped turtle-neck! Grey or tan.
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and new, new, new, corduroy duster-dress for “every-wear”!

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(Add 18c each blouse and sweater, 26c each duster for postage and handling.)

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PLEASE SEND ME YOUR 20TH ANNIVERSARY CATALOG. I HAVE ENCLOSED 10c □
Laughter for a Lifetime

(Continued from page 40)

And throughout the years that added up to their silver anniversary, she'd given to him the golden gift of laughter. She was famous today as his affectionate and laughing ally.

Never would her husband forget the day he first heard that laugh. Nor how humiliating an experience. Her name then was Sadye Marks. She sat in the center, with some little pigtailed pals, in a vaudeville house he was playing in Seattle. And never in his years in show business had he been so thoroughly and so successfully heckled. While he fiddled—be he really burned. "Jack Benny—Fun With a Fiddle," the billing read. But she was having all the fun. Although she didn't dream then, little Sadye Marks, that her a laugh would which some day be heard around the world.

Nor at that moment would she have particularly cared. He was sweet and a just revenge—well earned. Revenge for another night when he had laughed at her—twisting a knife in the sensitive soul of this twelve-year-old. Her stage-struck sister, Sadie, to be Jack Benny's "blind date." After a double-take at the kid who'd dressed up, fit to kill, Benny burst out laughing. All evening, he submitted her to the subtle torture which can only be experienced by a twelve-year-old who's trying so unsuccessfully to dupe her years. The following matinee, she kept her vow to get even—heckling him.

But five years later, when they met again in Los Angeles—where Sadye was currently employed by the May Company and her sister was sharing the same bill with Jack—she found, for some strange reason, the vinegar had gone out of her laughter. She wanted to marry him instead. When the following winter Babe's path again crossed with Jack's, this time in Chicago, she sent an informative wire to her sister, who left for the Windy City immediately—"with matrimony on her mind."

She was so thrilled when Jack met her at the train. But—he must attend a dinner being given in his honor that evening, he said. He'd been chosen "Outstanding Master of Ceremonies of the Year." He invited the girls to go over to his apartment and listen to his speech on the radio. His tone said they would be overwhelmed.

But, while taking bows after his speech, Jack received a telegram that turned the laugh on him. "Enjoyed dinner in your apartment with few of my own fans," the wire read. "Don't forget to empty our garbage when you get home. Hope this won't spoil that rented dress suit. Love.... When somebody asked who sent the wire, he proposed to her by remote control. His "future wife," he said—if he could catch her before she boarded a west-bound train. And so they were married—in

...the November issue of

RADIO-TV MIRROR

on sale October 10. . . . be sure to get your copy!
No Room for Fear

(Continued from page 49)

firm believer in the virtues of self-confidence, she did not arrive at this point over-night. It's taken eight years of knowing—and seven years of being married to—her instructor. Without Casey, Fran is confident she would never have arrived at her current state of relaxed harmony... harmony with herself and with the world in general.

What is even more wonderful to Fran than the changes this positive approach to living have made on her own life is the effect it has had on her two children, Kerry, five-and-a-half, and Kim, three-and-a-half.

"Why, by the time I was Kerry's age," continues Fran, "I had already learned about the inconveniences of bandages and splints... a state of affairs that dogged my trail for many long and tedious years. A state of affairs directly traceable to overly cautious and protective adults, who, in their efforts to protect me, merely tied me up into little knots of fear which eventually made me lack confidence.

'Casey' has helped me to realize that most blatant cautious and protective measures with children are not only unnecessary, but often more damaging than anything else. We have very few house rules... just one or two... such as; that, when the children are out on the sidewalk, they must stop when they reach the curb and wait for a grown-up to take them across the street. Even though we have bars on our apartment windows, another never-to-be-broken rule is that when the children look out, they must be sure to have both feet firmly planted on the floor—no leaning over or sitting on the window sill. I think that perhaps because we have so few firm and fast rules, the children realize they are really important, and so abide by them willingly. It's really quite funny to watch them scoot down the block and come to a screeching stop at the curb.

"Of course, this doesn't mean that, except for our few 'house rules,' we leave the rest of the training to Providence. Quite the contrary. We work very hard at it. Casey has taught me to remember that, by nature, children are not only inclined toward caution but are great imitators. Therefore, for example, when I take them across the street I make quite a production of looking in both directions before stepping off the curb. Deliberately, I am never in a hurry—and thus careless—to get across the street. In the same way, when we play ball at the park, I quite obviously make sure nobody is apt to walk in the path of the flying ball. You'd be surprised how quickly children notice deliberate movements. It's not long before their innate inquisitiveness comes to the fore, and the question 'Why?' pops out.

"This is the really important moment. If you can answer the question in a simple and positive way, chances are you've won your point and instilled caution in a natural, everyday-course-of-events way. If you say, 'Do you want a car to hit you and kill you?' you've merely planted a seed of fear. But if you say, 'We want to get across the street safely, so we look up and down the street to make sure no cars are coming before we start across,' you've planted a positive, constructive thought. Believe it or not, if you watch closely, you can almost see the child digesting the thought and mentally arriving at the expansive conclusion, 'Why, sure!'

"And every time I see or hear that expansive little 'Why, sure!' it makes me very happy because, as Casey has taught me: With fear there can be no confidence... but, with confidence, there can be no fear!"

My skin just looked sallow....

It had a dull "heary" look that was most unbecoming

and... I could almost count the pores!

I saw my skin could take on a brighter color, a finer texture... feel so much smoother.

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Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly. Your skin is immaculate, smooth, glowing.

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met, and on it was a disc engraved with the date of the day: the name of the time on, he's given me a charm for every event and practically for every memorable moment in our lives.

"This little book, which isn't really a book, but a miniature of the Reader's Digest Magazine, commemorates the fact that Chappie and I met on the Reader's Digest radio show, the first one—he was the narrator. I was the guest star—and so that's how it all began.

"It was an extraordinary thing," Claudia laughed, "the way it began—we didn't get along at all. He just plain irritated me. He was pleasant, he was courteous, he was an extremely skilled workman, I realized. Very skilled. Also he was six-foot-four, a fine figure of a man. Nevertheless, I had an almost uncontrollable urge to take him down a peg or two. I wanted to argue with him about everything, about nothing, just for the pleasure of disagreeing.

"I know, now, that these are danger signals, for, if a man irritates you and you don't know why, watch out. It's your heart putting up a defense, going into high gear. It's when they make no impact at all that the heart is safe."

Claudia laughed again, "he made an impact. I was very conscious of him. And have remained so ever since.

"In the course of doing the job, the rehearsals and then the broadcast, everyone was tired and hungry, so we all went over to the Barberry Room, I remember, for refreshment. Grouped around a table, I found that Chappie was talking to me and another man—don't ask me how—we got on the subject of farming. A subject in which he was deeply interested and on which he was well informed; a subject in which I wasn't the remotest interested and on which I was about as well informed as I would have been, or would be now, on the Einstein Theory of Relativity.

"But you know how girls talk—especially to a man. "Oh, just listen! I heard myself saying, and 'Oh, yes!' and 'Oh, breeding stock scientifically—how too fascinating!' And all the while, Oh man! I was thinking, if he asks me the simplest first-grade-in-farming question, I'm a sunk girl!

"I never dream—this is what makes life so fascinating—that one day soon I'd be Mrs. Ernest Chappell, farmer's wife, living on a farm, doing my share of shell- ing the pea crop, husking corn, canning, preserving, pickling, scraping peach trees and also acting as midwife to a pig, which I did one winter midnight last winter—well, I helped—when 'mamma' was delivered of eleven babies. Later, I did some pig-sitting, too, at such times as our regular pig-sitter was not available. The little gold pig charm is the memento, and richly deserved, too," Claudia grinned, "of my midwifery!"

"At the time I did very well, all things considered. Only because, I must admit, Chappie didn't ask me any questions. Being the enthusiast, he did all the talking and my 'Oh, really!' and 'Oh, yeses'—delivered with enormous enthusiasm—made a great, if false impression.

"Must have, for he saw me home that night, he did, indeed, and said he'd ring me and—well, that sort of did it. Not that I ever accused myself in love! and that he said to me 'I love you,' for I never did and neither did he. Never. We just knew without knowing, if that makes any sense. It doesn't? Well, neither," Claudia laughed, "does love!"

"Anyway, he did ring me. The next day. We did go out. Fortunately he did not give back the picture again (not, that is, until we bought our farm, some eight years ago, near Flemington, New Jersey). If he had, this story, who knows, might never have been written. Instead, it talked to the theatre, as I recall it. I told him about one of my earliest recollections, which was seeing my famous father, Ralph, in a production of the eponymous Terence Rattigan's The Easychair, and how—undaunted by this chilling experience—I, little Claudeigh, decided that the theatre was the life for me."

"Claudeigh, Claudia then explained, is her true name I was born," she said, "my mother read a book, an old, old whimsical tale, of which the heroine was a girl named Claudeigh. My mother adopted the girl—and her name—and told my father, 'If our baby is a girl, we will name her Claudeigh.' Their baby, their one and only, was a girl. She was christened Claudeigh. But when I went to boarding school, I couldn't spell the name correctly, didn't pronounce it correctly and in the confusion that resulted I became—and have since remained—Claudia.

"This golden heart, with the date of our marriage on it, is inscribed to 'Claudeigh.' And Claudeigh is the name by which Chappie calls me, when in a romantic mood.

"I remember telling him, too, that same evening, how my uncle, the late Frank Morgan, used to test his comedy on me and how, at Miss Dow's School in Briarcliff (the school of Brieafiff and Junior College), I was president of the Dramatic Club and studied drama with Fanny Bradshaw, a cousin of Corinna Otis Skinner."

"In words, that night I stayed on my own ground, the theatre, and found that it was his ground, too, so there we were, sharing a mutual interest. Then I began working in a show in the same building in which Chappie was working, and it got to be a habit with us to have dinner together Sunday nights. We used to go mostly to the Cub Room at the Park Plaza Hotel, and one night, starting to walk home after dinner, we decided to take a ride through Central Park in a hansom cab. We went through exactly one half of the Park, then returned to the Plaza for a cup of coffee.

"The little gold hansom cab is the memento of that first drive and of the many others we were to take, and are still taking. For, on every October 19, which is the anniversary of that first drive, we always take a hansom exactly halfway through the park—stop at the Plaza for coffee. Just as on every anniversary of the day we first met we have dinner at the Barberry Room, after which," Claudia laughed, 'Chappie 'sees me home.'"

"It was a tragedy, our romance was—although we met in August and didn't get married until the following May—it was that night in October, as we were having coffee at the Plaza, he said, without pre- face, 'When are we going to do it?' and I said, 'in the spring.' And that was all. That was it. No prelude, no coy game of advance and retreat. Just 'When?' and the date.

"When a thing is so deeply so," Claudia said, "as the elements are, and food and drink and birth and death, there is no need of talk, no reason to play a game."

"It was very fast, our romance was—so we were married—yes, in the spring, in May, Mother and Daddy came
on from the Coast. Chappie’s mother and brother were with us, too, and a few close friends, all of them in radio, television or the theatre. We were married,” Claudia laughed, “between programs—literally—and that applied to the guests as well as to the bride and groom. With the result that, immediately after the ceremony, Chappie and I rushed madly off (in opposite directions!), my father dashed off to his play, and then, one by one, all the guests left for their shows, radio, theatre, whatever, so that in just a few minutes only our two mothers were left, Chappie’s mother and mine, as celebrants.

“Being in radio we didn’t, of course, have a honeymoon. We’ve never taken a honeymoon. This little ship charm—this golden steamer—is the nostalgic symbol,” Claudia explained, “of the honeymoon we’ve never had; of the trip we’ve never taken. And want so terribly to take; want so terribly to travel, to Europe, to South America and will, too, when, if ever, our jobs—and the farm—permit.

“People are always searching,” Claudia said musingly, “for sublime happiness. Well, the searching, the striving for a goal, the dreaming—that is happiness!”

“I said a while back that love doesn’t make sense,” Claudia said, then, speaking, for Claudia, quite seriously, “and it doesn’t—in the beginning. I frankly do not believe anyone knows why they fall in love as they are, so to speak, falling. But after the years, you know . . . .”

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the charms on Claudia’s bracelet which tinkled like tiny golden bells, as she moved her hand. Then she said quietly, “I know, anyway, I know that, as far as I am concerned, Chappie has all the important qualities. The language of the bracelet tells me,” Claudia smiled, “that he feels the same, for—see—the anniversary charms are all hearts and there are one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, of them . . . .”

“Translated, I like to think this means,” Claudia added, “that the years have not changed our hearts . . . .”

“Marriage, for us, is getting the same amount of pleasure and satisfaction and the same amount of relaxation out of the same things. It’s sharing the same interests, in work, in play, in pets . . . .”

“We love to talk shop,” Claudia said, “because, except for the fact that we usually work in different studios, and often for different networks, it’s substantially the same shop. Chappie is commentator and announcer on, currently, The Big Story (TV and radio), Quiet, Please and Doorway to Danger (TV), and I am Carolyn Kramer Nelson on The Right To Happiness program—all this and theatre and TV, too.

“When I do a play (Claudia has played leading roles in thirty Broadway plays) or a movie, Chappie is equally interested and enthusiastic. The charms tell this story, too, for here—to point out a few of them—is a tiny gold star for ‘And Stars Remain,’ the play I did with Clifton Webb. And here is a tiny mask for ‘Masque of Kings,’ which I did with Henry Hull. And here, a lovely one, a miniature Venus for ‘Venus Observed.’ The tiny golden boxing gloves are in memory of the role I played opposite Robert Taylor in the movie ‘Stand Up and Fight,’ and this skinny little fellow commemorates the role of Nora Charles, which I played on NBC’s The Thin Man series.

“Sharing the farm is great for us, too,” Claudia said, “Chappie loves the farm, he loves that place. It’s his hobby. It’s his home and, although I find my great pleasure in my house, in doing the house, it’s worked out so that I get pleasure out of the farm, too; even out of the farm work, like scraping peach trees, as I said, and pig-sitting. . . .”

“Yet Chappie never expects me to be something I’m not. He didn’t purposely, that is, cast me in the role of a farmer’s wife. We just went that day, now eight years ago, for a lovely day in the country and we came up with a farm!”

“I say ‘we,’ advisedly, for—if Chappie was intrigued with the pleasing prospects of raising pigs (we raise Yorkshires and Chappie is now a proud member of the Yorkshire Breeding Association of America) and the laying hens and the dream, now come true, of freezing all our own vegetables for the whole year—I was completely intrigued with the house. I was in such ecstasies about that 200-year-old stone farmhouse, in such a coma about it, that I never even winced when we went down, then and there, and laid all that money on the line!

“And I’ve never once regretted it—not even when I want to do over a chair or a couch, and Chappie says, ‘We have to have a new tractor, you know.’ I love the place. I love the people who are our neighbors. I love our life there.

“When you get the same amount of contentment, satisfaction and relaxation out of the same things, it’s terrific,” Claudia said. ‘It’s the knot that can’t be untied. It’s just about as near to happiness as we can come on earth.”

So Claudia, unlike Carolyn Nelson on NBC’s The Right To Happiness, has found her happiness. For Claudia, as the golden charms that mark her shining hours reveal, found her happiness in marriage nearly ten years ago.

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The House That Grew a Little

(Continued from page 33)

it. On occasion, it served as Candy's playroom, as Herman's home office, as Ruth's sewing room—even though other, more ample space had been provided for each one. But now, with the search had become a hassle. At the University of Cincinnati—where Herman, a devoted student of semantics, teaches languages and the word "grew" in the new windows became as compelling as determining the etymology of a transitive verb.

In 's office at WLW-T, the storm-watching phone calls were as numerous as requests for tickets to the Fifty Club. Yet, by the time the Newman family again did its customary Sunday huddle, Ruth and Herman had to admit they were stymied. Glumly, Herman summed it up. "No window will help much. The wind whistles in around the entire bay. That when that was built no knew much about sealing and insulation. But we're summer, and the family will be warmer. In fact, I think I'll move, too."

Candy went to the kitchen. Went to the parlor to work at the piano on some music manuscript. Herman ambled up to the parlor-door study to correct examination papers.

Within an hour, all had drifted back to the drafty little room with its bay window and open fireplace. They sat. Eva had dumped the stack of papers, used a magazine as a makeshift lap-table and returned to his task. "I can't work upstairs," he admitted. "I feel I'm going to fall in love at first sight with the white brick farmhouse at the top of the hill. Here they found all the that was needed. A simple, ample space, a warm feeling that those who built it and those who followed had all been happy living there.

They had restricted their remodeling to ideas of efficiency and practicality, and in furnishing their home they chose to duplicate, as far as possible, its original style. Through it, Ruth and Herman found a reflection of a quieter day when a family activity centered around the family hearth.

In architecture, the structure is four-square and simple. A long hall, running from front door to kitchen, divides the house. The front door is on the north side, and, there's the Victorian parlor furnished as it would have been in the Nineties. Ruth calls it "a room to walk in and walk out," a room with a multi-sectional window, the maple-leafed sitting room, directly to the rear. Back of that is the "company" dining room.

Down the other side is the old-fashioned parlor, then the parlor, furnished with a bath, and Candy's room in more modern style.

At the back of the house, the big kitchen spreads across the entire width, except for the small alcove taken off for the "little room." The kitchen, along two of its walls, is as modern as the latest appliances can
make it. But the dining area, with its antique dish cupboards, Lazy-Susan table and captain's chairs, dates to the period when the house itself was new.

When remodeling and decorating were completed, Herman, as well as Ruth, was pleased with the result. Consequently, on that Sunday afternoon when leaves reddened by a final burst of flame were rustling in the wind, Ruth's statement that some changes should be made actually belonged in the classification of normal, housewifely grousing.

Herman's reaction was unexpected. "Okay. Where do we start? Tear down this house and build a new one?"

Ruth was horrified. "How can you say such a thing? That would be like destroying an old friend. It would be murder, that's what it would be."

In family circle as well as in class, Herman has a fondness for planting a controversial idea and watching reaction to it. The twinkle in his eye completely escaped Ruth. She was still sputtering when he popped another notion. "If that doesn't suit you, what about pulling down the wall between the sitting room and the dining room? That would provide space we certainly could use. Do you realize there isn't a single room in this house where a long-legged guy can take two steps without bumping into something?"

Generations of proper Ohio housewives dictated Ruth's reply. "I won't have it. Not for one single, solitary minute. Granted, we seldom use the dining room. But I don't care if we give only one big dinner a year, I still want a place where my guests can sit down out of sight of the cook stove."

Herman indicated that for him adequate leg room rated higher than elegance. Ruth, thought a minute, then led the way to the front of the house. "Look. This hall just wastes space. If we pull down the walls on the parlor side and the bedroom side, we can turn this into a huge room."

Herman shook his head. "With an open stairway right in the middle? Too drafty."

"We'll move the stairway."

"Where?"

Firm believers in the theory that when a husband and wife speak their minds, family tensions have no chance to develop, Ruth said this and Herman said that, heatedly. Candy said nothing. She went back to the little room to play with her dolls. Her parents soon followed.

Swinging the circle right back to the place they started, Herman edged closer to the fire. "Doggone it, we have to do something about those windows."

That's when Ruth had a typical Lyons inspiration. She crossed to stare out the disputed windows. Twilight was deepening and far down in the rolling fold of hills she saw a light come on, golden as a star in the distance.

Its bright shaft, she felt, bound the valley and its people together. Perhaps those who lived in the valley also watched to see the lights come on in the hilltop house.

Again her thoughts flicked back to the past. Long ago another family must have had the same feeling, and in building the bay had acknowledged they were part of this place—as much a part as the pond, the trees and the sweep of the long valley leading down to the Ohio.

Those people had lived out their time and now it was the Newman's turn to fit themselves into a plan which went on continuous, strong, unceasing. In keeping the old house alive, they were carrying out their part of the heritage.

But, if limited to veneration of the past, such a heritage would die. The old house had served out its century because it had always been easy to change, and through change had remained useful.

Now, to serve the specific needs of the Newmans, it must change again. Ruth returned to the hearth.

"Herman, having special storm windows built would cost like sixty and take half the winter. Why don't we get some new windows—and build a new bay around them?"

Herman looked up from his papers. "Hey, now you're talking. Let's draw a plan."

They intended to make it merely a six-by-six addition but the old house seemed to exert a will of its own. The new bay became, when completed, a whole new wing, twenty-six feet long, twenty-two feet wide.

Its exterior blends with the original structure. Inside, it's finished in stained pine paneling. The little windows which, in a day before television, gave a Victorian housewife her only view of the world, have been replaced by two walls composed almost entirely of glass.

Below the new windows there's room for shelves of books and Candy's doll houses. Along the solid wall, Herman has space for his desk, globe and big dictionary. Ruth has a lounge chair she can draw up to a work table. The fireplace still glows cheerily even though it no longer is needed to fight off drafts.

Ruth says, "We've built a room exactly suited to our way of living. In it, we can be together during our leisure hours, yet there's provision for each of us to do what he wishes without stumbling over the other guy. That's what it takes to make us happy."

Then the thread of continuity with other times, other lives asserts itself, for with a smile she adds, "We've done the same thing other families have done before us. We let our old house grow a little."

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Fran Allison

(Continued from page 52)
stowed, said gifts were of distressing vintage—a drooping hat, a fox scarf with maliciously glinting eyes.

When the original incident occurred in real life, it was Fran's husband, Archie, who was the target. However, as usual happens in a lively marriage, it was also Archie who started the whole thing.

Dinner was early that evening, for Burr had invited the whole group to his house for a party later on. Fran's mother, Nan, popped the steak into the broiler the moment she heard Frank's quick step on the stairs, which was always an invitation to living quarters of their coach-house on Chicago's near-North Side.

Archie, too, had come home from his Midway Music Company. Fran, seeing Archie's intent, faraway look, got her guard up. Such a look inevitably meant that Archie, caught in the clutches of his favorite hobby, was about to change things again.

His hello kiss was a mere brush of the cheek. His greeting was absent-minded. But his gesture, as he pointed to the huge round haskock, was sharp.

"Honestly, Fran, we must get rid of that. It's worn out. It no longer fits."

Fran tossed her handbag to the sofa and plucked her hands on her hips. "You will not be the first of the first things of we bought when you came back from the Army."

"Just look at it."

Fran looked but, instead of seeing the slightly faded yellow upholstery, she saw the many times they had stacked it with albums of their favorite recordings. She remembered how they had perched there close together, watching movies Archie had made of their trips, viewing kinoscopes of Kukla, Fran and Ollie, listening to transcriptions of her Aunt Fanny on Broadway.

Determinedly, she announced, "You will not. I just love this hassock."

Their clashes of opinion usually add zest to their living, but this time Fran was really upset. Archie, waiting for her to get ready for the party, he heard none of the usual clatter of clothes hangers and dresser drawers; no frantic calls of "Nan, did you lose my blue sandals in the repair shop?"

Only when disturbed did Fran dress with such quiet concentration. Archie began figuring ways to make up. But when Fran joined him, he was her usual sunny self. Wearing an iridescent gown which shaded from blue to orchid, she whirled full circle for his inspection.

"Do I look all right? This is a double occasion. It's Gomm's birthday, plus June Lockhart. She's in town and spending the evening with us."

Archie started to say, "But Fran—" then didn't. With husbandly enthusiasm, he substituted, "You're great. That's one of your most becoming dresses."

The party turned out to be among the best Burr and Tillstrom and company ever had.

With the first breath, Lou Gonavits, the show's director, blew out all the candles on his cake, and Jack Fascinato, going to the piano for his birthday, swung on into songs they all loved. Everybody—Burr, Beulah Zachary, the producer, the secretaries Cathy Morgan and Mary Dornheim, and their special guest, June Lockhart—knew the top of their voices.

No one wanted the evening to end, so they settled down to their favorite recreation of running film records of past shows.

As Gonavits threaded the projector, Burr read the label on the film can: "Here's practically a museum piece. Date's 1947. That's pre-network music while logoscopes. Archie, you must have shot this."

Talk quieted. The familiar "Plink, plink, plink" of Jack's "Here We Are Again" sounded. First action began. Fran stepped behind the camera.

There was a gap, then a shout of laughter from the entire group. In the film which Burr had termed a museum piece, Fran was wearing the same dress she had worn to tonight's party.

Too late, they realized that even a girl who appears on lists of best-dressed women might be sensitive about such a thing. She sat apologetically to express embarrassment. Everyone hoped fervently Frannie's feelings weren't hurt.

Fran was the first to recover. "You can't say," she insisted, "I haven't come up in the world. At least I have the same dress I had five years ago."

In the affectionate free-for-all which followed, Fran, as usual, topped everyone's best gag. Yet when goodbyes had been said, Archie could tell the incident still bothered her. As they stepped under the canopy of trees which line North State Parkway after the war, Fran wailed:

"For heaven's sake, why didn't you remind me? You know I never think of such things."

Many answers roused through Archie's thoughts. He might have mentioned the gowns hanging in closets newly built to store her growing wardrobe; he might have mentioned the fundamental precept of the business that while a star may forget what she wore on a certain occasion, others always remember. He might have recalled heated discussions in which he had insisted she dispose of garments which by a performer's exacting standards, were elderly.

But he rejected all of them. He remem- bered, instead, how Frank, eager as a little girl to look nice at a special party, had prouetted for his inspection.

It had been then he had decided not to suggest that she change to a newer gown—without that insight gained through ten years of loving her life. And to have discovered that the hassle over the hassock might have had much to do with Fran's choice of dresses. When existence of one of her beloved possessions had been taken away, she instinctively had protected another—by wearing it.

His Fran, Archie recognized, would never count the lapse of time by clock or calendar. Fran told time by her heart.

If she loved a person or a possession, that love never dimmed and, consequently, in her eyes the object of her love never faded nor changed.

For Fran, all time was now. Because of that feeling, she could breathe glowing life into past, present, future, or never-ever.

For her, all things good and kindly were ever-present. Only unpleasantness was ever forgotten.

Archie wanted Fran to know he understood. Quietly, he said, "Of all your dresses this is my favorite. You look so happy in it."

He reached for her hand. Like a boy and girl on their first date, they walked on. Amid the latest tunes they played, the heart. When they parted, Frank said, "Gomm, let him know that in a marriage such as theirs, understanding is a two-way communication. Her familiar chuckle broke their otherwise silent.

"About that hassock. Maybe you had better call the Goodwill in the morning."

But to, Archie's happiness is more important than perfection in decorating. The hassock still stands in the corner of their living room.
The Song That Touched Bing's Heart

(Continued from page 48)

him out?

"Okay, Herm, you're a lawyer, see if you can't 'spring' him," said Bing.
The Senator had campaigned all through that country and he'd met the teacher.
"Bing Crosby's outside," he said. "We want Freeland Thorsen to hunt with us.
Would it be—er—uh—possible to let him go?"

"Of course," she smiled. Then as he started back out the door she stopped him with,"Will you bring Bing back to sing
for us?"

Knowing how people were always piling requests on him, the Senator hated to ask
Bing to sing. He walked slowly back to where Bing stood waiting. "Well, I got
Freeland out," he said, then paused, "but I'm afraid I got you in. The teacher
asked you to come in and sing for the kids."

"Do you suppose they want me to?" asked Bing. But, dressed in his levis and
boots, he went into the schoolhouse and introduced himself to the teacher. He had
a bland wink for Freeland as he walked by.

"Well, kids, they tell me you want me to sing. Any requests?" he asked. A little
pigtailed girl spoke up promptly. Then a freckled-faced boy wanted "Irish Lullaby."
Sitting on a school desk, his trusty left boot wagging out an accompaniment, Bing
kept singing their requests. Finally, when he was about to leave, one started
it, and the other kids all joined in. This
time, they were singing for him.

Rising to their feet, they sang their
"White Christmas" straight to him. Look- ing from face to face and listening to the
sweet mixed voices of the schoolchildren
serenading him out there in the
woods, Crosby was very touched. Never
one to make a speech, never one to show
any emotion, if he can avoid either, Bing
said "Goodbye." As he walked by the
blackboard, he picked up a piece of chalk
and wrote, "To the kids of District 48:
Thanks for a wonderful time. I'll never
forget you. Bing Crosby."

The school people had the piece of
blackboard removed. They sent it away
and had his scrawl permanent and framed.
It still hangs there in the little
country schoolhouse for all to see.
As long as "the blue of the night meets the
gold of the day," his "command performance"
there will never be forgotten. But, in the happy eyes of a little hunting
compatriot, the souvenir will always mark
the spot where Bing Crosby sang a song
to "spring him" from school.

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Name
Address
City

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(continued from page 61)

when my eldest daughter was only six years old, I was left a widow. Left a widow with three small daughters, a home, a good (fat) mortgage, and six Doberman pinchers that threatened to eat us out of everything—everything, that is, except the mortgage. That, I felt sure, would be with us always.

But there was another thing I was left with—a training, a preparation to meet life and take care of myself... and mine... should the emergency ever arise. This I think is terribly important. But I don't thank my parents enough for having seen to it that I was prepared to make my own way in life. It is something I've striven very hard to give my own children.

Training gives confidence, and without confidence you're lost in this world of competition.

I was trained for work in the theatre. I always loved everything connected with the theatre, and my parents helped me to as much basic training for the profession as possible. As a youngster, I studied piano, violin and singing. After graduation from Northwestern and auditions in a post-graduate course in dramatics with Anna Morgan in Chicago. Then a number of years of vaudeville gave me the opportunity of putting my training to practical use.

When I married, I retired from the stage—the Palace Theatre in Chicago, to be exact—to become a Milwaukee housewife and mother. However, I had had the training and experience necessary to give me confidence.

Which is, of course, exactly what I needed after my husband's death. Since I didn't want to leave my children dependent on their own travels, and vaudeville in favor of the local radio station, WTMJ. There was only one drawback. In those early days of radio, slotting was often preferred to singing. I don't think I found myself working just for the heck of it. "Experience," they called it. No cash transaction involved. And that is what I found myself doing—play-living through the Trials of Vivian Ware, for free. Well, if it wasn't for free, it was for so little that it left no notice of impression on my memory or pocketbook.

Since the state of my pocketbook was distinctly grim, something more lucrative had to be done. I looked around for another possible means of support. What had I trained for in that, if anything? In the midst of my greatest expense—those six Doberman pinchers—I found it. The dogs had their own kennels on our property, and it seemed to me a reasonable possibility that I could expand them if I enlarged the kennels and hired a veterinarian, I should be able to turn a deficit into a profit.

Opening day was not exactly spectacular—the only boarders were my own. And right about here that liberal dash of optimism came in handy. Little by little word got around and business gradually picked up. And up that point I eventually built a forty-eight kennel animal hospital in downtown Milwaukee. In fact, this is still a flourishing business, although I am no longer actively connected with it.

In a few years' time the pocketbook had taken on even greater proportions. I was realizing a fair return on the kind of business, and even more personally satisfying was the success I was meeting in radio. Besides doing some dramatic roles—for cash, by now—I was also putting on my own twice-weekly program called Magazine of The Air. This was a woman's program in which I covered everything from pet problems to clothes, advice to women to famous females in the news. Then, suddenly, on one free day I decided to go to Chicago—about an hour away—and find a veterinarian to see how one went about auditioning for network programs. I felt it was time to spread my wings—show a profit professionally as well as financially.

It appears that this "helping hand" I mentioned came in. In complete innocence as to the ways of networks, I had planned merely to set up an appointment for the following week. When I arrived at Station WGN, the place was literally swarming with aspiring actors and actresses. While I was standing, wondering what I should do next—besides going on and what I should do next—besides going on and what I should do next. I was approached by a young man, who turned out to be a sound-effects man, came up and asked if he could help me.

I told him I had come to make an appointment for an audition—and what were all these people doing here? He looked at me as though I had just crawled out of a tree-top, and gently explained that there were people auditioning for the chorus—some one hundred strong. I was then asked if I would like to go to the back. This would be the last general audition for at least six months.

I don't know what I said or did that led him to take pity on me, but he suggested that I come back at about 4:30 that afternoon. He would see if he couldn't sneak me in. At the appointed hour, I returned to find that the young man had caused so much commotion, and aroused so much curiosity on the part of the station executives, that they were not only willing but anxious to see me.

At this point, my training and its resultant confidence came to my rescue. Not having expected to audition that day, I had not had time to read any material... and the judges had none to give me. So I dug out of my memory a comedy monologue I had used in vaudeville. It was a long, ten-minute piece, and, instead of letting me stop at the end of a minute or two, the judges insisted I go through the whole thing. Then—what else did I know?

Well, by the time they finally let me stop, I had gone through a good half-hour's worth of monologues, and was starting to wonder whether I should charge for this. I was one of those who, if I could arrange to stay overnight in Chicago, the judges would in touch with me the next day to let me know if they had anything for me. That next day turned out to be a real let-down. Not only did I get a job, but with it came a guarantee of a daily role on The Romance of Helen Trent. And I'm happy to report that the young man with the helping hand has, since risen to an executive position with the network.

After a number of very happy and professionally successful years in Chicago, I again became a woman on the move—this time to New York. I mentioned my plans to an agency man, who suggested I call Phil Baker's agent when I arrived in the big city. Phil was looking for a comedienne, and I might be able to fill the bill. With this and a suggestion of a happy announcement, I was well on the way... and the agent turned Phil Baker's agent was putting me mildly. And to say I was ecstatic over winning the audition is understatement.

Soon the assignments started rolling in... after you have one good role, others seem to gravitate to you. Eventually, I got my first part on Theatre of Today—
program which still is one of my particular pets. It gives me such a wide selection of roles and is always a challenge to my acting ability. Besides that, I heartily agree with the motivation behind its plays—the courage of women to meet and conquer the problems of everyday living.

Yes, everything was going beautifully. My three girls were now grown, educated, and successful in their own rights. I am quite satisfied in my own mind that they will always be able to take care of themselves, should misfortune ever strike. Right now, one daughter, Pamela Britton, is playing the Vivian Blaine role in the Chicago company of “Guys and Dolls,” Virginia is a successful model, and Mary is a happy housewife. Six years ago, Pamela presented me with my first grandchild, and about a year and a half ago Virginia gave me my second, little Heidi.

You know, I've often wondered how many friends thought, when Pamela first promoted me to the ranks of grandparent: Okay, Ethel, that's it—you've had it! Fortunately, it didn't strike me that way. The biological fact had no bearing on my mental approach to life—as long as I live, I'll never have “had it.”

So, I proceeded on my own merry way. At the time, I was living with my mother at the Gramatan Hotel in the New York suburb of Bronxville. One day the hotel decorator caught me and said, “Mrs. Owen, you should stop in and see what we've done to the banquet hall. It's been completely remodeled into an apartment for a colonel and his wife.” But he sure to see it today—the colonel will be moving in tomorrow.” That evening my curiosity got the better of me, and with one of my daughters in tow, I went to take a peek. Well—I opened the door, and there reading a newspaper was a gentleman. He looked up, and very calmly inquired, “Looking for the ladies’ room?” I couldn't have been more surprised—or embarrassed. I think I stammered something to the effect, “Good heavens, are you the Colonel?” To which he replied, “No.” Which was the second of three pieces of misinformation the decorator had given me...the third being that there was no wife, John Almy was a widower. Hard as he tried to put me at my ease, I was by now beyond repair. Somehow or other, the meeting finally came to a close, and it wasn't until quite some time later that I met him again—this time, on the commuters’ train going home one evening. Warren Hull, who was sitting with me, very politely got up and gave Mr. Almy his seat. The following Sunday John and I had dinner together, two days later I had my engagement ring, and within three weeks I was Mrs. John Hale Almy. How's that for a grandmother of two years' standing?

Now, everything is perfect—both my professional life and my private life. I've discovered that the dry sense of humor and kindness he displayed on our first shattering meeting are inborn in John—he's never without them. We have a wonderful time, no matter what we're doing, and John's love of surprises rules out even the possibility of dull moments.

We have a truly beautiful—gay and colorful—five-room apartment in Scarsdale where we love to entertain our friends. I'm particularly fond of having dinner guests...gives me the necessary excuse to haul out sections of my collection of forty and fifty party and go to work. If I do say so myself, I'm a pretty good cook.

Yes, everything is now perfect. The confidence and security born of my early training and experience, plus a generous supply of optimism, have paid dividends. I've not only found my silver lining, but I think I've prepared my children to find theirs. I couldn't be happier!
(Continued from page 25) Modern mother-in-law had been soothed by Ivy Trent's new adjustment to life, and by her tremendous affection for her grandchildren. But a sudden new flare-up of Ivy's old, destructive personality shakes everyone up. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PERRY MASON A preoccupied collector of rare jewels, a lonely wife, and a charming man with plenty of time on his hands, can't add up to anything but trouble. Since the husband's jewel collection includes the unique Blazing Heart, the trouble explodes into a major cause celebre, which brings Perry Mason into it. Even Mason marvels at the minute complexity of the plot whose ends he shrewdly and patiently begins to pick up. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Masquerading as an inmate of a women's prison, Carolyn Nelson went through dangers, humiliations and privations which will not be easily forgotten. But she would have done even more than that to help save her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, from political ruin, and to expose his enemies. Does Miles fully understand her sacrifice? Is Miles in some way changed toward her? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE The destructive force of evil is brought home with bitter conviction to Conrad Overton as he reflects that from a simple desire to have more money he has brought about his own complete ruin. By the time Dr. Jim Brent has finished exposing him, Conrad will be completely crushed. But will this mean that the threat against Jocelyn's life is ended? Will she be able to marry Jim? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The possibility of a big step upward in her career excites Helen Trent, successful Hollywood gown designer. She may be engaged to create all the costumes for a major film production. But Helen knows that vicious gossip about her and lawyer Gil Whitney, which has already harmed her career, may ruin this new opportunity. Will Gil's estranged and jealous wife see to it that Helen does not get this important job? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY A man who has lived through anguished months on trial for a murder he did not commit does not quickly forget the experience. Freed by a last-minute piece of evidence, Bill Roberts is exhausted, grateful—and worried. Will Springdale accept him and Rosemary and allow them to rebuild a happy home there? Or will Bill have to fight for his place in society? And if he does, will he build or break down his spirit? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry Burton, always aware of the dislike of her mother-in-law, treated it as casually as possible until the present crisis when her husband Stan's illness made her and the children dependent on Mother Burton's support. The unbearable strain imposed by the situation brings things to an unexpected head. Will Stan at last understand how far his mother might go to disrupt his marriage—or will it be too late? M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS The sordid murder of Muriel Drake, whom he was about to marry, brought wealth and Sloan to his senses, and Stella has had the pleasure of seeing him finally awaken to the love and true worth of his secretary, Emily Calvert. Happy in the romance of her young friends, Stella is free once more to concentrate on her own affairs. Does this mean lawyer Arnold King may repeat his proposal? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE With Peg Martinson's death, Nurse Nora Drake is exposed to one of the greatest perils of her experience as circumstantial evidence singles her out as Peg's killer. But as the evidence piles up, it begins to totter under its own weight. Is Fred Molina, Nora's friend, right when he suspects that the picture of Nora's guilt is too carefully painted? Is there some hand guiding the seemingly accidental events into place? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN What is really going on in the beautiful but forbidding mansion on the Hudson where Louise, daughter of Wendy's boss, Thomas Hill, is fighting a tense battle of wits against her husband's matriarchal aunt? Anxious about Louise, Wendy persuades Thomas to forget his resentment against his daughter's marriage and respond to her pleas for a warmer relationship. Does Louise really need help even more desperately than Wendy suspects? M-F, 12 noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Although Joan Davis was hurt by her husband Harry's insistence that she vacation in Paris without him, she assented finally and left Harry to the situation she only vaguely suspected—the battle to save his reputa-
Diary

tion from the slanders of Claire O'Brien. Harry may never forgive himself for this separation, for through it Joan has been plunged into the most mysterious and perilous situation of her life. M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE In the midst of the emotional ups and downs of the rest of his family, Jeff, the oldest Carter son, apparently remains detached, helpful, amused—and devoted to his writing. Is it possible for an attractive, eligible young bachelor like Jeff to avoid some involvement of his own? What about Carolyn, his sister Virginia's roommate? Or will some other woman decide to test Jeff's self-sufficiency? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE The tense battle between Sam Williams and his former friend, Ray Gillette, climaxes when Gillette manages to trick Sam out of his job with the Springfield plant. Will this in turn precipitate a climax in the life of Anne Malone? Though Anne has still not sought a divorce from her estranged husband, Dr. Jerry Malone, Sam has hoped that her decision would be made shortly. Will he now feel that he has waited long enough? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 9:30 A.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN The sudden appearance of Ruth Loring completely disrupts the life of Dr. Anthony Loring, who thought his marriage to her had been unannulled years ago. Even when Ruth shakes off the sinister influence of her brother Conrad, who was responsible for many of her strange, vicious actions, Anthony knows that Ruth, who still loves him, may not step aside to let him marry Ellen Brown. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LOVE IS A BEACON

Lyle Sudrow, romantic star of The Guiding Light, followed his secret heart till he found happiness.
You'll find pleasure, too, in Lyle's story, as told in the November issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR out OCTOBER 10.
MARRIAGE IS
I knew in those awful moments that my husband was a child. What could I do to save us?

by Mary Browne Horton

It happened between one minute and the next—as unexpectedly as that, and yet as tangibly as though the door had opened and a stranger had joined the three of us there. I was out in the kitchenette, emptying ashtrays, listening absently to Ernest and my father talking, when suddenly the quality of Ernest’s voice held me still. It wasn’t anything he said, as a matter of fact, all he said was, “No, when I’m working I try not to read at all. I find the style and the thinking of another writer just confuse me at those times.”

Not what he said, but something that stole into his tone, made me think with sharp dismay, Why, Ernest dislikes Papa! That’s the way you talk to someone who irritates you! Then I stood aghast at my own thought. Dislike between Ernest and Papa? It wasn’t possible! Why, Papa had always been on Ernest’s side; and in the days when I hadn’t been sure how I felt about Ernest he used to come and talk to Papa. I’d never even thought about it before, Papa and Ernest and Dr. Jerry Malone—who was living with Papa now—all seemed to be such good friends.

Was I imagining that undertone? Papa was answering Ernest now, and I listened. He sounded just the same. I put down the ashtrays, and got the coffeepot. Maybe Ernest had been right, earlier this evening. Maybe I was too tired, at the end of a day at the office, to rush home and get dinner for company. Tired and hot and ready to see things out of proportion. I’d stay out of the living room long enough to relax and make some coffee.

But, even when I brought the coffee in and we sat around drinking it, things didn’t get back to normal.

In spite of my flow of chatter, Papa left shortly after the coffee, and Ernest began loading the cups on a tray before I could get to them. “Never mind,” I said, “I’ll do that, dear. It’s still early—quarter of ten, only. If you want to get an hour’s work in tonight—”

“What makes you think I’m not just as tired as you?”

“I only thought—when I said Papa was coming over you complained about missing a night’s work on your novel. I just thought it was still early, and there’s no reason why I can’t clean up by myself.”

“Don’t play the martyr with me, Mary, please!” His voice was rough with annoyance. “That stuff goes down with your father, but you ought to know better than to try it with me. The poor little woman holding down two jobs while her lazy, good-for-nothing husband drifts along. . . .”

I slammed down the coasters I was collecting and drew a deep breath. “What’s the matter tonight, Ernest? You know perfectly well you’re getting yourself into one of those moods that simply make it impossible for anyone to talk reasonably to you. I heard the way you spoke to Papa—”

“Oh, did you! And did you hear the way he spoke to me? ’How are you getting on with your writing?’ What page are you on—how much work are you doing each night, and what do they think about it at your office, and don’t you think it’s all a lot of nonsense and you ought to buckle down to just an ordinary job like the rest of us and admit you’re nothing but a poor slob with artistic delusions of grandeur—’” (Continued on page 94)

Young Dr. Malone is heard on CBS, M-F, 1:30 P.M., EDT, for Crisco. Eva Marie Saint and Douglas Parkhurst are pictured here in their roles as Mary and Ernest Horton.
(Continued from page 93)

"Papa never said anything—never hinted anything like that. If it were so, he would have told me!" I was aghast at the pent-up venom that came pouring out of him.

"Do I know it?" Ernest laughed, a short, brassy laugh, then he came closer to me, and I got a prepared list of questions as long as my arm.

"Did it ever occur to you that he's interested in your work? And in you?"

I ran a sinkful into soap and put the dishes into it, moving slowly so that the tears that were scalding my eyes wouldn't result in the breaking of the things. Then China Papa, as I called him, left me for so long. "Ernest, I don't know you when you get into these fits. I know I don't react as sensitively as you do to everything that happens, but I do want to talk a year or two with him. Why can't he reach into thin air every now and then and build up these frantic walls against the people who— who love you?"

It was a plea, and somehow how hard it was for me to humble my pride and talk to him like this. He must know and care enough to control himself!

Ernest sighed. "I'm sorry, Mary." He came into the kitchen and put his arms around me. "You know what you're saying is true, and I know it, and I just can't control it. I don't want to feel like this to my face to his. Inside me something went slack, like a taut rope suddenly released, and I leaned against Ernest. Once more—once again we had skirted the edge of a break-up, and he had saved back what might be time. It was getting harder, each time. Maybe the next time he'd go over, dragging me with him. I loved Ernest. But, I didn't think to say him off, but I didn't know how much more strain I could stand without turning on him.

The next day, at my office, everything brisk and pleasant around me, I felt well-organized. I had only to look at the lines in what I hoped would be a constructive manner. Ernest wanted to write. There had never been any secret about it when I knew anything like that he practically lived for the time when he could afford to leave his advertising job and devote himself full time to his novel. Who wouldn't be able to understand, then, the impatience that was causing him so restless, so bitter? Papa, with his medical research—Dr. Jerry Malone, with his brilliant diagnostic skill—if someone or something had been a little too keen, the editors, wouldn't they have been restless and bitter, too? And Ernest could no more make himself into a writer by working in bits and pieces, working after dinner naps, sitting patiently for his story to come, than I,出去, than they could have put themselves through medical school studying in their spare time. I was thinking so hard I propped my typewriter on my knees and frowned into space, and Mr. Porter came by and gave me a cool look. I got very busy at once. Mustn't take chances with my job now—not with the only possible solution to our problem staring me in the face.

On my way home that night I made two extra stops, one at the French bakery for Ernest's favorite pastry, another at the street-corner flower stand for a big bunch of lilacs. I was taking a chance. In one mood, my husband was perfectly capable of saying to me, "I'm going to give Christmas celebration, making it necessary for me to go into a long and silly-sounding explanation all on my own. In his better mood, though—his best, oh, Ernest could be so funny! When the intensity he felt about living and people was cheerful and hopeful, it made my life sparkle, too! In that mood, this could be a real celebration. Hugging my flowers, but careful not to crush the confection in the bakery box, I hurried home and up the stairs of our brownstone, thinking I had had the idea of the century! Oh, if only he would!

Before I was well into the apartment, I knew, from the sound of my own breath, that something I had seen from kitchen-came the shrill, perkish whistle that always meant a good mood. I let my breath out in a little hiss of thankfulness.

"Hooray! Hi!" Ernest appeared briefly in the doorway, and I had an impression of floury hands and a disheveled apron and his hair standing on end. "Come in and help me with this! I've got a project cooking and I can't leave it!" Ernest held his hands up in the air while he kissed me, and confessed that the project was biscuits. With both of us jostling each other the rest of dinner ready in short order. I was so happy at Ernest's bouncing mood that, when I saw his face as he noticed the flour, my heart went out of my mouth, I let the emotion escape in a giggle.

He gave me a blank look. "Not my birthday, and not yours," he calculated, counting on his fingers. "Not our anniversary, a drizzly sort of thing, because we put in a full day at the office. Suddenly his eyes glazed with horror. "Mary! You're not—we're not—"

"Oh, no!" It took me a second or two to follow his thought. "Heaven's, no, Er-

"Then, and, rather soberly, I added, "Would it be such a dreadful thing if we were going to get married?"

"Oh, darling, you know better."

Ernest was serious now, too. "But not now. Not yet. You know what a shake-up it would mean." "Well, hold on to your fork, because that's just what I'm planning—a shake-up, not a baby," I picked up my own fork and began on the hamburgers. "Eat your nice chicken, and I'll tell you for dessert," I said.

"Pretty pleased with yourself, aren't you," Ernest said. I nodded, continuing to eat my own chicken. "How could I be otherwise, I'll be equally pleased, hum?" He scowled.

"Maybe I'll hate it. Maybe I'll be ap-

"No, you won't!" But a nervous flutter made me put down my fork. Ernest was so dazed unpredictable. Would he? Not tonight! Not when he was in his top-of-the-world mood. Still... Ernest hadn't been anything like himself in twenty-four hours. His face was almost painfully intent, and his dark eyes were like a little boy's on the wrapping of a gift with a mysterious shape. I stopped eating, folded my arms around my knees, and leaned back. But I wasn't suggesting anything world-shak-

Only that he ask his firm if they'd give him a three-month leave of absence. He knew the Carson-Wellers were going on every day, everywhere.

But Ernest's reaction was alarming. "Say it again," he demanded. "Slowly and clearly.

"Well—isn't it logical?" I crumbled a roll nervously. "If you had three months of nothing to do but put in eight hours a day on your novel, you'd be off to a good start, wouldn't you?" Then I went up the way you do, knocking yourself out, forcing the tag-ends of your energy, your vitality, just what's left over after a full day's work, and then trying to give your writing the very best of you—"

"Mary," Headless of the chestnut cake, he reached across for my hand. "Darling, I feel like such a heel. Have you really worried about me like that? I mean, you know how hard it's been, the awful frustration of facing that typewriter every night and knowing that no matter how much you wanted to might just not be
able to think straight any more? I—I had no idea you thought about it all at.

"Of course you didn't—but you're turning black!" "And you in my hands to take any censure out of the words.

"I know you didn't. You've been so harried, you've gotten into the habit of thinking nobody knows or cares or thinks about you. Wasn't I right?"

"A leave of absence," Ernest repeated wonderingly. Then he laughed. "It's sort of merrily funny, and sort of great, too."

A couple of inches of the edge of asking you if I ought to quit my job altogether. I was getting desperate.

Involuntarily my fingers tensed on his. "Quit? Well, if you think it's the only way—"

"I don't." He laughed again. "That's why I said great. There's a lot to be said for having a practical-minded wife. I never was in a leave of absence."

Then his smile faded. "I don't know, though, honey. . . ."

"We can do it! Listen, I have it all figured out. With my salary we can just manage, maybe, without even touching the bank account."

"Oh, that. We couldn't touch it. We can hardly see it." He made a dismaying gesture. "I wasn't thinking of the money, Mary. I was thinking of the time, not much time, for the major work of art I'm projecting." He smiled wryly. "Let's hope."

No, he certainly wasn't thinking of the money, I thought with a twinge which I immediately banished. Not if he wanted a longer leave of absence. You didn't get it for a leave of absence. And we didn't have to eat. I bit my lip and said, "How about six months?"

We hashed it over a while longer, back and forth, and then we had a plan. I didn't show it not even to think, that Ernest's reaction had shaken me. It was almost as if I'd come along and released him from a cell—a cell I'd been keeping him in—didn't help feeling a little upset about the money. Did he have to be so debonair about our ability to get along? After all, he was the head of the house. When this plan was over, I didn't expect Ernest to be a success? Didn't I believe in Ernest's writing, believe he'd finish his book and get it published and establish himself in the career he wanted so passionately? Wasn't he a bigger—dare I say, a bigger?—man than I'd expected? I was going to be back in his job. I had to believe it!

Maybe that was why I had a chip on my shoulder when I told Papa and Jerry about our arrangement. Maybe that was why I was so fierce when they looked dubious. Papa said slowly, "Why, that's a pretty serious step, Mary. Don't make enough at your job to carry a family."

"We're not a family. We're just two people. And it won't be forever."

"Six months might seem like forever if bills start piling up," Jerry said. He closed his book and gave me a big, long, loving look. "After all, you know what I meant when I said you're so sensitive."

"Can't you show a little enthusiasm?" I burst out. "A little kindness, a little optimism? Even if you don't think Ernest has a bit of talent—"

Hold on, Jerry demurely. "That's unfair, Mary. You might remember that I was encouraging Ernest a long time before you could be persuaded to show him—"

"I don't care if you didn't write a word. I...

What Jerry said was true, and there was no profit in remembering it. Those days when it had been Jerry himself in whose eyes I was perversely, grimly interested, and when Jerry, knowing the futility of it, had championed Ernest's cause, I sighed. I'd been wrong, wrong about everything. Even though Anne and Jerry were still separated, they hadn't been divorced; and I had come to see that I did love Ernest; and Jerry—Jerry wasn't, never had been in the least, in love with me.

It was very old water under a very old bridge. Now was now; Ernest was my husband and my responsibility.

But Papa, just before I left, tried to make it clear that he wanted to offer encouragement. "I think it's a courageous decision," he said earnestly. "If I seem a little cautious, it's only because—well, I just never take these chances."

I wished I could have felt that way. But I was wasting my time worrying about the man I was to be happy with. And I was wasting my time worrying about the man I was to be happy with.

If Papa had agreed with me, it would have somehow made it true. He said, "Happiness is certainly the important thing, Mary. But there's always the question, will he find a new start at all?"

So that was that. They were going to hold back. All right, let them! Ernest and I could handle this without anyone's sanction! And I'd be flayed before I'd seen Papa find out that secretly there was a tiny flaw in us, a tiny warning light of the same kind of doubt. If he'd been encouraging, I'd have confessed my own weakness and asked him for help; but now I was on my own. I'd have to show so much faith and so much positive belief in Ernest's success that nobody would dare cast any doubts on it, much less Er- nest himself.

It was a delightful surprise, the next week, to find that nobody was asking me for my reactions, much less Ernest. With the official opening of what we solemnly called our office, he seemed to enter a world all his own, a private heaven in which he was so happy, so busy, so much at home that he didn't need me even looking in. I didn't resent his absorption, either; when I came home at night now I could be almost certain of a real kiss, the table set, the dinner under way, and Ernest fully alive. It was a fresh new feeling, a fresh new mood for our marriage. We were friends again. Even if he wasn't always babbling with cheer, he talked about his problems, got angry with himself—healthy normal anger, not the bitting-off, sulky resentment that had started to color his whole attitude.

I learned quickly that the one question to avoid was "How'd it go today?" The answer, "Well, I was a little irritated, in my innocent, hushed in lively curiosity. But Ernest put a quick stop to that. He glowered at me. "What do you want to see, another Gone With The Wind? Give me time. At least a week, if it's not asking too much."

I put down my bag and went over and put my arms around him. "Don't be silly. I don't care if you didn't write a word. I...

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Ernest stood up. His tie was askew, and he looked altogether like a small boy about to hand in an examination paper.

"You sure can," he said. His voice was hoarse. "Let's get it over with now, before I put a paw on it.

"Ernest! I thought you were happy about it." My hands tightened on the edge of the table. "I thought you'd hit your stride. Maybe I oughtn't to read it? Maybe I should just hear it?"

"Happy about it? Good heavens, what a word! Mary, I want to write good stuff—really good stuff, don't you get it? No, I'm not lying to you when I say it at least I've done it! At least I've got a substantial amount on paper. Here, let's not talk about it." He went to the corner and brought up a fat file folder. When he put it on the table before me I saw why. He put a clutch at my heart that his hands was trembling. I put my own over it.

"Darling, there's not much point in my reading it to a judge. Let somebody whose business it is—"

"Aren't you interested?" Ernest asked ominously. He was so nervous now that he was getting belligerent again, and I stood up quickly and put my arms about him.

"You know I've been dying to read it. I've only been waiting because I didn't want to push it in."

"Then here's your chance. Take it before I change my mind," he pulled away the file and sat down. I saw him nervously, "I'm going out for some air."

I don't know how long it took me. I knew what to expect. I knew I'd be there, after a little while, struggling to sort out my impressions. The trouble was it was too short a while; Ernest was always ready for him. My mind was still tumbling with the ideas he stirred up. Some of what he'd written was so tremendously vile and absurd, it made it seem less like original. So much insight, such bite with words! And some of it, well, some of it wasn't. There were parts that were flat, meaningless, heavy.

Maybe I should have jumped up when I heard him come in, and gone to him with praise on my lips. But I was still thinking: I stay in a lot of tea, and only raising my eyes when he came to stand in front of me. I didn't mean it, didn't even know it, but there must have been something in my face that turned his eyes suddenly cold and vicious.

"Don't bother saying it; I can see it all over you," he said. "Well, you asked for it. You wanted to read it. I told you it was no good."

"Ernest! That's so far from the truth! How can you say it was no good?"

"Can you say it's good?" He bent down and glowered at me. "Go on, look me in the eye and tell me it's great, it beats Hemingway, it's the biggest thing of the year. Go on, say it." He felt my lips quiver.

"Ernest, please, give me a chance. There's some wonderful stuff, the love story, the—"

"Oh, sure! You know what that's like? That's like telling a mother her daughter has beautiful hair, because you both know her face in the mirror. Don't give me that stuff. He was almost shaking with anger. It's his nerves, I told myself, fighting for my own balance. We're both tired, and he's so strung up, it's the first time anyone has seen his work, naturally he's touchy—"

"Oh, don't sit there with your teeth falling out!" He straightened and stalked toward the bedroom. "Don't look so stupid, Mary! It's no good to you... And don't give me that pacifier about your not being any judge, either. It sticks out a mile you think my stuff was rotten. Well, it is. Maybe I'm no writer. Your father certainly doesn't think so. Malone certainly doesn't. Naturally, you don't have a thought they wouldn't have."

"Ernest, will you please just listen!"

"Don't be stupid," he said again, moving his shoulders as if he wished he could fling me off, out of sight. "What could you say that would be any more eloquent than the look on your face? All right, so it sticks. Say so. It's plain stupid to try to dress it up in soothing language."

He disappeared into the bedroom, but suddenly came out again and stared at me. "I don't mean that's you are stupid. Marrying a guy like me, without any talent, without any ordinary common sense! Good night. I'm going to bed."

Even after the door had slammed, I just sat there. I felt as though I were drowning in a sea of words, and the word stupid, stupid, stupid was a recurring wave that kept washing over my head. It wouldn't last. I'd come up pretty soon, and then I'd begin to get angry, and angrier—and angry enough to do murder, almost. I felt myself start to tremble, and I got up quickly and went out to the kitchen. A scalding cup of tea was the only thing I wanted right then—that, and a chance to think. I had to think. I had to get a couple of things sorted out before I went to bed, and I was the only guy in the house again.

Funny how swiftly the novel slipped into the background. Ernest had swept it away, with his tirade, his fury—his tantrum. That was the right, the only way to do it. No matter what happened now, Ernest had changed shape in my mind. Oh, I knew what would happen. Apology, abject, emotional—he'd heap ashes of remorse on his own head. He'd explain and trust me to understand, because it wasa thing that he'd been, how apprehensive of my criticism, how edgy for his brain-child's reception, and I would understand. What could I do? I couldn't break up my marriage because my husband had called me stupid. I knew, and he knew, that it wasn't true.

I couldn't break up my marriage because my husband was a child, either. All I could do was to have a baby, and try to keep him from finding out that I knew it. A three-year-old's tantrum, that's what it had been.

The water finally boiled, and I brewed strong tea and drank it standing, glad of the scalding stream down my throat. I'd have to swallow a lot of other things that hurt, from now on. Oh, there would be compensations. You didn't stop loving a woman because he hurt you—no. And you didn't stop. But didn't you change? I considered this, wondering at my own detachment, but really interested in the problem.

There wasn't probably a point in even trying to save the marriage where a woman woke up and said, 'Look, let's face it, you've been kidding yourself. This man you've married, he isn't thus and so, but thus and so, and you might as well live with it.'

I finished the tea, tidied up, and turned out the light. Coming into the living room, I briefly thought of making myself a bed on the couch. Then I shook my head, and I put on my dressing gown, too. Maybe I'd sit out here in the dark and cry a while, just to get it over with. But after that I had to get the rest over with, too. I had to go in and help Ernest be sorry, explain, apologize. And after that we'd have to help each other go on from there. I felt almost philosophic about it now. Most marriages, I was sure, were just this way, and turning point. And most of them went at it!
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Arthur Godfrey, King

(Continued from page 39)

Heights was toeworthy, he was a predi-

iction of things to come. When he raised

his voice in song, no one could see, even
dimly, the ghostly outlines of a micro-

phone, or a TV camera closing in on the

round tiny face, with the button nose.

Radio and television were not heard of

then, and it would have been hard to

imagine they would one day claim this

oldest of Godfey's boys who would and

he had his own way to make in the world

before he was out of his early teens. It

would have been hard to imagine that one
day his rooms would be filled with citations

and would have been a benefactor of

charitable causes, and kindly deeds of all

descriptions.

As it happened, his first job was the

usual small boy's—stand—a newspaper

route—followed by an after-school deli-

job for the local grocer. The best part

was the grocer's horse-drawn buggy and

the chance to drive it, but he was a good

worker who always earned every penny

he got, and even today his former "bosses"

would give him a recommendation. He

was a bright student, too.

After his first year of high school, fam-

tly fortunes made him decide to get a full-

time job. He landed one as office boy to

a New York architect, at ten dollars a

week. This made him feel like a capitalis-
t, on Saturday, when he was entire. In his

pocket, he visited the Statue of Liberty

in New York Harbor, met a pretty

girl who was also paying her respects to

the statue but who took the liberty of

picking him up when he discovered his loss

when he couldn't pay his check at a hamberger

stand, which brought not only disillusion-

ment but dishes to be washed in payment

for the.

Until he joined the Navy, at a Cleveland,

Ohio, recruiting office on May 11, 1920,

before his seventeenth birthday (he said

he was eighteen, and looked it), Arthur

had already handled a few con-

bles. He had been a typist in a World War

I Army separation center in New Jersey

(a job that, too, by lying a little

about his experience and age). There he

met a soldier, a forest miner, and

Arthur left with him to work in the Penns-

ylvania coalfields. But a cough developed

from underground work, and he had to be

transferred to the open, where he helped

with the coal cars as they sprang up from

the mine. He tried his hand at other

things—lumberjacking, helping on farms,

in the coal-year plant at Akron, Ohio,

when he was doing well until a railroad

strike brought unemployment. And he

got his second and his third and his fourth

or more taste of dishwashing jobs when-

ever funds got too low to eat any other

way.

What he was beginning to miss most at

about this time was the education that

had been interrupted when he left home to

earn a living. Now he was looking to

see how men who knew a little more

than their fellows were looked up to

and listened to. He was beginning to

understand why a reputable and

reputable act

be out of his reach if he had no more

to bring them than the knowledge he already

had. He liked to meet new people, to talk

to them and to find out what made them

the kind of folks they were. He wanted

to be able to meet any man, no matter

who he was, on an equal basis of knowl-

dedge and understanding. It wasn't too

difficult for one of his pals and a priest

who liked this gay young man who could

hide his more serious side, to persuade

him that he would get his chance at a better

education and would see the world he longed

to cover from stem to stern.

Signing up for a two-year hitch, he went

through the usual tests and took radio-

specialist training, followed by a tour of

duty as radio operator on a destroyer.

Then he signed again for another two years, servicing and manning

a destroyer. At the time of the Greco-

Turkish War he was waiting for an ap-

pointment to Annapolis, but he chose

action instead and shipped as a radiom-

ian during the trade-ship duty in the

Mediterranean. He had his banjo with

him, which he had learned to play accep-

tably, and he had picked up a knowledge

of Arabic and Greek. He would have

loved to have more time to travel, and

other ways of life, a banjo and a ukule-

lele, and the gravely singing voice that

would some day become famous although

there wasn't the slightest chance it

would ever bring him fame. He thought he

was ready to settle down, but Destiny

hadn't finished his education by any means,

and the next three years saw the most

fomenting of his life, in bars and

misadventures, of travels back and forth

across the continent, of good jobs and

awful ones, of amusing incidents and

heartbreaking happenings. During this

time he worked in medicine and

vaudeville, in a bar, in a vaudeville theater,

in a horse farming, and in a real estate

company. (He had taken some corre-

spondence courses that helped unlock the

doors to the mysteries of the ad man's art

and how he sold his radio and TV commercials ever since. Although

he never advertises a product he doesn't

believe in, and he never spoofs the prod-

uct itself, he does make the kids think the bright fads who write the stuff is supposed to re-

peat on the air—and seldom does!)

He worked at the Ford plant in Detroit

for a while, but had to quit on account

of an eye and ear and upper washing dishes

again in a third-class restaurant. His glib

Irish tongue and persuasive grin finally

got him a job as assistant to the chief of

the 's chaffeur and best hotel butler

ome, with some of his musical pals he

could entertain in every port, finding it

a useful way of getting extra meals and

drinks—and serenading pretty girls.

In 1924, after four years of the Navy,

he was back in Hasbrouck Heights with

some money jingling in his pockets, a good

tactical education, a knowledge of the

world and a new perspective on other peoples

and ways of life, that of a musician.

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tactical education, a knowledge of the

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and ways of life, that of a musician.
Chicago, job was ingredients come polished Godfrey, television. He was learning in the last, and years, he re-learned a skill of his childhood, ice skating, and he climbed fences and chins himself on tree branches on the farm and has performed the most grueling physical feats in the air. This is some small gauge of the mettle of this man.

Even in the hospital he wasn’t idle. He kept his bedside radio tuned to his fellow patient, and he listened carefully. According to the conclusion they realized that actually they were mostly talking to one person and not to the vast multitudes they pictured. Wasn’t each person really getting in anyway, even if others the listened, too? Even if there were many persons in many rooms listening at the same time? So you didn’t need to act as if you were addressing a big audience, you didn’t have to pound your points home, you didn’t have to deliver an oration. You only had to be simple and natural and sincere in what you were saying.

He determined that he had learned in those long months when he, too, was only a listener, and eager to prove his new theory to his bosses, he could very well apply it further. After a while, they decided he must have lost his touch and so they buried him in an early morning spot that didn’t seem too far away. It was the perfect place for Godfrey to go on using his new technique, the technique of being himself. At that hour of the morning no one wanted to be shouted at or orated at, and Godfrey was the solace for sore ears which was urgently needed. His show became something of a Washington phenomenon, although outside the capital few had ever heard of him.

One evening, Godfrey left word that he couldn’t do his breakfast program the next morning. He was just “too darn tired out” he explained. He thought it was time for a change. He had been the usual and he slept late, arriving at the studio in time for a broadcast later in the day. There was an angry scene in the station manager’s office and Arthur, who was left to do the job on his own, felt sad. He didn’t understand how, feeling that his salary hadn’t kept pace with the billings of the commercials he was announcing, got a few well-chosen words of a personal nature into his tongue. When it was over, he was walking the streets in a snowstorm, fired from his job. It was January 2, 1934. He had made a place for himself in radio, he was now thirty-one and Arthur wasn’t surprised that he wouldn’t be ready to be an announcer again.

It would be all done his way from this day on, not at all. It might have been “not at all” for some time, if Harry Butcher, a Columbia Broadcasting System executive in Washington at the time, had not read about the Godfrey flare-up in a Washington radio column. He had found Arthur at the nearby flying school in which Godfrey now owned a half interest, and he offered him a six-year contract to come into the CBS station.

Godfrey took the job with both hands, to find out first if he was getting what he wanted.
January 26, 1934, eleven days after Arthur joined the CBS Washington staff, was one of the red-letter days of his life. Hearing that his unshaved red was in competition for their red-headed former employee, in the person of an important New York radio personality, Godfrey asked his new bosses to let him go on their air late the preceding night and stay on all night, right through his early morning show. Listeners, he argued, wouldn’t desert him in the morning if he had held their interest before the other fellow’s starting time.

There were no facilities for all-night broadcasting from the studio, so they moved him out to the swamps near Alexandria, Virginia, to the transmitter building, where he worked with the help of an engineer, a turntable and some records, and a telephone. Everything was on his side, he was lonesome girl in a Bourne, hotel-born, pretty room heard the show and called him on the telephone. Listeners heard only Arthur’s side of the conversation, but the hunter was tiptoeing and study Godfrey’s son by a former marriage, is a Navy enlisted man, sworn in by his dad. Richard recently had a daughter, making Godfrey a proud grandfather.

In the past six years, home has been the 1700-acre Beacon Hill Farm on Catoctin Ridge, in Loudon County, Virginia, just outside the old town of Leesburg, and 32 miles northwest of Washing- ton. The house is a ten-room brick and stone structure. The farm is stocked with white-faced Hereford cattles and Arabian horses, and there are income-producing crops and poultry and pigs, a swimming pool, screened porches, woods and wide stretches of open fields. Four miles away is Arthur’s airfield, where he keeps his four-passenger de Havilland twin-engined DC-3. The latter seats fourteen passengers in the lounge and six more in the observation lounge, has divans that can be converted to sleep two, is equipped with a TV, a motion picture pro-jector and screen, an air-to-ground telephone, and a well-stocked galley for hot or cold meals.

An ambition of traveling began in 1920, when he made his first flight as a passenger. He was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, and when he could get away from his duties as a radio operator he would beg the man up for short hops. “I was lost after my first flight,” he says. Twelve years later, he got his private license to fly. When he was doing work for a de Havilland man in Washing-ton, he used to get up before daylight to go out and fly a plane for an hour. “Most peaceful time of the day,” he would tell listeners, dwelling on the joys of being an easy-breezy sightseer.

Godfrey recently took a course in instrument flying at the Navy’s All-Weather Flight School at Corpus Christi, Texas, and he accepted invitations to fly jets with the Navy at Pensacola, followed by some special instruction in handling blips out of the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey. One of Godfrey’s strongest reasons for flying jet planes to fly was to prove to the mothers of boys who are flying them regularly for Uncle Sam that you don’t have to be a Superman to stand the pressure. “Just an old fellow like me can fly them, any mother’s son can do likewise,” he says. Which is undoubtedly true, providing they have the talent, the vitality, and the singular charm that has made millions of people who have never met him hope that he’ll be around to entertain as long as they’re around to see and hear him.

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Radio-TV Top Show Round-up

(Continued from page 30)

NBC and NBC-TV, under present plans. Incidentally, Bob Crosby and his orchestra have been signed to replace Phil Harris and his band in the Benny lineup, marking the first time that New York's subways will be scheduled for more than a decade—a change made necessary by the increasing conflicts between Harris and Benny schedules. Phil is not the only operator to lose each other's friendship, however, for Allen Faye, to the regular radio spot for RCA on Sunday nights, but will be making regular appearances on NBC-TV's All-Star Revue.

Despite changing times and listening tastes, Amos 'n' Andy have maintained radio's perennial favorites for two generations. Next March, the premire blackface comedy team will celebrate its forty-anniversary on the air, having made its debut on Station WMQ in Chicago, in 1928. As Andy (Charles Correll) explains the show's success: "It's no secret—just a lot of hard work.

The hard work takes place in a comfortable office on the top floor of a bank building in downtown Beverly Hills, Calif. There, the two crony and Andy confer with writers, audition actors or just bounce around ideas in their never-ending search for new plots and characters.

"The hardest part of it all," says Amos, "is finding new plots. People keep bringing up stories ideas.T's going to happen, "they tell us. But, when we hear it, nine times out of ten we can't use it. We have some bad stories characters, Some one will come to us with an "original" character. We'll hear him out and then say, 'Yeah, that's good,' and use him. The next years ago, and one of the possibilities is the idea from one of our shows in the first place, and just don't realize it. They seem somewhere in the back of their minds, and one day it pops out and they think it's new. Happens all the time."

Recently, they had an example of this from one of their own group. A member of the orchestra came to them with a familiar cry: "Got a great idea..." His idea was to have one of the characters on the show write a song, only to discover that the pilot was already in the air. But, he had not thought of that... The tune had been kicking around in the character's mind and, as he remembered it bit by bit, he believed he was creating a "Great idea," Amos told his musician. "We did it several years ago, but the tune was 'Sunday, Monday and Always.'"

The abashed bandleader realized he must have heard it on their show, but had forgotten.

For all its difficulties, Amos and Andy's endless search for material seems to pay a handsome dividend. The show has been picked up by CBS, when more than 25,000,000 listeners assembled at the appointed hour. Meanwhile, of course, on CBS and NBC-TV, new members of the faithful are gathering in numbers that draw the show's numbers to view the sightly tele-version.

If aspiring young radio writers would know what it takes to put over a show, a glance through the pages of the book of Cy Howard, the originator of CBS' Life With Luigi. The amusing, heart-warming adventures of the Italian immigrant-starring J. C. Carrino, mastered one radio's top ratings headline attractions but didn't reach its pinnacle through accident. Before launching his new show in the fall of 1948, Howard spent two months in Italy getting first-hand "color" and information on the background in which his main characters grew up and learned a way of life almost completely different from the one they encounter in the United States.

In familiarizing himself with the backgrounds of Luigi Basco and his friends, Howard rode third-class in Italian trains, which made New York's subways seem more than a bit in. contrast, became too well acquainted with the vagaries of the Italian telephone system, in which the operator answers only the first name and then promptly forgets about him... and purposely dispensed with native help in order to experience the problems of each to a perfect knowledge of its customs and language.

Such spirited research by Howard served the launching of Luigi, and this authenticity—combined with the writing talent will lend the theme will lend the theme of the Tuesday-night sketches—has paved the way for a steady climb in popularity.

Other ideas for successful radio entertainment, and the very best—such as that of Adorable Ralph Edwards—who always intended to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English professor but had recently to be an English prof...
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ma, and a different top-ranked star in the leading role each week, they’ve not been play- ing to a huge following for more than a decade, a comparative newcomer has zoomed to the fore and challenged most of its long-time rivals in the crime- and-detection field. With Jack Webb starring as Sergeant Joe Friday, Dragnet hit the NBC network as a mere summer replacement. The appeal of this documentary-type detective drama was so overwhelming that it became an immediate fixture in the NBC lineup. Having captured most of radio’s top awards, along with the hearts of the American listener, it could exercise an equal appeal over NBC-TV, as well—Dragnet now has reached still another plane by being se- lected for a comic-strip form.

Incidentally—though hardly accidentall y—NBC has found the dual radio-television presentation of Dragnet so effective that it has given the same sort of treatment to at least two other detective-adventure series. Both Dangerous Assignment (starring Brian Donlevy) and Martin Kane, Private Eye (now starring Lee Tracy) started out on radio alone but have since added televi- sions.

On the more feminine side, Eve Arden has made her title role as Our Miss Brooks (a Sunday-Siudy Shober—she’ll be doing it on CBS-TV, as well. Eve not only works for laughs, through- out her hilarious thirty minutes, but also campaigns in behalf of misunderstood teachers and big for the cause in American teacher unions. “Sure, Miss Brooks is just make-believe, but it’s made me do an awful lot of think- ing about teachers, what they’re supposed to be here in the Valley.”

On my program, Miss Brooks is an Eng- lish teacher in a typical high school who gets involved in adventurously, humorous and romantic situations. But my concept of her is deeper than that—she’s a warm, romance-minded, realistic and attractive woman—and don’t think for a minute that this conception is just some- thing I dreamed up. The thing like Miss Brooks. They aren’t the crabby, tired old maids of jokes and cartoons, I know many teachers now, and I remember with warm affection several who taught me.

I remember well that when I was in third grade, thirteen years ago, and I’m sorry that every student can’t have a teacher like Miss Ruthvin Waterman. She was a real dream—gave me an opportunity to fill in her when she became the idol of Eunice Quedens—that’s me—and my play- mates in California Mill Valley. She had dimples, and big eyes, and big money, and always smiling. That’s one of the charac- teristics I’ve tried to give Miss Brooks—always smiling. A few years later, Miss Waterman was already replaced by someone equally as nice.

“Miss Brooks’ real interest in her pupils and her willingness to participate in their pleasures and problems I borrowed from Sin- cerity Cecilia, one of the characters at the convention I attended for a couple of years. My most vivid memory of Sister Cecilia is her play- ing baseball with the students—and her knowledge of the batting averages of most of the big-league players.

“Later, I came under the tutelage of Lizzie Kaiser, who taught English at Tamalpais High School for many years, and even she could remember. For humanness, humor, and wisdom, all tempered by the years of experience she had with children, Miss Kaiser took the title. I’ve never seen or heard of any other instructors because I was older then and more capable of appreciating her wonderful qualities. I hear from her occasionally, although she has long retired. But, Miss Kaiser grows old in service, I kind of hope she becomes the same type of woman.

I’m striving to make Miss Brooks a complete cross of these delightful teachers, I hope I’ve been able to do so and that we’ll see them as some of the wiser creatures of some writer’s pen. They’re real and they’re human, and so are all teachers.”

Everytime a new season rolls around, some of radio’s older favorites have another anniversary they are proud to chort about. Monday night on NBC, a look at the calendar might be referred to as “Grandaddies.” The Voice of Firestone (which is also simulcast now) and Bands of America programs both have just racked up silver anniversaries. And, while both are teledevil, they’re not in the twenty-five-year class as yet, it ranks as an old-timer with its upcoming thirtieth anniversary.

ABC, Don McNeill and his Breakfast Club are now in their twentieth year. At CBS, the Lux Radio Theatre has arrived number eighteen—its sister on CBS-TV, The Hollywood Theatre, is a com- parative babe-in-arms. But it’s the best to catch up, performance-wise, by con- tinuing television operations throughout the year, with no vacations.

Speaking of anniversaries, it was a sen- timental journey for Virginia Payne and Charlie Egelston—known to millions of daytime listeners as CBS’S Ma Perkins and her own husband, Paul. It was when they traveled to Cincinnati last spring to celebrate the first broadcast of their dramatic serial over Station WLW Ma and Shingle recollected the premier serials for Sunday morning, which was as a local-station experiment, and it was tided in with the celebration of WLW’S thirtieth year of broadcasting.

There are many beloved radio charac- ters whose continued stories have come as familiar to listeners as the lives of the shows— but it is only in the past year that daytime drama has become a part of television, too—par- ticularly on CBS-TV. Though few of the established favorites have as yet followed the serials to their new stepchild, there is no longer a doubt that they’ll do so during the coming year. Meanwhile, CBS-TV has already achieved notable success with strictly television serials, such as Search for Tomorrow.

As in any family reunion, there will be a few vacant chairs this fall, a few familiar voices missing. The largest possible gap, of course, has been left in Big Show. While an artistic success, hailed by critics, the mammoth radio extravaganza didn’t do quite well enough to justify the enormous expenses, time and money, and staggering production costs doomed it a good try. Its husky-voiced misters of ceremonies should still be around, however, when the series is scheduled for appearances on NBC-TV.

The same is true of Bob Hope, who may have lost his familiar radio time-spot but will be heard quite a bit (and on at least ten occasions) on NBC-TV’s Colgate Comedy Hour. Which, one way or another, should mean the slaphappy continuation of a friendly feud as famous as that of Fred Allen and Danny Thomas or Bing Crosby, Bob’s favorite dueling partner, is going to be very much in evidence all over the radio-television landscape. The Groan- er shows and many of the magazine programs on both CBS and CBS-TV.

With so many radio favorites returning, with so many shows available in two differ- ent formats—Bob Hope, George Burns and Gracie Allen still holding fast on the CBS- TV, and Milton Berle returning to NBC- TV (at a reported fabulous $25,000 a performance) . . . there’ll be no lack of solid entertainment on the kilocycles and channels.

It’s going to be a glorious season, for both listeners and lookers.
Bert Parks

(Continued from page 53)

she is quite an independent lass. Even Jeff and Joel, although identical twins, are quite different from each other as personalities.

Bert's attitude toward the children is the same as his attitude toward his wife. Each person has a dignity of his own, each his rights and these must be respected.

Annette tells it this way, "Bert, for example, comes to quick decisions on most things, while I'm slow, over-cautious. But, in nine years, he has yet to show impatience, because I like to think things out and forth. On the contrary, I get the wonderful feeling that he's very much interested, even if he must wait, in seeing what I have to say."

Bert thinks Annette is belittling herself. Cautious she is, but not slow. "A man who doesn't listen to another's viewpoint learns nothing and stops growing," he observes. "Besides, if when a man marries, he should count on doubling the brains and resources in the family rather than condemning his wife to silent servitude."

The Parks give the same attention to their children's opinions, and this develops thinking and creative processes in the youngsters. They encourage the children to speak up when they feel they are being slighted. As a result, the kids are free citizens, growing, playing, working together. Annette and Bert show their respect for the twins and Petty by making good all their promises, even if it means a sacrifice. Bert sold his own outboard motor and a promise was made to take them boating to a nearby island for a picnic. Bert and Annette frantically dragged themselves out of bed early Sunday morning to organize and prepare the picnic, despite the fact that an unexpected house guest had kept them up late. Disappointed children are unhappy children.

In Bert's book, I like psychology, respect also covers the well-used, term understanding. It follows through naturally, for, when you recognize a person's qualities, you appreciate his needs.

"The warmth that endears Bert to contestants on a quiz show is part of the same depth of understanding he shows around the house," Annette believes.

This past spring Annette was terribly ill with virus pneumonia. She was bedridden for seven weeks and part of that time was in the hospital. The drain on her strength and the seriousness of the disease was depressing to her. While she lay in the hospital, she found herself not merely feeling blue, but weeping at the slightest provocation.

"And Mother's Day was coming up," she recalls. "I hadn't seen the children, and I knew that Bert would show up with the cards and gifts. It would have been too much for me emotionally and I was afraid of a terrible crying jag."

But she didn't want to say anything to Bert. You just don't spoil plans for Mother's Day.

"And, you know, Bert sensed my fear," Annette relates. "He brought in a batch of comic Mother's Day cards and I was so relieved. I laughed and felt wonderful. Later, when I was better, the Mother's Day gifts welcomed me home. They're a real sixth sense—I call it 'understanding'."

"No one has absolute control over his economic security," Bert says, with the philosophy which is part of his understanding, "but when it comes to his domestic security, his relationship to his wife and children, he's got no excuse for failure. A man and his wife have only themselves to blame if they are failures at building a life together."
I'm a Very Lucky Girl

(Continued from page 65)

red-haired, we've all wanted another redhead in the family. And when Junie Malia was born, nobody said "I did that she'd be a carrot-top." In fact, the lady across the street had a baby just about the time we had ours and who got the red headed? She didn't. But we love our little Junie, even if she is another brunette. Daddy already calls her "Junie with the light brown hair" and that's good enough for me.

Dad calls me "Matilda." I really don't know why, but it's his pet nickname for me. Unless he's kind of annoyed at me—then he says "Ca . . . thy" in sort of a long breath. But Dad's not wrong often. When he sees me sneaking into the candy box, then he calls me "Chub-Chub" or "Fatty" and I'm mortified to the quick.

But candy does taste so good and I don't see why anything that tastes so good can make you so fat!

Nobody has too much of a chance to get fat around our house because we're all so active. We'd got an old big gotten baseball and Dad gets in and plays baseball with us or a fast game of ping pong. During the summer we visit our neighbors and go for a cool swim in their pool. I've suggested to Dad that we have a big pool but he says he'd rather not because Junie Malia is still so thin. But he forgets this said this eight years ago when Christine was little. And now Stevie was a baby and then Bobby. Just looks like we'll never have a pool—or a redhead!

We all pitch in and help Mother with the chores. It's one of the ways we earn our allowance. And because I don't like to do the dishes, I always manage to busy myself with Junie. I'd so much rather take care of her than any other duty. And with the little fluffy baby! But Daddy sees me and says, "Ca . . . thy," in that special way. And so I go back to the dishes.

Now that I'm in the eighth grade, I pick out my own clothes. I have an eye for a bargain, I think, and I just can't resist sales. Last summer I chose so many sleeveless dresses that Mother said I should go into the dress business myself.

But I'd be more interested in singing than going into the dress business. I think I'd like to sing and maybe, some day, be in the movies. When I was younger I was just dying to sing. So I love it—and even have made quite a few appearances—but I think I see now why Daddy used to say, "Wait until you grow up, Cathy. Then you can sing. Now that I'm growing up, I'm quite content to wait and see what I really want to do.

Daddy helped write a song called "Cathy" and it's his. When I appeared on his Club 15 program, the Peter Lind Hayes—Mary Healy TV show, Uncle Bing's program, and several others where I dueted with Dad on the song. Of course, I was a little nervous. I always was the time worry is when you're not—and you know, I liked television best! (Daddy says for me not to let Mr. Benny hear that! New to the business, he says.) We've ought to sing "Benny's From Heaven")

Daddy is wonderfully helpful with my singing. Although I still don't take lessons, I practice around the house. "Don't say that, Cathy," he tells me when I don't even think he's listening. When I appeared on his Club 15 show, Dad got Kate Starr to give me a little coaching. I was thrilled by Kay Starr. I can't remember what she told me. But I'm sure it was good, because Daddy and I got a nice round of applause. My friends mostly forget to listen to me when I'm on and I've even missed myself. I think it's a good thing, because there just doesn't seem to be such a word as "star" nowadays and I'd never even been in a movie studio until a few years ago when Dad took me with him to visit at Paramount. He introduced me to people named Olivia de Haviland, Joan Fontaine, Joseph Cotten, and of course we saw Uncle Bing. I guess I was impressed, because Daddy recalls I asked, as we were leaving, "But are we the movie stars?" "Then I saw Sabu, the famous Elephant Boy, walking toward me. "Oh, look," I cried, "there is a movie star!"

I really no different from most girls my age. I have my favorites, too. I think Tony Martin, and Frankie Laine on some numbers, are just wonderful. Among the girl singers I like Patti Page and Georgia Gibbs.

Last summer "we girls," Mother, Junie Malia and I, went to Hayden Lake, Idaho, for a month's vacation. Dad and the boys jobbing a few weeks after we had been there. It was wonderful, as I'd never been there before. Dad used to go there when he was a boy because it was near his home, and he thought it was "the greatest!" 

"But why, do you think that? "What will I do away from my friends for a whole month?"

"Don't worry," he answered, "there'll be plenty of boys there." And there were. But I'm no June oats yet, I guess. I think they are very nice and it's fun to swim and play baseball with them. And I like dancing with them. Well, I guess you are sort of important if you can't have a party without them, for instance.

On my thirteenth birthday—which really was June twenty-first, but Mother and Daddy celebrated with a birthday party for me and we went to Hayden Lake—I had fourteen couples over. It was dreamy! We danced and played games and then Dad fixed a big barbecue out in the backyard for us. It really was the nicest party I've ever been to—even if it was mine!

Daddy is so much fun with all my friends and they don't mind at all having him alongside myself, my girl friend Kitty, "Pretty Kitty from the City," and her little brother Bill, "Wild Bill." He's just as much fun to have in a baseball game as any of the gang—and a lot better player, too.

I think I'm a very lucky girl that my name is Cathy Crosby. Because that makes Bob Crosby my dad!

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Secret of a Joyous Life

(Continued from page 41)

I lived in hand-me-down clothes. Usually the garments were too large or too small for me; either I looked as if I had just been swallowed by a knitting mill, or I looked as if I had been caught in a shrinking rain. Sometimes I used to take root in front of a clothing store window and dream of the day when I should be able to buy a complete suit—the right size.

Years went by. During my junior year at San Diego State College, I was hired as an announcer at KGN, San Diego, and a year later I became chief announcer at the station. I was then able to buy in the lessens in my life. As long as I live I shall never forget the Thanksgiving Day when we had turkey in the land and on our turkey’s flavor; no cranberry sauce was ever as red, no dressing as rich, no potatoes as fluffy.

Another milestone was the day I strode into a small store, in my pocket, to buy a box of candy for Lois, when we started to date. Great was the day when I bought a good suit of clothes with all the fanfare.

I wouldn’t be so corny as to declare I’m glad I went hungry as a kid, but I will say that a certain amount of privation is good for youngsters. It sets up happy eating for the future. It gives children something to dream about, something to work toward, something to relish in accomplishment. When the day of the turkey dinner arrives, or the hour of selecting a dress or buying a gift for someone beloved, the joy is sharp and intense. It isn’t merely another ordinary happening in a lifetime of taken-for-granted comforts.

This is the lesson I have tried to teach my youngsters. That’s why they have been kept on small allowances, why they have been given definite chores to do around the house, why they have been allowed to go out in clothes, less than half the cost of the clothes their friends, why their own garments are handed down, and why it is a rule at the Linkletter table that only the emptied plate deserves dessert.

I had confirmation of my theory that yearning for a thing and postponement of a dream really pays off in days, during the period when he was seventeen, and the boys, collecting miniature horses. He had caught sight of an especially alluring specimen in a shop window, and wanted it.

I told him he had already bought and been given plenty of things, that he didn’t need this particular one.

He had little to say, but I noticed that whenever we passed the store he nearly fell out of the car, feasting his eyes on the horse. Finally he managed to save enough out of his allowance, and to earn enough extra by car washing, yard policing, and even dishwashing to buy the horse.

When he brought the trophy home, he looked as bright as if he’d swallowed a two-hundred-watt electric light bulb. “I earned it myself,” he announced. From that day to this, it has been his favorite.

It is left for parents to lessen the possibilities of future happiness for their children by over-indulging them. Some fathers and mothers add to their own joyfulness and their children’s by over-indulging them to the right to experience a certain amount of doing-without. I am convinced that it is only through not having, that a person can comprehend the full happiness of having.

Only those who have been hungry really enjoy a loaded table. Only those who have been cold, fully appreciate a warm coat. Only those who have been alone and lonely comprehend the full wonder of love.
Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 68) Correll and Gosden both ran after a man they saw in Nashville, Tennessee, because he looked exactly like their idea of the Kingfish—tall, thin, to the brim in his hat. Then, when he opened his mouth to speak, out came the thinnest, little, high, shrill voice—a voice that could never have been pitched by Kingfish's bearded lips. There was another time when Correll watched a fellow passenger on a plane bound for Los Angeles by way of a stopover in San Francisco. He could hardly wait for the man's talk, recognizing the perfect Andy, but when the plane landed at San Francisco the man got off quickly and was lost in the crowd.

Just what do the characters look like to the men who created them? Well, they always pictured Andy (played by Correll) as a big, bustling fellow, romantic but impetuous, not too ambitious, and forever gullible where the Kingfish's schemes were concerned.

Amos, played by Gosden (who also played the Kingfish), had seemed a gentle but practical and hard-working family man, quiet and philosophical, and trying hard to struggle against Andy's follies and the guiles and wiles of the Kingfish.

The Kingfish was the same as a rather lovable rogue, "with a twinkle in his eye and a devil in his heart," Gosden described him. Then there were the 'battle-ax' qualities of Sapphire, the Kingfish's wife, Mammy, and the Kingfish himself—"the drawling Lightnin', piping-voiced Madame Queen, social-climbing insurance agent Henry Van Porter, and business counselor Calhoun, who couldn't get at them except by getting into scrapes as out of them.

Over more than twenty years, Correll and Gosden had pictured these people in their own minds. They began back in 1926 on a local radio program in Chicago, where the boys started out as Sam 'n' Henry, and became Amos 'n' Andy when they switched to another local Chicago station in March, 1929, and later were put on a national network, in August, 1929. Many loyal listeners could remember when Amos 'n' Andy had become the first fifteen-minute program and also the first nightly show to united identical characters, although each program covered a separate story. They could remember that it had remained a six-nights-a-week show until 1943, with the boys never missing a performance, and that year it had been changed to a once-a-week, half-hour program.

Loyal listeners could also remember the impact of Amos 'n' Andy on its early audiences. The telephone company had reported that calls fell off fifty per cent when the affairs of the Fresh Air Taxi Company were on the air. Movie houses darkened their screen briefly and piped in the broadcast for theatre audiences.

Now America was being searched for television actors who would love these people so much that they would always play them with respect and good taste. Gosden had an idea that the right type for the deep-voiced Andy might be found among bass-fiddle players. He took a trip to his home town of Richmond, Virginia, and sent out a call for all who would like to audition. More than 700 showed up, but none qualified. Searches were going on in other cities and towns, and finally through Flournory Miller, author of the Negro revue "Shuffle Along," and with the help of the Negro Actors' Guild, they heard of Spencer Williams. Miller hadn't seen Williams for fifteen years but he was pretty sure he would make a fine Andy, even though he had last been heard of as a screen writer and producer, rather than an actor. Miller remembered Williams' heartiness, the bluff, booming voice, the flair for comedy.

The whole South was combed, until someone traced Williams to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where CBS broadcast a request for information about him. The pastor of Williams' church heard the broadcast, and Williams liked the idea of playing Andy. He posed for pictures in clothes he thought Andy would affect, including a brown derby, and stuck a cigar in his mouth at a jaunty Andy-ish angle. The pictures turned out fine, a voice recording confirmed his rightness for the role, and a screen test cinched it. "That's Andy," Gosden and Correll chorused.

Spencer Williams' acting career had begun in Hollywood on almost the same spot where he was soon to be muttering, "Ise regusted" for the TV cameras and sound recordings. He was born in Vidalia, Louisiana, and left the University of Minnesota, where he finally landed, to join the Army, going overseas in 1917 as an intelligence sergeant in France. After an Army discharge in 1923 he began to write continuity for the movies, toured in road companies, and made movies on his own. He produced an Army Air Force training film and an all-colored religious film, starring in the latter as well as writing and directing it and supervising the sound. In Tulsa, where he was finally located by CBS, he had formed a partnership with a former jockey to become a teaching photography and radio among other subjects.

Even before Williams was auditioned, Alvin Childress had been lifted up for another of the roles. He was auditioned for the Kingfish, and when the boys saw his test they knew they had had men—but not their Kingfish. Childress, they were sure, would make a perfect Amos.

He did.

A native of Meridian, Mississippi, he had taken a pre-medical course at Rust College and was especially interested in college Dramatics. After earning his B.A., a small role in a Broadway play finished off any idea of his being a doctor. He had been in half a dozen motion pictures, and any stage and television plays when he was singled out for the role of bartender in "Anna Lucasta," which brought him considerable notice. He was already a writer and director of a radio show.

Finding a Kingfish turned out to be one of the hardest jobs. Even President Truman had to help. The President suggested to Gosden and Correll that a Kingfish might be found among the students of a Southern university which was known to have a fine drama group. Tests were made, but the right Kingfish wasn't among them. Then Eisenhower, an old friend of Freeman Gosden, suggested a soldier who had been attached to the show. He was flown to New York for testing, but again they were disappointed.

Then someone remembered Tim Moore, even though he was as tough as the Negro who had been in the memorable "Blackbirds" shows. Moore was located in Rock Island, Illinois, where he had retired, to quote his own words, "to fish and relax, and do both of them with care. He went back to his fishing and relaxin,' and then was called to Hollywood for film tests. "That's the Kingfish," the boys agreed.

Moore had been in show business since he was twelve, was a jockey at fifteen and a boxer at seventeen, going back to show business in his early twenties. He had played real boxers in vaudeville and on Broadway, notably in "Blackbirds," which left Broadway for Paris and London. His television experience had been a couple of appearances on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town, after which he had gone back to his fishing and relaxin.' Now he does both in California, in between the Amos 'n Andy program.

Supporting roles on the television program were not as difficult to fill as the three principals—Amos, Andy and the Kingfish. Actors and actresses were found among former students at Howard University, and students at the Hal Roach Studios in Hollywood. Before the filming started, Gosden and Correll worked with the actors for two months to help them perfect the voices of the boys had made famous, giving them the advantage of all their ideas and thoughts about the characters they had been rounding out through the years. When they stepped into the new roles, they stepped into their own, with help always on tap, of course, from Gosden and Correll, the boys presented the new-comers with a 'n Andy Testament.' It read in part:

"Many years ago we created a group of characters and started to broadcast in America and later in Canada for a wartime series known as Amos 'n Andy. During that period we had tried to keep the Amos and Andy show on a high level, and we have handled the characters in the same way. The show is a part of our affection for the people that we have given our own children. It is with a great deal of pride that we turn over to your care the life and per- petuation of these characters, in television, film and radio. We pass on our love to the people of America will take you to their hearts."
Now! A choice of 3 permanents for all different types of hair

NEW TONI TRIO
custom-made for you!

Now... do what the finest beauty shops do
— choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio — Regular Toni, Super Toni, Very Gentle Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Regular Toni
FOR NORMAL HAIR
Perfect for most women—including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. Now better than ever, Regular Toni gives you the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.

Super Toni
FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR
If other permanents didn’t take or didn’t last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.

Very Gentle Toni
FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR
If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It's custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.

Tonette
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FOR CHILDREN
At last a permanent that takes on every little girl's hair! Tonette—the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters' hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.

Your choice of Toni refills $1.50

Tonette refill $1.50
With Camay, your skin comes "out of the shadows"
AND INTO THE LIGHT OF NEW LOVELINESS!

Take this Camay bride's beauty tip—and you'll have a clearer, fresher skin with your First Cake of Camay!

Life isn't really living... without attentions and compliments and romance. So why should a girl let a dull skin hide her natural beauty and stand in the way of her romantic hopes and marriage plans?

It's a shame to let your beauty be lost in shadows! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and a fresher, clearer complexion will be your reward—with your very first cake of Camay!

For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay! Camay—so gentle and mild! Camay—so free with its rich, creamy lather. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Head to toes beauty treatment!
The daily Camay Beauty Bath takes all of your skin "out of the shadows!" It brings your arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Buy the big, Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more economy, too!

Camay the Soap of Beautiful Women

The recently wed Mrs. Herbert Hendler, a lovely Camay bride, reveals: "Camay freed my skin of shadows! A change to regular care and Camay brought me a clearer, brighter complexion so quickly!"
Bring your skin
"Out of the shadows" with Camay...

INTO THE LIGHT OF LOVELINESS!

This lovely Camay Bride can tell you—
the First Cake brings a brighter, clearer skin!

ROMANCE is often only a dream—
mistakes merely a hope—for girls
with cloudy and dull complexions—
skin that's "in the shadows," so to speak.

So why should you let shadows hide
your charm? Camay can take your skin
"out of the shadows" and into the light
of new loveliness. Change to regular
care—use Camay and Camay alone.
Your complexion will have a fresher,
clearer look—be smoother to the touch,
with your very first cake of Camay.

For complexion or bath, there's no
finer beauty soap than Camay. Camay
has such a gentle touch—and its lather
is rich, creamy, abundant. Take your
skin "out of the shadows" and into the
light of new loveliness with Camay,
The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty—top to toe!
Chase the shadows from all of your
skin with a daily Camay Beauty Bath!
Bring your arms and legs and back that
"beautifully cared-for" look! Camay's
fragrance is so flattering, too. Buy big,
 economical Beauty-Bath size Camay
for more lather—more luxury!

Camay the soap of beautiful women
She thought she'd never hear it . . . . . . . . . . . . . BUT SHE DID!

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL
FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

NOTHING repels a man like halitosis (bad breath)*. And everyone—even you—can be guilty without knowing it. Why risk offending needlessly . . . why take chances with lesser methods when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, extra-careful precaution against it?

Clinically Proven Four Times Better
Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and oral bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

A nationally known, independent research laboratory reports: Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes . . . stopped bad breath up to six hours and more. That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste Kills odor bacteria like this—instantly
You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth. No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So, when you want that extra assurance about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
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PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!
Now! A choice of 3 permanents for all different types of hair

NEW TONI TRIO
custom-made for you!

Regular Toni
FOR NORMAL HAIR

Perfect for most women—including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. Now better than ever, Regular Toni gives you the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.

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—choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio—Regular Toni, Super Toni, Very Gentle Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills $1.50

Tonette
NEW PERMANENT
FOR CHILDREN

At last a permanent that takes on every little girl's hair! Tonette—the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters' hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.

Tonette refills $1.50
Around 8:45 on Saturday and Sunday evenings, New Yorkers who happen to turn their dials to WLIB are in for a rare experience. For it's then that "Keeper of the Flame" Bettelou Purvis introduces the weird platters which are the specialty of Spinner Sanctum. It's strange enough to hear a female as deejay—even stranger to hear the spooky presentation—but strangest of all is the kind of music featured on Bettelou's program. Jazzologists might classify it as variations on be-bop, or "cool" jazz, but whatever the term used, its list of titles sound like selections from the "Arabic Hit Parade."

The history of the gal who keeps city slickers (with a taste for the macabre in discs) tingling in their contour chairs starts back in Pittsburgh not very long ago. Bettelou has a very sneaky hunch that she was born with a record in her hand. By the time she was nineteen, the dark-haired damozel with the big expressive eyes was already launched on a radio career. She was, at that time, writing and broadcasting children's hours, women's shows, quiz programs, and jazz sessions. A former Downbeat correspondent, Bettelou has chalked up ten years of musical training in piano and voice and is recognized as an authority on jazz. Recently, Mayor Morrison of New Orleans presented her with the Key to the City for promotion work in connection with New Orleans musicians.

Actually, all this interest in jazz and its history is not at all odd when you know that her father, Jack Purvis, is one of the pioneer Dixieland musicians and plays thirteen instruments. Jack recorded with jazz greats like Coleman Hawkins, Adrian Rollini, Max Kaminsky, in the days before the "cool set" were old enough to listen to the radio. Present fare on the Spinner Sanctum is far afield from the Dixieland jazz Bettelou grew up on—it's cool instead of hot. In fact, the atmosphere in Spinner Sanctum is almost as cold as a tomb. So pull up a contour chair and listen to Bettelou, "Keeper of the Flame." And if you're smart, you'll sit near the flame.
"I flirted with trouble in New York!"

"It was a glorious, bright day," explained Doretta Morrow, "when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and when we got back from our ferry ride I knew I was in for trouble.

"The wind atop Radio City was terrific. After extreme exposure like that, Jergens Lotion is a blessing. It works so wonderfully fast. Try this and see why! Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens...

"My hands and face were chapped raw from the biting breeze. Fortunately, at home I had soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time!

"Apply any lotion or cream to the other, then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.

"Next day, my skin was soft and smooth — right for romance and close-ups." No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.

Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep your skin lovely, too. It protects against roughness and winter chap — costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax."
what's new from Coast

Walter Winchell is making his debut on television with a weekly news show seen coast to coast over ABC. The veteran reporter and columnist, recovered from his illness, faces the cameras every Sunday night, delivering the news in his rat-a-tat style. Winchell is still heard on radio Sunday nights, in his old time spot, on the same network, following his telecast by a few hours. So, if a big “flash” occurs between the two shows, he'll only be “scooping” himself.

Joan Davis’ career really got a shot in the arm when NBC signed her for a television show of her own, starting Wednesday night, October 15, called I Married Joan. It’s a weekly situation-comedy series, featuring Jim Backus, and filmed in Hollywood. Joan and her crew will have to work hard to build up a rating, because in most cities her show will be viewed opposite Arthur Godfrey’s camera capers on CBS-TV.

The TV-Radio Workshop of the Ford Foundation has authorized $2,000,000 to un-

Johnny Desmond, Sam Cowling and Don McNeill help Peggy Taylor sign contract to sing on the Breakfast Club.
to Coast

BY Jill Warren

derwrite the cost of Omnibus, ninety-minute weekly television series beginning Sunday afternoon, November 9, over the CBS-TV network. Aimed at combining information with entertainment, Omnibus promises to be one of the largest and most ambitious series of programs in television history, and certainly one of the most expensive. Alistair Cooke, winner of this year's Peabody Radio Award for his broadcasts on the American scene, will serve as master of ceremonies. Within the hour-and-a-half show there will be five or more separate features, both live and filmed, with as much time allotted to each as is necessary for the most effective presentation. Omnibus will be written, directed and performed by the finest talent available, both here and abroad. Included on the series' varied schedule will be original plays by Maxwell Anderson; French ballet features now being photographed in Paris; a music series by Leopold Stokowski; several plays by poet-critic James Agee; and especially (Continued on page 15)
The only thing Hal and Eleanor Moore don't share a common enthusiasm for is gardening. As Hal puts it, "Most wives like to move furniture, but mine likes to move shrubs, and—natch—I have to do the dirty work." Other than that, the KYW deejay and his wife get along famously, sharing interests which have developed from their similar backgrounds in radio and entertainment, and working on various civic projects in their fast-growing suburban community of Broomall, outside Philadelphia.

Featured on the 2 P.M. Hal Moore Show daily and co-starred on the Answer Man program each evening at 6:25, Hal is a veteran of twenty-three years in radio. His start in radio was as a singer on a Denver station, but a year later he turned to announcing, and has remained on the talking side of the field. In 1934, Hal moved to New York as a CBS network announcer, and from 1938 to 1946—with time out for Army service in the South Pacific—he conducted his own morning program on WNEW. Eleanor, a former stage star with quite a few leads to her credit, had just been assigned to WNEW as the station's first woman announcer, and Hal was asked to teach her the ropes. She fell in love with her teacher, and a year later they were married.

The Moores have three children: Eleanor, eighteen, who attends William and Mary College; Melissa, twelve—both from a previous marriage—and Timmy, seven. Timmy takes after his parents in showmanship, and at present is a whiz at the piano. Between practice hours, though, he concentrates on being a "space cadet" replete with planetary uniform.

Leaders in community affairs, Hal and Ellie helped organize the new library, and Eleanor organized the Marple-Newton Parent-Teachers Association, serving for two years as its first president. Besides their activities in Broomall, Hal likes to work in the cellar woodshop and to go deep-sea fishing. Eleanor insists that he put in time gardening, too.

Ellie and Hal Moore hold pop and grandpa cockers in check—Timmy holds the baby.
at last! at last! a way to make nylons last!

Nylast vital ingredients perfected by

No other product, soap or detergent, gives this protection!

Nylast makes nylons last and last!

Du Pont

Adds strength as it washes!

It's fabulous! Nylast doubles the life of your nylons! Strengthens as it washes... washes as it beautifies... all in less than one minute! Instant protection against snags and runs! Get Nylast at your favorite store or supermarket... start today to double the life of your nylons!
"How could you see him again... in your own house, in front of your own child...?"

With those damning words her gaudy past came back to threaten all that mattered to her now!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

LORETTA YOUNG
JEFF CHANDLER

"Because of You"

CO-STARRING
ALEX NICOL • FRANCES DEE

by
Hazel Markel
MBS Women's News Commentator

WOMEN could determine the election results in 1952. Every politician in Washington knows that. Either party could win the presidency by attracting five million new women voters to the polls. And what's more, it's not at all improbable that either party will do just that. In the last presidential election at least twelve million married people did not vote. Political experts claim that voting records showed that it was the wife who stayed away from the polls. This means that millions of homes threw away half the family voting power. We must not let this happen again—there's too much at stake.
This little quiz is a test of your citizenship—answer Yes or No, and score yourself 5 for every Yes answer and 0 for every No answer.

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<td>1. Do you know the names of the presidential and vice-presidential candidates of both parties?</td>
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<td>2. Have you tried to gather information as to the backgrounds of each of the presidential candidates?</td>
<td>□</td>
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<td>3. Did you follow both conventions on your radio or TV set?</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. Are you familiar with the platforms of the two major parties?</td>
<td>□</td>
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<td>5. Did you register so that you can vote on November 4?</td>
<td>□</td>
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<tr>
<td>6. Do you know in what congressional district you live?</td>
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<td>7. Do you know the candidates running for Congress or state posts in your area?</td>
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<td>8. Do you vote in the primaries?</td>
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<td>9. Do you keep up with the latest developments in the campaigns by reading your newspaper every day, and following newscasts on radio and TV?</td>
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<td>10. Have you voted in every major election for which you were eligible?</td>
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**TOTAL**

If you scored 40-50 points on the test, you are a **Star Spangled Patriot** . . . If you made 30-40 points you are a **Pretty Good Citizen** . . . 20-30 points, it looks like you’re a **Lazy Susan** . . . And if you got below 20—Are You A **Hermit**?

Remember, there is still time to register—and get out on November 4 (even if you have to hire a baby-sitter) to cast your vote for the most important elected official in the world. Don’t throw it away!

---

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

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

**CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS**
**CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAP OR CREAMS**

![White Rain Lotion Shampoo by Toni](image)
As winter closes in with its wind, rain, sleet and snow—every place but in sunny California and fair Florida—time comes for cutting a rug or relaxing on the end of a weary spine, with a stack of discs spinning out soothing or stimulating sound in keeping with the mood. . . . Nancy Rogers of Baltimore, Maryland, is lucky enough to have won her phonograph in the Radio-TV Mirror Magazine Perry Como contest, and Frances Sowicz of Pennsburg, Pennsylvania, will be spinning a Perry Como album of TV favorites (which she won in the same contest) on the old machine. . . . There's one platter released this month which we hope tops all record sales—"La Rosita" and "I'm Through With Love"—not so much for the melodies as for the voice. The voice is really pleasant, and the man who owns the voice probably deserves as much recognition for his fine sensitivity and accomplishment as for his actual singing ability. The man is twenty-eight-year-old Sandy Solo, an amputee from World War II whose life once hung in the balance for fifteen days after an air crash in which two of his crew were killed. However, his courage never faltered. He started out to be a commercial artist but, when he lost both arms, he transferred his artistry to painting pictures in song. Incidentally, Sandy's the same boy you saw on Jackie Gleason's Cavalcade of Stars and heard with Meredith Willson on the old Canada Dry Show.

Talent and Tunes:

Georgia Gibbs is doing nip-ups over her "Kiss of Fire," which hit the one million mark for Mercury, and Frankie Laine's "Jealousy" for Columbia is his sixth record to hit that golden mark.

"Zing a Little Zong" is once again encouraging record companies to put out songs from motion pictures. It and "High Noon" have had tremendous success. "Zing" is from the new Crosby-Wyman "Just for You" picture and will probably be old hat by the time you hear it sung in the movie houses.

Speaking of movies, both Kathryn Grayson and Judy Garland have signed recording contracts. Judy's is with Capitol for two years and as yet no titles or release dates have been announced. Kathryn's is with Victor and her first will be an album from "The Desert Song." She was teamed with Gordon MacRae in the picture, but she'll record with Tony Martin on the discs.

Popular hits are as international as opera these days. Doris Day's "My Love and
Devotion," and "Make It Soon" are two songs which are already at the top of the French and English hit parades. "Make It Soon" in France carries the title, "The Wolf, the Fawn and the Hunter." Sarah Vaughn, also recording for Columbia, moves over to Italy for her inspiration and tunes. "Say You'll Wait for Me" and "Tormented Heart" are her "foreign" contributions.

The older the merrier—and financially more lucrative—it seems, this day in recording circles. Now, the 1905 "Merry Widow" operetta has been re-created by the romantic Fernando Lamas for an MGM album. Lamas plays Lanna Torroner in the movie of the same name and his voice is as romantic as he looks.

Phil Brito, the golden-voiced baritone from Newark, New Jersey, can soon be "collected" in an album of old Neapolitan melodies. It's titled: "Come Back to Sorrento" and includes such top favorites as "Memories of Santa Lucia" and "O Sole Mio." Just the kind of music you'll like spinning when the snow begins to fall softly and sparkle like diamonds in the street light's reflection... and, you can say smugly, it's cold outside.

Two more show albums from Broadway are about to hit the record stalls. Original casts sing the scores from "New Faces of 1952" and "Wish You Were Here," recorded for Victor. From films comes the Victor album sung by Merv Griffin, of the tunes from John Wayne's "The Quiet Man." All are Irish and lovely, from the gentle "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" to "Galway Bay." Another album, this one by MGM, is an edition of their Pop Parade which includes all the summer hits, practically—"Kiss of Fire," "Auf Wiederschén, Sweetheart," "Once In a While," "Dedicado," "Luna Rosa," "Half as Much," "High Noon" and "Vanessa."

Success Stories:

One of the wonderful things about today's recording artists is the fact that so many of them deserve the breaks that eventually come their way. Take—for instance—Guy Mitchell, who at one time was eking out a living singing a song or two for audition purposes, under the name of Al Grant. Guy recently had his magnificent moment of triumph when he appeared at the London Palladium Theatre and discovered he was not only a popular American singer, but that he was embraced by the hearts of the Londoners... Frankie Laine is another boy who has known the hand of poverty on his shoulder. He lived on a cup of black coffee and a slice of bread for twenty-four hours, during which he tried to obtain a small loan—he got the loan and with it a small job at WINS in New York as a singer. With the five dollars he got for a week's work at the station, he was able to get a singing job in a small spaghetti house. This job paid him off in meals so that he could at least eat. Once Frankie gave up singing and took a job in a California defense plant—just as hundreds of others did during the war. However, with Frankie, he'd decided he was through with warbling as a way of earning a buck. Then he had the inspiration for a song, "It Only Happens Once," which Nat King Cole transcribed—and Frankie was once more back in the musical swing of things. Today, he lives quietly in Encino, California, with former motion picture actress Nan Grey and their two children. He can truly afford it, for—since

(Continued on page 101)
The family which produced Daniel and Noah Webster can take pride in the present generation of Websters growing up in New England. Its shining light in this generation didn't go to Washington or write a dictionary. He's harked back to one of the oldest and most honored professions—farming. The editor of the WEEI Farm Journal in Boston is one rural broadcaster who speaks with real authority.

Lou's no conventional farmer. He prepared for twentieth century agriculture by attending Massachusetts State College, where he got a sound background in scientific farming with good solid measures of biology, botany and geology thrown in. When he started in on his own, Lou tried apples as a crop and, while the trees were coming to bearing age, he supported his family by truck-farming asparagus, rhubarb, sweet corn, celery and spinach. In 1928 he went to the state legislature and later combined his farming with official duties in the Department of Agriculture. He was named Director of the Commonwealth's Division of Markets in 1939 and, during the war, also served as Acting Commissioner of Agriculture.

You have to come from a long line of sturdy Yanks to put in the sort of working day which is customary with Lou. His daily broadcast over WEEI begins at 5:30 A.M. Since he lives forty miles from Boston in Blackstone, that means getting up really early. And, when the program is over, there is another one to prepare for, plus a full day's work as Director of Markets, and last—but far from least—the overseeing of his truck farm.

The great popularity of the Farm Journal is entirely credited to Lou Webster, who brings his knowledge as a practical working farmer to his listeners in a clear, down-to-earth way. The Farm Journal, with Lou at the "city desk" looks forward to a long future in New England radio.
ed films by the New York Zoological Society and the American Museum of Natural History. All in all, it should prove to be a wonderful project. And oh, yes, the best part—the program’s producers have promised that no feature within the show will be interrupted by any commercial messages.

Meet Corliss Archer is back on radio, over ABC, after a summer vacation. This season, the show is heard on a new day, Friday, and in a new time period. Janet Waldo returns as Corliss, along with her long-suffering parents, played by Irene Tedrow and Fred Shields. And of course Dexter Franklin, the scatter-brained high-school sweetheart, portrayed by Sam Edwards, is among those present.

Remember the TV show Fairmeadows, U.S.A., all about the Olcott Family, which went off the air last year? Well, the Olcotts are back before the cameras, but under a new title, A House In The Garden. They’re holding down a quarter-hour of the Kate Smith daytime show, Monday through Fridays, over NBC. This is the first time an hour television program has included a fifteen-minute sketch done as a serialized drama. A House In The Garden has a continuing story line, revolving around the Olcott Family. The cast includes such well-known radio and television performers as Ruth Matteson, Lauren Gilbert, Tom Taylor, Monica Lovett and Mildred Strongin.

Speaking of daytime serials, NBC has planned a solid hour of dramatic serials on television, to be called Hometown. The plan is to present four different fifteen-minute stories, to be told within the framework of one permanent setting. The action of all plots will revolve around an active town and, though each story will be complete within itself, many of the same sets and characters will be used in each. The show debuts some time this fall. NBC technicians have already built the Hometown village in their Brooklyn, New York, studios.

Since the fabulous success of I Love Lucy, most of the big stars have insisted their television shows be on film. Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard are the latest personalities to make their TV bows and —you guessed it—The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet will be filmed in Hollywood. Their new show, complete with new sponsor, is seen Friday nights over ABC. The Nelson’s radio program is also heard on Friday nights, but it is recorded. Ozzie and Harriet found it necessary to do their air show on tape because of the heavy school schedules of their sons, Ricky and David, who appear with them. Incidentally, David, who is fifteen, is attending Hollywood High School and is hoping like mad to make the football team this year.

Don’t look now, but here comes another television quiz program. It’s the old show, Double or Nothing, done up in new dress for the camera, and it’s heard on the CBS network, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. And who is the emcee? Just about the busiest one in the business —Bert Parks.

After negotiations and meetings which have been going on for months, Bing Crosby finally said a big “No” to television, at least until 1953. The crooner, who originally had demanded that any video appearances he made must be on film,
"You'll be prettier... if you make a clean start!" says Piper Laurie

clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"You may look lovely Saturday, but don't save that face for Sunday... stale make-up spoils a pretty face!" Piper Laurie warns. And while ordinary cleansing doesn't get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten does!

Penaten works the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!

you'll look your loveliest

"Your make-up looks loveliest when you start with a clean face," says Piper Laurie, star of "SON OF ALI BABA," a U-I Picture, Color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten, 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

What's New

decided he wouldn't tackle TV this year, after contemplating his professional schedule. With thirty-nine radio shows, two movies, and his regular recording commitments, he decided he'd be spreading himself too thin. Crosby had the added problem of taping many of his programs in advance, in order to be in Europe late this fall for shooting on his new picture for Paramount.

This 'n' That:

Fred Allen, who was stricken ill before his new show, Two For The Money, was to start, is still on the recuperating list, and his many friends and fans are wishing him a speedy recovery. Jack Paar and Herb Shriner had been neck and neck in the running to replace Allen in the laugh-quiz, but Shriner won out. This program, by the way, is being done both on radio and television, simulcast Tuesday nights over NBC.

Songstress Barbara Benson, whom you've heard on the Sammy Kaye broadcasts, has given it all up to marry St. Louis shoe executive Jerry Potashnick.

Dinah Shore was all booked for a long concert tour of Great Britain and the Continent, and just about to leave, when Uncle Sam stepped in and said "not yet." It seems the singer owes Mr. Whiskers a sizable amount in back income taxes and he will not be allowed to leave the country until the money is paid. So Shore has settled down to making transcriptions and recordings and will work in radio and television until he can square himself away.

Long-time listeners of the Aunt Jenny program will be saddened to learn of the passing of Edith Spencer. Edith originated the role many years ago and played it continually until she was forced to give up radio work entirely about two years ago. At that time she began to lose her sight, and was totally blind when she died from a tragic illness.

Robert Q. Lewis was so successful playing Charley's Aunt this past summer on the straw-hat circuit that he has had offers to repeat the show this fall for a Canadian tour. Bob probably will have to turn it down because of his many commitments, but rumors have it that he might land the lead in a new Broadway musical. Pretty good for the boy who started out as an unknown disc jockey on a small New York station.

Frank Sinatra’s proposed radio and television deal with NBC fell flat and Frank did not sign a contract with the network. Except for guest appearances now and then, Sinatra will not be heard regularly this fall. But "The Voice" is keeping busy making records and playing night-club and hotel supper-room engagements around the country. Meanwhile there is talk that his bride, Ava Gardner, may go to Europe to make two or three movies for MGM and, if this happens, you can be sure Frankie will go along.

Carlton E. Morse, creator and producer of the One Man's Family program, says he's glad the stork finally delivered another "child" to the radio family. Morse received a barrage of fan letters from listeners begging him to have the baby a girl, and of course he knew all the time it was going to be a boy. He says he had no idea that the "first great grandchild of Henry and Fanny Barbour would cause such a furor."
Jack Carson has postponed his new NBC-TV series until after the first of the year, because of making a movie for MGM. He will cavort with Esther Williams and Fernando Lamas in a little thing called "Dangerous When Wet." By the way, Carson and his long-time sweetheart, actress Lola Albright, finally became Mr. and Mrs.

Dennis James has been taking plenty of ribbing from friends when he tries to explain how he got that nasty scar on his right forehead. Dennis had moved into his new home in New Rochelle, New York, and was trying to open his garage door—one of those fancy ones that spring up. It conked him on the bean, and Mr. James ended up with eighteen stitches in his head.

Peggy Lee made a lot of girl singers unhappy when she landed the co-starring role with Danny Thomas in the Warner Bros. movie, "The Jazz Singer." And it’s a wonderful break for Peggy. But, fellas, what’s all this about "fixing?" Peggy’s teeth before production starts? Camera-men haven’t noticed anything wrong with her choppers while she’s been doing television all this time.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Kay Kyser, whose College of Musical Knowledge was such a popular show at one time? Kay has not been doing much in the entertainment field recently, mainly because of his health. For a time it was rumored he was going into politics, but nothing ever came of it. Kyser and his wife, the former model, Georgia Carroll, and their children, still reside in California.

Harry Babbitt, the singer who became popular with the old Kyser band and later went on to become a solo entertainer? Harry has been centering his activities in Hollywood, making records and appearing on television and radio. He was temporarily incapacitated for a while, due to illness, but now is completely recovered.

Jack Owens, the former "cruising crooner" of the Breakfast Club show? Jack was replaced on the Don McNeill program by Johnny Desmond, and left Chicago to settle in Hollywood. For a while he had his own television show on a local station there, and since then has been playing piano and singing in night clubs and hotels in and around Los Angeles.

David Street, the singer who appeared on Jerry Lester’s Broadway Open House program? David had his own TV show in New York for a while, and made several records. He recently left Manhattan to return to Hollywood with his actress-wife, Mary Beth Hughes. They both prefer living in California, and plan to pursue their careers on the Coast from now on.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Bill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I’ll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers.

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

Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of Anne Elstner, the actress who plays Stella Dallas on the radio?

S. W., Boise, Idaho

Anne Elstner, Stella Dallas in the radio serial of that name, was born in St. Charles, Louisiana. Her father was a poet and her mother a musician. Anne has been an actress most of her life—her first professional appearance was in her own song-and-dance creation, "The Yama Yama Man," when she was twelve. Later she was a leading light in school dramatic activities, and got her start in New York as an understudy for Eva LeGallienne. Miss Elstner has been doing radio work about as long as there has been any radio. Married to Jack Matthews, Anne and her husband own a farm in New Jersey. She insists that the commuting is worthwhile because being able to live in the country is compensation enough for the three-hour ride each day on the train.

Ned's Anthony

Dear Editor:
Could you please give me some information about the man who takes the part of Anthony Loring on the serial, Young Wilder Brown?

C. F., Omaha, Nebr.

Ned Wever's father wanted him to be a lawyer, but the actor who portrays Anthony Loring was determined from the time he was eight years old that he would only be happy on the stage. At Princeton University, Ned joined the Triangle Club and became its president in his senior year. He wrote the book and lyrics for the annual show, "They Never Come Back." Wever got his first professional experience in stock at fifty cents a performance. His first Broadway appearance in "The Fan" attracted the attention of Belasco and he soon was playing in the producer's vehicle, "The Merchant of Venice." Ned followed this up with a long record of Broadway leads. In 1929 he took a try at radio, and has been playing radio leads ever since—he has been heard as Anthony Loring since 1940.

Doctor's Wife

Dear Editor:
Can you please give me some information about the actress who plays the part of Julie on The Doctor's Wife?

R. F., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Pat Wheel, Julie on the NBC serial, is just twenty-four years old, but she has an impressive list of radio, television and theatre credits. The Manhattan-born daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Wheel comes from a talented family. Her sister Alice is a successful writer and sister Leslie, a noted stage manager. Pat attended the Hunter Model School, spent summer vacations in Europe and completed high school at St. Agatha's in New York. At fifteen, the slender dark-eyed girl won a dramatic scholarship and joined a summer stock company on Long Island. After a number of stock engagements, Pat toured the South Pacific in 1944 with the USO, and did a series for the American Theatre Wing hospital shows and the National War Fund. When the war ended, Pat appeared as Roxanne in Jose Ferrer's "Cyrano De Bergerac" on Broadway. Since 1950, most of Pat's efforts have been directed towards radio and TV. A confirmed New Yorker, she lives alone in a midtown apartment near Radio City.

Dr. Carter

Dear Editor:
Who plays the part of Dr. Carter on the daytime program, Rosemary?

E. L., Brasher Falls, N. Y.

Horace Braham portrays Dr. Jim Carter. Mr. Braham, who was born in England, is well known around town for his great generosity. One of his pet projects is teaching disabled veterans to lead useful, constructive lives.

Anne Elstner

Ned Wever

Patricia Wheel
Another Doctor

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me if the man who plays Dr. Ricky Browning on Hilltop House is the same man who plays Dr. Steve Wayne on Rosemary? I'm sure it's the same voice.

R. C. Hewlett, L. I.

You have a good ear for voices, Bob Reddick plays both parts.

Where's Bill

Dear Editor:

I am a loyal fan of singer Bill Lawrence, and wonder what he is doing since he left the Godfrey show to go into the Army. Can you tell me if he is out of the Army yet?

J. S. Pittsfield, Mass.

All of Bill's fans are asking the same question. Yes, Bill is out of the Army—received a medical discharge, but is not quite strong enough to return to an active role in TV yet. He has appeared as a guest on a few shows, but there's nothing scheduled for a regular spot up to date.

Beulah's Beau

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me something about the man who plays Beulah's boy friend Bill on the radio show?

Z. R. Doer, N. J.

Ernest Whitman, the Oklahoman who plays Bill, entered show-biz at the age of sixteen when he traveled with tent shows. A graduate of Tuskegee University, Ernest excelled in football and basketball while at college. In real life, he is married and has two children. Movie credits include "Gone With the Wind."

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

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TO STOP UNDERARM

PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents... shift-free driving... soapless detergents. And...

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say... "At last!... this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

5-day deodorant pads

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply... FREE

5-Day Laboratories, Box #1001
Dept. RA-11, New York 1, New York
Enclosed find 10c to help cover cost of postage and handling.

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R  M

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only .50c on 25c size. 75c on 50c size. $1.00 on 1.00 size

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AUNT JENNY Littleton is a small American town, strictly average. But Aunt Jenny never stops being surprised at the amount of emotional activity that goes on behind the placid-looking housefronts along the quiet streets. Every week or two she has another story to tell about her Littleton neighbors, a story of love or hate, jealousy or fear, foolishness or wisdom—a story that might be hidden forever if she didn’t bring it to light. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble and her matinee-idol husband Larry have weathered the crisis engineered by Rupert Barlow, and their reconciliation is complete. But a new threat to their happiness presents itself as Larry’s leading lady, Judith Venable, makes no secret of her romantic interest in him. Because of the success of their play, Larry is reluctant to break with Judith. But will her pursuit of him upset his marriage again? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER A drastic rearrangement in Ruth Wayne’s life follows the decision of her husband, Dr. John Wayne, to enter a sanitarium for psychiatric help with the personal problems he knows he can no longer handle alone. What will happen as John really begins to face the issues he has been avoiding? And how will Ruth handle her unavoidable new association with young Dr. Marlowe, who is so dangerously fond of her? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, supervisor of the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House, is an expert when it comes to dealing with children. All kinds of children have been improved by her intuitive handling. But it is not quite so easy for her to deal with the two grown men who are causing trouble for her of late. Between them, Reed Nixon and Dr. Ricky Browning are having an unsettling effect on Julie’s well-organized life. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

DOCTOR’S WIFE Julie Palmer stands staunchly behind her husband, young Dr. Dan Palmer: in the courageous stand he took against rich Mrs. Irwin’s undemocratic demands. But as a result the hospital will not have its new wing, and Mrs. Irwin has taken her money elsewhere. Will this have an increasingly bad effect on Dan’s career, which was going along so well? Or has he enough friends in town to rally to his support? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Five people, apparently strangers, stop overnight at an isolated motor court, and before the night is over one of them is murdered. With mysterious death of mystery writer Dennis Chase, ace reporter David Farrell steps into one of his most baffling cases. Were the five travelers really strangers? When David discovers their true relationship, he knows he holds the key to “The Tourist Cabin Murder Case.” M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Kathy Roberts’ roommate, singer Alice Graham, has a knack for coincidence. Called in by her old agent and flame, Sid Harper, when Sid’s wife is forced to take a sick leave from her TV show, Alice is delighted at the career break. But the agency man on the show is Bill Bauer, brother of Kathy’s stepmother, Meta. Alice’s shrewd hands begin to pick up the strings and twist them into a pattern advantageous to herself. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

JUST PLAIN BILL In spite of danger to himself and his daughter Nancy, Bill Davidson manages to prove the truth about Amy Brooks, and to clear the way for her marriage to Ralph Chadwick. But the consequences are so severe that for once Bill may have cause to regret his efforts to bring happiness to others, for Nancy’s life is imperiled by a vindictive girl who wanted Ralph for herself. What anxious moments lie ahead for Bill? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi suffers a terrible shock when Dr. Markham tells her that unless her beloved Papa David starts taking things very easy indeed, his heart may give out. Papa David has his own very definite ideas about what is or isn’t good for him, and Chichi is frantic when his big plans for the Book Shop start using up more energy than she thinks he can spare. Is Dr. Markham right—or is Papa David smarter about himself than anyone else could be? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Well, many things have resulted from the divorce trial of Pendleton vs. Pendleton, not the least of which is what happened to the Pendletons’ daughter Gladys. Renewing an old friendship with lawyer Blair Buchanan, Gladys finds it surprisingly easy to say yes when Blair proposed marriage. Is she doing the right thing? She and Blair like each other, they have the same background . . . But what about Ma’s boy Joseph? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

LORENZO JONES Distraught and frightened, Belle Jones finds her way to New York in search of Lorenzo, and finally takes a job with theatrical producer Verne Massey while she continues the frustrating search for her missing husband. Lorenzo, meanwhile, his memory of the past wiped out by a bullet wound, has adopted a new identity and found a job in Canada. What does the future hold for Belle and Lorenzo? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

RUTH'S DAUGHTER Ruth Cunningham will prove to those who doubt her that as a wife to a lawyer she is not a stranger to the law. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.
OUR GAL SUNDAY The blood-stained figure of a girl who mysteriously appears and disappears in the old water-mill near Black Swan Hall leads Sunday Brinthrope into a strange, terrifying adventure. For Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry, the episode is made more harrowing by the presence of Dr. Craig Norwood, who recently told Sunday he would always love her. How does Craig’s wife June feel about this? M-F; 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY The Youngs wonder ruefully if there is a season for matrimonial disturbances, as Pepper’s and Peggy’s marriages develop snags at just the same time. During Pepper’s long illness, he unconsciously revealed some hidden thoughts which have deeply shaken his wife, Linda. As for Peggy, her mother-in-law seems bent on causing trouble, and Ivy Trent is a talented trouble-maker when she wants to be. M-F; 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

PERRY MASON The Blazing Heart is a ruby; the Friendly Hearts are a club. And the connection between them—the sinister connection—is something that might have eluded Perry Mason for even longer than it did if a distracted girl hadn’t happened to make a slip of the tongue. Is it the break Perry has been waiting for, when he hears Ruth Davis say “Friendly Heart?” Is she talking about the jewel—or something else? M-F; 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS After what her husband, Miles Nelson, has endured during his term as governor, Carolyn would be almost happy to have him relieved of his responsibilities—but not under the circumstances which are being prepared for him by his hard-working enemies. To save Miles’s reputation Carolyn has risked a great deal, perhaps even her life. Will Miles understand, and honor her for it? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

What are these women doing that is so New... so Smart... so Wonderful?

They’re using Helene Curtis Spray Net—the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place, looking naturally lovely. That’s right—naturally lovely!

it’s the most exciting thing that’s happened to hair!

You’re in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that “varnished” look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking naturally lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It’s colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!

Helene Curtis spray net

"the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place"

Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!

- After combing, to keep hair “just so”
- To control wispy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid “damp-day droop”
- To avoid “wind-blown wildness”
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There’s only one SPRAY NET! It’s made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty

only $1.25

now! for the first time! SPRAY NET in the amazing new finger-touch pressure dispenser for only $1.25

economy size pressure dispenser $1.75

unbreakable plastic squeeze bottle

21
New! COLGATE
Chlorophyll Toothpaste
DESTROYS BAD BREATH
Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly... acts thoroughly... and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create... Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!
Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (water-soluble chlorophyllins)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth... common gum disorders... tooth decay... use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Colgate's Guarantee:
Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it is the most effective, pleasant-tasting chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

Fights Tooth Decay!
Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay... actually help retard their formation!

Checks Common Gum Disorders!
Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Tested And Guaranteed by COLGATE!
Diary

dangerous associate than Jane realizes. Does he hold the key to Peg Martinson's death—the death Nora is sure was not murder? Will it be through Layman that Nora convinces the police and saves herself? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST CBS.

WENDY WARREN With the full flowering of her love for Mark, Wendy knows the greatest happiness of her life—happiness she waited a long time to achieve. Have she and Mark waited too long? Are they both so set in their own ways that they may have a little trouble in seeing eye to eye on their problems? And will the drama involving Wendy's boss affect them in some vital way? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan Davis' husband and friends are stunned at the news of the accident in which she and Donald Brady are supposed to have died. In a sense Joan feels she has died, for the weird adventure in which she has been snared has altered her so much that she has literally become a different person physically. Will she ever find her way back to those who love her? Would they accept her if she did? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jeff Carter wonders ruefully if he is fated to spend the rest of his life as a buffer between the generations, as his pretty sister Sandy gets into a situation his father thinks she should have avoided. Dispensing advice to both sides, Jeff toys with the idea of going out and doing something that will permanently ruin his reputation for dependable good sense. But he probably won't. . . . M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Is Sam Williams a fool to turn the other cheek—by going back to work at the Springfield plant to hold it together while Ray Gillette is seriously ill? Remembering Gillette's cruelty to Sam, and the flimsy pretext on which he finally fired him, Anne Malone is glad Sam makes his own decision, for she would have found it impossible to advise him. But what about Sam's son Gene, whose whole life was disrupted when Sam was fired? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS, M-F, 9:30 A.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring are re-establishing their wonderful relationship in spite of the strain imposed by Anthony's neurotic wife Ruth, who made a sudden appearance in Simpsonville with her brother, Conrad Phillips. Even if Anthony cannot prove the long-ago annulment of his marriage to Ruth, Ellen believes they will find some way out. But has she underestimated the forces working against her? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

condition even "difficult" hair to Glorious natural radiance!

Helene Curtis

shampoo plus egg

Give your hair and scalp beautifying benefits you simply
cannot get from other shampoos—billowy rich lather
that cleanses completely, removes loose dandruff; PLUS the
unique hair-conditioning action of fresh, whole egg—Nature's
own beauty blessing known to generations of glamor-wise
women. Ask for Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg at your
beauty salon, cosmetic or drug counter. 59c and $1.00.

SPECIAL OFFER
FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY!

FREE — Conditioning Creme Rinse with Lanolin, when you purchase
Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg!

4 oz. Shampoo Plus Egg, 59c
2 oz. Creme Rinse —
Regularly 89c
BOTH ONLY

8 oz. Shampoo Plus Egg, 1.59
4 oz. Creme Rinse —
Regularly $1.09
BOTH ONLY

59c

$100

23
Window-shopping de luxe

NANCY DIXON of Station WTOP in the nation's capital spends most of her time shopping. Funny thing is, Nancy doesn't buy anything, and gets paid for her efforts. The situation may sound a little peculiar, but not if the facts are known. It's all very simple—Nancy runs a program called What's News in the Stores. And how would Nancy know what's news if she didn't go shopping every day? There are four large department stores in Washington and Nan is a familiar figure in all of them. She just roams around... in and out of stockrooms—she's permitted to browse freely in these "no admittance" places—and in the departments themselves. Nan stops only when she sees something that catches her eye, and the "something" could be anything from a mattress cover to a pair of babypants—only qualification being that Washington's housewives might be able to use it.

Since Nancy is not sponsored by the stores, she is at liberty to choose only what she considers genuinely worthwhile. And each piece of merchandise Nan singles out for scrutiny has to pass pretty vigorous tests before she will give it mention on her program. She turns the item inside-out and upside-down, if it's marked unbreakable, Nan will drop it on the floor; if it says "greatly reduced," Nan will make sure she knows how much of a reduction there really is. Because of her careful examination of products and excellent taste, Washington women believe what she says—and when she tells them of a particularly good value, the store which carries the item will often find themselves without one of them in stock after Nancy's listeners start buying it up.

The prerequisite for the kind of job Nancy Dixon does is to be able to occupy a lot of different pairs of shoes. She has to imagine herself as a housewife, homemaker, business woman, and vacationer—and lots of times as a child, too. The other essentials are to have a winning personality—and a good, strong, healthy pair of feet. Recently, someone asked her how far she had walked that week. "Oh, about fifteen miles," she replied. "Why?"
DISTINCTIVE—

with a truly different flavor and aroma—
extra-mild FATIMA
continues to grow in favor among King-Size cigarette smokers everywhere

YOU GET an extra-mild and soothing smoke
—plus the added protection of

FATIMA QUALITY
“ah-hh!
my Ivory Bath
it’s a pleasure... pure pleasure!”

Yes, Ivory makes richer lather . . . faster!
It’s no effort . . . just a pleasure . . . to lather up with Ivory! You barely touch your washcloth to that husky cake . . . and presto! . . . you’ve got heaps of the richest, sudsiest suds that ever filled a tub! For Ivory makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap.

And Ivory makes the mildest, most refreshing lather
Soothing is the word for silky Ivory suds—they baby your skin so delightfully! Why, Ivory is the most famous soap in the world for mildness—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And you’ll find the clean, fresh smell of Ivory lather an added pleasure—so refreshing!

Yet famous Ivory actually costs you less!
Would you ever guess that you pay less for pure, mild, wonderful floating Ivory Soap? You do! Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99\% pure . . . it Floats

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

America’s Favorite Bath Soap!
Barbara and I have faced many decisions—none more important than those concerning our children.

You can learn a lot from living

by Ralph Edwards

The three youngsters in our house aren't the only ones learning about life. They have two adults, Barbara and me, trudging right along with them! And maybe trudging isn't the word, because at times we have to run to keep up with them. A conversation with our children is often as full of surprises as the human idiosyncrasies which crop up on either Truth or Consequences or our TV offerings, The Ralph Edwards Show and This Is Your Life. But all these experiences add up to the fact that living is being able to learn each day, being able to grow a little in understanding, tolerance and good humor.

With three youngsters and a wonderful wife, I know the present is teaching me much I missed in the past.
At Alisal, Gary enjoyed "riding," but Lauren was more comfortable on Mr. Gillham's knee as he told tall tales of the old West. (The small cowboys up front are Gary and Chris.)

There's nothing like a child's blunt statement to make you realize where your growth has stopped. They can spot an old-fashioned idea of ours quicker than they can pop a balloon with a pin. How many of us have begun an example with: "When I was your age, I used to trudge eight miles to school in the snow. Now, you can't even walk two blocks on a rainy day." And every daughter is familiar with: "When I was your age, we weren't permitted to wear lipstick until we were grown up." Reasonable statements from our point of view, but listen to what happened to me.

My nine-year-old son Gary seemed willing to accept the responsibility of chores about the house. But only in fits and starts. Depending on his mood, his spurts of energy would be overwhelming one day, absolutely absent the next. Occasionally, he didn't turn a hand and it was after a series of such days that my wife, Barbara, and I thought it about time I had a little man-to-man talk with him. I searched back in my memory for something that would make Gary prideful of his present duties and perhaps a little ashamed that he wasn't taking over as he should be.

"Look here, Gary," I pointed out to him in fatherly fashion, "we'd like you to help around the house a little more. When I was your age I lived on a farm and we
Turnabout's fair play—and good teaching. Gary had no trouble showing me he "knew the ropes."

didn't have life as easy as you have it now. We didn't have the comforts that you automatically take for granted. I got up at dawn to feed the chickens and milk the cows—"

Gary's face lighted up with enthusiasm. "Wonderful, Dad," he said, absolutely ecstatic. "I'll milk the cows—where are they?"

Never was I more aware of the fact that my thinking hadn't grown with the times. The problems my children face today are different from those of my parents. They have problems, but milking cows isn't one of them. Never again will I say "When I was your age. . . ."

Both Barbara and I feel that too often we try to substitute words for experience and we believe that old maxim, "Experience is the best teacher," is too frequently forgotten. Perhaps, as parents, we make the mistake of trying to spare our children beneficial lessons we had to learn the hard way.

I remember when I was a high-school student in Oakland, California, I very much wanted to win the annual Shakespearean contest. (Continued on page 80)
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I remember when I was a high school student in Oakland, California, I very much wanted to win the annual Shakespearean contest. (Continued on page 80.)
John never liked to plan—until he married pretty Teri Keane. Now they're both making plans for daughter Sharon.
plan for Happiness

By MARTIN COHEN

"The trouble with women is that they like to make plans. Everything has to be arranged in advance. If you’re thinking of moving, just thinking, they begin to pack—and around Labor Day they want to know if you’ve made reservations for New Year’s Eve.” The utterance and slight exaggeration are those of handsome, square-jawed John Larkin, who stars in the title role of Perry Mason on CBS.

John made the statement with a smile, probably the identical smile Perry would have used. For John Larkin, in mannerisms and appearance, (Continued on page 102)

John Larkin is heard as Perry Mason on CBS, 2:15 P.M.; also in Right to Happiness, NBC, 3:45 P.M. Teri Keane is heard in Life Can Be Beautiful, NBC, 3 P.M., and Big Sister, CBS, 1 P.M. All M-F, EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide and others.

Top Larkin project these days is searching—and saving—for that dream-house in the country.

He thinks bachelor Perry is missing a great deal!
“I’ve really got myself a guy”

Bob Fallon surely meant it when he told Marie Wilson he’d married her for better or for worse!

Though Marie’s used to fending for herself, loves her work—and her fans—a recent kitchen crisis almost defeated her.

Bob was always a wonderful “date.” Now he’s also the nicest man to have around the house.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Marie Wilson’s brown eyes filled with tears.

Why couldn’t she quit being Irma at home? Tonight of all nights, when Bob was bringing his prospective boss home to dinner. When for once she had an opportunity to be of help to him.

He’d helped her so very much, this tall-dark-and-handsome husband of hers. With his own love and determination, Bob Fallon had helped pull Marie through the valley of shadow—and he’d chased any remaining shadows away. For the first time in her life, Marie Wilson—who’d always been the foundation for so many others—could lean on somebody else. It was such a comforting, wonderful feeling, and one she hoped to maintain.

Marie took another sad look at the barbecue sauce. Such a thin, vinegary mess. Gallons of it. Adding things wouldn’t help now. Nothing would help. Bob had meant to make the sauce. He was the chef in their family and this was his specialty—but, at the last minute, he’d had to show a real estate client an important piece of property.

Before they married, (Continued on page 67)

Marie Wilson stars as My Friend Irma—CBS Radio, Tuesday at 9:30 P.M.—CBS-TV, Friday at 8:30 P.M. Both programs EST, for Cavalier Cigarettes.
Masseys’ Paradise

Real contentment is yours
when you give something worthwhile
to the ones you love

By BETTY MILLS

Whether in a one-room apartment or on a 2500-acre ranch, there is joy to be had in the simple things of life. Curt Massey, whose rich singing voice reflects this joy in living, is a firm believer in this philosophy. For his wife Edythe and his sons David and Stephen, Curt has purposely chosen a way of life that would bring the whole family closer to the fundamentals which he believes are so essential to happiness.

During the week, the Massey family lives in a house close enough to CBS so that Curt can easily attend his broadcasts. But on weekends, while most of Hollywood (Continued on page 86)

Curt Massey Time is heard M-F—over CBS Radio, 5:45 P.M. (WCBS, 6:30 P.M.)—over Mutual, 12 noon. All EST, sponsored by Miles Laboratories.

Children’s hour: Edythe and Curt Massey read to sons David and Stevie.

Parents’ playtime: Now that they have their dream ranch, Curt and Edythe can relax, take other problems as they come.
Love means excitement—and we have plenty from the minute we wake up—but it means so much, much more!
Boy or girl, our newest baby will find a happy home—a life made wonderful by "my four women"

by Mario Lanza

Like their mother—and like my own Mom—my little girls, Elissa and Colleen, have already taught me more than I could ever teach them. Below, Betty herself—still the sweetheart I married. They're pictured visiting me on the set at MGM.

I believe a man's happiness depends directly on how much he permits love to mean to him. Without an open heart, a man is only partly living.

I am grateful for what love has done for me because I never have wanted to be alone. I'm more certain of this every time I think of all I owe my wife, my two little daughters, and my mother. Nothing ever can replace their devotion. My greatest pleasure comes when I can do something to delight them.

Today, when I look in their eyes, I see the smiles of encouragement I want to find. I'm inspired all over again. A warm glow thrills me as I remember they never will settle for second-best where my hopes are concerned, for they actually care.

Now, Mom is the merry voice at the end of the telephone line some time each day. I wouldn't let any day pass without calling her. This isn't just a sense of duty. Every relationship deserves a deep respect, but with Mom it's more. I'm anxious to discover how (Continued on page 84)
For the actual ceremony: The Little Brown Church in the Valley. Mary Lou's had her heart set on it through the years—and Dick wants what she wants.

“just married”

by Max Andrews

Through the open door of The Little Brown Church in the Valley came the soft organ strains of “Oh, Promise Me,” welcoming them within. The little church—so picturesque with its knotty-pine paneled walls, the plants overflowing with rich, green ivy, and the mellow autumn sunlight streaming through its windows—seemed to be waiting... just for them.

Hand in hand, the pretty brunette girl in the simple smart cotton frock, Mary Lou Harrington, twenty-one, whom you've known as Joan in One Man's Family for thirteen years, and her handsome tall ex-G.I. fiance, Richard Schacht, paused at the door—reading words now so all-important to them.

“Love never faileth,” the little sign said.

Hand in hand, they (Continued on page 98)

Mary Lou is heard as Joan Farnsworth on One Man's Family, over NBC, M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST, sponsored by Miles Laboratories.

Home-hunting at such realty firms as Grubin-Von Dyl is like a dream—the very dream they've cherished since their first date at Los Angeles City College (right).
THERE'S A LOT TO DO BEFORE ANNOUNCING THOSE TWO PRECIOUS WORDS . . .
PERPETUAL
HONEYMOON

As Gladys on Ma Perkins,
as Maggie in Road of Life,
she meets little but misfortune.  
As Helen Lewis, she’s found Lady  
Luck working overtime to make life a beautiful dream come true

Another trip for David—another happy session with maps and books.

by Marie Haller

"For nine and one-half years I've been on a constant honeymoon. Which, if I may use the old saw, just goes to prove you never can tell. When I was married I thought the honeymoon would last but a short three days. And at the time... what with the war and everything... we thought we were real lucky to get even that. But no—we were even luckier. The Army lost David's orders, and it was three months before they were found and he was called to report for a trip to Iceland."

But this was just the beginning for Mrs. David Penn—more popularly known to her listening and viewing audiences as Helen Lewis. It is just one of the many ways in which she, personally, differs from luckless Gladys Pendleton in the daytime drama, Ma Perkins, and from long-suffering Maggie Lowell Dana in The Road of Life. Lady Luck pointedly ignored Maggie through years of unrequited love—and really works overtime to avoid helping Gladys—but she has dogged the tracks of Helen Lewis like

Home again: Helen's as blissful as a bride, each time she greets her traveling husband, David Penn.
As Gladys on Ma Perkins,
as Maggie in Road of Life,
she meets little but misfortune.
As Helen Lewis, she's found Lady Luck working overtime to make life a beautiful dream come true.
a devoted friend, throughout her real-life drama.

Lady Luck's personal interest in Helen became noticeable when Helen was a Junior at the University of Nevada. Despite the fact that Helen was enjoying and working hard at her language and geology studies, she was also enjoying and working hard at extra-curricular activities—mainly the Dramatic Club.

"I guess," muses Helen, "we're all inclined to reason, as we listen to the good luck stories of other people, that it just 'couldn't possibly happen to me'—but it did! Unbeknownst to me, in the audience attending the college play my junior year—in which I had a sizable part—was the famous Max Reinhardt. After the play I received a phone call from a 'Professor Robinson' who asked me to do a 'reading' for him. It wasn't until after three days of what seemed to me to be constant reading that I finally learned the true identity of my 'Professor Robinson.' And in the next breath, after telling me who he really was, Mr. Reinhardt asked if I would like to understudy Olivia de-Havilland in his touring company of 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' After a night spent convincing my mother that I didn't want to finish college and be prepared for a teaching career, I departed the next day to join the show. To say I have never for one moment regretted the move is a strong understatement. I know that it's sound judgment to prepare yourself so that you have something to fall back on. In my case, however, I think it might have been disastrous, for had I finished college and obtained my teaching license, I'm sure there would have been a number of occasions in my struggles in the theatre when I would have felt forced to give up and 'fall back.' But since I had

Between trips, David makes their furniture—and Helen irons his shirts just right, to be sure he has a fresh supply ready for his next travels.
Of course, she misses him when he's away—but what fun they have when he's home!

no secondary means of earning a living, when the sledding got tough, I merely gritted my teeth, ate less and hung on. For which I thank my lucky stars!

If Helen had ignored the intuition that told her she belonged in the theatre, she might never have become Mrs. David Penn, for it was in the theatre that she and David met. It was in August, 1942, that Helen started rehearsing for an OWI show—and there he was.

"Rehearsing" might not really be the right term," laughs Helen. "Breaking it up" might be more accurate. When I first laid eyes on him, David was struggling with a tongue-twisting line. The more he said it, the more hilarious he got, and it wasn't long before the session ended with David reduced to an hysterical mass on the floor, and the rest of us gasping against the nearest prop. My first impression of David was 'what a terrific sense of humor!' And that first impression has never let me down. I think it's a little hard to look back over the years to pin it down to the exact moment when you fell in love—but I don't think I'm too far off if I say it was some time during that first rehearsal. You see, I love to laugh—and so does David. Beyond that, he loves to have people laugh with him, believing that a good laugh will carry you over many a rough spot. I don't mean to give the impression he's a (Continued on page 88)

Helen Lewis plays Gladys on Ma Perkins, CBS, M-F, 1:15 P.M., for Oxydol; Maggie on The Road of Life, NBC, M-F, 3:15 P.M., for Crisco; Martha Wayne on Hollywood Screen Test, ABC-TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M., for Ironrite. All EST.
Lu Ann's heart told her this couldn't happen to real girls. But it happened to her!

By GLADYS HALL

Lu Ann Simms tapped her foot in rhythm with the band and tried to concentrate on the sheet of music in her hand. The notes and lines made a curious pattern in front of her eyes, as her trembling fingers held the paper. Inwardly she wondered if she'd ever be able to take the few steps from her chair on the stage to the microphone which stood so impersonally in the front of the stage. "You did it once, you can do it again," her mind whispered over and over as she waited for her cue.

Then it came and suddenly she was facing Arthur Godfrey across the stage and he was saying something about this cute little girl who was going to be a regular member of his morning radio and television show. She raised her eyes and she was looking directly into his kindly blue eyes. From in back of the table, where Arthur Godfrey was sitting, came the biggest, warmest, friendliest grin she'd ever seen on any human being's face. Her heart gave a sigh, and easily—as if it were the most natural thing in the world—she gave voice to her song. With its last notes, the audience burst into applause and Lu Ann Simms had made her radio debut as a regular member of Arthur Godfrey's morning show. She was now a full-fledged "little Godfrey." And this was not an end, but a most magnificent, exciting beginning for the dark-blonde-haired girl with the cute nose and a tucked-in-at-the-corners smile.

At home in Rochester, New York, before Lu Ann's Cinderella story began, she was known as Lucille Ann Ciminelli—one of three children, with an older brother and a younger brother. It was her father who thought of shortening her name to Lu Ann Simms when the opportunity of being a member of Arthur Godfrey's "family" first came up—way back when the opportunity was merely a gleam in a talent scout's eye.

"It all started, this career I never dreamed of," says Lu Ann, "back in September of 1951, when I was visiting my Aunt Laura Ciminelli, who lives on City Island near (Continued on page 70)

Lu Ann Simms—first a Talent Scout winner, and now a "little Godfrey."
Lyle not only entertains "his girls," even when he's not home, but evidences of his love and care are all about them. He designed and made most of their lovely furniture.

There are times when a radio drama so closely resembles real life that the shadow-hero doesn't have to act his part. Take the case of Lyle Sudrow, youthful, blond leading man, and his wife, Diana, a pretty, gay young woman who couldn't be a happier partner in marriage or a better mother. "This program, Guiding Light, on which I play Bill Bauer for both radio and television, is a lot like us," Lyle says bluntly. "I should say, instead, it's a lot like us, when we were going through a period in our marriage that, happily, no longer exists."

Diana Sudrow smiles at her husband, breaks in to say, "Even the dialogue is so much like the way we used to talk to each other that we're sometimes amazed by" (Continued on page 82)

GUIDING LIGHT'S HERO, LYLE 'SUDROW, LEARNS THAT WEATHERING
Always together now—though Lyle almost literally had to move heaven and earth to be near his Diana when baby Nikki was born.

LIFE’S STORMS CAN TEACH YOU REAL VALUES—CAN CREATE THE GOOD LIFE!
Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Wesner (left), of Benton Harbor, Michigan, gave us new hope—and a home. That's Charlene right next to them, then Clifton, my husband Creeley and Creeley, Jr., me holding Jackie Dale, and Jerline (right).

We count our

We started out in search of a
better life and, thanks to
Welcome Travelers, we found it

By REBURN HORTON

By the time we got to Chicago, we were all beat
out. The worst day of your life is something
you usually want to forget, but just once
more—on Thanksgiving—I want to remember how,
on that cold, raw morning, we sat huddled together
in the bus depot.

I want to remember, for as I do, I shall be count-
ing our blessings. Remembering, I shall offer a
prayer of thanks for all the unknown friends who
helped us. Particularly, I shall be grateful to Tommy
Bartlett, his Welcome Travelers staff, and the good
Benton Harbor people they enlisted. Together,
they changed our lives.

I know what a sorry sight we made. The seven
of us took up an entire bench. My husband,
I always knew Creeley was a good worker. Mr. Wesner's finding it out, too.

Creeley Horton, sat at one end. I was at the other.
And we had put the children between us so we could keep an eye on them.
Every time I looked at the children I wanted to cry, but there was nothing I could do for them.
With shoulders hunched and pinched faces gray, our girls—Jerline, thirteen, and Charlene, nine—sat quiet as little old women. Jerline offered to take the baby, Jackie Dale, who was sixteen months old, but he was so fussy I shook my head. The boys were restless from the long trip. Clifton, who is five, and Creeley, Jr., (Continued on page 78)

Welcome Travelers is heard on NBC, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble, and seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST.
We count our Blessings

We started out in search of a better life and, thanks to Welcome Travelers, we found it.

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Welcome Travelers is heard on NBC, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble, and seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST.

The girls got such pretty dresses! Now they don't have to take turns wearing the same one to school.
Ellen Brown walked close to Dr. Anthony Loring as he strolled through her garden, seeing it for the first time in many weeks. Dr. Loring had been separated from Ellen, attempting once more to prove that he had been given an annulment shortly after his marriage to Ruth Phillips. Ellen, her face lighted with that kind, sweet smile which so characterized her inner concern for people, was trying to explain to Anthony why she was befriending Ruth, who had been trying so desperately to harm them both. ... With all the goodness that was in Ellen's heart, she could not bring herself to feel anything but sorrow for Ruth. As she explained to Anthony, Ruth was a sick woman, a woman who had been continually torn by and led by her crippled brother Conrad, a truly evil man. It was Conrad who was influencing Ruth. Ellen couldn't deny that Ruth was jealous, vindictive, mentally unstable, but she was determined to convince Anthony that having Ruth under wing would allow her to help Ruth to overcome her strange emotional bent. Ellen told Anthony of Ruth's plea: "I want to belong to people—people who want to save me—who want to give me back my soul." Anthony, unable to reveal to Ellen all that he himself knew of Ruth and her dark past, shook his head at her naive faith in Ruth. Gently but with firmness, he explained that he believed harm—real physical harm—could come to Ellen if she insisted on pursuing her friendship with Ruth. As if to punctuate his remarks, Ellen and Anthony's conversation was brought to an abrupt halt by the sound of a plant pot crashing on Ellen's garden path. Turning, the two saw Ruth standing there, a guilty, haunted look on her thin face. ... What they cannot see is the wicked, viciously-pronged weed-digger which Ruth has concealed in her clothing. Only time will tell whether Ruth intends to use this weapon against Ellen, once more twisting Ellen's kind intentions in her jealousy-ridden mind.

A WOMAN'S EMOTIONS CAN PLAY HAVOC WITH THOSE SHE LOVES
Like Lorenzo’s wife, Lucille Wall knows this is still a man’s world—but a really feminine woman can have lots of fun in it.

On the radio, Lucille Wall is Belle, the patient and ever-understanding wife of that lovable eccentric, Lorenzo Jones. In real life, although she’s sweet, handsome and charming, she is single. She loves haunting antique shops and has a sensational collection of 18th Century furnishings. And at heart she’s a sportswoman—loves ice skating in winter, tennis and swimming in summer. She can’t cook, says if she gets dinner on the table she’s lost her appetite and “yours along with it.” But . . . give Lucille a bathroom to scrub, Venetian blinds to wash, and she’s as happy as the longest day in the year is long! She loves driving a car, but dislikes back-seat riding. She has glamorous negligees, glamorous nightgowns, and glamorous street-clothes . . . but can’t stand playing cards, being in crowds, riding in taxis, or talking to conceited actors. Has the time of her life, each day of her life, but it takes two alarm clocks with powerful lungs to awaken her in the morning. She likes making her own decisions but smilingly admits that she always finds herself consulting a man to see if she’s made the correct one.

Loves traveling . . . but rarely gets farther away from Manhattan and her work than Long Island. Lucille reads volumes and volumes in bed but finds paying her monthly bills the most satisfying of her accomplishments. She likes the smug feeling you get when a job you feel like putting off is done. She believes a husband gets first consideration—the house is run to suit his pleasure, his hours, his whims. But she agrees that this is what she’d do, because she’d want a marriage to last as long as they both should live. Lucille is in favor of women in politics but thinks it’s impossible for a woman to arrive in that field. She firmly believes that the world is a man’s oyster . . . but she concedes that he’s a pretty nice creature when he offers to share it with a gal. Lucille has had her share of pavement-pounding, her share of hard luck along the way, but she wouldn’t have it otherwise. She loves just living.

Lucille is heard on Lorenzo Jones, NBC, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST; sponsored MWF by Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick.
A shadowy figure steals government checks from mailboxes, forges the indorsements, and then cashes them by using stolen rent receipts for identification.

T-man Sam Eustis stumbled into a baffling case when he took over the investigation of a series of mailbox robberies. All the evidence pointed to Harry Mead, a boy in his late teens with a juvenile record behind him. First, there was the fact that Mrs. Macon, one of the storekeepers who had cashed a stolen government check, identified Harry as the boy for whom she cashed it. Next, there was the forged indorsement which almost exactly matched Harry's handwriting—an old-fashioned flowery script. But the clincher came when Eustis discovered that Harry had been employed by the printing company which made up the rent receipts used for identification each time the checks were cashed. The one thing that didn't add up was the feeling in Sam Eustis' own heart that Harry was not the thief. No matter how hard he tried to convince himself, he couldn't believe in the boy's guilt. Even after Sam had arrested Harry, he continued the investigation. A visit to Miss Bryant, a former teacher of Harry's, and a second visit to Jenny Keith, secretary in the realty company from which the rent receipts were sent, revealed some strange coincidences. The pictures tell the whole story of how Sam Eustis solved the case.

A blonde who took work home... a schoolteacher with old methods... and a gold wristwatch... helped T-men solve the case.
of the Mailbox Menace

T-Man Sam Eustis has to arrest Harry when he discovers that the flowery indorsement on the checks matches the boy's own signature, but somehow he still can't believe that Harry is the robber.

Miss Bryant, Harry's old teacher, shows Eustis the copybooks, which show that all of her pupils wrote the same style.

A very apologetic Mrs. Macon realizes her terrible mistake, when she sees Jack Rahway, and points to him as the guilty party, completely clearing Harry Mead to whom she now offers the job he wants so badly.
Rithmetic: The most precious addition to the Lipton family is our David, pictured here when only four weeks old.
Reading and writing: These two R's brought us together—I write radio-TV scripts, Bill reads them.

Bill plays a great variety of roles, but he's really easy to live with—and the most exciting, romantic man I know

my Husband couldn't be more WONDERFUL!

by Joan Lipton

Recently Bill and I were house guests in the country. The caretaker's wife observed Bill closely for two days, although we didn't know it. Just as we were about to leave she asked, "Are you really the Bill Lipton on Young Dr. Malone and Road of Life?"

Bill assured her that he was.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I honestly expected you to walk around the house growling all the time."

Even though many people don't expect Bill to play Gene Williams or John Brent off the air, nevertheless Bill doesn't even act like an actor. True enough, he's a handsome blond man who looks even a bit younger than his twenty-six years but, if you were to meet him as a stranger, in a hundred tries you wouldn't guess he was an actor.

"That's right," Bill will say, "I'm not colorful, exotic or particularly romantic." (Continued on page 72)

Bill Lipton is heard on The Road of Life, 3:15 P.M., NBC, and Young Dr. Malone, 1:30 P.M., CBS; both M-F, EST, for Crisco.
Joan knew of one force trying to separate her from Harry—she never suspected another!
JOAN LEARNS THE LENGTHS A MAN WILL GO FOR SELFISH HAPPINESS

**Gratitude** was all Joan felt for Donald. It was kind of him to drive her to visit friends in southern France—but the cool cup of water he offered her on the way was doped.

**With** Joan drugged, unaware of her surroundings, Donald half-carried, half-led her to his isolated chateau, where Rosa and her daughter Denise helped keep Joan a prisoner.

Joan Davis looked at herself in the mirror and gasped in horror—was this image really she? Her blonde hair had been darkened, her face tanned with some sort of acid. She put a trembling hand to her aching head. Now, it was all beginning to come back to her. The stop under the trees for the cup of water, driving beside Donald Brady in his foreign car through the woods outside of Paris toward Nice with the ride taking on a crazy kind of haziness. Then an almost complete blackout as they approached the chateau. Was that an hour ago, a day ago—how long had she been unconscious... drugged? Wearily, she sat down on the edge of the bed in the tower room with its luxurious furnishings and grilled windows. Later, as strength gradually returned to her, Joan crept from her bed and sighed in relief as she tried the door handle and found that it gave under her touch. Quickly, quietly, she moved down the gigantic stairway and started toward the sound of voices coming from the huge living room. A young girl sat talking to the French police and Joan almost cried out as she heard the girl saying that a car answering the description of Donald Brady's had been seen hurtling off the cliff near the chateau. Two people, she went on in a low voice, who certainly sounded like Joan Davis and Donald, had been in the car—several people were certain of it. Stunned into silence, the whole ridiculous picture entered Joan's mind—the altering of her appearance, her apparent imprisonment—and what of Donald? Where was he? She waited for the police to go, and then confronted the young girl, who said her name was Denise. Denise explained that Donald was here safe in the chateau and, if Joan would go to her room, she would find Donald and send him to her. In a low voice, Denise warned Joan she was in grave danger. tried to reassure Joan that she, Denise, would do everything in her power to help her. Later, Joan listened to Donald's excuses—Donald believed Joan's husband Harry was causing her great heartache and had hit upon a scheme to save her. He traced his steps for Joan. Gradu-

See Next Page
Donald then crashed his car into the sea. It was dredged up—empty—but his "witnesses" swore there were two people in it when it went over the cliff.

Held captive in Donald's chateau, Joan surreptitiously made friends with Denise, who promised to help—then fell to her death while trying to get word to the outside world.

ally she learned that Donald had followed her to Paris purposely, had then offered to drive her to friends in Nice, all the time in the hope that he could get her alone, kidnap her, bring her to his chateau—where he felt she would always be safe from harm. There was nothing left for Joan to do but to pretend that she was in agreement with Donald's scheme. In the meantime, Denise and Joan secretly plotted to get word of Joan's imprisonment to Joan's friends in nearby Nice. One sunny afternoon Denise left the chateau, escaping under the watchful eyes of Donald, only to meet her death when she slipped over the edge of the cliff and into the sea. Joan, hearing of Denise's tragic death, reached the point of complete physical hysteria. Was there no way out? Desperately she sought the aid of the police, only to find that Donald had shrewdly prepared for this event. The police believed her to be a mentally deranged relative of Donald's from England, whom he was trying to protect and shield from harm. Defeated, ill, despondent, Joan was sent back to the chateau to continue to live under Donald's supposed protection. Meanwhile, Joan's husband Harry, unknown to Joan, had followed her to Paris, only to learn on the eve of his arrival of the supposed tragic accident which had befallen her. Returning to America and his home in Stanwood, he was met by Clair O'Brien, who wants—more than anything in this world—to be Mrs. Harry Davis. Clair, aware of Joan's death through the Stanwood paper, is prepared and does welcome Harry back with open arms and—he feels—an open heart.
After the "crash," everyone believed Joan and Donald had perished. That was the base of his plot: with their past lives buried, he felt he would have Joan all to himself.

Desperate and alone in her battle, Joan forced herself to listen to Donald's protestations of love, pretended to fall in with his plans, while seeking a chance to escape.

Back in Stanwood, Joan's husband Harry was heartbroken, wondering dazedly how he could comfort his "motherless" children—how he could face a lonely future without Joan.

Gratefully, he turns to Clair O'Brien, who is eager to offer consolation. Will he discover her own evil plans? Will Joan ever find her way back to him ... and in time?
Lucky little Robin has two "Momas," is proud of them both: Left, Faith Morgan, her real-life mother; right, Peggy Wood, actress-mother of Dagmar, the TV character Robin plays.
Robin Morgan's mother found real happiness as her child's affections embraced those around her

by Frances Kish

Should a mother be too concerned when her young child begins to show strong affection for some other person—perhaps a teacher, a nurse, a neighbor, a grandmother or aunt? Does the mother really lose a share of the child's love when it is divided in this way? Is love ever really divided?

These are questions many mothers have asked as they have watched a child's enthusiasm grow for someone outside the immediate family circle. Questions that have caused them to wonder if some lack in themselves has made the child look elsewhere for affection and understanding.

Faith Morgan, whose ten-year-old Robin plays Dagmar on the CBS television program called Mama, well knows the answers to these questions. Not long ago, Faith's friends began to ask how she felt about "sharing" Robin with Peggy Wood, who plays Mama, and Judson Laire, who plays Papa. This was during the period when Robin began to come home from the studio every week and tell how wonderful these two were to her and how much she adored them.

"When a child begins to reach out and love people outside the home circle, I believe any mother should be happy about it," Mrs. Morgan says. "Robin began early in her life to reach out to others, and this has brought a great deal of love to her. There (Continued on page 87)

Robin plays daughter Dagmar to Peggy Wood's Mama on CBS-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, for Maxwell House Coffee.

A CHILD'S HEART
Robin Morgan’s mother found real happiness as her child’s affections embraced those around her.

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Both Mamas are proud of Robin, too—not only as an actress, but as an honor student and a lovable youngster who makes (and keeps) a host of friends.

Robin plays daughter Dagmar to Peggy Wood’s Mama on CBS-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, for Maxwell House Coffee.

Lucky little Robin has two “Mamas,” is proud of them both: Left, Faith Morgan, her real-life mother; right, Peggy Wood, actress-mother of Dagmar, the TV character Robin plays.

SHARING A CHILD’S HEART
Rushed as she was, Marty listened to Jud’s pleas, agreed to defend Caroline. But—could she save her?
Defense Attorney

DEFENSE Attorney Martha Ellis Bryant stood on the City Hall steps impatiently waiting for Jud Barnes to finish his impassioned plea. "You just have to do something about it, Marty," he was saying. "I've covered a lot of stories which involve murder and I just know this woman is innocent. Please see her—please." Marty looked into Jud's worried face, a face of which she'd become very fond over the years he'd been covering the court-house beat. . . . "Jud, you know I'd do anything to help but, at the moment, I'm involved in a very important appointment," she protested aloud. "What about your pledge to defend the defenseless?" Jud retorted. "Caroline Watson is one of the defenseless and I want you to do something about her before it's too late." Marty sighed. "Okay, as usual in our relationship—you win." Patiently, Marty listened as Jud outlined Caroline Watson's story. . . . Caroline had left her baby to go to a neighbor's to use an automatic washing machine. Tragically, in her absence the flame on the gas heater had blown out and her baby had been asphyxiated. Neighbors were hinting that it was murder, not an accident. "I know that she loved her child and that she is a woman incapable of such a terrible act," Jud said emphatically. "We'll see," was Marty's noncommittal reply. . . . A few days later, after hours of fruitless questioning, Marty was still unable to put her finger on the trouble. Yes, the neighbors were definitely against Caroline, but no one would come right out and say that they thought murder had been done—there were vague accusations of mistreating the child but no specific details. Caroline, in the meantime, was on the spot . . . for the over-zealous District Attorney had charged her with negligent homicide, which meant she was accused of deliberately leaving the gas on without its being lit. The day of trial arrived and Marty still had no evidence either for or against her defense of Caroline. That is, she hadn't until Jud came running up the steps of City Hall. "Here," he said excitedly. "Read this." He held out a petition signed months ago by the entire neighborhood, demanding the exclusion of a Chinese family from the area. One name was absent—Caroline Watson's. Obviously, she had refused to sign. "There," said Jud, "is the basis of the neighbors' resentment." Armed with this evidence of the neighbors' vindictiveness against her client, Marty pleaded her case and an hour later Caroline was free. . . . "You've saved another innocent person," Jud told Marty, as they came out of the courthouse, arm in arm. "No," said Marty firmly. "I didn't—but a jury of good Americans, who refused to be swayed by hysteria, did. Which just goes to prove," she added solemnly, "what a darn fine country this is in which to live!"

Mercedes McCambridge and Howard Culver are pictured here in their radio roles as Martha Ellis Bryant and Jud Barnes on Defense Attorney, over ABC, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST, for Clorets.
agreed to defend Caroline.
But—could she save her?
"Jud, be neighbors. She's a baby. In City Hall for prove," said Marty, "I've covered a lot of stories which involve murder and I just know this woman is innocent. Please see her—please." Marty looked into Jud's worried face, a face of which she'd become very fond over the years he'd been covering the court-house beat. "Jud, you know I'd do anything to help but, at the moment, I'm involved in a very important appointment," she protested aloud. "What about your pledge to defend the defenseless?" Jud retorted. "Caroline Watson is one of the defenseless and I want you to do something about her before it's too late," Marty sighed. "Okay, as usual in our relationship—you win." Patiently, Marty listened as Jud outlined Caroline Watson's story... Caroline had left her baby to go to a neighbor's to use an automatic washing machine. Tragically, in her absence the flame on the gas heater had blown out and her baby had been asphyxiated. Neighbors were hinting that it was murder, not an accident. "I know that she loved her child and that she is a woman incapable of such a terrible act," Jud said emphatically. "We'll see," was Marty's noncommittal reply. ... A few days later, after hours of fruitless questioning, Marty was still unable to put her finger on the trouble. Yes, the neighbors were definitely against Caroline, but not one would come right out and say that they thought murder had been done—their were vague accusations of mistreating the child but no specific details. Caroline, in the meantime, was on the spot... for the over-zealous District Attorney had charged her with negligent homicide, which meant she was accused of deliberately leaving the gas on without its being lit. The day of trial arrived and Marty still had no evidence either for or against her defense of Caroline. That is, she hadn't until Jud came running up the steps of City Hall. "Here," he said excitedly. "Read this." He held out a petition signed months ago by the entire neighborhood, demanding the exclusion of a Chinese family from the area. One name was absent—Caroline Watson's. Obviously, she had refused to sign. "There," said Jud, "is the basis of the neighbors' resentment." Armed with this evidence of the neighbors' vindictiveness against her client, Marty pleaded her case and an hour later Caroline was free... "You've saved another innocent person," Jud told Marty, as they came out of the courthouse, arm in arm. "No," said Marty firmly. "I didn't—but a jury of good Americans, who refused to be swayed by hysteria, did. Which just goes to prove," she added solemnly, "what a darn fine country this is in which to live!"
ON November third, the Telephone Hour will present a twenty-three-year-old coloratura soprano who made her debut on the program in 1949—Barbara Gibson. This will mark Barbara’s ninth appearance on the series. It was inborn talent that brought Babs to a singing career, though she was inclined towards the engineering profession—like her father. But Mother has a fine amateur voice, and as soon as she heard Babs give out with some sparkling notes before the little girl was even three—she knew her daughter would be a singer. But, for a while, Barbara continued to grow up very quietly and naturally on Staten Island, her birthplace. She went to the local grade school and high school, taking part in plays and the glee club. One night a friend of Babs’s father, the husband of singer Jean Dickinson, heard her sing and was so impressed that he insisted she give an audition for the well-known teacher and coach, Cesare Sturani. Babs was terrified, but, when she had finished singing, the coach said, “When do you start taking lessons?” She hasn’t stopped since.

THE YOUNGEST of the Telephone Hour’s November stars is the amazing Michael Rabin—just sixteen, and already counting dozens of musical triumphs to his credit. Michael, at fourteen, was the youngest soloist ever to appear on the Telephone Hour, the program on which he made his debut. Michael comes by his great talent as a violinist naturally, since both of his parents are gifted musicians. His father, George Rabin, has been a violinist with the New York Philharmonic for thirty years, and his mother, Jeanne Rabin, is a pianist who for many years was on the faculty of the Juilliard School of Music. Mike started taking piano lessons from his mother before he was six, and did admirably. But one day, at a friend’s house, he was attracted to a small violin. The friend gave Mike the violin, and, after giving him a few lessons, George Rabin knew that his son was extremely talented. Before he was fourteen, he had played with several major symphony orchestras as soloist. Michael will play on the Telephone Hour, November 10.
Bidu Sayao

The socially prominent family of Bidu Sayao would have been extremely cross with their young daughter if they had known she was secretly taking voice lessons, because in Rio de Janeiro well-bred young women did not covet careers. But soon it was an open secret that Bidu was possessed of a remarkable voice, and she was sent to Paris to study with Jean de Reske. . . . The Brazilian singer's first triumph was in her native Rio, where she made her debut at the Teatro Municipal. Bidu claims that Rio's audiences are very critical, but they give out with brava—bravissimas after her performances. Then Bidu toured Europe—in Paris, Bucharest, Rome, Lisbon, she was widely hailed. After that, Bidu came to New York, where she met maestro Arturo Toscanini, who asked her to sing with his orchestra at Carnegie Hall. It wasn't long before the Meropolitan Opera bid for her talent, and from then on—she has been a major artist. . . . In private life she is married to former Met singer Guiseppe Danise. She will sing for T.H. listeners on November 17.

Lucile Cummings

As beautiful as she is talented, Lucile Cummings is another one of the young American artists who got her first radio break on the Telephone Hour. At a very tender age, the girl who was born in Corvallis, Oregon, burst into song from her highchair. When she was three she was picking out tunes by ear at the piano, and soon she was enthusiastically entertaining any and every one who would listen. . . . At six Lucile took a correspondence course in music for twenty-five cents a lesson. And once, when she and her brothers were quarantined with smallpox, Lucile learned the entire scores for "The Mikado" and "Pinafore." All through school she sang and played mainly for fun, but her first really serious studies began when she won a music scholarship to the University of Oregon. After college, Lucile began to sing professionally—and the rest of the story is the great success her beautiful contralto voice has brought her. . . . She lives in a lovely bachelor-girl apartment in New York, where she cooks her own meals, and keeps house. On November 24, Lucile will sing on the T.H.

who's who in Radio
Barbara Gibson

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Lee Bowman's
a suave character
with a trigger mind
and a drawing-room
approach, just like
the hero he plays—
with one exception
By HELEN MARION

Country squire: Lee fills the role to perfection—almost.

ANYONE who is acquainted with Ellery Queen, either in print or television form—and is there anyone who isn't?—will know that the only thing about Ellery that is calm, cool and collected is his approach. Certainly not his mode of living... either personally, or from the standpoint of his business life.

All of which serves to make Lee Bowman the perfect counterpart for Ellery Queen, the role he so successfully portrays every Wednesday night on ABC-TV. Through the years, Ellery has been depicted as a suave character with a trigger mind, drawing-room approach, and unusual understanding of the scientific aspects of living... in particular, the automobile. Through the years, Hollywood has correctly depicted Lee Bowman as a suave gentleman (Continued on page 103)

Lee plays the title role on The Adventures of Ellery Queen, ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M. EST, for Bayuk Cigars.
Bob Fallon, a former Air Force pilot and later an actor, had taken out his broker’s license to better support his wife—who was doing all right herself at CBS as the star of My Friend Irma on radio and television. But this was part of his charm, and his determination. He was now employed at Al Herd’s real estate office on the Sunset Strip and working very hard. He was also concentrating on getting into television production. A dream which seemed near fulfillment—until a few minutes ago.

Bob had finally found his idea for a TV series and had taken it to an executive of Screen Televiso Productions, Jacques Braunstein. Braunstein was interested not only in the package, but in Bob himself—in his personality . . . and the fact they were both exceptional gourmets. Once Bob discovered this fact, he pursued the subject happily. He had, he confided, the world’s best formula for barbecue sauce. He’d gotten it from his father, who’d ferreted it from a famous colored chef in Tennessee. It was so secret, it was known to a few living men—only one other in Hollywood, Dave Chazen, famed Hollywood restaurateur.

“You must bring your wife over for a barbecue dinner some night soon. Just wait until you taste that sauce,” Bob had concluded the interview with Braunstein.

Yes—just wait. Marie was tearfully now. There goes the television series. And it’s all my fault, too.

Marie felt she was a tired failure. The Fallons could, she felt, start packing any time now. For the Braunsteins were coming for barbecue dinner that evening and they were bringing another couple. No barbecue sauce, no TV show for Bob.

When Bob called the last time to ask her if it was coming along, she hadn’t had the heart to tell him. “Well—I don’t know—it doesn’t look—I don’t think”—she began. “Don’t worry, honey,” he said. “I’ll be home very shortly.” But so would their other guests. Marie called some caterers from Romanoff’s and they all arrived simultaneously.

The caterers kept the caviar appetizers going, and Marie kept postponing the moment when she’d have to announce there would be no barbecue follow-up and thus no celebrated barbecue sauce. Then she observed on Bob’s face his familiar, protective, “Never-mind-honey-I’ve-tak-en-care-of-everything” expression.

And fortunately he had. He’d had a “strange feeling” she wasn’t “quite going to make it,” he disclosed later. So he’d made reservations for a table for six at Chazen’s.

To their dinner guests he broke the news of their change of plans as an organized and delightful surprise. They were to try the lamb sauce at Chazen’s first, then they must come up the following week and try Marie’s and they could compare them and see what a whisper of difference her inspired hand achieved.

The television executive was far from deceived. The whole house was smogged with vinegar, but if this young fellow could be that resourceful—that quick—and that diplomatic in a domestic emergency—why, then . . .

Why, then—Bob Fallon was made associate-producer of his own television series.

“I’ve really got myself a guy!” breathed Marie happily when they got home. And she must be mistaken—but it sounded like Bob was saying: “Every wife should be an Irma once in a while.”

Continued from page 32

Only one soap gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild! So amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily or normal! Daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, delicate-smoothness, exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly ... for the finest complexion rate . . . for a fragrant invitation to romance!
UP TO $100.00 in a MONTH FOR WEARING AND SHOWING LOVELY DRESSES!

Ladies—here's your chance to get a whole new beautiful wardrobe all your own—WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST TO YOU! This amazing new plan offers your choice of over 150 smart street dresses, afternoon frocks, tailored suits, plus colorful two-piece styles that serve double duty as "separates". Besides getting these gorgeous clothes, you can make up to $100 in a month just by wearing and showing them to your friends! It's like getting paid for being the "best dressed" woman in your neighborhood! Just imagine that!

ANY DRESS-SIZE CAN "MODEL" A FASHION FROCK

You do not need any previous "experience." It doesn't matter what your dress size is—Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors, Teens—you can qualify for this thrilling chance to make big money just by wearing original Fashion Frocks! You know, yourself, when you meet your friends, the talk is bound to get around to "clothes" sooner or later. And it will be sooner when they actually see you wearing these beautiful new Fashion Frocks! Your friends will want to know where you got them...if they, too, can get flattering new styles like yours. And when you tell them about the magnificent fabrics, colors, patterns and weaves—(from which you chose your own dresses)—you'll be helping spread the good news about Fashion Frocks. It's our way of advertising!

NO OBLIGATION OF ANY KIND!

It costs you absolutely nothing to investigate this unusual fashion offer...to learn how you can add to your income and receive stylish new dresses as a bonus. All without door-to-door canvassing or taking more than a few spare hours now and then. The coupon below will bring you full details—without obligation of any kind. The valuable samples of colorful styles come to you at once—ABSOLUTELY FREE! So hurry! Fill in the coupon and mail it right now, today!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Studio K-5039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Studio K-5039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio
YES, I'd like to be one of the women who get the chance to make up to $100 in a month for wearing and showing Fashion Frocks. Without obligating me in any way, please send everything I need FREE!

Name_________________________
Address_________________________
City_________________Zone____State____
Age_____Dress Size_____
WHEN YOU SAY THAT

Choosing lipstick is a cinch with a system like Martha's.

Our vote for the party with the most winning smile goes to Martha Stewart, co-star with Pinky Lee in the NBC-TV show, Those Two (7:30 P.M. EST, Monday, Wednesday and Friday). Martha's smile is the potent variety—the kind that starts somewhere deep inside and reaches clear up to her sparkling eyes. But, never one to let nature's blessings go untended, she's a gal who is definitely bright about lipstick. A featured singer on the supper-club circuit and with "name" bands since she was sixteen years old, Martha discovered early the value of a lipstick brush and practiced drawing a smooth, clean outline. To make the beautiful results stay on longer, she learned to powder her lips before applying lipstick. A petite blonde—five feet, three inches tall and one-hundred-five, elegantly-distributed pounds—she collects a lipstick "wardrobe" to play up her delicate coloring and harmonize with what she's wearing. The owner of an unerring eye when it comes to selecting exactly the right shades, Martha breaks down lipstick colors into three groups: Clear red, orangey red, and red with a bluish tone. The hundreds of shades there are to choose from, she says, are all either light, medium or dark tones of these three. With black—back at the top of the fashion lists this year and perfect for her blonde brand of beauty—she wears a soft, rosy blue-red. With the muted yellow-greens, with tweeds, and with the tawny browns ranging from camel color to deep chocolate—all winter fashion favorites—she chooses clear, true red. For her favorite blues and grays, and with the luscious pinky red that's new for now, she likes a medium shade of blue-red. But, whatever the color, it'll be on over that wide, warm, wonderful smile.

Pretty and peppy Martha Stewart makes a fine foil for Pinky Lee's bright brand of comedy in the NBC-TV show, Those Two.
(Continued from page 42)

New York City. Aunt Laura works in a restaurant, the Lido Rest, on City Island. And one night, just for the fun of it, I got up and sang with the little trio at the Lido. I sang the song I call "my" song, 'Don't Take Your Love From Me.'

"It so happened—it always 'so happens,' doesn't it, in the Cinderella stories?" Lu Ann laughed, "that Mr. Risoli, a talent scout, was at the Lido that night and heard me sing and asked me if I'd like to audition for the Arthur Godfrey show. W-e-e-l!" Lu Ann said, taking a deep breath, spreading open her fingers in the gesture that says there are some things for which there are no words.

"It so happens," she went on, "that Arthur Godfrey has been a family favorite on the radio, the family favorite I can say, for about as long as I can remember. We never, short of a crisis of some sort, missed a single one of his shows. Not any one of us. In all my dreams I never dreamed that I would ever be any closer to Mr. Godfrey than I was as I sat on the floor and listened to him on our radio at home or watched him on our TV set.

"As Mr. Risoli was speaking, I remember thinking, Why, for gracious sakes, things like this don't really happen to real girls! But they do, they do... for here it was beginning to happen..."

"So of course I said that of course I'd like to audition for Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Risoli came for the audition with Mr. Godfrey and then we shook hands and the next day I went back home to Rochester.

"That was, as I've said, in September. For the next six months, everything was just the way it had always been before I met Mr. Risoli. I did some more television work in Rochester, helped Mama at home, went to the movies with my girl friends, to ball games, parties, skating, dating.

"No steady date," Lu Ann continued, her pixie face solemn. "No real, serious love. Neither then nor now. And now I'd like to wait a few for three, maybe even four or five years.

"You see, I had a really wonderful bringing up; a wonderful education, too, finishing at the school of Our Lady of Mercy in Rochester. And at Our Lady of Mercy, you learn, among other things, and learn right down to your fingertips, to be a lady, which is so important. Because it is so important to me, what I care about in love, what I want and hope to find in the boy I will some day love, is the respect a gentleman should show a lady, an old-world courtesy. And also, he must be a kind of homey person, the same," Lu Ann smiled, "as I am.

"Religion, too, is a 'must' in the boy I marry." Lu Ann added, "Because it is in everything I do in my life; because I know that I have to thank for everything that has happened to me.

"So, anyway, the months went by without a word from Mr. Risoli. But, because I'm so happy at home, I wasn't impatient, and I didn't worry when I didn't hear from him. The boys kidded me of, as brothers always do... "This Mr. Risoli, You made him up, I bet! What's with Mr. Godfrey, sis, he call you today?" That sort of thing. They didn't get even the ripple of a rise out of me. Being an Arthur Godfrey fan from way back, I'd read a lot of articles about him and his shows, and how he works and knew that there is a waiting list several miles long for the Talent Scouts show and that my time, if it was to come, would take weeks and weeks.

"In April, I had a call from Mr. Risoli saying that the audition had come through."

Lu Ann's first consideration, of course—girls being girls—was "What shall I wear?"

"I figured I should have about four changes. You see," Lu Ann explained, "there isn't just one audition for the Arthur Godfrey show. Good things are never come by," she laughed, "that easily. The way it works, you go in, once your application is accepted—as mine was, six months after it was made—for the preliminary audition at which, out of the twenty-five or so contestants gathered there, ten are chosen. If you are one of the ten, as I was, you go back again, in a few days, for the preliminary producers' audition, at which the ten culled from the first audition perform. In the evening, usually the evening of the same day, there is the producers' audition at which four or five of the ten are chosen for the Monday night show. Monday afternoon, there is a rehearsal for the show and Monday night, the show itself!

"Mr. Risoli had explained all this to me as I should have. I figured, at least four changes. Mama and I put our heads together and decided on the little gray tweed suit for the first audition. The tweed would also 'do,' we thought, for the preliminary producers' audition. For the producers' audition in the evening, I'd wear a bright-patterned skirt and little, gold-trimmed sweater—I love color. And a new watch—it's quite a addition, boldy assuming I'd get that far. I'd—well, for that, we declared, we'd go shopping! Which we did and bought me a pretty pale blue pastel crepe. A sort of dinner or cocktail dress, only I never take cocktails.

"And then the whole family, and most of my friends, helped me pack and there was a 'Goodbye and Good Luck' going-away party. As the next day, everyone I knew saw me off on the train, which I boarded laughing and crying, just about half and half!"

Lu Ann sang her song, 'Don't Take Your Love From Me,' for her first audition. A few days later, she was called for her second audition and passed that, too, also the third. ("She was 'in,'" says an audience to the audition, "the minute she stepped in. Oh, before she opened her pretty mouth.") And, on April 21, she was called to be on the Talent Scouts program. on the show, as for the audition, she sang 'Don't Take Your Love From Me.'"

"Right after I'd sung, Mr. Godfrey called me out to take a bow and to congratulate me, then I knew," Lu Ann said, looking shimmery, "that I'd won. It was Monday, April 21, 1952, at exactly ten minutes to nine. I was just so thrilled and excited and happy, I just cried my eyes out! But it was the kind of crying that's crying on the outside, but inside..."

"Then I was on the three following mornings, which is the usual thing. Now I'm on Mr. Godfrey's show every morning, and this is the show! They hire me! I'm a pro,

"Then I was on the three following mornings, which is the usual thing. Now I'm on Mr. Godfrey's show every morning, and this is the show! They hire me! I'm a pro to use, and I was on the show."

"Then I was on the three following mornings, which is the usual thing. Now I'm on Mr. Godfrey's show every morning, and this is the show! They hire me! I'm a pro to use, and I was on the show."

"When I met Mr. Godfrey for the first time, I was shaking like a leaf in a windstorm. All I wanted was nervous. When I went on the show, nervous when I got off, I'm still nervous... but not any more of Mr. Godfrey. He is a fabulously fun and friendly man. Friendly, and fatherly, too, is the way I've found him. Also homely. And a homey person, is as I guess you've guessed," Lu Ann added, "my favorite type!"

"The very nice time I've had since I came to New York last April is the weekend when my cousin John and I spent at Mr. Godfrey's farm in Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey are terrific, and their children and John and I rode and went swimming and sang and had wonderful food and lots of laughs and loved every minute of it. To John, who is Aunt Laura's son, and just turned thirteen, he's the most thoughtful and sweet of Mr. Godfrey to invite him, too?—it was, and probably will remain, the Red Letter Day in his life. You should hear him talk about it, to his pals!"

"I make that it means a lot to be away from home," Lu Ann added, "with Aunt Laura on City Island. I wouldn't want to live alone nor would my parents be happy if I did.

Cinderella Simms is "sitting pretty," as they say in the trade. Very pretty, indeed. In addition to her spots on the Godfrey shows, radio and TV, she has a record contract with Columbia records, having recorded a Me, and put sides with the Percy Faith orchestra.

Her fan mail is multiplying rapidly, mute testimony, if any is needed, that a star has, indeed, been born.

Cinderella Simms... the girl who has had the unique experience of having a dream come true, the girl who has lived a true, the girl who has (wouldn't you say?) every- thing. Except the prince and the glass slipper. But, some day, her prince will come with the glass slipper, and it will fit. How can it be otherwise? For this is truly a Cinderella story!
she's Engaged

Adorable Margaret Curphay of New York to Herbert Barlow, Jr., of Providence, R. I. Their exciting plans: A church wedding to be followed by a European honeymoon.

she's Lovely

Every girl who meets Margaret longs to ask her beauty secret. Margaret's complexion always looks radiant—so fresh, smooth.

she uses Pond's

Margaret finds nothing cares for her skin as beautifully as Pond's Cold Cream. "It's just marvelous!" she says. "It leaves my face feeling silky-smooth!"

For a really lovely complexion, do this every night as Margaret does

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Tissue off—well.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off again—lightly. Your face is immaculate, glowing.

"I've found a wonderful way to help my skin look its best,"

Margaret says

"It's almost like magic. The way Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look so much softer and smoother," Margaret says. "You should try it."

No wonder Margaret is thrilled with the lovely look Pond's Cold Cream gives her complexion. This special cream is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients.

Together, these ingredients work on your skin as a team—in interaction. As you swirl on Pond's Cold Cream, you help both the inside and the outside of your skin.

On the Outside—embedded dirt and old make-up are cleansed from pore-openings—immaculately. And, at the same time, your skin is given special oil and moisture it needs regularly. Your skin is never left harsh, never left dry.

On the Inside—the circulation is stimulated...helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.

Like Margaret—and so many other girls—you'll be delighted with the fresh, lovely look Pond's Cold Cream brings to your skin.

Go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

See a fascinating, immediate change come over your face
My Husband Couldn’t Be More Wonderful!

(Continued from page 55)

He’s wrong. He’s the most exciting, romantic man I ever met. I know, I’m talking about my husband and I’m talking about a man I’ve known five years—and married to for three—which certainly isn’t snap judgment.

Frankly, when Bill and I first met, marriage was just about the remotest thing in our minds, I was thinking of mayhem. You see, Bill was at Columbia University working for his Bachelor of Arts degree. I was on the neighboring campus at Barnard College. I was in my junior year, taking my blind date with one for a school dance. He didn’t keep it.

You can imagine how embarrassing it was when we were introduced in coffee and a year later, Bill had been sick the night of the dance, but he had managed to do a Cavalcade of America broadcast earlier in the evening. He didn’t call because he felt that his excuse would be suspect if I’d heard his show.

He turned on the charm over coffee. He convinced me he had been really ill. I shook the ice off my shoulders and we got to talking. He was a graduate of Princeton, and the first, my ambition to write radio shows. He asked to see my scripts to consider producing them on the campus station. My spirits soared sky-high, for Bill was not just another amateur like me. He was the only one; he had better than eleven years’ professional experience behind him, allowing for service in the Navy during World War II. At first, our relationship was merely flippant and friendly. We worked together in the campus studio. We dated occasionally but informally. After our work, we went for long walks, even cold, rainy days. Suppose this should have been a clue to both of us that we were growing to be better than friends. But love can be blind and blending and so we didn’t notice it for a year, and it was funny the way we found out.

Bill had a girl friend who lived out West. She came to New York to see him. Bill wanted me to meet her and we arranged to double-date. I was to go out with a friend of Bill’s. Well, the girl was very lovely and I suppose she was the one when we met. All four of us went to a concert.

“It was a night of torture for me,” Bill said afterwards. He was sitting several rows behind me and my date during the intermission. The guy put his arm over the back of your seat, even though he wasn’t touching your shoulder, I burned up with jealousy.

The evening was even worse for me. Lacking eyes at the back of my head, I wondered if Bill was holding her hand and what he was telling her. The night taught us a simple, thrilling truth: We were in love.

That was in the fall of 1948. A few months later, Bill proposed as we were walking across Forty-Second Street in the midst of tremendous crowds pulled out a ring and asked, “Joan, what would be a good day for you and me to get married?”

We decided to wait until I was graduated and married my way so as to avoid an apartment. We were looking immediately and continued after my graduation. No luck.

In October we just gave up and got married anyway. And Brooklyn did it.

Bill and I, you see, are both native New Yorkers and were living with our families. But the difference, and a big one, was that he lived in Manhattan and I was across the river in Brooklyn. Commuting between the two boroughs to work is one thing. Courting in the evening is another. Schedules for buses and subway are tight. Bill figured on an hour to an hour-and-a-half traveling each way. It was murder for Bill getting home between two-thirty and three every morning. And so, in October, we interrupted our evening.”
## Monday Evening Programs

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Local Programs</th>
<th>ABC Programs</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Bob Warren</td>
<td>ABC Reporter</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; the News You and the World</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Bill Stern</td>
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<td>Curt Mussey</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
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<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Richard Harkness</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Dinner Date</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Echoes From the Tropics</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Mutual Newsreel</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>The Railroad Hour</td>
<td>Henry J. Taylor</td>
<td>Crime Does Not Pay</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Voice of Firestone</td>
<td>Henry J. Taylor</td>
<td>Crime Does Not Pay</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Telephone Hour</td>
<td>Paul Whitman, Teen Club</td>
<td>Lux Theatre</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Band of America</td>
<td>News, Bill Henry</td>
<td>Crime Fighters</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>The Music Room</td>
<td>News, John Cameron</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Meredith Wilson's</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
<td>Music Hall Dance Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Songstress</td>
<td>John Daily</td>
<td>News, John Cameron &amp; Son</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Inside Radio</td>
<td>Frank Edwards, Jr</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:35</td>
<td>Inside Radio</td>
<td>Bob Mackenzie</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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## Tuesday Evening Programs

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<th>Time</th>
<th>Local Programs</th>
<th>ABC Programs</th>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Bob Warren</td>
<td>ABC Reporter</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; the News You and the World</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Bill Stern</td>
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<td>Curt Mussey</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
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<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Richard Harkness</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Dinner Date</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>The Playboys</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Mutual Newsreel</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>The Cavalcade of America</td>
<td>Black Museum</td>
<td>Onor Welles, Dr. Kildare</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Red Skelton Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Martin &amp; Lewis</td>
<td>News, Bill Henry</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:05</td>
<td>Fibber McGee &amp; Molly</td>
<td>Boulton &amp; James</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Two for the Money</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>News, John Cameron &amp; Son</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Concert at the Capitol</td>
<td>Music</td>
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## Wednesday Evening Programs

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<td>Bob Warren</td>
<td>ABC Reporter</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; the News You and the World</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Bill Stern</td>
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<td>Curt Mussey</td>
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<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Richard Harkness</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Dinner Date</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>The Playboys</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Mutual Newsreel</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Great Gildersleeve</td>
<td>M-G-M Musical Comedy</td>
<td>Great Day Show</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Your Life Story</td>
<td>News, Bill Henry</td>
<td>Out of the Thunder Family Theatre</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:05</td>
<td>Groucho Marx</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Big Story</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Bizarre Craig</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>News, John Cameron &amp; Son</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Dangerous Assignment</td>
<td>Music</td>
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## Thursday Evening Programs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Lionel Reisau</td>
<td>ABC Reporter</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; the News You and the World</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Bill Stern</td>
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<td>Curt Mussey</td>
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<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
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<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<tr>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>The Playboys</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Mutual Newsreel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Modern Casanova</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Roy Rogers</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Father Knows Best</td>
<td>Music</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Silent Men</td>
<td>News, Bill Henry</td>
<td>Rod &amp; Gun Club</td>
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<td>News, John Cameron &amp; Son</td>
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<td>Election Preview</td>
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## Friday Evening Programs

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<td>Lionel Reisau</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Bill Stern</td>
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<td>Curt Mussey</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Richard Harkness</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<td>The Playboys</td>
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<td>Your Hit Parade</td>
<td>Music, Ann &amp; The Sophisticated</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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<td>Music, Ann &amp; The Sophisticated</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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<td>News, Bill Henry</td>
<td>Love &amp; Mystery Dance Band</td>
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### Inside Radio

#### Saturday

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<td>Howdy Doody</td>
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<td>Anybody Home</td>
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<td>Art, with F.P.C. Eddie Fisher</td>
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<td>My Secret Story</td>
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<td>U.S. Marine Band</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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#### Evening Programs

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### Sunday

#### Morning Programs

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<td>World News Roundup</td>
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<td>We Hold These Truths</td>
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<td>Carnival of Books</td>
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<td>Faultless Starch Time</td>
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<td>The Author Speaks</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<td>Who's Who in Chicago</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<td>Meet Your Match</td>
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**Note:** The content provided is a representation of the radio programs broadcast on Saturday and Sunday, with specific times and segments listed for each network (NBC, MBS, ABC, CBS). The programs include a mix of news segments, music, and variety shows, typical of broadcast schedules from a past era. The text is structured to reflect a typical radio schedule format, with time slots allocated for different segments and program titles.
TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 OCTOBER 11—NOVEMBER 10

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6
Garroway gallantly arises before the sun to bring you (and cheerfully, too) news, special events and entertainment.

10:00 A.M. Morning News • 2
For sleepyheads, charming Dorothy Doan and newsmen Charles Collingwood give a thorough picture of the day's doings.

10:30 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)
Simulcast of 15 minutes of the Redhead's popular radio show.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Warren Hull gives needy people the opportunity to help themselves with questions that pay up to $500 in cash.

12:00 Noon Bride and Groom • 2
You're invited to a real, live wedding with John Nelson, emcee, and Phil Hanna, singer.

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6
A homey get-together with affable Ruth and her 50 guests.

12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2
Dramatic serial starring Pegg McCay with Paul Potter.

12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6
Mary Stuart and Lynn Loring dramatize modern tensions.

12:45 P.M. Kojak Unlimited • 2
A TV screen with shatterproof glass is recommended for Ernie.

1:30 P.M. Gary Moore Show • 2 & 6
Singers Denise Lor, Ken Carson and the more of Moore the better.

2:00 P.M. Double or Nothing • 2 & 6
TV debut of the new Bert Parks show with fast-paced comedy.

2:30 P.M. Guiding Light • 2 & 6 at 11:00 A.M.
The well-known radio serial with the same cast on video.

2:45 P.M. Houseparty • 2
Artful Linkletter, monarch of all in madhouse fun.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 1 & 6
Fabulous prizes, in a fast-pace, trip abroad, plus female wardrobe, make this one of the most exciting quiz shows.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4
Tommy Bartlett catches travelers coming and going for interviews.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4
Katy did and Katy does sing like a dream and fencemee a big hour show of entertainment and guidance beamed at women.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4
Daily drama based on the happenings in small American town.

6:15 P.M. The Early Show • 2
Excellent, full-length feature films for early evening.

7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M.W.F)
Casual-size musical comedy with comic Pincly Lee, Martha Stewart.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore • 4 (T, Th)
Warm, wonderful vocals all the way from the California shore.

7:30 P.M. Broadway Theatre • 9
Legitimate New York plays presented in their original forms.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como • 2 (M.W.F)
Perry, the perennial favorite, with the Fontane Sisters, the Ray Charles Chorus and the big band of Mitch Ayres.

7:45 P.M. Pati Page • 2 (T, Th)
Vocals by the gal who made the "Tennessee Waltz" a great hit.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
Picture and verbal summary of the day's news with Swazy.

12:00 Midnight All Night Show • 9
Freddie Robbins and guests sit up with you until 6:00 A.M.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
Aspiring actors aided by a guest star, get a "screen test" under the direction of host Neil Hamilton.

8:00 P.M. Lucx Video Theatre • 2
A compelling half-hour of theatre, well worth watching.

8:00 P.M. Winnie Mahoney Show • 4
Ventriloquist Paul and his not-so-dummy Jerry with laugh, variety and a little quiz of "What's My Name?"

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
The very relaxed, very sociable, very popular Mr. Godfrey showcases new but professional talent for your approval.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6
Great performers, with Howard Barlow, in half-hour recitals.

9:00 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6
One of TV's most delightful situation-comedy shows starring titian-haired Lucille Ball and husband Desi Arnaz.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Spook stories, sometimes supernatural, with Frank Gallop narrating.

9:30 P.M. Life With Luigi • 2
J. Carroll Nash stars as Luigi Basco, an antique dealer, in this new video series so popular as a radio comedy.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Superb full-hour drama under adept direction of Montgomery.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6
One of the finest dramatic productions on television.

Tuesday

3:00 P.M. U.S.A. Canteen • 2
Jane Froman doubles as singer and hostess to servicemen.

3:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4
The "Berling" point of the week as Uncle Miltie runs wild.
Every fourth week (Nov. 4) the program, Showboat.

3:30 P.M. Red Buttons • 2
A terrific young comedy in a new guise, starting this month.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicate • 2
Semi-documentary melodrama, based on the files of the Kefauver Committee. Rudolph Halley frequently as narrator.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Original and strikingly effective dramatic productions.

9:00 P.M. Charley Wild, Private Detective • 5
Crooked lawyer for long when Charley's on their trail.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Tension mounts in this story series to an exciting climax.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Family fare—whole-some video plays based on American life.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Suspense stories guaranteed to keep you on edge.

10:00 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 5
Entertaining charade quiz with Bob Dunn and Robin Chandler.

10:30 P.M. Candid Camera • 2
Humorous vignettes of real people caught in off-guard moments.

Wednesday

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6
As loved as ice cream and popcorn, the Godfrey show continues into another season with Janette Davis, Frank Parker, the Chordettes, Mariners and others in the big hour variety.

8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
Premiere on October 13th of the comedienne's new video comedy series. Jim Backus, who plays Joan's husband, is cast in the role of a domestic court judge.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
The quiz show of drama as contestants relate pressing incentives for earning some of the big cash awards.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Week in, week out, this drama series shows versatility and craftsmanship in presenting original and classic stories.

9:00 P.M. Adventures of Ellery Queen • 7
Handsome actor Lee Bowman as the suave, slick sleuth.

9:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Ralph Bellamy, as Mike Barnett, roughs up roughnecks in his two-fisted crusade against the underworld.
TV program highlights

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Roaring at 2 & 6
The sport camera focuses on the big fight of the week.
10:00 P.M. This Is Your Life • 2
This month finds Ralph Edwards, of Truth or Consequences, bringing his radio show to the screen. A new twist in drama.

Thursday
8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen • 2
George and Gracie appear every week this season with their great, laugh-provoking, comedy situations.
8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6
Groucho points the big cigar and Gatling-gun wit at contestants who have opportunity to earn huge cash awards.
8:30 P.M. Amos ’n’ Andy • 2
A classic in popular comedy, Amos and Andy continue to amuse night after night.

Friday
8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
The prize-winning, heartwarming story of Norwegian immigrants.
8:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4
Benny’s favorite foil in a video comedy of his own.
8:00 P.M. Ozzie and Harriet • 7
The Nelson family make their TV debut.
8:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
The dazzling, dumb and delightful Irma played by Marie Wilson.
8:30 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5
Van Dent and his crew play the long-popular parlor game.
9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
Actors but in a real story of a real reporter who dramatically uncovers the biggest story of his newspaper career.
9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5
From Chl. Dr. Bergen Evans with brain-teasers for his panel.
9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
Eve Arden makes a strong bid for top comedy honors in this new video show similar in format to the radio program.
9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6
Notable for Henry and his laugh-loaded, teen-age problems.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6
From Madison Square Garden, a leading fistic event of the week.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
Top-flight variety acts with comic-host Larry Storey.
10:45 P.M. Greatest Fights of the Century • 4
The greatest bouts of past years return on film.

Saturday
12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 & 6
Real circus entertainment for children from 5 to 105.
2:00 P.M. (Approx. Time) Armed Forces Football
From Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles and other points, CBS will televise football spectaculars played by service teams.
2:00 P.M. College Football • 4
A different major gridiron contest covered fully each week.
5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Film • 9
7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2
Game show as studio participants attempt to perform tricky stunts in prescribed time for prizes. Bud Collyer emcees.
7:30 P.M. One Man’s Family • 4
One of the most beloved family series on radio and TV.
8:00 P.M. Jackie Gleason Show • 2
The irrepressible humor of Jackie with his great skits and pantomimes and a big revue of stars, dance and guest stars.
8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4 & 6
The colossal fun folic featuring greatest comedians of the day.
9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6
The wonderful team of Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar in an hour and a half revue that features a guest star as host, Marguerite Piazza, Bill Hayes, Jack Russell and many others.
10:00 P.M. Balance Your Budget • 2
Bert Parks in a new quiz.
10:30 P.M. Hit Parade • 4 & 6
The ten winning candidates in pop tunes presented by Snooky Lanson, June Valli, Dorothy Collins, the Hit Paraders and the ever-present aggregation of Raymond Scott’s band.

Sunday
4:30 P.M. Omnibus • 2
The most ambitious ninety-minute project of the new season with quality productions of every kind of entertainment.
4:30 P.M. Hall of Fame • 4
Drama devoted to the interpretation of inspiring events.
6:30 P.M. See It Now • 2
Handsome Ed Murrow forcefully presents events of the day.
6:15 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7
W. W. with items on world events, blessed events, etc.
7:00 P.M. Red Skelton • 4
The churlish carrot-topped comic in hilarious skits.
7:30 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2 & 6
Top-drawer variety show. Clifton Fadiman as host and moderator of a panel whose comments are to be taken with a grain of laughter. Panelists: Kaufman, Levenson and guest.
8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6
Enjoyment and satisfaction: every week with a variety of fine performers, Toastettes, Ray Bloch and host Ed Sullivan.
8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
A gay, rollicking fun fest starring different comics weekly.
9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2 & 6 at 6:00 P.M.)
Versatile, wonderful music by Fred’s grand troupe.
9:00 P.M. Top Hat! • 4 & 6
An hour of your favorite Sunday-night video theater.
9:30 P.M. Break the Bank • 2 & 6 at 6:30 P.M.
Bert Parks, the Dixie Dynamo himself, interviews and offers contestants the chance to reap thousands of dollars.
10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
The exciting mystery drama series for a late-night thrill.
10:00 P.M. The Doctor • 4
Warner Anderson, in the title role, is a kindly, philosophic practitioner who recounts stories of friends and patients.
10:30 P.M. What’s My Line? • 2
Panelists try to guess the occupation of studio contestants.
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We Count Our Blessings

(Continued from page 47)

who is four, kept running over to the lunch counter, their eyes big as saucers.

Every time Creeley went after them, they'd start in again. "Pa, can I have a dime for candy?" "Pa, how many doughnuts can I get for a dime?" "I want my dime, Pa. The dime the soldier gave me."

I felt bad for the boys, but I felt worse for Creeley. I heard a stranger say, "Why don't they feed those kids?"

Creeley made out like he never heard, but I saw his hand go deep into the pocket of his torn blue jeans like he wanted to make certain the dimes were safe. Those two dimes from the soldier and one other dime of our own were every cent we had in the world.

And to poor Creeley could say was, "Now you fellows take it easy. Wait till we get to Michigan."

Michigan.

Every hope, every dream, we'd ever had was wrapped up in that one word.

The dream began back in Mississippi soon after Creeley came to the plantation where I was picking cotton. We took to each other right away.

One thing I liked about Creeley was his way of turning a joke instead of gripping. Like when he'd try to make up for not being able to read nor write so much as his own name, I heard him say, "But sure I can listen to the radio."

What he lacked other ways he made up in gumption. He always tried to outwork men twice his size and even when our crops were finished, I knew the kind of man he was. Long before he got around to saying, "I ain't going to go back to no millionaire, but I'd sure try to make you a good husband," I knew he was the man for me.

We got married and he went to ploughing at Rosedale. It was four miles to one person and the pay was three dollars a day, but Creeley kept at it. Even when all tucked out, he'd say, "I sure want my kids to have a better life than I've had."

Yet, as the children came, that promise got harder and harder to keep. Picking cotton by the hundred, moving around from place to place, we never rightfully could call anywhere home. To send the girls to school, there's a time Creeley and I went without eating just so we could buy at the second-hand store a dress they would take turns wearing.

We were doing good if we could make so much as thirty-six dollars a month, but we kept looking for ways to better ourselves. Creeley, squaring his shoulders, would say, "There must be a place where a hard-working man can take proper care of his family."

Then came the day the place had a name. Michigan.

It was funny how we made up our minds. We'd run into people who had been up there picking fruit but I guess we never believed their stories until the mother of a friend of ours came back South for a visit.

She brought a dozen jars of home-canned cherries with her. She gave us one. Long after the last spoonful was eaten and the kids had gone to sleep, Creeley and I sat talking. It would be wonderful, we thought, not only to have the boys each enough for yourselves, but some left over to give away.

That's how we decided to go. Benton Harbor, people told us was ripe to head for. It took us two years to save up money to start out. We thought of hitchhiking but feared we'd get separated or stranded. Our old car wouldn't make it, so we sold that for twenty-five dollars. After we'd bought bus tickets, we had six dollars and forty-two cents left.

We were down to ten cents by the time we got to Chicago and the soldier gave the boys a dime each.

"But what's all this? How can you feed four active children and a baby on thirty cents?"

It wasn't so bad while we kept moving, but in the depot, with three hours to wait between trains, all getting hungry, dirtier, more tired.

Once I thought of buying some rolls and dividing them up. Creeley shook his head. "We'll go without knowing what we'll run into at Benton Harbor."

Benton Harbor. The name which had been a promise was turning into a cruel lure. I knew something was going to happen. We'd never make it. At the last stop, Jerline had copied me and said she gone dead white.

For one crazy minute, I thought of crossing to the well-dressed woman who sat near us and saying, "Please, mam, can you give me a dollar? My big girl is going to faint, my baby's crying, my boys think we're going to need your help."

I got so far as to push myself up from the seat. Then I knew Creeley would never stand for it. All Creeley had left in the world was his pride.

And my children were hungry. It was a bitter choice.

And then it happened. A tall, handsome stranger sat beside us and said, "I'm from Welcome Travelers."

It didn't register. Nothing makes much sense when your stomach is gnawing and you're getting light-headed.

"Talking to the boys," he asked where we came from, where we were going. Surprisingly, Creeley, who usually is so close-mouthed, told him.

His name was Milt Parlow, the stranger said, then asked, "How would you like to come over to Welcome Travelers? You've heard our show, haven't you?"

Heard it? Many's the time I'd listened in, envying the fascinating people who told their stories to Tommy Bartlett. It never occurred to me we might actually see it. Seeing big shows didn't happen to people like us.

As this Milt Parlow offered some tickets.

I held my breath, hoping Creeley would accept them. If we could go there, we'd forget about being hungry.

Creeley saw the eagerness in my face, but he said, "Sounds pretty good to me. Only, do we have time?"

The booming loudspeaker announcing our bus answered him.

Mr. Parlow heard it, too. "Tell you what let's do. You take a later bus. You can have lunch at Welcome Travelers. Then, since you're all so tired, we'll get you a room at the Sherman Hotel where you can clean up and rest a little while."

Food, a place to wash, a chance to rest.

I wondered if he had any idea how heavily that sounded. I spoke up. "Please, Creeley, let's go."

I'd never seen a room like Mr. Parlow took us to. There were soft lights, deep carpets, and a long table just filled with good things. Milt Parlow gave the boys each a plate. "Be sure you eat plenty. You've got a long way to go yet and we don't want you getting hungry on the bus.

Just you find if we had any idea what that food meant to us. The color came back to Jerline's face, the baby stopped crying, the boys just sat down and went at it.

As we ate, people came by and asked us questions. Then Mr. Parlow returned

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country, she'd stop her own work to take our baby in to the doctor's for checkups. It's pretty hard to put into words the way Creeley and I feel about all the help which has been given us. I trust we can come to it if Creeley says, "Up here, people care what happens to a stranger. This is the country for me. If I can get an inside job for the winter and make money enough to buy heavy clothing so the kids can go to school, this is where I want to stay."

I say that now we dare dream. We came to you, Creeton Harbor, in sheer desperation, knowing whatever happened it would be better than the way we had been living.

You Can Learn a Lot from Living

(Continued from page 29)

I recalled how impressed I'd been with the unusual interpretation from "King Lear" which the last year's winner had offered. In a sense of taking "the easy road," I, too, prepared a similar speech. When it came my turn to perform, I realized that the other fellow had not only been original but had presented his material in a far better manner. The judges realized it, too.

Then, not content with one mistake, I proceeded to make another. Disappointed at losing the contest, I was somewhat comforted by the knowledge that the judges had placed me in charge of presenting the third winners. I'll just make a quick speech and wow 'em; I thought to myself, say what's on my mind at the time.

I made a quick speech all right—I completely forgot every bright thing I'd thought of saying by the time I get on the stage. By lack of preparation, I'd really fixed myself. But—I learned two solid lessons. Even today, after years of being on the air and having to perform extemporaneously, if I'm to do the briefest of introductions, be master of ceremonies at any kind of affair, I prepare my material thoroughly. There is no "easy road" in any job.

When I think of my insecurity in the Shakespearean contest because of imagining my predecessor, I make it a strict rule to steer away from imitation and use only our own creative thinking in my shows. In the homilies, I think of the effect of learn by doing—they plan their own playtime for themselves and their friends—and a mistake or two now is helping them to learn to avoid similar ones in the future.

Because we're such believers in the fact that you learn by doing, Barbara and I spend as much time as possible with ten-year-old Christene, nine-year-old Gary and little six-year-old Linda. Gary is eager to stand on his own two feet when you have someone around you who can encourage you in doing things the right way. Just as it's important to help our children over their hurdles, it's just as important for us to spend play days together. We're firm believers in the entire family vacationing together.

Recently, we spent a wonderful month at colorful Alisal Ranch, approximately 150 miles from Los Angeles. The ranch is a real, working cowboy ranch with beautiful accommodations—as different, however, from our Beverly Hills home as possible. The change gave the children a feeling of independence, as they saw and participated in strange and exciting new events. On the archery range, they learned how to handle a bow and arrow. Then, of course, there was swimming and horseback riding. A genuine cowboy, Bill Nicholas, taught them about handling the horses, showing them why certain ways with a horse are best, others harmful. Meeting Bill, and Lynn Gillham, the manager of the ranch, and hearing their stories of the lure of the old West—plus their becoming acquainted with other guests and children from other parts of the country—was a genuine thrill for both of us.

We want our children to get an education so they can do better than we have done. Creeley and I have wanted that always, but we didn't know. Travelers and our Michigan friends helped us get a new start, we didn't dare say so.

On Thanksgiving, I shall sum it all up in one simple prayer. I'm going to say, "Thank you, God. Thank you, Gary. All parents have the same problem of trying to explain to their moppets why the family budget won't allow that little extra-special something. "No," Barbara would say, "we'd better put a dollar in the bank.""

"Well," said Gary finally, "let me see the bill. I think I better know just how much we are spending."

And, like other parents, we had a problem on our hands. To a child, the values of money can only be explained in their own terms. Trying to itemize on an adult level would only confuse the issue and perhaps plant a seed of insecurity in Gary's young mind. We remembered a similar incident with Christene, when a dollar in her young world constituted a fortune. We didn't realize she worried about more things than we might have upon the family until she informed us a certain necessity cost ten dollars. "But do we have enough to buy it?" she anxiously asked. "Would we be broke if we did?"

What parent doesn't have to think twice in trying to teach the value of a dollar? The introduction of "Allowance" to our vocabulary was a help. Barbara and me a chuckle. Christene had never heard the word until one day in school the teacher mentioned it. "Say," she asked that night at dinner, "how about this allowance the teacher mentioned in school today?" Barbara and I did our best to explain.

"I want an allowance," said Chris.

"Me, too," said Gary.

Barbara and I decided the time had come for the children to learn the two-fold purpose of money—the thrill of working for it, and the responsibility of managing it. Parental admonitions of "Now you'll have to work for it" brought enthusiastic agreement from both parties. But it offered a challenge to Barbara and me. Just what should our kiddies be paid for doing and just what should they do as members of society? It was decided that Chris should help keep the rooms straightened and Gary should help keep the playroom neat and see that the Cola bottles were put away, plus looking after a fresh supply for special occasions. The
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We participate in church activities, school functions and neighborhood projects because we believe in giving to community endeavors. When you try to teach a child "loyalty," for example, they'll tend to give it a hundred-per-cent, all-out meaning. There are no reservations with this type of children's loyalty. By living with them and observing them, then, you can see that we are constantly reminded of the very things we are trying to teach. Believe me, it's a wonderful way to learn—and I hope we never stop learning.

...and a sum was agreed upon. But it wasn't as long as two weeks later before they realized the absurdity of the situation. They had been getting the same money before the allowance, and in essence performing the same duties. "We think," they informed us, "we understand about money. And we'd rather be paid when we really earn it."

"Like a paper route," said Gary.
"And baby-sitting or something," said Chris.
So we chalked up another lesson learned. And one more lesson learned for Mother and Daddy Edwards, too. Yet it's not always children from whom we learn human values, but our friends and associates as well. I've always believed in people, because I think you have to believe in people if you want them to believe in you. Even when I feel someone has taken advantage of me, I'm willing to give him another opportunity. It's just like my experience of taking the "easy road" in the Shakespearean contest—perhaps my friend too, is trying to take the easy road.

Giving of yourself honestly is the only way which pays off. I look upon the incident of the town once called Hot Springs, New Mexico, as my prize example. If Hot Springs, New Mexico, means nothing to you, perhaps Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, does. For this thriving community of 8,000 people literally adopted the name of our radio program.

It was in honor of our tenth anniversary and an occasion I'll never forget. Because the citizens of this picturesque community so willingly took us to their hearts, I felt a bigger responsibility than I'd ever known. I had to live up to the expectations of 8,000 people. Because they gave me their town, I wanted to give them my loyalty and support. I was willing to give what I could of myself to every member of that town if necessary. I didn't want them to be disappointed.

We both pitched in—the townsfolk and my Truth or Consequences gang—to see what we could do for each other. And we're happier for it. Truth or Consequences is an excellent resort and health spot, and now they are nationally known because of their unusual name. Our gang gained not only the friendship of 8,000 new people, but a real sense of accomplishment and achievement in seeing the town grow into a thriving resort. I sincerely hope we can continue complementing one another.

My gang—most of whom have been with me for years and years—will never let me down. Or I them. We all have a common goal and interest in our shows, and we operate like one big happy family. In fact, the few parties Barbara and I have are usually shared with the gang from the show. In each and every one, we have a life-long friend. I believe there is great good in every anybody and I'll keep working until I find it.

This is just one of the many lessons I try to pass on to my children.

We participate in church activities, school functions and neighborhood projects because we believe in giving to community endeavors. When you try to teach a child "loyalty," for example, they'll tend to give it a hundred-per-cent, all-out meaning. There are no reservations with this type of children's loyalty. By living with them and observing them, then, you can see that we are constantly reminded of the very things we are trying to teach. Believe me, it's a wonderful way to learn—and I hope we never stop learning.

bottle refund was to belong to the children, too. This went over fine.

Then we all sat down to figure out just how much each child should receive. We counted school-supply money, luncheon dues, stamp coinage, etc., and a sum was agreed upon. But it wasn't as long as two weeks later before they realized the absurdity of the situation. They had been getting the same money before the allowance, and in essence performing the same duties. "We think," they informed us, "we understand about money. And we'd rather be paid when we really earn it."

"Like a paper route," said Gary.
"And baby-sitting or something," said Chris.
So we chalked up another lesson learned. And one more lesson learned for Mother and Daddy Edwards, too. Yet it's not always children from whom we learn human values, but our friends and associates as well. I've always believed in people, because I think you have to believe in people if you want them to believe in you. Even when I feel someone has taken advantage of me, I'm willing to give him another opportunity. It's just like my experience of taking the "easy road" in the Shakespearean contest—perhaps my friend too, is trying to take the easy road.

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BORN FOR EACH OTHER

Three weeks after their first meeting he proposed to her, but she laughed at this and thought what a mad young man he was. He proposed the fourth week, and the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth. Abruptly, and getting his hopes into words. Sometimes, when they quarreled, he wasn't even sure she would ever see him again, much less marry him. Sometimes, she made him so unhappy that he wasn't sure he ever wanted to see her again.

Things went along like this for about six months, with Lyle just getting a foothold on Broadway. When he went to take his physical he felt sure he hadn't a chance, because of a punctured eardrum. "Unfortunately, I'll be back," he told Diana. She saw her forty-five minutes before the train took him to Fort Dix.

"After all our quarreling and our differences of opinion, when I knew Lyle was really going to leave, I was in love with him and had been all along," Diana says. "We had a big argument only two days before he went into the Army, but now that he was leaving I cried because he was the most miserable girl in the world. 'See what's happened,' I said. 'You didn't want me to marry him and I didn't want to get married, and now he's going away from me.' My mother tried to explain the love and that changed her mind completely. 'Don't worry,' she tried to comfort Lyle, 'She'll marry you.' Then I was embarrassed, wishing my mother hadn't said that. It was really quite a big scene!"

Lyle was sent to Fort Eustis, Virginia, for three months' basic training with the anti-aircraft Coast Artillery. As the months went on, Diana and her mother talked more and more of when he would be stationed whenever he could to visit Diana.

Early in his training he knew he had to make a money as he was a private's pay if he ever wanted to marry the girl before the war was over. So he got a commission. His command... officer announced on a day that all men who wanted to try for OCS should come the day before. "What's going on," Lyle whispered to a fellow next to him. "You mean you get to be an officer that way?"

The man nodded, Lyle stepped forward. He telephoned Diana he wouldn't go if she didn't promise to come down to see him midway through the three-month course. When she did, he thought they should consider plans for getting married.

"It never was a real proposal," Diana still insists, "When I was ready to get into the cab that would take me to my train to New York, Lyle said matter-of-factly that I should go ahead and make whatever wedding plans I wanted. I just assumed we were getting married."

"The first proposal didn't count with her," Lyle breaks in, "or all those other times when he asked her to marry him. Only about six or eight weeks I knew her. She wanted another formal proposal, but I had said it once and I had repeated it, and that stood for something.

Lyle's commission in the Coast Artillery came October 29, 1942, and, when he got his first ten days' leave, he and Diana were married in St. Thomas' Church in New York City. Only the seven days before I got my leave, Diana phoned and said she wasn't sure she would marry me after all. We were quarreling over some foolish thing, and told her that if that was the only reason I had gone through OCS was to get an officer's pay so we could get married. I suspect she was just acting difficult, as Bert Bauer sometimes does in Guiding Light, and I was being a little Bill
got handsome young name beautiful never on FOR Girl in ...

...transferred weekends wedding. Diana that rationing, Lyle orders Carolina been aware that's ...will take to his wife to the hospital and pace the corridors as a father properly should. Their baby was born December 8.

Two years later, at the end of April, 1945, Lyle was retired to inactive duty. Back in New York, he got opportunities in some musical shows but decided the theatre was too risky for a young man with a family to support. He hammered at radio, and was lucky enough to make a friend of the casting director of CBS, who gave him his first post-war assignment, which led to others. He was soon making his own opportunities and over a period of years was established as a sought-after young leading man, playing roles in about a dozen daytime dramas—Road of Life, Portia Faces Life, Dorothy Dix at Home, Laura Lawton, Young Wilder Brown, Helen Trent, David Harum, Front Page Farrell, When a Girl Marries, Marriage for Two—and a few he has forgotten! He did commercial announcements, had television roles in Studio One and other leading TV shows, and got a solid reputation as a seasoned and successful radio-TV actor. Since Guiding Light is now on both radio and television, he has been concentrating on playing Bill Bauer in both mediums, a 9:30 to 6 P.M. schedule most days, what with separate rehearsals for each, completely separate broadcasts, and lines to learn at night for the television version. Diana, too, has been in radio and TV and will be continuing both this fall.

Lyle, Diana and Nikki like to make things, especially Lyle, who says he can’t remember when he wasn’t interested in mechanics and in creating things with his hands. Lyle produced much of the furniture and decoration in their attractive four-room apartment. He made a stunning pair of cabinets in the living room, of forest-green wood, with Chinese brass handles, and as time allows he is working on the screening to enclose the shelves at the top of the cabinets. A pair of love seats are his design, as is a handsome sofa, a coffee table and end tables. He designed partially concealed lighting under the bookcases he made to fill one wall. Another wall is covered with grooved or strafed plywood squares, cut from long strips of the material and placed so that the lines are horizontal across one square, and vertical across the next, with handsome effect.

The Sudrows live in an apartment building that frowns upon dogs, so they have a Persian cat and plan to add a dog to the household later on when they move. Diana wanted to name the cat Valentine— "something different," she said. "Oh, just let's call it something plain, like Sam," Lyle suggested. So they compromised and began to call the lovely creature "Pussy-cat."

Lyle has many things he wants to do in life. Meanwhile, unlike young Bill Bauer whom he plays, Lyle Sudrow has grown mature enough during these past few years to become aware of the necessity for a constant re-evaluation of life and work, which he feels is necessary for any person who wishes to remain happy. The years have indeed brought richness and goodness to this young couple who have weathered its storms—together.

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**THE "CHLOROPHYLL GREEN" SOAP WITH THE PURE WHITE LATHER!**
What Love Did for Me

(Continued from page 35)

she's feeling, what she's up to, what I can do. We talk about what I'm at-
tempering, and about Betty and the latest steps of Colleen and Elissa. She is my
fine friend. Her decision to become this,
when I was born, is typical of her and has blessed me with a very high regard
for women. She has loved me wisely,
never possessively. As the result, I
never have been afraid to instinctively
like and trust women. A man misses so
much when her front isn't.

All through my growing up I was
treated, basically, as an excellent friend
by Mom. Perhaps her understanding of
youth, which she'll always have, made
this easy for her. She married at sixteen,
the only one in her family who would
't let love wait while going on to college.
She never wanted to rule my life. I was
an individual who should fully realize
all each year offered in opportunities.
I was to figure out what was best, and
had the power to do so, she always said.
I've always been attracted to real
beauty in women, not the artificial sort
—no doubt because Mom is beautiful in
every way that counts. In appearance
she still looks like my older sister rather
than my mother. In her gracious manners,
actions, and words, she has faith that
uniquely beautiful, too. I looked for
the same traits in romance, and have found
them in my wife Betty.

Mom never asked me to do anything she
didn't practice herself, and this logic
appealed tremendously to me. When
she met her father, he was a war hero,
already completely disabled and faced with
rehabilitating his body. He won a court case
and support her on his small pension.
She knew this, adored him
way. So I never have concluded women are
good to be married with men.

Mom, at eighteen, when I was only
running around my grandparents' big
house with inexhaustible energy,
courageously determined to start adding to
our pension. She began to sew and em-
broider for extra income, working en-
tirely at home in order to watch me.
She wouldn't take an outside job until I was
six. Then she sewed blouses in a fac-
tory, fine for school and getting
off at 3:30 P.M. to pick me up and
bring me home. She didn't continue, once
she was sure I knew my way, but she
never let me go without a guide.

Taking an interest is not merely talk-
ing about your intentions. Mom—and
Pop—were intensely concerned with
everything I did, but always in a help-
ful and never in their customary way.
I was an only child, but I never was spoiled.
I had loads of young uncles and aunts and
cousins, and was used to sharing every-
thing with them. I always considered any
of my school friends home. Getting
along with people is an elementary les-
ton Mom taught me at home. Now I like
my friends, want my home to be the
most hospitable and contribute to it,
was how I was brought up. I expect
Colleen and Elissa to bring rafts of school
friends home, for our house belongs to
our daughters as much as to Betty and
me

I don't think you have to force anyone
to do what is right, if you love them
e enough. Mom expressed kindness in
her every move, in the early way, with-
out any stern lectures. I was busy at
school and enjoyed teen-age things
healthily. Every summer I had three months
at the beach. My grandparents have a
big summer house at Wildwood, New
Jersey, and it was crammed with the
family. I have memories I'll always
treasure, and more—I acquired the habit
of being happy at the slightest chance.
Is that a sin? Not to me. I don't see any
punishment in it.
Don't buy was cut big material, know, a t child feel blurred was. tude we and operatic. We a cheerful whenever we've enough free time. Betty and I have seen most of the United States, a bit of Canada, and we've been to Hawaii. We dream of Europe and South America and India.

So far, there's been no chance to go because I've been under long-term movie and radio contracts that have kept me in Beverly Hills. I've planned for years to study opera in Italy before singing at the Metropolitan. I was offered that break seven years ago, when I knew ten operatic roles. But I don't think of the Met as a try-out; I want to be unquestionably ready to live up to all its traditions, and I feel this means more study for me first.

We want to buy a house in Beverly Hills, but we continue to live in a rented one until we can get what we wish. Last spring we located a dream place. We drove by it every night after we heard it was for sale. We figured out the changes we'd make. At the last minute, the terms seemed too steep. Betty has the same common-sense attitude toward money I have. It's meant for happiness. Still, solidarity is more important than any debts. We have no passion for keeping up with the Hollywood Joneses. Now we're considering buying a lot and building. Betty has a couple of scrapbooks bulging with the "super" ideas we've spotted in magazines.

How can a husband begin to list all that the love of his wife means for him? Betty's tenderness is my haven when I'm upset. She is not only sympathetic, gently understanding and right there at my side, but her optimistic outlook arouses mine. After all, nothing is blurred as long as we have each other. I'm glad Betty has confirmed my belief that love doesn't need an artificial outside whirl to keep it going.

Love means excitement, and we have plenty from the minute we wake up. We all try to make the most casual thing an occasion, and it's astonishing how much zest this can put into living. We hate to complain, because the Lanzas are too fascinated with the possibilities to linger over temporary disappointments. We're incessant readers, Betty and I. The best books, the latest editions of our favorite newspapers and magazines—we can't resist them! Then we have to discuss, and we've just learned. Love means this outpouring, never a walled-off, cold self-centeredness. The more interests each of us has, and shares, the fuller our lives.

Some day, I'm determined to buy a ranch where I can breed horses. When I was a boy I cut out pictures of horses and collected a big boxful. My mother still has them. I've read every journal on horses for years. Colleen hadn't been a month before she was riding as I wished I had at that age. We bought Sugarpie—the pony Betty Hutton's little girls had—for Colleen, and her pride and skill atop him is a sight that thrills me.

I've taught her to swim, too.

I have a strong feeling about fatherhood, as you might have suspected. I think children rate the best that can be obtained for them, and that parents must always be close—emotionally and literally. A sense of security starts at home, not at school or in hit-or-miss experiences. A father should not be too busy, or too tired, to lead and advise his children. I want my girls to get along well with men because they'll always be able to recall getting along great with me. I never will put my foot down arbitrarily, and I began explaining even when I was sure they couldn't yet grasp my meaning. They could detect my intention. I feel a parent must be as polite to a child as he wants the child to be to him. The parent must make the correct moves first.

So I am far more thoughtful, thanks to my daughters. I saw that exploding in their presence would alarm them, so I stopped it. On Colleen's first day at nursery school this year, she painted her first picture there, along with the other youngsters of three. When she and Betty ran into the house, after Betty went after her, I was genuinely as excited as Colleen and her mother—and showed it. We framed her first painting and put it over the living-room mantel that night!

My children don't run me and I don't run them. I know they need continual reassurance, that I must make my love and appreciation of their efforts very evident to them. In return, they can become a part of a loving family, earn their individual niche. I will always listen to them, always care.

This December we're welcoming our third child. A son would be sensational. A third daughter would be the challenge this father will find exactly to his liking. True love, I know, has no limitations.

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Spun-lo feels like a dream next to your skin.
So soft. So smooth. Never clammy. And Spun-lo washes and dries like the wind. (Not even the lovely trimming on this gown needs ironing!) But this is just one of the frothy, feminine nightgowns made of $pUn-lo. You'll see many more, all under $2.

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You'll never know how comfortable panties can be till you've worn Spun-lo.
It "breathes"—never feels cold and clammy. Panties of Spun-lo are cut extra full, wear extra long, wash perfectly, dry before you know it, need no ironing. Yet they cost only about 69¢.

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Masseys’ Paradise

(Continued from page 33)

as asleep, Dewey can stand on his pen. In Curt’s vocabulary, the pencil leads to the real stamp—take care of the pen, earned from knowing he’s contributed something worthwhile to the ones he loves.

Curt was raised on a New Mexico ranch with seven brothers! He remembers the joys of seeing the early corn send its tender green shoots up from the earth, he remembers the smell of new-mown hay, of watching the animals with their cycle of birth and growth and old age, of special pets loved and loving and, most of all, that feeling of freedom to explore and learn and grow. All these wonders he wanted his family to know and love.

This dream did not come to realization overnight. Curt worked hard and eventually was able to acquire a ranch in New Mexico. This became impractical because of its long distance from the home where he must make his living. Finally, Curt sold it and prepared to buy another one within commuting distance on weekends from his Beverly Hills home.

“I read the want ads every weekend,” Curt recalled, “until one Saturday I saw a description of a ranch that sounded just like the one we wanted. It was on a farm situated near Alpine, a small community where my brother lived. A quick call to have my look over the property brought immediate results.”

He had gone to Lakeside Golf Club, to enjoy a few rounds of my favorite sport, when my brother called back. He told Edythe he had just looked over our new ranch and we’d better come down right away to sign the deal. Edythe caught me coming off the ninth hole and whisked me away immediately. I’ve never had time to play golf since!”

The 2500-acre ranch was just what the Massey’s wanted. The rambling, picturesque countryside included a trout stream, hunting grounds, and a small but rustic ranch house. It was perfect, not only for Curt to make into a real working ranch, but perfect, too, for Davey and Stevie to try their wings.

At this point in the ranch’s career, the boys are ready to solo. They’ve toured the countryside on their ponies, Crackerjack, Jupe, and Eds, being fish in the stream, fed the chickens, milked the cows, looked after the family pets and the branding of cattle, and even penned for gold. The Massey ranch came complete with an old abandoned gold mine.

“It’s hardly worth anybody’s effort,” laughed Curt, “the closer we dug, the less gold in the earth it would only bring about two dollars a ton. But Stevie and David consider this their own special project and may end up richer than any of us.”

Eleven-year-old Stevie is the industrious member of the team. He arises at dawn, much to the whole family’s amazement, and proceeds to make griddle cakes—“which nobody likes, but I’ve learned to eat them.” Stevie takes special pride in stock- ing the ranch’s pond with ducks which the family brought from home.

“We were gifted with everybody’s Easter and May Day pets,” laughed Curt, “until one day we had a real carload. The kids were naming them down to the ranch. ‘This one,’ said Stevie, ‘is Huey, this one is Dewey—’

‘And this one,’ spoke up David, ‘is Sam.’

To Stevie, the ducks were perfectly beautiful, no matter what the color. He intended taking no chances with their safety by leaving them alone and unprotected on the pond at night. So he spent one entire day making them a pen. The family watched with interest as he cut blocks of wood to make three sides and topped them with wire netting. He had rigged his pen, minus a fourth side, beside the pond, allowing for the missing side to be the entrance and exit. Any night prowler would have to swim the pond to get to the ducks, and this was fairly impossible.

At the end of the day, when the pen was completed, Stevie was exhausted. He looked up at his parents and announced, “You know, when I grow up, I’m going to be the guy who draws up the plans!”

Weekends and summers are spent at the ranch, and you can absorb plenty of ranch life in that time. The boys have learned how to handle a rope whether they can fall off a cliff or not, as Curt terms it. In short, they have learned to look after themselves.

“We run free when we were kids,” said Curt, “but we’re beginning to ride like veterans.”

Six-year-old Davey, who likes to take things easy, is learning to saddle and unsaddle his pony. “But he takes his own time with everything,” laughed Curt.

Recently, the Massey’s had a guest for the weekend. At an early hour, the guest arose (as guests usually do) and prepared breakfast for the whole gang. “Gong,” went the big dinner bell at 6 A.M.

“What’s that?” muttered David, rousing himself on one elbow.

“That’s Bud,” explained Curt, “and he wants another one, too.”

We oughta sue him,” murmured Davey, falling back on the pillow, and quickly back to sleep.

“Maybe David has the right idea after all,” grinned Curt, “with his take-it-easy policy. The boys have an aunt who gives them with twenty-five-dollar Defense Bonds for each of their birthdays. We’ve taken to both of the boys about the nature of the bonds and that we are putting them away for their education. This is fine with Stevie, who wants to go to agricultural college, but Davey has his own idea.

‘Stevie can go to college,’ he said, ‘but I’ll cash mine and just buy a cow, then go down to the ranch. The cow can do the next thing.”

No matter what his sons decide for themselves, it’s fine with Curt. The added responsibilities of ranch life will equip them for a richer life, he feels. But the family plans to set aside a place—a ranch—on which he can have a place for a family to learn and grow. To the Masseys, Alegria is a place where the whole family can learn together. To the Masseys, Alegria does stand for joy!
(Continued from page 61) is room in a child's heart for many people.

Often, when Robin and her mother are out together, some stranger will smile at the little girl whose face has now become so well known, and say, "Hello, Dagmar. Where's Mama?" "It makes me so happy," Faith Morgan smiled quietly. "I think it's a fine thing that she is now so closely identified with this program of family life that people actually think of her as Dagmar, the little girl with the loving Mama and Papa." Robin herself talks happily about having "two sets" of parents, "and both wonderful." Eagerly, Robin explains that, in addition, she gained a brother in Nels and a sister in Rosemary, her brother and sister on the show. "I already had a mother and father of my own but no brother or sister until I went on the Mama show," Robin adds.

"In Peggy Wood, Robin has found a friend who has taught her many things about the theatre," Mrs. Morgan says humbly. "She has helped Robin immeasurably. Peggy even gave Robin the little gold jug-of-plenty which she had worn around her neck on a chain during her thirty years in the entertainment world, a talisman my daughter will always treasure. Being warmhearted, Robin makes everyone around her want to make her happy, but we feel this is a very real tribute from such a great lady of the theatre."

Robin's love branches out to embrace practically everyone she knows. Papa Judson Laire responds by combing the shops for special things he thinks will please her. Peggy buys her handsomely decorated Ukrainian Easter Eggs when that holiday comes along and now she has a choice collection, and at Christmas and on her birthday (January 29) they all outdo themselves to find gifts she will enjoy. With her husband, Bill Walling (Robin calls him "Mama's real Papa"), Peggy searches for trinkets and painting sets and games and play kits that will keep Robin's hands busy and useful.

Special dolls are made for her. One year producer Carol Irwin and writer Frank Gabrielson gave her all the characters in Little Women. Sometimes the dolls commemorate something amusing that has happened on a program. When Robin became probably the first little girl to see her very first cow being milked on an upper floor of Grand Central Station in New York (where the broadcast comes from and where the cow-milking was a part of the annual Christmas script), Judson Laire appropriately marked the occasion with a gold miniature cow, Hilda, and a donkey, Oaf, as souvenirs for her. Director Frank Nelson and the rest of the cast and crew are equally thoughtful.

"Robin's love includes all the relatives, and all the pets, of all the people she likes," Mrs. Morgan comments. "When the Hollisters (Carol Irwin and her husband, Paul Hollister) sent her a bouquet at her dancing school recital, in which she played the title role of 'Alice in Wonderland,' Paul included an extra one from the dogs, Daisy and Toots, whom Robin adores and who followed close at his heels when he went into the florist's shop. Robin was delighted."

Judson Laire, a bachelor, speaks of himself as Papa to Robin as naturally as if he really were her father. When the cast visits him, as they frequently do to visit one another's homes, he will bring out the pictures taken during a vacation and tell Robin, "See, here is your Papa in Paris. And this one of Papa was in front of that little theatre I told you about in London."

"All these little things show how completely everyone has taken Robin to their hearts," Faith Morgan points out. "How could any mother resent such genuine interest in her child or feel jealous because the child responds so affectionately? If Robin were not and had never been an actress and had been put into any other surroundings, I believe something of the same sort would have happened. It happens to many affectionate children, unless the mother thwarts it."

Unfortunately, some mothers have a difficult time concealing resentment of the daughter's affections for others. "I know one mother who doesn't seem to realize that she herself is at fault, by giving meager interest to her child, insisting always on doing only the things she likes to do and never meeting her child halfway. This is definitely a case where the shortcoming is in the mother and the daughter is, therefore, showing preference for other people. She is getting the love and understanding outside her home which she should have within the family circle."

"Another child I know used to spend a great deal of time with us because her parents felt they were too busy to bother with her. They were willing to pay any expenses for admission fees to movies and other entertainment, if only Robin..."

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Dramatize your lips with "Rhapsody in Pink" by Tangee, a new, true, fashion-keyed pink—at all cosmetic counters.
and I would include her in our Saturdays and Sundays together. Some day, they may wonder why their daughter prefers the companionship of others when she is older, at a time when they may enjoy having her with them. Love has to be earned, even from one's own children. And when you have what Robin and I share, a firm belief in the power of prayer, it brings you that much closer.

Although Mrs. Morgan feels strongly about the closeness of the tie between children and parents, especially when a child is still quite young, she feels also that it is in the steps of that tie that a child can have the greatest freedom. "Freedom and security go hand in hand in every relationship," Mrs. Morgan believes. "With the security of my love behind her, Bob has made plenty of his own friendships and filled her life with new things and new experiences. She can come back to me always for understanding and guidance."

"Every child of school age has to be given latitude. No mother can follow her child around all the time. I don't hover over Robin during the parties which the cast has after the program, at Papa's or Mama's or Aunt Jennie's, perhaps. I leave her alone, because I am trying to teach her that some day she must be a self-reliant person who cannot lean too much on anybody else on me. Not because I wouldn't want her to, but because it would be wrong to let her—and because the time may come when I am not here. When she is with people I trust her. But little by little she is an individual, because I believe this attitude will help her to become one."

Since Robin has been an actress for most of her ten years, it has been nearly a harder task for the mother of most mothers to keep Robin's life normal. The little girl was only five when she had a record and story-telling radio program of her own, and it has required a little extra wisdom and work to make her life follow the usual pattern of childhood. It does not show, however.

(Continued from page 41)

clown ... far from that. But he is a born optimist and humorist with an ability, second to none, to turn a phrase.

"And such a disposition! Just made to balance mine. I'm inclined to explode, particularly if I think something is wrong or somebody has a foot wrong, David takes things more in stride ... is seldom ruffled. He has that wonderful ability to see both sides, and come up with a harmonious solution. He's trying very hard to train me along those lines ... tempering those first off-the-top-of-the-head opinions of mine. To date there's been some improvement shown, but I'm afraid David still has quite a bit of work ahead of him. Besides all the better, more attractive. Undoubtedly I'm somewhat biased, but people tell me justifiably so.

But there I go getting way ahead of myself. I expected a lot of these things about him, like anybody else I couldn't be sure. I knew I was putting my best foot forward, and our whirlwind courtship—met in August, got engaged, and married six months later on March 12, 1959—didn't give me much time to see whether he was doing the same thing. Actually, I've never been able to catch him in any pretense, which is considerably more than I can say for myself.

"I'm sure that to most people, with the possible exception of traveling salesmen and their wives, our marriage must seem, shall we say, 'unusual.' You see, in the nine-and-one-half years we've been married, we've been apart about half of that time. After our first extended honeymoon, David spent two-and-a-half years in the Army. Then at the close of the war he entered the State Department as a Special Press Advisor to the International Conference Division, a position he has held ever since. It's a wonderful and really exciting job, but it is the reason we're so much and so often apart. And of course, it's been a constant honeymoon.

"Sometimes I think our marriage has been just one first meeting after another. Not really, of course. Suddenly, after an absence of anywhere from six weeks to five months, David sticks his head in the door, I find myself fleetingly wondering what changes have been made. I suspect he wonders the same thing about me. Fortunately, the five-month junkets are few and far between ... his average trip being closer to six or seven weeks. And there's always a celebration upon his return. The extent of the celebration most often depends upon the advance notice I receive, which is sometimes a few days ... or less. If I know of his return in sufficient time, we often have two or three friends in for a small but festive dinner. Or sometimes I just prepare an extra-special table for two. Occasionally, just to avoid an
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You’ll find it in full measure—

with new, colorful, intimate pictures and stories—in the DECEMBER RADIO-TV MIRROR... ON SALE NOVEMBER 7
What changes fear can make! Ours was such a happy-looking family album but did that joyous grin ever belong to me? I've been afraid to face the facts, the memory of my husband's passion for another woman.
valley of fear

I couldn't break the chains that bound Bill and me to the past— until one dramatic moment of decision

by Rosemary Roberts

Walking home from Mother's house, our footsteps sounded loud along the quiet streets.

Springdale at night... I had almost forgotten anything could be so peacefully quiet. I drew a deep breath and slipped my hand into Bill's, grateful and relieved at his instant answering pressure. He'd been so quiet all night at Mother's I hadn't been sure just how he was feeling.

"Rosemary," His voice was quiet, too, pitched to the general stillness. "It's strange, isn't it... walking along like this. Almost the way we used to when we were first married. Strange that so much could happen in between, and yet to look at us from the outside we might be those same two people."

"We are the same two people." Determinedly, I kept my voice light. That was what I'd decided to do, whenever memory threatened to raise up the past few months for either of us. Keep it light, brush it off, turn it away... it didn't bear remembering. Eyes straight ahead, that was the idea. For the time being. "'Til it was far enough behind us... "The same two, only smarter and knowing enough to count our blessings. Darling, smell that smell, will you? Doesn't it do something to you? Lilacs and roses and magnolias and (Continued on page 92)

Rosemary is heard over CBS, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, sponsored by Ivory Snow. Virginia Kaye, Robert Haag and Marion Barney are pictured here in their radio roles as Rosemary Roberts, Bill, and Mother Cotter.
Gentlemen:

I always

wondered how you

always said, "Take a deep breath, too, "Smells
do take you back."

I felt a quick, furtive stab of fear, but I didn't stop right then to analyze it. I clutched his hand more tightly, and I said gaily, "I forgot to tell you about our rose bushes, Bill! They're going to bloom after all, isn't it wonderful? Me with my brown thumb! But I knew from the minute

you told me about it, that you, and everything about it would be perfect."

The most perfect thing was your mother and Dr. Jim letting us have it rent-free. Bill said soberly, "The minute I'm back at work, I'm going to make them take every cent it's worth, back rent and all. If I'm ever back at work in this town, I mean."

"Oh, Bill! You promised—"

"I promised not to moan and beat my breast out loud, didn't I? I'm sorry, darling. Only..."

He shook his head. I was breathing suddenly difficult, for him to go on. "Sometimes I wonder if this town really wants us back. The family, naturally—the ones we know and love—that part's wonderful. But the others, Rosemary, the idea of moving..."

"How can they possibly want among a man who's been accused of murder?"

"And acquitted, completely, absolutely, you know."

"That just makes me confess! Don't start telling yourself half-truths, Bill, please! Don't suffer needlessly. It's over. We're back. We're going to stay and be happy; believe me, darling."

"The minute I'm back I wish we had our own key, ours to close behind us to shut out the world whenever we felt like it."

In a flashing second, it was all clear. I said slowly, "I thought that had opened up our apartment in New York. The door we should never have opened; the door that had led us in pain and tragedy and near-death for Bill. ... I squeezed my eyes shut, and I put my head on his arm and we went inside. In the entrance hall he held me back, "Just one minute, darling. Come here."

He put his arms around me and we went inside. "I've known it, I've wanted to say something, that was coming hard, and I didn't know how to."

"Rosemary," he whispered against my hair. "I don't know how to say this exactly. Just..."

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It was...and quiet at your mother's to-

ight. They were thinking of you... of you... to me... I'm sorry I couldn't get more excited when Dr. Jim mentioned the job he thought I might be interested in..."

"The press relations job with the hos-

pital. It's all right. Bill had opened this up..."

"I don't have to jump at the first thing that comes along. I'm sure Dr. Jim understood that you..."

I mustn't understand! I want that job! Want it— "I'd be crazy if I didn't!"

"But Bill—" I pulled away, trying to see the white triangle of his face in the

dimming. "Why didn't you say so? I meant

of course you did say so, but you didn't— you didn't really act interested. He prob-

ably thought you were just being polite. You didn't—oh, darling, it doesn't matter!"

Suddenly I was afraid I was sounding too critical. Bill was still so shaky; it wasn't right or fair to expect him to act like a normal, well-adjusted person, not for a while. He'd been so suddenly put to get out and come to grips with life! I knew it in my mind... I just can't make myself do anything about it. Oh, Rosemary!"

His arms tensed around me. "I don't want to fail you again. You've been through enough!"

The prick of fear went through me again. The fear I wouldn't stop to face... that Bill had been so crushed and turned and twisted, he couldn't even pull himself together... it was almost dusk. So I couldn't have been so very tired."

We were both rather quiet the next morning. It was a beautiful July day, bril-

liant and golden. We were still in one of those hiding places, but our bright kitchen didn’t catch any of the day’s radiance. It was us, I knew. We were both withdrawn. I was almost glad when Bill, bravely finishing the eggs he didn’t want and two cups of coffee he probably shouldn’t have had, finally went out and left me alone. I wanted to be alone; I wanted to think. We’d been back in Springfield since Bill and I, and in all that time I’d been evading thought, concentrating on action, on doing the next thing that came to hand.

Sometime I’d have to allow myself to think. I couldn’t be like Bill; I couldn’t be like Bill like that again, the way I had last night. I had to be equal to talking to him, even talking about the past if necessary. Maybe I’d have to take my strength for him was to face the past, rather than to press it down and try to forget it. Maybe that was the way for me. Those little flurries of fear that went through me, they weren’t Rosemary. I told myself sharply, as I washed the pretty Italian breakfast set Mother had given us as one of her homecoming presents, that I put on the table and turned away, until it was almost dusk. So I couldn’t have been so very tired."

I didn’t have to answer; the answer was right there. And when I finished the dishes and tidied the house I had made my deci-

sion. Outside on our back lawn there was a wonderful old maple, beneath which Bill and I always breakfasted on our morning's stroll. The flowers bloomed there, and it was nice sitting out there alone during the day. I’d been frightened of the peace and relaxation I was sure would steal over me, frightened of letting down the bar I had placed across my mind. But, if all it took is the least relaxing of your guard, I told myself today, if the memory is so
To rent our house, to settle about the furniture, to cancel the phone and the milk and the light services . . . could anything have been more trivial with a big new job at one of the most important agencies in the East?

I didn’t even try to tell him that part of the reason I lingered was that I hated to see the odd-looking, New York apartment fall into other hands. I hoped that those three sharp new-looking, houses, the gentle, freshly-looking, houses, the gentle pace of it. I kept stalling, writing him that one more week and I would leave the whole thing behind and on my way. One more week would get my hard-shoe into shape, and then one more week again because Mother wasn’t altogether well and I didn’t want to leave Putti and dear Uncle, because they were really so young.

Mother began to get on my nerves then, because she kept insisting my place was the one I had written about. It was so far after that jubilant letter from him that I felt foolish and burdened to have an apartment. “And what an apartment, Rosemary! An out-of-towner’s dream of the big city! Miles up, a penthouse, with all the works . . .” I’d have found it— as a matter of fact I was beginning to wonder if I’d ever find anything—if good old D. W. hadn’t come through.” D. W. was the boss, Mr. Wilson.

“His daydream is over, she’s just coming back from a divorce in Mexico or Reno or someplace and wants no part of it, so D. W. worked it out so we can sublet it. I’ll just wait till you hear the rent. The whole idea is to make plastic it just doesn’t happen in New York these days, with the way housing is, but it has happened to us. Isn’t that an omen, darn it, omen. And get here, I can’t wait to show you the view from the Robert penthouse.”

It left me with almost no excuse for delay. I carried it around for a whole day, and remembered back to Mother, because I knew what she’d say: “Of course it’s an omen,” she echoed Bill’s letter. “Now you hurry up, Rosemary, and come over and help you pack. You’re missed.” I’ll have found it—beginning a new adventure at Bill’s side, darling, where you belong!”

I knew I was being childish. I should have written back that I was coming at once. But I phoned the agency, and just couldn’t pin myself down. And very shortly afterwards came Bill’s next letter, which said: “Probably you’re right; there’s no rush. What’s coming from a little place like Springdale to this madhouse, I love it, but I can understand your wanting to take it a bit more slowly. But let me push you, darling. But come soon!”

It was the same letter, or the one after, that said, “Found a cleaning woman, with Blanche’s help. You know, it’s a funny thing how working you can be about a person you’re close—meaning not so much as soon as before . . .”

I closed my eyes again, and the pictures came back. That spring—how long was it—two years, three?—when Bill first showed his restlessness. Dr. Jim, my stepfather, had offered him a wonderful job as press relations officer at a new hospital, and none of us could understand why he didn’t jump at it. Then I found out it was New York he was hankering after after all the bigger opportunities. I was ashamed of the things I had never tried to impress on him—my own fear of the city’s size and complexity and excitement.

“I’ll get to it, John,” I told Mother with assumed confidence, and she always answered, “Well, of course you will, Rosemary, and it will be so wonderful for Bill’s future.”

But the anxious look she gave me always said she knew it was I. I was hoping hard that the big New York job Bill went to see about wouldn’t work out. And I think she was the only one who knew. He was gone when, suddenly, it did, and Bill set out for New York in high excitement, eager to get started, insisting that I follow him just as soon as I could. I tied up all the loose Springdale ends.

I suppose those Springdale details seemed terribly unimportant to him, with all that lay ahead beckoning him on so brilliantly.
back in waves of dread. Introduction to disaster...that letter, and the few that followed. I hadn’t waited for too many more. All the things that I’d claimed had been keeping me in Springdale somehow I’d got to myself done, and disappeared, and I went to New York as I ought to have gone weeks before...and I was too late.

I think I knew it the first time I met Blanche Weatherby. Everything on the surface was casual, friendly...I met Mr. Wilson, thanked him for his help, thanked Mrs. Wilson; met Blanche, and thanked her, too. It was a friends-of-the-family kind of situation. I resolved, as far as being from the “nice gal” Bill had suggested in his letters. The “kid who was just plain lonely...” not even my Springdale-trained eyes could see.

Blanche was a danger signal. She was explosive, like the beginning of a violent, passionate movement of a Beethoven symphony. She had a slim, elegant body, an arrogrant beauty; I couldn’t believe that she could keep to herself. The eyes that I suppose could locate lonely and help to a man who was trying hard to persuade himself that the poor girl just needed some good, kind friends...

Oh, that catty kind of thinking wasn’t like me! But I knew, I felt from the very first, that Bill was too interested in Blanche Weatherby. Too much time had gone by for one to know him, or if Blanche knew it, too, at the beginning. If she tried to discourage Bill, tried to avoid him...or only kept telling herself and her father that she was. It was possible that Blanche couldn’t help not knowing that Bill could. There are such things—sudden uncontrollable, violent impulses toward each other on the part of a man and a woman who know perfectly well that it can only end in trouble...

It was a dreadful time for me. Lonely and isolated in the glamorous apartment, in which I felt like a visiting poor relation, I trudged through the days, or felt my way through nights, only to realize that everything should seem alien, unfriendly. Even Bill. He was working harder, deeper into his talents than he’d ever been called on to do before, because he’d never done anything as important as this job. Only natural he should be tired, irritable, snappish. Very natural indeed that he should spend so much time working on a mystery all night. I sent a note to him the next day, and said he’d have a quick sandwich at his desk and clear up a few pressing things if I didn’t mind having dinner alone. I didn’t mind, the first few times. It was only at the end of a few weeks, and sometimes three nights of late work, that I allowed the questions, the suspicions at the back of my mind, to seep through.

Really, all the time, I think I knew...it’s not true, that saying about the wife always being the last to know. If she’s been any kind of a wife at all, she probably knows almost before her husband admits it to himself that something has gone wrong between them. She may not know—as I didn’t—all the miserable details.

I don’t know what I would have done without Blondie. Bill never liked her, because she was loud and friendly and very, very blonde. But without her neighborly cups of coffee and the comforting knowledge that there was the only one who I could always walk down the hall and knock at her door—I just don’t know how I’d have gotten through those dreadful weeks when I was left alone. What we had been doing was in the back of his mind over another woman. Blondie’s cynical acceptance of that kind of trouble, and her stiff doses of fighting talk when I wanted to give up and go home, held me together.

And something else. All along, as I stood on the outskirts of what was happening to Bill, watching him drawn tighter and tighter into the tangled emotional web that Blanche had woven. I knew he didn’t want to be there. Maybe that was what held me. It was humiliation, it was torture, and time after time I woke in the morning and remembered Bill’s key in the doorknob of his room, and how I had fled his furtive steps across the polished parquet floor, and swore that I wouldn’t stand it another day. I’d go home today to Springdale, and Bill could make up his mind on his own. He could get on with his life...And then Bill would look up at me, perhaps as he was putting on his tie, or brushing his hair, and there would be those eyes, such a plea, it seemed to me, that all my anger would dissolve and it wouldn’t be that day that I went back to Springdale.

Bill didn’t want to be in love with Blanche Weatherby. But the time came when I knew he had stopped fighting, and it was then that I did go back to Springdale. I remember how ominous it all seemed, how final. I was leaving, and the thoughts were spiraling downward, but somebody had to get out. Somehow I was certain it wouldn’t just find its way to the simple, routine end of a marriage dissolution, divorce and remarriage for Bill. Blanche wasn’t simple. There was something about her, like a dark aura forecasting tragedy; she was like one of those people the psychiatrists talk about—bent on bringing about their own destruction.

Hindsight? It could be. Enough has happened since then to confuse the most honest mind and memory...enough fear and tragedy.

And they happened fast. In Springdale, I thought I faced only loneliness, a few weeks or even months of nerve-racking suspense, and then at the end of that divorce, the end of a decision. Some kind of final decision. Even with the heart-sure conviction that I still loved Bill and that he, beneath all the emotional confusion and physical glamour, drew him to Blanche. He couldn’t have had the utmost respect for the possibility of the end of our marriage with equanimity. At least it would be final, and perhaps a broken heart is easier to bear than a series of hidden possibilities. But no matter what I thought was ahead, I never anticipated what really happened. The sudden, catastrophic whirlpool of unspeakable horror that washed him from Blanche’s side.

Blanche Weatherby tried to break with Bill.

I was in Springdale, far from the scene. I don’t want to remember what I afterward learned about it, from Bill himself, from Blondie, and from Blanche’s father...

It’s better forgotten. But what cannot be completely forgotten, ever, is that suddenly, shockingly, Blanche Weatherby was dead of a bullet wound, and Bill—my husband, Bill—was being held for her murder!

No...I wouldn’t think back. I couldn’t anyway—nature provides its own veil for the memories that tear too sharply at one’s sanity. But details blured the panic-stricken flight to Bill’s side, the realization that he was sick in body as well as in mind, the fear that he might not be able to live out his life...

But still sharp and clear was the gradual emergence of the two certainties that, I believe, kept me alive and fighting when I was so perilously close to the end of myself. First, that Bill was insane; second, that the madness of his whole association with Blanche seemed to have reached its final climax with the shot that killed her, and that stumblingly, slowly, he was emerging once more as the

**FOOTNOTES**

1. ...told her as, as illustrated, but more than 2 of these three-place sets to each other, each set can be personalized differently, if you'd like, as can give our away as a gift. Add little each set ordering for personalization. C.O.D. or please.

2. BOSS, 920 W. Lake St., Dept. 17, Chicago, Ill.

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Bill I had married and loved so deeply. ... That gave me the strength I needed. Through all the desperate, racking months that came after, when we seemed to be scraping away with our bare fingers at a rocky wall of circumstantial evidence that grew higher and more menacing day by day ... the knowledge that Bill had come back to me was the tonic I needed. It gave me the strength to keep my own despair from Bill when his lawyer almost admitted that he saw no hope for our case. It gave me the instinct that sent me in pursuit of Blanche Weatherby's neurotic mother, who somehow was sure—held the secret of Blanche's death.

And it bolstered me up in the final, almost unbelievable moment of victory, when the confession dictated by Blanche was read in court. The confession she made when she knew she was dying ... the confession her mother had kept hidden, knowing that it would prove Bill's innocence. Somehow Weatherby had found the right words to unlock Mrs. Wilson's heart, and after all the tortured months we sat there in court, Bill and I, and looked into each other's eyes and heard those words read aloud for all the world to hear ... the words that proved that Blanche had died accidentally by her own hand.

The words reported themselves in my ears: "I, Blanche Weatherby, freely confess..." But all at once they were dimmed out by another sound. I opened my eyes, looked dazedly about me, and heard it again: the phone bell, just barely reaching out from the far across the lawn. As I ran for the house I glanced at my watch, and I wanted to gasp and laugh at the same time. It wasn't even noon. Could I cover so much ground in less than an hour? What a funny thing my mind was to go so far, and return again, in no time at all. Surely if it could go that far, it could perform other miracles, too. I hadn't time now to evaluate my little experiment, to figure out if I had really purged my memory of the things that were bothering it. But later I would.

It was a strange voice on the phone. Automatically I reached for the pad and pencil, thinking it might be a message for Bill, for the man on the other end asked first for him.

"I'm sorry," I said. "He isn't in right now. Can I give him a message? This is Mrs. Roberts.

"Oh, Mrs. Roberts." The voice paused. "This is Major Duffy, I wonder, well, perhaps I'd better call again later.

My hand had frozen to the receiver. "If you care to," I said coldly.

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Yes, of course Mr. Roberts would like to call me.

I said clearly, "If you have anything to say to my husband, Mr. Duffy, you're free to call again." Then I hung up and sat staring at the phone, wondering if I'd heard myself. Had I?

I'd been too busy and too confused when I'd dashed up to the time he'd come to New York, when Bill was free on bail, to get an exclusive interview with the Springdale boy—who as he put it—made bad. Duffy with certain skill and finesse. He'd used a further threat of legal action to the police. "I don't want to remember, Rosemary, don't you? That I want to talk about her. You're wrong. I don't. The only thing I feel is guilt. And yet I know that the woman I'm really after is Sarah.

I hadn't been the reason she exploded at that particular point. It would have been something else, later on.

"Bill, you never said that or saw it before!" I was triumphant. "You see? It works, Bill! If you want to think about it, let yourself thing. The things you actually think may be so different from what you expect to remember!"

Bill sighed. "Even without thinking, I can see I've got quite a wife, Rosemary. Let's hope I can do something to make things a bit more pleasant for her from now on. Oh—not that I'm changing the subject, but I thought you'd like to know we're going to be married."

I'd tried to explain myself about the job. I'd told him I really was eager to get it."

"Oh, Bill, wonderful," he said sincerely to him, of course. The hospital board, and this and that. . . .

Bill frowned. "I wonder. I just wonder if our pal Duffy might have any part of it. Could that be why he called at this particular time?"

"Who cares," I said stoutly, and got up and shuffled the dishes together with dangerous self-confidence—one did slip, but Bill caught it before it reached the floor. He was a fine candidate as far as I was concerned, and I put it carefully on the drawerboard with the others. "You see? Nothing bad is going to happen," I said. "That's an omen. We'll keep on coughing our International to the rest of the world, and then we'll see who'll push who around. There's nothing to be afraid of, darling!"

"My little tiger," Bill said mockingly.

But when I had finished and kissed me.

I felt a new warmth, a new aliveness in his lips, and I was glad. . . .

I don't recall if it was the next day or the one after that Edgar Duffy came. Very calm I remember, trying to unstick a stubborn drawer, when the bell rang, and I remember, as I went to answer it, I was laughing at his loud complaints. But the laughter froze on my lips when I saw Duffy.

I didn't recognize him at first, but when I did my impulse started the door moving, almost of itself, to close him out. I stopped barely in time.

"Yes?" I said icily.

"I beg your pardon for bothering you, The man's smile was mocking and completely insincere. "There seems no other way to reach Mr. Roberts. Is he in?"

It was hard, trying to explain. It sounded so silly—to say I'd sat myself down, closed my eyes, and gone on a deliberate tour of the house. It was hard, trying to unstick the stubborn drawer, but I was glad that Bill saved me from that evasion. He came clattering down stairs just then, still muttering about the drawer. I saw his face, but I didn't hear the words. I said quickly. "Mr. Duffy would like to see you, Bill."

"Here I am." Bill's voice was very quiet, very held-in. Suddenly I was really thinking, sitting there with nothing but thinking and saying, I wanted Duffy to go away. I felt that old familiar impulse to put myself in front of Bill, to guard him from that mocking look. Bill's arm on my shoulders moved gently but definitely.
Duffy was going to fight! I'd been afraid, when Duffy made that crack about the citizens of Springfield, that Bill would just shivel up. It was just the kind of thing he'd been worried about, ready to flinch away from, until now.

"I wonder if you're not leaving part of the story out," Bill continued almost thoughtfully. He looked Duffy up and down. "After all, you're speaking from your own feelings. You know—about how you would prefer me to be somewhere else because of a little knowledge I happen to have about the activities of one Edgar Duffy. A land developer, I believe, that would have taken thousands out of the pockets of good Springfield citizens and put them into Mr. Duffy's own pockets. And another deal, that almost started a typhoid epidemic which would have run through the poor kids of the town like wildfire if it hadn't been nipped in the bud. The ins and outs of that never did become public knowledge. It probably would be better for me if you happen to know all those ins and outs, now could it, Mr. Duffy?"

"You can't threaten me, Roberts. You and your reputation, you don't stand a chance. I can hang you and your crooked little pockets. I'm just giving you the chance to go quietly, and save yourself and your wife some—"

"That does it," Bill said. He closed the distance between them and seemed to loom over Duffy, and his hands clenched till the knuckles showed white. "One word about my wife and I'll let you have it, and I'm in better shape than I was the last time I broke your jaw. You've caused my wife and me the last out of trouble you're going to, Duffy. Let me tell you something. We're here, and we're going to stay here. We're going to live here and dig in and be part of the town. We were always meant to be, and it'll give me more pleasure than anything I can think of if you lift one of your dirty, crooked little fingers to stop us. Just one, Duffy, that's all I want..."

I became aware of a distant sound. It seemed to be becoming louder, and I couldn't tell if it had come from the town or if it had left. At last, I looked up. Duffy was leaning against the door, and he blustered. "I told you, Roberts. You'll never work in Springfield. You've cut your own throat. You'll never get that job with the hospital..."

"I don't think Bill remembered I was there. He slammed the door behind Duffy's outraged back and then suddenly he leaned against the wall and started to laugh. It was real, honest laughter. I came up to you picked up, and said, 'Are you all right?'"

"All right?" He grabbed my hand and put it over his heart. "All right! Rosemary, I'm afraid you're being as dangerous as Duffy. You haven't felt this alive in I don't know how long! I'm not all right, I'm wonderful! Rosemary, I'm so furious mad I could chew nails. I should have hit him—I knew I should have—"

Suddenly he looked down and really focused on me. "Darling, don't be upset," he said more quietly. "Really, everything's fine. I'm going to write the guy a testiment—"

"As long as you're not hysterical," I said.

"I'm not hysterical." Bill put my hand to his lips. "Don't you see, Rosemary, I was afraid I couldn't get excited about anything ever again! Even when I thought about Duffy, I couldn't get mad or sad or anything. I just drew a blank. It took the guys coming here to get me to saying I was mad..."

"But aren't you concerned? I mean, he can make trouble."

"Is this the girl who's going to fight talks?" Bill asked. "Let me make trouble. I'll double it for him! Drive us out of town?" He laughed again. "That'll be the day, Rosemary."

Suddenly something inside me seemed to give way, and I knew I was clinging to Bill, crying all over his shirt front. "Rosemary," he said, "Darling, what is it? What's happened?"

"Nothing, nothing," I gulped and tried to give him a big smile to see you so fired up about something. I was afraid, too...you were so negative and so..."

I shook my head and for his handkerchief. "It's such a relief to know that last time I broke your jaw, if I can't have you, and you'll comfort me. I don't have to be afraid to cry for fear of upsetting you."

"Darling," Bill said very soberly, "you can come to me and cry your head off every time you feel a bit of pain. I guarantee I'll be there to comfort you, and I'll comfort you. I don't have to be afraid to cry for fear of anything anymore."

"I didn't cry," I told him softly. "But I wanted to...oh, Bill, is it really all right now? Are you—back? No matter what happens—what Duffy does, or about the job, or anything?"

Bill put his arms around me so tightly it hurt. "I'm really back," he said. "And it's really all right. Now that I know I can, I can promise you won't be so afraid—"

"I've still got you. You bet I'm back. Rosemary. No matter what..."

I didn't say anything more. I just felt that I didn't know what it was that I had, but it was a thing that was no longer a part of me, and I had to do what I could, but I still..."
continued silently down the blue-carpeted aisle, finding themselves drawn towards the altar before which, God willing—and if any employer willed the bridegroom-to-be, just two weeks out of the Service, a job—they would be standing again soon as man and wife.

Dick hadn't been too enthusiastic about having a church wedding. Male-like, he'd suggested, "Look, why didn't we just hop in the car and buzz off to some Justice of the Peace?" But, about this, Mary Lou had been lovingly firm. They would not "buzz off" anywhere. They would be married in church. And, because of their different faiths, preferably in the non-sectarian Little Brown Church. She had nostalgic memories of her sister Sheliah's beautiful ceremony there, and—after three years of planning and hoping—a girl was entitled to her own memories.

Standing before the red velvet altar where they would kneel, the organ music soft in the background, she was remembering the words of the Reverend John H. Wells—beautiful and personal words—as though he'd known the couple their entire lives. Words like he would soon be hearing: "I commend you for getting married in the House of God. By being here, you indicate you already think of your marriage as something very sacred and beautiful. Do you promise in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses that you will try to be a true and faithful husband?" She could imagine Dick's ringing "I do." And to the words, "Will you care for him in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity?"—her own singing I will.

In a way, they'd been "rehearsing" their marriage ever since her handsome fiancé's discharge from the Service, when they realized it would take time to find a job—and their wedding must be delayed...

They'd gone house-hunting, stopping wherever they saw the magic words "Open House," stopping and looking and imagining the home of their own. Most of them were $30,000 homes, even though they knew that theirs would probably be a small efficient apartment. "Just looking around," they'd say nonchalantly to any interested real estate men. But a little gray-haired woman realtor "sitting on the house" they'd last looked through, had

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"Just Married"

(Continued from page 36)
months to the day, she was expecting her first child. The only complication in the entire procedure was her mother-in-law, Mrs. Farnsworth, who has a habit of un-billing cord... and in all probability—and for dramatic purposes—never will...

All of which inspires her real husband-to-be to add his opinion to the problem of unemployment and to lament, with a laugh in his black-brown eyes, "I'm marrying a married woman. More than that—a woman child!"

Yet they could have met—just as they did—in One Man's Family. Mary Lou Harrington, a radio-child actress in her native Detroit, moved with her family to Hollywood, where she was auditioned for and won the part of Joan in the radio serial. Her father, Frank, works at the Hollywood Women's Club. Her mother, Elizabeth, owns their modest white bungalow home and occasionally boards infants on the side—to help out.

Following her graduation from the Powers Professional School, Mary Lou enrolled at City College, majoring in drama. Richard Schacht's parents and their five children moved to Hollywood from Carlyle, Pennsylvania, "the home of Jim Thorpe," he identifies proudly. His father "raises bonds for Israel." He enrolled in City College, majoring in photography, with an eye for a future in the technical end of radio or television in Hollywood. He went to City College—"because they had the 'Four-Four Plan'... four hours of school, four hours of work... mornings I went to school, I worked afternoons.

One night when the rehearsal of "Deep Are the Roots" was running late, Dick offered Mary Lou and her girl friend a ride home. "My mother worried about us waiting on a street-corner at night, for the bus," says Mary Lou. "I was the lesser of two evils," grins Dick.

Walking across the campus in the moonlight, Mary Lou looked so lost-curiously—to determine which conveyance was his. "I was looking for a hot-rod," she smiles now. "And I was very anti-hot-rod at the time." She was very impressed when they stopped instead at a brand-new Duesen Ford, and Dick helped them protectively inside. "I paid for it working at the Prudential Life Insurance Company as a clerk," he says. "And I'm still driving it." Her high opinion of his new car is reflected in the new black car. "I knew I'd struck it good," she laughs, about his not turning out to be a hot-rod fiend. "We were both eighteen, and I'd always been so set against going with boys my own age. I thought they were foolish and much too young. I was impressed to find Dick so much older than his age, and so gentlemanly. Such a sensible, level-headed boy..."

"I liked her personality and her looks—and her quiet ways," he returns. "I can't stand phony or talkative women. That yanking and not knowing how to behave."

Neither remembers the first time the word "marriage" was mentioned. Their romance, just gradually developed into one of those "she's-adivory-and-he's-get-married." Each is ready to forego his mother and asked that it would be all right for Mary Lou to accept an engagement ring that Christmas of 1950. Then they went to the Mayor of South Pasadena, who sported a modest yellow gold solitaire. They were to be married when Dick finished school—but Uncle Sam, it turned out, had other plans.

In May, 1951, Dick entered the Service and was assigned to Norton Air Base, San Bernardino, California. And not even a radio-serial writer could have figured out a way to have them get married on ninety-six dollars a month-base pay.

For fifteen months every evening—plus rehearsals—Mary Lou was engrossed in her life with One Man's Family, but the rest of the time Joan was entirely on her own. Like any other twenty-year-old, Mary Lou was full of thoughts of her personal life. She thought of love and of what her future could never be, Mary Lou was afraid he would lie on a day's notice. They were sending them over by the hundreds from his base around Christmas-time..."

In his barracks, Dick kept an ear glued to the radio whenever he could, to hear her voice in One Man's Family and other radio shows. During his basic training, Mary Lou appeared on Lux Radio Theatre in "Edward, My Son" and Dick, who'd been marching all day, rushed weakly back to the barracks—even passing up the chow—to make it in time. "I turned on the radio, then I fell flat on my face and slept through the whole show."

He kept her picture close beside him, "although at first nobody could believe we were engaged, anyway." When they did, "the boys from the East and the South were kind of impressed," he grins. As weeks went by, his buddies would turn on "a lot of hillbilly music real loud—to drown out my radio." He took a lot of ribbing, too, from other G.I.'s about "his girl being married to another guy." And, when he had One Man's Family turned on the evening Joan and Ross informed the other happy Barbours they were going to have a baby, the other boys in the barracks razzed him unmercifully.

A war marriage—even a cold-war marriage—was a tough subject then, even if they had been arranged. Dick was determined on that subject, "I can't see getting married on nothing and living in San Bernardino. And so many fellows leaving every day—shipping out overseas..."

"We'd seen so many kids get married in a hurry," adds Mary Lou, "they would have such a hard time at the beginning. We thought we'd wait—even if it took longer—and have something when we started out. But..."

But their determination was wavering when he'd been definitely assigned to the base film library—until they got the joyful news that he'd be getting out of the Service come August... and they decided again to wait...

When he was discharged, Dick was the biggest winner of the twenty-one-year-olds today. He's trying feverishly to establish himself and pick up life where he left off. They were both determined however well it would be, not to begin married life living with either of their families. And jobs, it seemed, were hard to find. "And you can't save much on ninety-six dollars a month," says Dick, "even while Mary Lou proudly reveals he managed to save $500 out of this, towards their "wedding fund." Daily, Dick made the rounds looking for a job—any kind of job.

Placing his application at radio stations, and in motion picture and television studios. Then a few days later, making the same rounds, with a wary eye in the direction of the wastebaskets—to make sure it wasn't simply been filed there. In the evenings, Mary would wait eagerly for him to come by and report the glad tidings of that day—or the not-so-glad..."

One evening, an excited Dick reported he'd had an interview with one of the most important producers at Columbia motion picture studios. That is, sort of, an interview, he told her. It was pretty one-sided—the producer's side. While he was at Norton Air Base, Army executives had loaned Columbia some war film, and..."
Dick had delivered it. He knew the fellow's name, but when he went over that morning—"I had no idea I'd get through to him." Then he'd found himself being ushered through the office doors, and suddenly there he was—standing right in front of the biggie's desk. "I was so surprised I just stood there," he told her, with an abashed grin. "Honey, I couldn't think of one word to say!"

As usual, his Mary Lou understood. "I know. I felt the same way when I finally met Bill Holden when we worked Luz Radio Theatre together one day. I've been his fan all my life—what a moment! I just stood there like a statue."

They're two well-balanced twenty-one-year-olds—Richard Schacht and Mary Lou. Ambitious, industrious, and determined to make their marriage, despite delays and financial complications, just as they planned. They're thoroughly in love—love tempered without temperament—but with sufficient differences of opinion to make for a stimulating future domestically.

They've never had a fight. Not one. "The closest we've ever come to a quarrel was out Fourth of July when Mary Lou wanted to see the fireworks at the Coliseum and I didn't want to go," remembers her fiancé. "Well, you know what happened—we went to see the fireworks, and I enjoyed it—that's the worst part," he laughs.

However...

There's the matter of the debatable future of Mary Lou's menagerie; her two cats—"Jeep" and "Tilly", her parakeets, and an aquarium, "The fish may go along, but the cats—no!" says Dick.

There's the matter of modern paintings. "I love modern. All modern. Dali... Dali. I don't go Rivera... the more modern the better." And Mary Lou: "I hate it. Give me the Huntington Library." And Dick again: "Blue Boy—he bores me."

Also, "I like wild, crazy cars and crazy clothes, he goes on recklessly. "I'm crazy about Jaguars. That's a touchy point with us," he laughs, "saving up for our first Jaguar." Maybe it was too much; he went on. Only the day before, he'd gone shopping in Beverly Hills and emerged with the wildest colored neckties and the showiest English clothes he could find.

"With a navy blue T-shirt and yellow trousers," says his bride-to-be, "with a dainty ladylike shudder."

"Cold. The pants are gold," he corrects. Adding, "I came in like a sunset, and she went out like thunder..."

And when it comes to women's clothes, he's all for them, too. "I like well-dressed women. I notice good clothes more than a girl's looks or her legs. And I hate slacks. Who was it said, "Women in slacks can't turn their backs"?"

"If you feel that way, why did you give me that pair of pedal-pushers three years ago for my birthday?" remembers Mary Lou. "Oh, those," he says, adding reflectively, "I don't know..." with all the smug amazement of a twenty-one-year-old who wonders what on earth possessed him to perpetrate so foolish a deed at the age of eighteen.

Entertainment, they agree on. Give them a stroll the Olivia Street mucking on trestes. Let them loop spaghetti across a red-checkered tablecloth. Or go window-shopping for wedding furniture or leopard-upholstered Jaguars.

They'll start married life equipped with a modern bedroom set mother gave Mary Lou, an extra modern bed Dick's held onto, and a chrome dinette set Mary got at a bargain when a friend broke up housekeeping. That is, if they can retrieve them from the apartments of their young married friends. "It's all loaned out now," laughs Mary Lou.

Waiting, too, for its rightful place in their dream home, is her "hope chest," fairly bulging with towels, pillow-cases, a presto-cooker ("My sister got two for her wedding and I inherited one"), a starter set of Revere Ware, some good china, "and so many—night things," she says, with a girlish blush in the direction of her future bridalroom. "One Christmas everybody gave me glamorous night things to wear. Lounging pajamas, and two luscious coral and turquoise necklaces."

Intelligently, they've discussed the "double life" Mary Lou will lead as Joan, wife and mother, and as Dick's bride. "I'd be foolish to object to her career," he says. "Radio's a great job for a girl. Mary Lou's job won't interfere at all. She just works Thursday and Friday mornings now, tapping One Man's Family."

This way, I can help with a nest egg too," adds Mary Lou. "We can live on his money and put mine away..."

Living on Dick's money, however—they remember merrily—belongs to the future. To, they hope, the extremely near future. It's grounds for confusion, being the radio mother of a boy—"and still waiting for that magic hour when she will walk through the open door of The Little Brown Church in the Valley to bridal happiness."

If only Carlton E. Morse... But, on the other hand, love like theirs—however delayed—can write its own happy way.

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What's Spinning?
(Continued from page 13)
1946, when he recorded "That's My Desire"—he's been out of the top recording artists in the business.

Secret Wedding:

Dorothy Collins managed to keep her marriage to Raymond Scott a secret for eight weeks—and then just couldn't help letting the world in on the know. Dorothy first met Scott back in 1942, once toured with his orchestra, and from 1950 on has been working with him. The popular young singer on Your Hit Parade has recorded—with Gordon Jenkins—"So Madly In Love," followed by "From This Day On You Say Goodbye," for Decca. She'll be seen and heard this fall on Your Hit Parade, along with June Valli, who records for Victor and gained attention when she appeared on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts.

In Case You Missed The News:

Watch for the announcement of the birth of Jo Stafford's baby. Ditto, Johnnie Ray's. . . Johnnie is just about as proud as we've ever seen a man—hopes the news will keep people who've been predicting the beginning of the end of his marriage from attacking for a while yet. Oddly enough, the soda pop set hasn't cooled toward Johnnie, despite the marriage and forthcoming child.

Record Check List:

If you can call all ten your own, you've got the busiest turnd-table in the neighborhood—with a gang of kids to run it for you . . . eight, you just haven't been listening . . . six, do you want to keep out of those arguments over which song sends you?

1. "You're the One I Care For," backed by "Hesitation," with Alan Foster on the vocal and Art Mooney with his orchestra, for MGM. Good for both listening and dancing.

2. "I Don't Know Any Better" and "Mademoiselle," with Eddy Howard, for Mercury. Watch your girl friend's mercury rise with this one.

3. "You Belong to Me" and "I Went to Your Wedding," with Patti Page, for Mercury. There's also a Jo Stafford recording of "You Belong to Me" which is terrific.

4. "Say You'll Wait for Me" and "My Search for You Is Ended," with Bill Hayes on the vocal, for MGM. You'll be waiting in line at the record counter for this one—so hurry up.

5. "Early Autumn" and "Because You're Mine," with MGM's Billy Eckstine—smooth, emotional and appealing.

6. Victor's Perry Como's "Sweethearts Holiday" and "My Love and Devotion." Perry has loads of the latter for his family, and his fans have loads of the same for him.

7. "I Like to Talk to Myself" and "That Naughty Waltz," with April Stevens, for Victor. This is one solid "cute" voice, and the lyrics are darling.

8. For dancing pleasure, there is Buddy de Franco with the Pythagoras (and his trio) with "Carioca" and "Just One of Those Things," for MGM. Foot-tapping music that's easy on the ears.

9. "The Rock of Gibraltar," sung by who else but Frankie Laine, for Columbia. Will this be his seventh hit to chalk up a million? Maybe not, but it's fun to think it might be.

10. "Beginning of the End," by Don Cornell, for Coral. And this is the end. Definitely.

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Plan for Happiness

(Continued from page 31)

is just about the living image of the fictional detective. But, unlike Perry, John is the marrying kind.

"Now, on this planning business," he persisted, "what I meant was that, if I stood in front of Childs and got hungry, that's where I would eat. If I changed my mind at eight-thirty going to a nine-o'clock movie, I wouldn't go."

Then John met Teri Keene, star of Life Can Be Beautiful and Big Sister. She was beautiful. The opera score she carried was a natural conversation piece for John loves music. Teri, too, it turned out, was a singer of considerable talent — a natural talent, since her mother was once a concert singer.

"When you first fall in love, plans don't go right,” John observed, "You've got so much to talk about that even your food gets cold waiting."

But eventually it had to happen. Teri and John would drive into the country on a Saturday or Sunday. Just ride around aimlessly. One Friday, Teri came up with a road map.

"There's a cute little place up around Danbury for a picnic," she said. "I'll pack a lunch and we'll get away early, say about nine."

"Now, look," John said. "Whenever you get up, if it's not too early, phone me, and we'll just get in the car and drive, and we'll eat somehow along the road."

"But a picnic is so much fun."

"A planned picnic? It's bound to rain."

And it did rain. It rained on Sunday, too, and on the following weekend.

"Picnic was delayed two weeks," John remembers, "but Teri was right. It was fun."

As they approached June 10, 1959, their wedding day, John discovered there were a lot of arrangements to be made and he found that he was just as involved in them as Teri.

"Understand, Teri's a wonderful, warm-hearted person. No demagogue," John explains. "My ideas were asked for and we hashed out our differences. But I guess my past disordered life put a hex on our plans."

Since both work five days a week, they could take only one three-day honeymoon. They made reservations at Silvermine, Connecticut, a wonderful valley village where all the buildings have been reconstructed as they were in stagecoach days.

"The inevitable happened," John says. "I got a call to work a Sunday-night show and we had only a twenty-four hour honeymoon. More plans than my living room."

They had drawn a model of their new apartment to scale and bought furnishings complete to the last ash tray. But when they moved in, they discovered the landlord had already furnished and he refused to put his things in storage.

"We had two of everything, two beds, two dining tables, two sofas. It was awful.

John resolutely and irreverently went about dismantling the landlord's furniture and stuffing it into closets. That helped some.

"Anyway, our two important plans had gone haywire," John recalls. "But I was fairly well domesticated. Instead of kicking myself for getting involved in what I once considered nonsense, I got angry at the people who threw the monkey wrench.

Another side of the planning business came to light on the occasion of John's birthday. Parties were for kids, he thought. Adults, if they think of it, go out and have dinner and maybe go on to a show.

"And that's what I thought we were going to do, until we got to the restaurant. What a surprise!"

Teri had reserved the rear half of the room for all of his friends. Gifts were piled chin high and there was a cake suitable in size for the Donne quintuples birthday.

"I was thrilled," John says. "I really was."

So on Teri's birthday John planned a surprise. The evening began the same, but at the restaurant they had dinner alone. John explained he had tickets for the theatre but wouldn't tell her the name of the show—that was the surprise.

When they got into the cab, John found out it was a very good cab. The tickets had been forgotten and they had to go back to the apartment.

"I'll wait in the cab," Teri said. "I'll sit there, and one of your friends will come up with me. We'll catch another one."

"We're already late, John," he began sweating. In the apartment were all of Teri's friends, a caterer with food, gifts, everything waiting to surprise her and she wouldn't leave the cabinet.

"Look," John said, "you'll just hold up this driver."

The driver spoke up, "I don't mind waiting."

Luckily, at that moment, another cab and two truck drivers began blaring their horns.

"We're jamming up traffic," John said, pulling Teri out of the cab and swept her into the elevator before she could protest.

"The look on her face when she got into the apartment was worth all the trouble," John says. "Truly, it is better to plan than to receive."

The Larks share their apartment now with a year-and-a-half-old baby girl.

She was a planned event, too, John says.

And the planning goes on. This past summer they enjoyed a summer cottage in Westport so much that they have decided to buy a home of their own. They are budgeting closely on everything from laundry to surprise parties. John eats all meals at home. Teri has taken a cut on her clothing allowance.

"I once thought planning was strictly a feminine quirk," John says. "But now I've learned it's half the fun of being married. It makes a husband and wife feel closer, too — more co-ordinated and more communicative."

John's jaw set in a thoughtful smile. "You know, if Perry Mason were the marrying kind, I've got a hunch he'd be a great planner."
Ellery Queen

(Continued from page 66) well fitted to grace any drawing-room, and equipped with a quick, well-informed mind and humor that is inclined to be three steps ahead of each situation as it arises. As for the scientific advances, in particular the remarkable...

"Even though I'm fairly good in the 'fixit' department," apologizes Lee, "I'm ashamed to admit that the modern automotive defects I look upon this great stride in the scientific world as a trap ... a trap set especially for me. A trap into which I consistently fall. We have two cars. One is fairly old as cars go. We use it in all the household jobs. My wife and step-daughter (both Helenes) and son (Lee) have great sport in it—use it all the time. And never a hitch. Even I have been known to make occasional unentangled trips in it. The second is a newer car, equipped, supposedly, with every latest gadget the automotive world has developed. It is mainly with this car that I come to grief. I have forced it to go upon it as a monstrosity developed with the sole intent and purpose of reducing me to a blubbering idiot. No matter when I take it out, something goes wrong. Lines suddenly feeding oil into vital parts suddenly take to washing the windshield ... except on stormy nights, when the windshield wiper at the driver's seat—quietly vanishes in static rigidity.

Aside from the somewhat hard expression that crosses his face at the mere mention of an automobile, Lee Bowman's manner gives no indication of the busy life he leads. Leaves of paper are everywhere around the supposedly hectic existence of Hollywood's most-in-demand "properties." Which is not exactly the way he plans it.

"In Hollywood," explains Lee, "actors actually have ample free time between pictures ... time to be with their families, pursue hobbies, and just plain enjoy living. Life on the West Coast is paced slower and easier than most. I'm forced to discover that everything in New York is a 'big deal' ... you really have to work to put yourself across. And that applies to just about every profession or business. So instead of reaching comparatively sanae working hours, I find myself working forty hours a week just the twenty-four-hour Ellery Queen show itself. Additional guests on such shows as These Are The Days of The Studio One, Curtain Call, Cavalcade of America serves to add hours to my work week, and break up my weekends with the family. On top of that, all manner of other business ventures, including insurance and real estate and the supervision of my mother's 1,000-acre farm in Kingstree, South Carolina ... producing cotton, tobacco and perhaps easy life? Not exactly, but actor Lee Bowman seems to thrive on it. His one regret is the way it cuts into his family life. Ordinarily, they do many things together ... used to do more, perhaps one day will get back to the old routine. Nevertheless, over weekends you'll most often find Lee, his two Helenes, and eight-year-old son, Lee, swimming, golfing, bowling or playing tennis. Of course the two Lees can be found hitting the bull's-eye at a pistol range.

"Lee's very good with the pistol," continues his father. "When he's a little older, I'm going to teach him how to handle a rifle so we can go hunting together. And, speaking of teaching Lee, I wonder how old he must be before he can learn automobile mechanics? It would be so helpful..."
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Cover portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hull by Camera Associates

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For those who have sent up the hue and cry for some palatable educational fare on TV—NBC, in cooperation with the U.S. Navy, has come up with a series of programs which should keep some of TV’s bitterest critics quiet for a spell.

On TV sets throughout the nation, viewers are seeing twenty-six half-hour episodes, dramatizing the sea battles which contributed to U.S. victory in World War II.

Titled Victory at Sea, the program is the first network-produced motion picture to present contemporary history in a dramatic manner with an especially created musical score. Producer of the series is Henry Salomon, historian, author and collaborator in the writing of fourteen-volume, History of the United States Naval Operations in World War II. Mr. Salomon wrote this work for the Navy, and received the Bancroft Prize for it. In addition, he was decorated by the Secretary of the Navy for his contribution to this important historical work. Salomon served six years in the Navy. He enlisted as a seaman in 1942 and was relieved from active duty as a lieutenant commander in 1948.

During his service, he was assigned to the office of the Secretary of the Navy and served three years in the Pacific, making six landings in major combat operations. After the surrender of the Japanese, he was sent to Tokyo as personal representative of Secretary Forrestal and the Chief of Naval Intelligence to question Japanese leaders and make a study of their side of naval activity during the war.

The original music for Victory at Sea was written by Richard Rodgers, Pulitzer Prize-winning composer of more than thirty important Broadway musical shows, including the recent smash hits—“South Pacific,” and “The King and I.” This is his first original score written especially for TV, and in his own words, “It is a chance to serve the Navy and the nation.” The music was arranged by Robert Russell Bennett for the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Bennett has been known for the last thirty years as the leading arranger of music for Broadway shows. He has arranged the scores of such distinguished composers as George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, and Irving Berlin.

All of the talent which has been gathered for this production is top-notch. But more than that is the great enthusiasm everyone connected with the project has shown. For a long time, TV has needed an educational shot in the arm—and this NBC effort should be the beginning of the boom in such features.

Victory at Sea: seen Sundays at 3 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by NBC and U.S. Navy.
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what's new from Coast

By JILL WARREN

JANE FROMAN is the star of a brand-new television show, U.S.A. Canteen, which is seen on CBS Tuesday nights. It's a variety format, with Alfredo Antonini's orchestra and top "name" guests, mainly those who have entertained men in uniform. And, with the cooperation of the Department of Defense, talented service men and women will be picked from the various bases around the country to appear on the program.

The Red Buttons Show is another new CBS entry on Tuesday nights, following the Canteen. Buttons has been a successful night-club comedian and his television try is strictly for laughs, with the emphasis on monologues and sketches, with a little music in between. These two programs are on opposite Milton Berle in most cities, so you may have to switch channels a bit in order to catch part of each.

The John J. Anthony Hour has returned to the air on Sunday nights, over Mutual. Mr. Anthony, the man who makes trouble his career, once again will take up the problems and woes of his listeners.

For lighter entertainment Sunday evenings, Cafe Istanbul is back on ABC Radio, again starring Marlene Dietrich. By the way, have you heard La Dietrich's recording, with Rosemary Clooney, of "Too Old To Cut The Mustard"? The "glamour grandma" really swings out.

NBC has set up a most impressive program for its Television Opera Theatre in the 1952-1953 series. There will be eight presentations, including a repeat performance of Gian-Carlo Menotti's phenomenally successful "Amahl and the Night Visitors." This will be done in December, probably near Christmas.

Rosemary ("Come On-A My House") Clooney looks a bit confused by Frank Fontaine's brand of daffiness.

Sgt. Tim Maloney (James Burke) and Inspector Mark Saber (Tom Conway) keep sharp eyes on doorway during the TV Mystery Theatre.
time. Menotti is presently searching for another Amahl, since thirteen-year-old Chet Allen, who sang the role twice last season, is no longer a soprano. The opera telecasts will be offered monthly on Sunday afternoons, and all of them will be in English.

Speaking of better music, Mutual's Chicago Theatre of the Air has returned to the Saturday-night radio schedule. The program is now in its thirteenth consecutive opera-operetta season, and about thirty operas and operettas will be presented in this series.

You can still attend the Metropolitan Opera every week, via your radio, when ABC resumes its popular Met programs November 29. "Carmen" has been pencilled in for the first broadcast.

If you like your newscasts television-style, there's a whopper of a show on the ABC network called All-Star News. It will be seen four-and-a-half-hours a week, on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday evenings, at different times each of those nights. The whole operation is master-minded by Louis Ruppel, former editor of Collier's Magazine, and his stable of commentators and analysts includes such well-known names as Elmer Davis, Martin Agronsky, Pauline Frederick, Paul Harvey, Taylor Grant, Austin Kiplinger, and many others. All-Star News is all-inclusive in its approach, with the cameras switching from city to city to cover—in addition to news—sports, entertainment, science and fashions. The guests are top news personalities of note, from all fields.

Eddie Albert has temporarily deserted the movies and the stage for a fling at television. He has just begun a new (Continued on page 13)
HAY ISLAND HOLIDAY
with the Fitzgeralds

Pegeen Fitzgerald comes from a family of seven children, and Christmas for Pegeen has always meant a house swarming with youngsters—a "cut-and-come-again cake" and some "glug." The youngsters were Pegeen's sisters and brothers—now all grownups with children of their own spread out all over the country—and neighbors' children in whatever community Pegeen's father happened to be building at the time. He used to bring folks over from all parts of Europe, sell them land and set up communities for them. It was from a Scandinavian group that Pegeen learned how to make "glug."

"Glug" is a potent drink served with flames curling over the top of the mug. The "cut-and-come-again cake" is a fluffy item Pegeen's mother used to make back in Ireland. Since those days in her youth when Christmas was a rousing child-filled holiday, Pegeen became Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, rose in the ranks of women's broadcasters (Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald can be viewed on WJZ-TV) and is now recognized as an outstanding style expert. Her days are busy—either in her cheerful office overlooking the East River, or attending authors' parties, previews, fashion shows. But the one day Pegeen and Ed keep open is Christmas.

Each Christmas for several years now, the Fitzgeralds have played hosts to eight children from St. Elizabeth's Orphanage on Staten Island. The children visit them at their beautiful Hay Island home, and Santa flies in by plane with gifts and goodies. Since the first group of eight shy youngsters got their fill of joy and victuals, there have been many others. The first visitors are now grown and on their way in marriage or careers.
For a more-fun way to wrap Christmas packages —

☐ Play post-office  ☐ Plan a wrapping bee

When presents for the family start piling up in your clothes closet, chances are your study-buddies have the same problem! So ask the gang to come on a at your house, toting their packages and various types of paper. Supply the scissors, paste, ribbons; award prizes for the most original "jobs." Gift-wrapping a la gang is fun. Even at "calendar" time ... if you're comfortable, with Kotex. This napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it; gives you chafe-free softness that holds its shape!

What gift bracelet should you choose?

☐ Wide  ☐ Chunky  ☐ Slim

Your best pal Pudge rates something special, you decide. Like that big, chunky bangle (so dashing!). But think ... will it flatter her hands? If they're short, a broad, heavy bracelet will give her mitts a sawed-off look. Choose a style that's suited to Pudge. Same as on difficult days you choose your own special absorbency of Kotex: the one that's right for you. (Regular, Junior or Super.)

What tags to pack for a house party?

☐ Strictly sports  ☐ Date duds only

You cram your suitcase with glamour stuff: only to find yourself freezing on a hayride! Learn what's planned beforehand, then pack appropriate duds. At certain times, however you're tagged, you'll be confident — for those flat pressed ends of Kotex banish revealing outlines. Your new Kotex belt adds extra comfort, too. It's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling!

Know the jinx in this jalopy?

☐ Casanova  ☐ Four's a crowd  ☐ Tootin' twosome

Happy New Year? Huh-uh. Here are the makings of a crash landing! (See all answers above.) The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. Raucous blasts add more distraction. And how can a highway Casanova keep his mind on the road? Avoid such hazards! Also, why risk problem day "accidents"— when extra-absorbent Kotex gives extra protection with a special safety center?

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey toilet tissue — now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly — no shredding. It's luxuriously soft and absorbent — like Kleenex tissues. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength.
WHAT'S

By CHRIS WILSON

Whether we've just picked the bones off a Thanksgiving turkey or are finishing up the last wrapping on a Christmas package, there is no time like holiday time for music. Whether it's one of the old exciting pop recordings or an old sentimental "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly" type piece, a record is the ideal gift for telling your hostess how much you've enjoyed being invited to her party, and for telling your relatives you still remember their musical taste at Christmas time. This year the companies have a wonderful selection of albums for every age group—Dear junior who does on gun-toting Hopalong Cassidy-type dramas, or his tinier sister who insists that the good fairy sit beside her as she munches her graham cracker, through the jive-happy or cry-happy box set to the oldsters and their more melodic preferences for the fine classics.

Albums To Know About:

RCA's collection includes Eddie Fisher's "I'm In The Mood For Love"—eight songs, with "Hold Me" and "I've Got You Under My Skin" our top favorites in the group. Vaughn Monroe's "Caravan," with that perennial favorite, "Riders In The Sky," and "Cool Water." Spike Jones—mad as ever—with "Bottoms Up," which has six nationalities represented in whacky spiked-up melody. "Let's Dance Tonight," Freddy Martin's contribution to the polished-floor-scratching set who look for smooth melodies with which to sway. "Rio Rita" and "A Connecticut Yankee," Al Goodman with Earl Wrightson and Elaine Malbin rendering old favorite hits for musical-comedy collectors. The same company's "Hardback Storybook" series will be a must for harassed Christmas shoppers who can't think of a thing to give the little dears with which relatives keep adding to the census. "Peter Pan" and "Adventures in Music" are already released with more in preparation. You've probably already planned on using the six-in-one series from RCA Victor, which includes not only recordings but an illustrated storybook, outlined pictures to be colored, a special puppet theatre with hand puppets, and dummy admission tickets. If you haven't seen them, go be as intrigued as the gift recipient with Burr Tillstrom's two, "Kukla, Fran and Ollie and the Wishing Well" and his "Kukla, Fran and Ollie at the Fair." There are ten albums in all to choose from. . . . Out in time to fill a jive-addict's stocking with joy.
SPINNING?

is MGM's two-volume release of Woody Herman's 1946 Carnegie Hall concert. MGM has effectively captured the Christmas heart, too, with their albums of Christmas Chimes which were recorded at the St. Mary Magdalene Church in London. The chimes ring out a joyous list including "Adestes Fideles," "The First Noel," "It Came upon a Midnight Clear" and six others. "While Shepherds Watched," with the Canterbury Choir, is beautifully done and includes songs little known in this country—along with the traditional "Away in a Manger," and "We Three Kings of Orient Are." Designed to fit the listening audience from lisping toddler to grandpa is an album called simply "Merry Christmas," recorded by seven top MGM artists. Jimmy Durante, Judy Garland, Tommy Tucker, Lauritz Melchior, and David Rose and his orchestra are just a few. Strictly for the lispers is Lionel Barrymore and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves"—come to think of it, every child, regardless of age, will enjoy this one.

Incidental Intelligence:

When the snobbish teenster makes a crack about the fact that "nobody, but nobody, listens to that old classical junk," remind the little know-it-all that Andre Kostelanetz' Columbia Masterworks recordings have sold over the twenty-million mark. Then, with courage in the fact of numbers, add Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" recordings which Kostelanetz has just had released to your collection. Speaking on the classical side, RCA Victor's "Gilbert and Sullivan Overtures," their great combinations, and Jascha Hefetz' "Bruch's Concerto No. 1 in G Minor, Op. 26," are must additions for classic addicts.

Record Check List:

All ten should be your platter meat—if you own all of them, you're serving up a neat dish of pops with your conversation. Eight—and your turntable is slipping. Six—and how can you resist the temptation to

(Continued on page 13)
A cute trick herself, Buff Cobb Wallace has a large bag of same, filled with holiday beauty hints.

A gal with a special holiday kind of sparkle all year round, charming Buff Cobb lets herself go all-out for glamour during the festive Christmas season. "It's the time I love to experiment with the slightly off-beat kind of thing you couldn't get away with except in a gala mood," says Buff, who—with her husband Mike Wallace—headlines the Mike and Buff program five days a week on CBS-TV.

"Ever since I was a teenager," recalls Buff, who was born Patrizia Cobb Chapman, granddaughter of writer Irvin S. Cobb, "I always saved enough out of my clothes budget to have a brand-new dress around December 15. Something wonderful and gay like a green or red velvet, to give me a lift. Because usually, by that time, I've been dragging my fall wardrobe around for months and it doesn't feel very festive.

"It's the time, too, when I use my little black dress as a background for something sort of mad, like a crown of silver leaves or gold dust sprinkled in my hair. A couple of years ago I had a wonderful time with stockings with gold sequin heels and toes for open shoes!"

No slouch in the beauty department, Buff still has to cope with that puffy, tired look a round of holiday parties bestows on all of us. "When I'm going out after a hard day's work and maybe some late nights, I lie down with a cotton pad soaked in witch hazel over each eye and a was cloth filled with chunks of ice on top. After twenty minutes the tired look is all gone and, what's more, I feel human, too. I picked that one up in Hollywood, getting up at 5:45 A.M. to get to the studio in the morning!"

Another favorite trick of Buff's—this one learned from Tallulah Bankhead—is guaranteed to give anyone a starry-eyed look. Instead of darkening eyelids with shadow, the idea is to lighten them, just above the lashes, with a faint streak of make-up foundation. Then comes the shadow, in a brown or lavender shade, just under the brows for a naturally shadowed effect. Makes them look enormous!

"My top favorite party trick," she says, "is one I learned from my mother. "You know how your feet sort of give out halfway through an evening of dancing? Try bringing along a change of shoes and stockings in a little bag you can check till you need them. It feels like changing to a fresh pair of feet!"
What's Spinning?

(Continued from page 11)

give Mommies few rousing suggestions for her Christmas list—from her to you?
1. "Faith Can Move Mountains" and "Love Me," for Columbia, with Johnnie Ray. Johnnie has already demonstrated side number one, and his plea to "Love Me" has already been answered by every teenager.
2. Patti Page and Rusty Draper, together for Mercury, with "Wedding Bells Will Soon Be Ringing" and "Release Me."
3. "Outside of Heaven" and "Lady of Spain," recorded by Eddie Fisher for RCA Victor. You're really outside of heaven if you haven't heard it.
4. With "Fool, Fool, Fool" and "Kay's Lament" done in her enticing way, Kay Starr comes through for Capitol once again.
5. "Because You're Mine" and "I'm Never Satisfied," recorded for Capitol by the king of them all—who else but Nat "King" Cole?
6. Tony Bennett came out with "Have a Good Time" and "Please My Love" for Columbia. Have a good time and buy this.
7. "Who Kissed Me Last Night?" by Rosemary Clooney, recorded for Columbia. Its platter-mate that really rates is "Blues in the Night." You'll have the blues if your friends find out you don't have it.
8. "Meet Mr. Callahan" and "Take Me in Your Arms" rate a hand for Les Paul and Mary Ford. This recording by Capitol has it.
9. "Melancholy Trumpet" and "Goin' Home," by Harry James, are for you jazz-minded fans. This recording for Columbia is terrific.
10. Billy May, for Capitol, recorded "The Fat Man Mambo" and "Orchids in the Moonlight." That mambo does something to me.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

half-hour show for CBS TV Saturday nights, called Leave It To Larry. It's a situation comedy with Albert in the humorous role of a shoe salesman who is surrounded by his wife, five kids, and in-laws in his private life. NBC has temporarily postponed Baby Snooks, which was to have started this fall on both radio and TV. The network acquired the rights to the title and character from the estate of the late Panny Brice, who made Snooks famous. The main problem has been casting, and so far NBC hasn't found anyone of name value to play the comical Baby. When and if the show does get set, Hanley Stafford definitely will play his old role of Snooks' harassed father.

Well, sooner or later everybody, but everybody, seems to go into television. And now it's Vice-President Alben W. Barkley, no less, who has signed a deal for a program to begin after the new administration takes over. The show, which possibly may be heard on radio, too, will be non-political in format and will feature the Veep as a commentator on current affairs and personalities behind them. Mrs. Barkley will appear with her husband from time to time, along with celebrated guests. It is also planned that part of the show will be on film, to be photographed at the Barkley farm near Paducah, Kentucky.

(Continued on page 23)
AUNT JENNY Two girls in love with the same man create a situation that can not help but lead to trouble for someone. In a recent story, Aunt Jenny told of a triangle made even more complicated by the fact that the two girls were identical twins. The Stillman girls not only looked alike, but acted alike and had led identical lives—until Larry came along. What unexpected changes did love make for all three of them? M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Has a doctor any business to concern himself with ethical problems not directly connected with the health of his patients? Dr. Dan Palmer's practice had been growing very satisfactorily until just such a problem arose, and his young wife Julie is entirely in accord with his stand. Will the career for which they have both worked so hard be ruined by Dan's refusal to compromise? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Long ago Mary Noble faced the fact that the wife of a successful, handsome actor will always have rivals for her husband's affection. Secure in the knowledge of Larry's love, Mary has managed to create a normal, happy home life until recently. What will happen now as glamorous Judith Venable, Larry's leading lady, makes a very definite attempt to break up the Nobles' marriage? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell is star reporter for a big metropolitan newspaper. That's his job, and he loves it. But somehow David can't keep his knack for crime detection under control, and the police have learned by now to welcome him and his wife Sally when they turn up on a story. In their current case, however, the Farrells come within a hairline of losing out to one of the cleverest criminals they've ever tracked down. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER Though the shock of John's illness is a difficult one for Ruth Wayne to bear, she finds it made somewhat easier as she becomes more involved in her work at the Health Centre. From time to time, however, she wonders if she made the right decision when she agreed to work in John's place as Dr. Roger Marlowe's administrative assistant. Is Roger more interested in Ruth than he's revealed? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

GUIDING LIGHT How difficult will it be for Cathy Roberts to stop blaming herself for the death of the boy to whom she was so briefly and hopelessly married? Has Dick Grant waited too long before declaring his independence from his mother's interference? As Cathy's stepmother, Meta longs to offer help, but fears that she will only stir up the girl's resentment. M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILTOP HOUSE Dr. Ricky Brownning's charm has captivated not only Julie Paterno, head matron of Hiltop House, but all the orphans under her care. Delighted at the way she and Ricky appear to be moving toward a life together, Julie does not immediately perceive the factors that may threaten the happiness she expects. Will spoiled, pretty Doreen Gordon be willing to give up the plans she had made for Ricky's future? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL By befriending Paul Norton, Bill Davidson runs into trouble not only with Paul's family but with his own, as his daughter Nancy insists that Paul's prison record is reason enough for Bill to turn against him. Was Paul really guilty of the manslaughter charge for which he served two years? Was he in love with the wife of the man who died? What does his sister Virginia know about it? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi, trying to help out financially during Papa David's illness, stumbles on a particularly conscienceless racket. When she learns some of its details from Marian Keller, Chichi and her editor friend Doug Norman embark on an indignant campaign to expose the truth about some so-called model agencies. What happens to the many pretty, ambitious girls who are not as quick as Chichi to recognize danger? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Like any married couple, Belle and Lorenzo Jones have had their differences, but never in Belle's most exasperated moments did she envision life without Lorenzo. The tragic lapse of memory suffered by Lorenzo after an attack by vengeful criminals has turned Belle's life into a suspenseful nightmare. Will she discover in time just where and how Lorenzo is building his new existence? Or will she have to make one for herself? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Once again Ma has cause to observe that where human beings are concerned there is almost no such thing as a clean-cut beginning or ending. The Pendleton divorce trial is over, but its repercussions still influence the lives that were touched by it. Will Gladys Pendleton make the right decision about her own future, or will the course of her parents' marriage influence her too much? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.
Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

OUR GAL SUNDAY The last time Craig Norwood, Sunday’s old suitor, re-appeared in her life, he caused a serious misunderstanding between Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope. Now that Craig has come again to Fairbrook, with his young wife June, Sunday cannot help feeling somewhat apprehensive. Craig has become a strange, mysterious personality. Has he some definite plan to destroy Sunday’s happiness? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY Pepper and his wife Linda, who are themselves in the midst of a period of marital difficulty, realize with dismay how outsiders can influence the course of a marriage when Pepper’s sister Peggy and her husband Carter are brought almost to the brink of disaster by the interference, both direct and indirect, of Carter’s mother, Mrs. Ivy Trent. Has Ivy at last learned the lesson she needs? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON Just what is the connection between the Blazing Heart and the Lonely Hearts? How can a fabulous ruby be involved with an organization that provides friendship for those who are too timid to find it for themselves? Even though Perry Mason may eventually find the key to this curious connection, will it bring him any closer to the mysterious, well-protected man? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Nelson, returning from her dangerous assignment just in time to see her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, collapse from overstrain, is appalled when she at last realizes the forces attempting to divide them. What have her enemies managed to make Miles believe during her absence? Has Miles really lost sight of the boundless faith and love on which their marriage was originally built? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC. (Continued on page 24)

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

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion.

And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap.

It’s as simple as that. Of course Dial’s bland beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here’s the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays
Josephine McCarthy of WNBT preparing for her own Christmas feast.

a Family affair

Josephine McCarthy, WNBT’s cooking expert and star of her own morning show, Monday through Friday, has a Christmas message which seems characteristic of her own personal mode of living and her relationships with other people. It is this: “Have a family Christmas.”

Josephine realizes that many people are alone during the holiday season, because their families are in other parts of the country, or because they have no families. To these people, she says, “Make it a family affair anyway.” The home economist suggests to anyone whose budget and time are limited to go right ahead with plans for inviting friends for a Yuletide feast. According to Josephine, all a person needs is a pencil and paper to figure costs, and a shopping wagon in a well-stocked super market.

Here is her plan for a de luxe Christmas dinner within reach of most pocketbooks:

- Hot spiced cider cocktail, crisp celery, and green and black olives. Now get to that can shelf, and buy some consomme or creamed chicken soup—add popcorn before serving for a festive touch. Now drop over to the neighborhood rotisserie or a restaurant with take-out service, and order a roasted turkey. At the frozen foods counter, you can get buttered mashed squash and some buttered brussels sprouts—ready to heat and serve. Candied sweets come in cans, too—add a bit of butter and a dash of brown sugar, and simmer over a low oven flame. Buttered pearl onions come canned, and taste good when heated in heavy cream or milk; canned cranberry sauce comes in jellied or “old fashioned” style. Get some lettuce and tomatoes for a salad; serve with prepared dressing. Pick up some rolls from the bakery. And for a really elegant touch, order some sherbet, which can be kept in your freezer. End the meal with a traditional Christmas plum pudding, canned, of course.

To assemble all these foods requires no actual cooking skill, which means that a working woman (or man—why not?) can plan to provide a Merry Christmas celebration for friends, and herself, without spending too much time, money or effort. And a “family Christmas is the merriest kind,” concludes Josephine McCarthy.
Stays Bright! Stays Moist! Stays On!

New! Cashmere Bouquet French Type NON-SMEAR LIPSTICK

Now your lips can be more exciting, more inviting than ever... and stay that way all day long! Just smooth on the new Cashmere Bouquet French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick and see how the color flows on your lips so easily, so evenly, so luscious-bright! And here's the beauty-miracle: it won't smear, it won't dry, and it won't come off!

New Cashmere Bouquet is the French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick you can use with confidence... for lips that call for kisses... for lips that stay soft and creamy-smooth... for lips that won't tell secrets!

Contains "Lip-caressing" Lanolin!

6 Fashion-Right Shades

Just 39¢
Paintings by your favorite stars now on Hallmark Christmas Cards

They're all in the Hallmark Hollywood Star Box

Painting is a hobby with these stars. Groucho Marx sketches between rehearsals at the studio. Fred MacMurray likes to get up early in the morning and paint before breakfast. Jane Wyman finds paint brushes, oils and canvas the perfect companions between pictures. And Henry Fonda went to art school long before he became an actor.

Hallmark Cards asked each one of these stars to design a Christmas card they would like to receive—and the Hollywood Star Box is the result.

There are twelve Christmas cards in the Hollywood Star Box, three reproductions of each of the paintings by the four stars. Groucho paints an amusing candy-cane house; Fred, a winter landscape; Jane and Henry... well, why don't you see for yourself how the stars paint?

You'll find the Hollywood Star Box for $1.00 at all the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards. It's only one of many, many exclusive Hallmark styles you can buy in boxes. And there are lots of Hallmark boxes priced as low as 59 cents. So, no matter what limits your budget may have, your Christmas cards can have Hallmark on the back... the famous Hallmark that tells your friends, "You cared enough to send the very best"!

See these other Hallmark Christmas Cards in boxes:

DESIGNS BY:
Grandma Moses
Norman Rockwell
Currier & Ives

Winston Churchill
Paul Gaertner
Steinberg

VERSES BY:
Edgar Guest
Mr. and Mrs. Box
Religious Box

The Kodachrome Box
The Shadow Box
The Poodle Box

The Comic Box
The Thrifty Box
The Parchment Box
Deck the halls

Heloise Parker Broeg of WEEI decks the mantel of her charming Boston home.

Heloise Parker Broeg, Mother Parker of WEEI’s Food Fair, is one of the many people who look forward to Christmas all year. And to her, Boston is one city which seems to capture the spirit of the holiday, from the carol-singing on Beacon Hill to the gaily-decorated old houses all over town.

To Heloise, Christmas is most of all the holiday of the heart. As she puts it, “The warm smile that speaks... the assurance of life promised by the evergreen trees... the security of affection through gift selection... and the feeling of today instead of yesterday or tomorrow with which we create so much anxiety in our daily struggles.”

Because leaves have always symbolized to her the beauty and spirit of life, Heloise has stored up some facts about the plants associated with Christmas. Holly with berries on it, if brought into the house on Christmas day, is believed to bring good luck the whole year ’round. The mistletoe brings mirth into the home—and in folklore the delicate green plant was flown to earth by the thrush, where it wrapped itself around a tree and has clung there ever since. For the symbol of the holiday in the home, the Christmas tree itself, legend relates that the balsam fir was selected when the Lord sent His three messengers... Faith, Hope and Love... to seek a tree as high as Faith, as eternal as Hope, and as widespread as Love, and which bore the Sign of the Cross on every bough.

The other field in which Heloise is more than somewhat of an authority is homemaking—and it is as the homemaker that she selected her gift to the readers of Radio-TV Mirror. It is a recipe for a delectable pie to be served on Christmas day. With the recipe comes Mrs. Broeg’s wish for a very Merry Christmas for everyone, and the hope that peace on earth will really be achieved.

Mrs. Broeg’s
EGG NOG CHIFFON PIE

1 pre-baked 9-inch pastry shell
1/2 cup cold water
4 eggs, separated
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup granulated sugar
1 tablespoon gelatin
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon rum flavoring
1/2 cup milk, scalded
1 cup heavy cream

Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes; beat egg yolks and gradually add to them 1/2 cup of sugar and salt. Scald milk in top of double boiler and add egg mixture. Return to double boiler and cook and stir until slightly thickened (until mixture coats a spoon). Add soaked gelatin, blend well and cool. When mixture starts to congeal, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, which have been beaten to a meringue with remaining 1/2 cup sugar, nutmeg and rum flavoring. Fold in stiffly beaten cream. Pour mixture into baked pie shell and chill until firm. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Now eat it—it’s good!
**Photoplay Pinups**

**Hollywood Stars in Pin-Up Poses**

[NEW EDITION]

It's new! . . . It’s glamorous! . . . It’s terrific! . . . It’s the second big colorful album of Hollywood stars in captivating poses, prepared by the editors of Photoplay Magazine. Here in brilliant full-color pictures are your favorite Hollywood stars. Each picture is a gem—each picture can be cut out for framing or pinning up without interfering with any other picture in the book.

Only Photoplay Magazine could bring you this prize collection of colorful pictures—printed on heavy paper—at the low, low price of only 35¢! You’ll be the envy of your friends with this glamorous Pinup Book. Get your copy at your newsstand now.

You’ll love the luscious photos of

- Marilyn Monroe
- Esther Williams
- Rita Hayworth
- Betty Grable
- Marie Wilson
- Vera Ellen
- Jane Russell
- Samia Gamal

And a host of other beauties

**Only 35¢**

If Photoplay Pinups are sold out at your newsstands, you may still obtain copies of this fascinating book by mailing the attached coupon at once. Hurry! Don’t miss this gorgeous array of female pulchritude. Mail coupon, with remittance—today.

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**Whiz Kids**

**Dear Editor:**

When are the Quiz Kids returning to radio? I miss them and their emcee Joe Kelly.

R. B., Defiance, Ohio

The Quiz Kids are back and Joe Kelly is still doing the honors. The little wonder-children can be heard on CBS Radio, Sundays from 4 to 4:30 P.M. EST.

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**Button, Button**

**Dear Editor:**

Can you please tell me something about the new comedian, Red Buttons? We've been enjoying his TV show tremendously.

M. C., Brightwaters, L. I.

Red Buttons, star of the Red Buttons Show on CBS-TV, derived his unusual name from a stunt as a singing bellhop when he was a flame-haired teenager. Red started in burlesque, where he was the youngest comedian at the age of eighteen. World War II interrupted his show-business career, but while he was in the Army, he was chosen for a leading role in Moss Hart’s “Winged Victory.” He starred later in the movie version of the wartime hit in Hollywood. Back in civies, Buttons scored in Broadway musicals and night clubs. He had parts in “Barefoot Boy with Cheek,” and “Hold It!” Copacabana audiences in Miami and New York night-club crowds responded warmly to his talents. He also appeared in stage shows at New York’s Paramount and Loew’s State Theatres. Red was on TV as a guest last year, but this is his first shot at a show of his own. He depends on his own experiences for most of his gags—and his talent for monologue makes him a favorite with TV viewers.

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**Rupert Barlow**

**Dear Editor:**

I am interested in some facts about the wonderful actor who plays Rupert Barlow in Mary Noble, Backstage Wife. Would you please print a picture of him, too?

L. F., Two Rivers, Wisconsin

Raymond Edward Johnson is one of radio’s most versatile actors. He is also a versatile guy off the air, if his occupational record is any indication. Ray has been a soda jerk, a busboy, an insurance salesman, a bank teller, and a tennis pro. For several years he was the host on that chiller-diller, The Inner Sanctum. Ray’s first radio job was on the serial Toddy’s Children, which ran for more than five years. His stage experience includes everything from Greek tragedy to modern high comedy. The actor hails from a little town which also boasts native sons, Don Ameche and Orson Welles—Keno-sha, Wisconsin. He is married to Betty Caine, a radio actress, and they have one child. Ray met the present Mrs. Johnson when they were both acting in “Young Hickory” in Chicago.
About Denise

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me something about Denise Lor?

M. S., Bessemer City, N. C.

Garry Moore had just about given up on finding a girl vocalist for his program, who—in addition to being beautiful—could really sing, until he saw and heard Denise Lor. Denise was born in California, but came to Long Island, New York, with her family when she was five. At six, she started getting interested in music. After she was graduated from Newtown High School, Denise went to Cooper Union to study art, but music finally won out. After a trek to Toledo, Ohio, where she did singing in light opera, Denise returned to New York as a featured singer with the Ice Show. From there she tried her hand at TV—and did very well!

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there’s something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We’ll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
Since Dr. Paul went on the air, listeners all over the country have written to Radio-TV Mirror and to the network, asking for information about the private lives of the central characters who are part of Dr. Paul's family in Elkhorn City. For Dr. Paul Bock; his scheming wife, Elizabeth; the girl he really loves, Virginia; and the other members of the Elkhorn City community have come alive in the minds and hearts of their public. Here they are in real life—the actors and actresses who give so much reality to Margaret Crosby's serial.

There is Bill Bouchey, who has endeared himself to his fellow citizens in Elkhorn City—and to his listeners—as Dr. Paul. Bill was born on a farm in Michigan. When he was two, his family moved to California, where he attended high school and the University of California. Bill entered radio as an announcer in Los An-
geles in 1928, and gradually drifted into daytime drama in Chicago later on. During the war, Bill produced radio shows for the Armed Forces Radio Service in Brussels. After a year and four months overseas, he returned to California, but decided to quit radio. Bill purchased a farm in Michigan and was determined to spend the rest of his life there, but it just wasn't in the cards, because in 1946, while wintering in California, a director asked him to audition for a radio part in The Websters. Just for old times sake, Bill complied, and today he's back in radio for good.

Dr. Paul's kindly and understanding mother, Martha Bock, is one of the best-loved women in Elkhorn City, where she has lived all her life—and Gloria Gordon, who portrays Martha, is one of the best-loved troupers in radio. It's hard to believe, but Martha is played by the same actress who plays the domineering Mrs. O'Reilly on My Friend Irma. Gloria was born in England, educated in private schools in Europe. She starred in grand opera and musical comedy at the Gayety Theatre in London and toured Europe in vaudeville. In 1924, Gloria went to Hollywood—she entered radio five years later.

The lovely son of Virginia Martin—Chris—is in real life an eleven-year-old youngster, Martin Dean. Martin is quite a veteran in radio for his age. He has appeared on the Lux Radio Theatre, Woman in My House and over the Armed Forces Radio Service. The fair-haired favorite of the Dr. Paul cast hopes to become a great director some day. His hobbies are ice-skating, swimming and horseback riding.

Since he first met her, Dr. Paul felt a bond between himself and nurse Virginia Martin—a bond which gradually blossomed into love. In real life, Virginia Martin is Barbara Luddy, whose only love is her husband Ned LeFevre, NBC staff announcer. Barbara and Ned have two adopted children, Christopher, aged five, and Barbara, aged twenty-eight months. The creator of more than a thousand radio roles since she began her theatrical career, Barbara was born in Helena, Montana. She broke into show business in Butte when only eight years old. In her teens, she did extra work in films—one of her early pictures was "Rosita," starring Mary Pickford. In 1936, Barbara started working with the First Nighter series and has been with the program ever since.

On the Dr. Paul drama, Elizabeth Bock is a very unpopular character—what with her constant scheming and mischief-making. But, off the air, Alice Reinheart, who plays Elizabeth, is the charming, intelligent wife of Les Tremayne. In addition to her role on Dr. Paul, Alice is Virginia on the Woman in My House series. She created the role of Chichi in Life Can Be Beautiful, and only left the program in 1948—after ten years—to go back to the Broadway stage. Alice's hobby is Meso-American archaeology. She and her husband have traveled extensively in Europe and have spent every vacation since 1944 in Mexico.

Elizabeth's partner in some of the evil plots she concocts is that jaded physician, Dr. Gordon Foster. In real life, Dr. Foster is Ted De Corsia, one of the ablest actors in radio. He has been in the field since 1923 and has, at one time or another, appeared on most major programs. He was with The March of Time for nine years. His movie credits include "Naked City," "Folsom Prison," "Place in the Sun," "The Outsider," and others.

That's the lineup of actors and actresses who bring Dr. Paul across the airwaves. Though each has his own life, when Dr. Paul goes on the air, their lives intertwine in the web which unites the people of Elkhorn City, U.S.A.

Consult your local paper for time and NBC station to hear the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift Company's Dr. Paul.
(Continued from page 15)

ROAD OF LIFE Twist and turn as they may, Conrad Overton and Gordon Fuller cannot escape the retribution that approaches as Dr. Jim Brent and Malcolm Overton, pooling their knowledge, begin to reconstruct the complete picture of the building of Conrad's fortune. Jim's anger is intensified when he at last penetrates the secret of Jocelyn McLeod's illness, and learns just how the Overtons were involved in that. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Hollywood gown designer Helen Trent tries resolutely to put lawyer Gil Whitney out of her mind after his reconciliation with his wife, Cynthia. Will Helen ever learn that Gil was blackmailed into the reconciliation by Cynthia's threat to name Helen correspondent in a divorce suit? Just how will producer Kelcey Spencer influence Helen's life as she starts work designing for his fabulous new production? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY Rosemary feels as though her happiness is balanced on a thread as she watches Bill make up his mind about the future. If he allows himself to be taunted by Edgar Duffy into some ill-advised action, he may never reinstate himself in the good opinion of Springdale. But if Bill can continue to keep his head and fight Duffy intelligently, the town may have cause to thank him for exposing one of its greatest profit-seekers. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan and Terry Burton have passed through the gravest crisis of their marriage, and emerged with redoubled faith in it. Will Stan's domineering mother give in gracefully to the knowledge that her son is completely happy with Terry? Will her urge for power over her children be satisfied as she tries to direct the affairs of her daughter Marcia, who really shows little ability to manage for herself? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS When Stella's daughter Laurel married wealthy Dick Grosvenor, Stella didn't foresee that her own life would become so inextricably entangled with that of Dick's autocratic mother. Several times in the past Stella has been able to rescue Mrs. Grosvenor from the consequences of her own folly. Will Mrs. Grosvenor's association with the Countess Sylvia Darwin be still another problem for Stella Dallas? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE When the secret surrounding Peg Martinson's death is finally revealed, what effect will it have on the life of nurse Nora Drake? Fred Molina has risked his own life several times in his efforts to prove Nora innocent of Peg's death. When she is no longer in danger, will Fred feel that his own usefulness is also at an end . . . that with his past record he and Norna can have nothing in common? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Wendy, a newspaper woman herself, knows enough about writers—Mark in particular—to remain unperturbed as his moods swing wildly from high to low and back again, reflecting the progress of his work. But some of the emotional tension in their lives is due certainly to actress Maggie Fallon. Is Maggie planning a comeback into Mark's life in spite of his marriage to Wendy? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES From the secret hideaway where she is being virtually held prisoner by Donald Brady, Joan Davis can only send her thoughts and prayers over the miles that separate her from her husband Harry and their children, who believe her to have been killed in an automobile crash. Will Harry somehow sense that Joan is still in the world, or will he start to build a life without her—a life that might hold terrible tragedy for all of them? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE The Carters' oldest son, Jeff, has a family reputation for detention, for the ability to keep out of emotional entanglements. But Jeff is not as detached as he appears, particularly when he is forced to face the fact that he may have to give up the friendship of Carolyn Wilson, because he can no longer evade the knowledge that she is in love with him—and he does not love her. How will this affect both Jeff and Carolyn? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Slowly and painfully, those who loved Anne Malone are trying to adjust to her death. The future holds the secret of what her loss will mean to many: Sam Williams, who wanted to marry her; Crystal and Gene, her good friends; her mother-in-law, who perhaps best knew her worth; and chiefly, of course, her beloved small daughter and the husband from whom she was so long estranged. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Still unable to prove his claim that his early marriage to Ruth was annulled many years ago, Dr. Anthony Loring is forced to relinquish his plans for marriage with Ellen Brown. Ellen, meanwhile, finds herself befriending the emotionally disturbed and unstable woman who has interfered with her happiness, and who unwittingly is being used by sinister associates to commit crimes of which she has no understanding. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.
What’s New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 13)

Dale and Roy Rogers are still grief-stricken over the death of their little daughter, Robin, caused by complications following the mumps. But they’ve decided the best thing for them is hard work and lots of it, so they have mapped out a very heavy winter schedule for themselves. Ironically, a big back-on-the-air party for the Rogers’ radio and TV shows had been planned for the day Robin became desirously ill. When the affair couldn’t be called off, Roy put in a brief appearance, and then rushed home, arriving fifteen minutes before the baby died.

Frank Fontaine was really in a frenzy the day he was notified by his agent he had been signed to co-star with Patti Page on the NBC Music Hall television show. Frank had bought a new home in Hollywood just the day before—and, inasmuch as the program originates from New York, he had to turn right around and sell it and prepare to move his family East. Moving anywhere is somewhat of a production for Fontaine and his wife, with their “little” family of eight children.

What Ever Happened To?

John Sylvester, who played Keith Barron on Search For Tomorrow? John is still very active on television and radio, and is heard often in various roles on the Gangbusters and Counter-Spy programs. Joan Lory, the singer who worked with the Mello-Larks vocal quartet on the old Broadway Open House and other shows? Joan left the group and moved to Syracuse, New York, where she had her own radio show on a local station and also did a small TV show from Schenectady. Later she married and, when her husband was sent overseas, Joan went out to Hollywood, where she is now doing some television work.

Lum ‘n Abner, once one of radio’s most successful and popular teams? I answered this one a few months back, but still the queries keep coming about this duo. At the moment they are both living in Hollywood, and doing nothing professionally. Many of the old Lum ‘n Abner movies have been re-released on television, so that probably explains the renewed interest in the team.

Lee Sullivan, the singer, who used to be heard regularly on their own network show? At the moment, Lee is a very busy boy with a two-and-a-half-hour daily morning show over Station WREO in Cleveland, Ohio, on which he combines disc jockey chores and his own singing. In addition, he also appears on television locally over Station WEWS.

Tom Conway, who played Inspector Mark Saber on ABC-TV’s Mystery Theatre? Surprising to receive letters on Conway—who is playing exactly the same role on the same program this season.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I’ll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers.

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

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keeping up with the Joneses

Folks'd really have to go some to keep up with the Joneses when it comes to celebrating Christmas in the grand manner, that is, Mary and Howard Jones of Station WFIL in Philadelphia. Of course, their advantage over city people is that they have a great big farm on which to really entertain. And this they do to the tune of at least thirty weekend guests from all over the country—friends and family alike. Howard, who has played Santa Claus on the station for almost ten years, meets all the visitors at the little country station near their home. If it snows he takes his sled, but if it's not a white Christmas the station wagon does very nicely. He wears his Santa suit for this chore. Later in the day, his suit comes into use again when he drives to town and hands out presents to all of the children who live there.

On Christmas morning, the entire assemblage of family and friends gets together in the living room for the gift opening. This adds up to quite a crowd, and it is a Jones rule that not one gift is touched until everyone is present. A whole room is set aside just for the presents which are not expensive or lavish, since there are so many to buy. After the excitement has quieted to a "gentle roar" as Mary puts it, a breakfast of waffles and ham with milk gravy is served up. After that it's time for the day's round of visits to begin. Then the house rings with the well-wishing from neighbors who drop in to wish all a Merry Christmas.

Christmas dinner usually consists of fruit cup, turkey with chestnut filling, cranberry sauce, brussel sprouts, dried corn, mashed turnips, sweet potato pie, traditional side table of seven sweets and seven sours, apple and peach tarts, raisin and mince pies. If snow permits, homemade mousse frozen under the snow is served.

The Jones family make the most out of Christmas and don't neglect any of the details and traditions associated with the day. But Mary says that although they are particularly fortunate in having such a wonderful place to hold the Christmas celebration—any family who feels the spirit of the holiday can have a Merry Christmas—and she wishes all of her listeners and friends a very jolly day.
Arbadella, Amos’ daughter, puzzled as are most children by religious messages which we adults take for granted, asks her father:

“What does the Lord’s Prayer mean, Daddy?”

As Amos tucks her in bed he replies, “It means an awful lot, and with the world like it is today it seems to have a bigger meaning than ever before. Darling, I’ll explain it to you. The first line of the Lord’s Prayer is this:

“Our Father, which art in heaven, and that means Father of all that is good—where no wrong can dwell. Then it says, Hallow’d be thy Name. That means, darling, that we should love and respect all that is good. Then it says, Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven. That means, darling, as we clean our hearts of all hate and selfishness and fill our hearts with love, the good, the true and the beautiful—then earth where we are now will be like heaven.

“Then it says, Give us this day our daily bread. That means to feel in our hearts and minds with kindness, love and courage, which will make us strong for our daily task. Then it says, And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. You remember the Golden Rule?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Arbadella replies.

“Well,” Amos goes on to explain, “that means we must keep the Golden Rule and do unto others as we would want them to do unto us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. That means, my darling, to ask God to help us do and see and think right so that we will neither be led nor tempted by anything that is bad.

“For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever. Amen. That means, darling, that all the world and everything that’s in it belongs to God’s kingdom. Everything—Mommie, your daddy, your little brother and sister, your grandmother, you and everybody—as we know that, and act as if we know it, that is the real spirit of Christmas.”

Amos ‘n’ Andy, heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Rexall, with Freeman Gosden as Amos, Charles Correll as Andy.
There is a big, comfortable old house in a village close to New York City where Christmas will be celebrated this year with presents, parties, and all the traditional trimmings of the season. Yet, more than that, it's a house where every personal happiness will be doubled because the good fortune of those who live in it has spread out through the year in an ever-widening circle of help to others. Many others, for whom Christmas 1952 might otherwise be barren indeed.

The people who live in this house are Mr. and Mrs. Hull—Warren and Sue—who were married a year ago last November 3. Their combined family consists of Warren's three boys: John, twenty-two, George, twenty, and Paul, nineteen; and Sue's son Bud, fourteen, her daughters Buffy (Susan Jr.), sixteen, and Sally, nine. The home into which they moved only last autumn, but which had already seen a half century of Christmases, will be filled with family and relatives and friends and fun and cheer, from the beginning of the holiday season to the end. Yuletide decorations will make it festive.

Lights will be strung along the roadway side of the five acres on which the house stands, and the visitor who turns into the curving roadway, past the duckpond where the children go skating, will feel the brightness beckoning him in, and welcoming him.

Those friendly lights might well be a symbol of the ones which Warren Hull, and the Strike It Rich program on which he appears six times weekly on television, five times on radio, have made 'shine in homes that had known darkness and want, pain and hopelessness. Seeing those lights as he approaches his home after his day's work in the New York radio and TV studios, Warren can let his thoughts roam to the people who have come on the show and whose holidays now will be brighter and happier because he helped (Continued on page 92)

Warren Hull emcees Strike It Rich, as seen on CBS-TV, M.F., at 11:30 A.M.—also Wed. at 9 P.M.—and heard on NBC Radio, M.F., 11 A.M. All EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

Operation holiday: When they all finish, there'll be two trees (for a special reason) and eight stockings (for obvious ones).
GIVING IS TWICE BLESSED

Christmas carol: Home from school (and the Navy), Paul, John, Buffy, George and Bud provide the standing chorus, Sally chimes in with Sue and Warren at the piano—while Copper King, the dog, starts looking for "the lost chord."

Cook's tour of duty: Leolia will roast two huge turkeys—barely enough!
Audrey’s “protector” saw her through a typhoon and a guerrilla attack in Korea but, more importantly, her wedding to the man she loves.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

“Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?” the pastor of the little red-brick Village Church of Westwood intoned. Out of the candle-lit silence, Audrey Totter’s brother, Folger, a Private in the Air Corps, said, “I do.” And he spoke for thousands of G.I.’s in Korea today whose hearts Audrey so deservedly won, and who wish her all happiness, too.

But there are those who will always say, “A ‘guardian angel’ really gave the bride away.” Her favorite doctor had “prescribed” the handsome gold medallion for her journey, and
Gold medallion: That's the "guardian angel" around Audrey's neck, and the handsome man is Dr. Leo Fred, who gave her the meaningful charm which helped bring her safely back—to him.

ANGEL OF LOVE

...beau nor Audrey Totter could know, then, how very welcome a "guardian angel" would be.

But that, God willing, she would return to him—and would always be returning to him—Audrey had known in her heart for quite some time.

She'd sensed this intuitively soon after they met at a party ten months before, when a mutual friend introduced her to the handsome Dr. Leo Fred, who's (Continued on page 76)

Audrey Totter stars in Meet Millie, heard over CBS Radio, Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, for American Chicle Co.
Audrey's "protector" saw her through a typhoon and a guerrilla attack in Korea but, more importantly, her wedding to the man she loves.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Audrey enjoys chow aboard the Haven, where she learned so dramatically that she could pass on her "good luck." Her favorite doctor had "prescribed" the handsome gold medallion for her journey, and he'd fastened it carefully around her throat, just before she waved her way "into the wide blue yonder," Korea-bound. Although until the time of departure he'd been about as casual as men are prone to be, as casual as though she were catching the Pacific Electric for Pomona instead. With the customary, "Take care of yourself." And, "Write—if you have time."

Then, before she boarded the plane, he'd handed her a small package, saying, "Here, Pansy-Face," and he'd anchored the golden "guardian angel" carefully for luck—to return her safely home to him. And neither her best beau nor Audrey Totter could know, then, how very welcome a "guardian angel" would be. But that God willing, she would return to him—and would always be returning to him—Audrey had known in her heart for quite some time.

She'd sensed this intuitively soon after they met at a party ten months before, when a mutual friend introduced her to the handsome Dr. Leo Fred, who's (Continued on page 76)

Audrey Totter stars in Meet Millie, heard over CBS Radio, Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, for American Charle Co.
it's all such FUN!

But I was the girl who learned—the hard way—to never say "never" again

I swore I'd never marry an actor—or any handsome man. Then I met Brooks West—and here he is, with me and daughters Connie and Liza.

By EVE ARDEN

When I was sixteen (the world-is-one's-oyster stage) I knew pretty well what I was going to do with my life. My attitudes were positive, my approach self-assured. Moreover, I had a vividly logical reason, I thought, to provide backbone for each of my theories.

One of my pet statements was that I was going to marry when I fell head over heels in love at first sight, not otherwise, and once married I was going to stay that way until death us did part. On summer afternoons I sometimes planned our silver wedding anniversary and our golden jubilee, both featuring—among other glamorous things—a Viennese waltz which Pop and I were to dance with joints as lively as sponge rubber. I was never, no never, going to be a divorcee. Never. Period.

Well, someone neglected to tell me that the vision of a Vienna waltz in twenty-five or fifty years was scarcely cement enough for marriage. Like the bride who discovered that her husband demanded frogs' legs once a week for dinner, despite the fact that watching them twitch in the skillet while frying made the girl deathly ill, there came a time in my married life when I decided that frogs could go jump in the lake. With a man wrapped around them. (Continued on page 94)

Eve Arden stars as Our Miss Brooks—heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6:30 P.M., for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet—and seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M., for General Foods. Both EST.
After twenty years of marriage, Gene and Ina Autry have the look of honeymooners—because they still are!

Always happy together—planning a trip somewhere on the globe—or just roaming around their ranch home.

By BETTY MILLS

MARRIED for twenty-one years! How many kisses ago is that? How many smiles and how many tears? Is it possible that romance lasts for such a long time? To Gene and Ina Autry those years are just one extra-long springtime . . . wherever they go together, the air fairly crackles with their gay, warm spirit. To be sure, with the Autrys there is always laughter, and tears will be few and far between.

Everyone expects to see Gene and Ina on horseback; and, on their San Fernando Valley ranch, that's where to find them. But, in Hollywood, they are likely to be seen hurrying through the buzzing airport lobby, or out on the runway, busily pitching their luggage into the belly of their own fat little plane. Even the plane, nestled among the giant commercial airliners, senses the contagious exuberance of the Autrys and, like a tiny eager pup, tugs at the leash to be on its way to personal appearance tours or location spots where Gene makes movies.

What's the secret that (Continued on page 94)
LIKE MOST Christmas stories, this one has its simple beginning in the trusting heart of a child.

It has become radio's most thrilling Christmas story because people who participate in the Ladies Fair homemade toy contest have made it so. By giving time, talents, love, Tom Moore's listeners have changed the Christmas program of the nation.

The simple beginning dates back to the day when Tom Moore, then a tearful three-year-old, waited in the wings of a little theatre in a little town for his parents (Continued on page 90)
The orphaned boy in their home had an ache in his soul Dan was powerless to cure—only Julie could find the heaven-sent answer.

Julie Palmer stood at the living-room window, half-watching the snow swirling downward, half-watching for Jigger, who was due to come up the front walk any moment now. A worried frown wrinkled her forehead as she spied him, first recognizing his red stocking cap and then seeing his sturdy figure move slowly up the street. As he trudged along he stopped every once in a while to idly trace an outline with his foot on the sidewalk—as if he were drawing out something which was worrying him. Jigger looked so tiny, so sort of helpless. It seemed almost as if Jigger's body were telegraphing an agony which his voice could never sound, which his little-boy's mind would not, could not find words to express... However, as Jigger's foot hit the front steps he came up with bounding energy and, as Julie swung the door open, he smiled up at her—he looked so happy that, for a moment, the Jigger she'd just seen through the window was wiped from her mind. "Hi," Jigger said. "Boy, am I hungry." Laughing, Julie bent down to help him off with his coat, "Can that stomach of yours wait long enough for us to remove the overshoes? Your milk and graham crackers are ready." Jigger's face clouded a bit. "Couldn't I eat my regular dinner now and not wait?" Once before Julie had let Jigger—rather, insisted that he—eat immediately after coming in from school, because of a cold. She had wanted to put him to bed so that he could get plenty of rest but tonight, tonight there was no reason for Jigger's request... Trying to keep her tone light and casual, Julie laughed down at Jigger, "Not tonight, my healthy young fellow—that's only for times when you're not up to snuff. Why, what would Dan say if he came home and heard you'd eaten and gone to bed with no chance for him to talk to you? He'd probably have a doctors' convention at your bedside," she went on, embroidering the imagery, "probably have his pals inventing some nasty-smelling, but interesting-tasting concoction just for Jigger." Suddenly Julie stopped. Jigger's lower lip was trembling and he was manfully holding back the tears which had sprung to his eyes. "That's it, that's just it," Jigger said, his voice breaking, "I don't want to eat with Dr. Dan, I don't want to have to talk to him. I don't like Dr. Dan and I'm never going to eat with him again!" His voice rose hysterically, and he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, licky-split up the stairs. Julie heard the bedroom door slam shut... Julie sighed and made her way back to the kitchen. As she moved aside the crackers and milk and started to prepare their regular meal, her mind went back over the days since Jigger had come with them, trying to search for a way to reach Jigger's heart. Jigger was Mr. Miller's son and Mr. Miller had been a long-time patient of Dan's. Dan had tried desperately hard to save Mr. Miller's life. In reassuring Jigger, his father had told him that Dan would not let him die. In the suddenness, the sorrow which followed Mr. Miller's death, Jigger resented Dan, almost hated him for letting his father die... Day in, day out, Julie had been living with this feeling and, now that Jigger had once more expressed his resentment, Julie didn't know how she could comfort him, how she could get at his troubled, unhappy soul. During the unhappy evening that followed, with Jigger preoccupied, making almost curt replies to all Dan's advances, Julie tried to puzzle things through. Instinctively, Julie felt that Jigger responded to her as he would have to the mother he had never known—but, with Dan, (Continued on page 75)
Big Dan and little Jigger—"her two men," thought Julie fondly.
WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

Arthur Godfrey's gang knows sharing and laughter make Christmas more fun than anything

By GLADYS HALL

This is the story of a Christmas spirit. This is the story of a redhead with an impish grin, and of some seventy-five people whose good cheer and happiness fill the airplanes day in, day out, 365 days a year.

This is a story of Christmas as it was meant to be. A Christmas that embraces Santa Claus and stockings hung by the chimney with care, carols sung in the frosty air, the smell of holly and the Mystic Tree, and prayer and family. A story of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men. This is the story of Christmas as celebrated by Arthur Godfrey and all the Little Godfreys.

Around the hearths of America, from sunny California to snow-blanketed Maine, the Wednesday evening before Christmas, families gather to share Arthur Godfrey's Christmas party via their television sets. For days before the Wednesday-night show, there is excitement in the homes of all the Little Godfreys and among the family members. For Arthur, Christmas is sharing, and this means sharing begins in the homes of his cast members. Some weeks before Christmas, each one of the Little Godfreys is asked what his or her youngster wants most for Christmas. Each child is given something different, something he or she really wants, from someone who really cares what the child wants.

Last year Remo Palmier, the guitarist—who has been nicknamed by Godfrey, "the Quiet One"—was asked to bring his identical twins, Janis and Stephan, to the Christmas Party TV show. It was their first appearance in public and—had it been any show but Arthur's—it might well have been, their father insists, their last public appearance. (Continued on page 40)
Trimming the tree is a beloved ritual which, sooner or later, calls for the services of everyone on the Godfrey shows, whether featured "soloist" or velvet-voiced "chorister"—though Arthur gets the honor of putting on the topmost decoration.

Clowning between chores, Tony Morvin holds the mistletoe for those two newcomers, Julius LaRosa and Lu Ann Simms.

Refreshments are also the order of the day, and Marion Marlowe sees that Frank Parker’s well-supplied with same.
WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

"During the show, someone took Janis' ukulele by mistake," Remo said, "whereupon she ran out on stage, shouting, 'Someone stole my guitar'—and she really yelled it!—and would not leave the stage until Arthur found a spare ukulele on top of the piano and gave it to her.

"Arthur talked about that, off and on the air," Remo smiled, "for about a month. He really got a bang out of it. The reason he likes children on the show is just because he knows they're likely to behave as Janis did—knows, I mean, that they'll be completely uninhibited and natural, completely themselves. As he is. "A man who loves children, likes to have them around, is truly Santa Claus, I think, in his heart. The spirit of Christmas is within him. This being so, everyone in such a man's orbit has a very Merry Christmas...as we the Little Godfreys do."

Of course, the children of cast members come first in consideration. "Uncle Arthur," as Remo's twins call him, gave them each a big, shiny red sled and a "twemendous" Christmas at home for Remo Palmier, his wife Margery and their identical twins, Janis (on floor, left) and Stephan.
Musical fascination for the Palmier twins: Seated, left to right—Tony, Lu Ann, Ginny, guitarist Remo, Marion, Frank; standing—Archie, the four Mariners, Carol Hagedorn, Dottie Schwartz, Julius, Janet Ertel, Haleloke and Mrs. Palmier.

great, big toy Panda which they promptly named after another TV favorite of theirs, Howdy Doody. Little Linda Ann, Tony Marvin's eleven-year-old daughter, is very much interested in all the sciences, so for her present Godfrey picked out a microscope set. Ginny Osborn's six-and-a-half-year-old son received a Lionel electric train, complete with tracks, switches and a station. "But best of all," said Ginny, "each child is given a kinescope of the Christmas show which is a wonderful record of their Christmas party to keep through the years."

Up until last Christmas the cast members would pool their money to try in some way to give Arthur Godfrey a present, and then someone hit upon a brilliant idea. Just who originated it has been lost in the shuffle of the good will which the first gift generated among the entire Godfrey organization.

"We decided that to give a good, sizable donation to a good, deserving charity (such as the Children's Aid Society, to which we sent our check last year) would be a far, far better thing than we had ever done," Tony Marvin says, a twinkle in his eye. "For in the gifts we gave each other we were not—now it can be told—conspicuously successful!"

"One Christmas, I recall, Remo was given a case of Scotch, a set of bottle openers, a dozen martini glasses—and poor Remo doesn't drink! Remo, on the other hand, admits to presenting the Mariners with ties they wouldn't be caught dead wearing! I, too, was given ties I can now admit I went around wearing (Continued on page 86)
What every woman wants

Eva Marie Saint, Mary Horton on Young Dr. Malone, has a past that’s a dream come true, a future that couldn’t be more wonderful.

By MARIE HALLER

Eva Marie Saint is the bouncy, beautiful, personable CBS radio heroine who plays the ill-fated Mary Horton on Young Dr. Malone and when you call her an actress, you’d better smile. For this is one girl who is all the things that "actresses" are not. She's a both-feet-planted-on-the-ground girl, she's practical and there isn't one ounce of temperament from the tips of her well-manicured fingers to her trimly encased toes.

Eva is definitely not a girl who wrapped herself in dreams of bright lights on Broadway from the age of two. In fact, she was completing her Sophomore year at Bowling Green State University in Ohio before she even thought of the theatre.

"At the University," laughs Eva, "I was preparing to become an (Continued on page 70)

Young Dr. Malone is heard on CBS Radio, 1:30 P.M. EST, M-F; sponsored by Procter & Gamble, for Crisco and Joy.
He's Larry Noble in Backstage Wife, and Nancy's spouse is the kind of HUSBAND to have.

By DEE DAY

Although it would be inaccurate to say that James Meighan is an actor who specializes in husband roles—he is far too versatile a thespian for so limited a specialty—it can be truthfully said that he is best known, both behind-the-mike and in-the-flesh, as a husband. You hear him every day as Larry, husband of Mary Noble in Backstage Wife, and as Kerry, husband of Nancy in Just Plain Bill. When he isn't Larry or Kerry, he's Jim, real-life husband of Aleece Meighan of Huntington, Long Island.

"It's no secret that my favorite role is Jim, husband of Aleece," says this good-looking (Continued on page 83)

James Meighan is heard M-F over NBC—Backstage Wife, 4 P.M. EST, sponsored by Cheer—Just Plain Bill, 5 P.M., sponsored by Anacin.

Young Martin's pleased with the baseball set Jim gave him—and Ingrid, Aleece and Myles at least refrain from wisecracks while the two "entertain" on the voodoo drums a fan sent Jim!
Just Plain Bill. But his best role is being just Jim Meighan, husband-of-Aleece, in real life
LADY LUCK had her Art and my fiancee, Charlotte, were surprised when I really brought back a "modest Texan"—Smoot Schmid, six-feet-five!

Soon as I finished those jobs for Linkletter, Charlotte and I began reading guidebooks for our French honeymoon. We practically ate our way around Paris—that's the two of us at Chez Denis—and I easily gained eleven pounds.
A guy will do most anything to get married—that's why Art Linkletter is so right when he says: "People are funny!"

By GARTH HINTZ

But oh, those tasks I had to do before I won her! Charlotte laughed as I got ready to "climb the highest mountain"—but I laughed last.

Chance can smile on you as it smiled on me. (Of course, "grin" is a better word.) If you're smart, you won't say no or bet against that because—the unexpected always happens! Garth Hintz is my name, and it's the most unordinary thing about me, 'cause I'm really just an average guy. That is, until the unexpected picked me to live the song lyrics, "I'd climb the highest mountain and swim the deepest river," for the girl I love.

In the old days there was a saying, "Faint heart never won fair lady," and I suppose, in the days of the pioneers and covered wagons, it was true. But who'd think that in this day and age winning your gal in marriage involved anything more strenuous than walking down the aisle? Believe me, "Faint heart never won fair lady" has become a personal thing to me, for I've learned there's an easy way, hard way, and unexpected way to get married.

This is where I come in. Thanks to People Are Funny, the song lyrics, "I'd climb the highest mountain and swim the deepest river," became my wedding march! That's right. I had to climb Mount Whitney and swim the Mississippi River in order to win my gal!

Just like a lot (Continued on page 84)
AUNT JENNY -
understanding heart

Like the role she plays, Agnes Young keeps the Christmas spirit all year 'round—at work or at home

By MARTIN COHEN

Agnes Young is a lovely, blue-eyed woman, so pretty that people learning she is also CBS Radio's Aunt Jenny are, at first, startled by her youthfulness. But immediately the resemblance is clear. Agnes is warm-hearted, intuitive and has that inner magnetism which draws people to her just as everyone is attracted to Aunt Jenny.

And Agnes Young is a typical housewife, perhaps in some ways a little more old-fashioned than most. She knits, crochets, and sews. There are quilts and afghans in her home to prove it. She is a true neighbor in a city where most apartment dwellers remain strangers. She shops with an economic eye in the grocery store but winces at the idea of store-bought cakes. Once a month (Continued on page 89)

Daughter Nancy sometimes acts with her mother in Aunt Jenny: That's Nancy at left, Agnes, and the show's director, Bob Steel.

Agnes Young is heard as Aunt Jenny over CBS, Monday through Friday, 12:15 P.M. EST; sponsored for Spry.
Wherever Danny is—it's Christmas

Danny Thomas is a citizen of a limitless world in which all men are brothers

By FREDDA DUDLEY

A committee of outstanding Los Angeles citizens were planning a benefit but found themselves working against almost insurmountable odds. There would be no benefit without well-known performers—and show-business people, always the first to be called upon for contributions of cash or talent, were scarce. Many were on vacation, many more deep in film, radio and TV schedules, some were abroad.

"But there's one bright spot," announced the committee chairman. "Danny Thomas has promised to make an appearance."

The assistant chairman shook a wondering head. "Have you noticed," he asked of the group, "that Danny Thomas can always be counted on to help out when there's a charitable drive? All show-business people are generous, but Danny seems to carry Christmas around in his heart." (Continued on page 87)

Danny's family (left) includes: Top, Danny himself; center, wife Rosemary and son Tony, 4; and daughters Margaret, 15, and Teresa, 8.

Above, Margaret helps Dad sort their large record collection. Left, Rosemary gets in a bit of "quiet" reading while Danny helps Margaret with her home work. Teresa studies, too—and Tony plays.
During the weeks just past, Peggy Young Trent has been driven nearly out of her mind by the increasing demands of her husband Carter's mother. Mrs. Trent is determined to be the center of attention in the household, no matter how disagreeably this may be accomplished. Carter—trying to be referee, father and husband—finally can stand the tension no longer and, in league with Peggy's parents, urges her to get away for a two weeks' rest at the Youngs' mountain cabin. Finally, Peggy accepts... Weary and tired of bickering and arguments, Peggy wants only to be left alone. As she is driven by Hank to the isolated mountain cabin, she rejects the old family friend's offer to return that evening and check up to see that everything is all right. As she unpacks her things, however, the wind rises and a tremendous mountain storm unleashes its fury. The storm, her mental state, all her troubles, suddenly well up inside her and she decides she must get in touch with her parents in Elmwood. She lifts the telephone receiver to her ear and waits for the operator to answer but nothing happens—apparently the storm has caused the telephone to go out of order. Before she has time to think much about it, there is a knocking on the door and a young man's voice cries out to her for help... She opens the door and there, drenched to the skin, his face haggard, is a boy who introduces himself as Doug Manson. Doug tells her that he has injured his ankle and asks for shelter. Peggy lets him in, gets food and some old warm clothes that have been left in the cabin by her brother and they settle in front of the fireplace to wait out the storm. As Peggy, glad of company, is reassuring Doug that Hank will return soon and will be able to drive him into town for medical aid, a spark from the wood fire flies out into the room toward Doug and he jumps up to avoid it. To Peggy's horror, there isn't the trace of a limp as he extinguishes the spark and walks calmly back to his chair... Seeing the expression on her face, Doug boasts that not only is he not injured...
PEGGY FLEES FROM ANGUISH AT HOME—STRAIGHT INTO DEADLY DANGER

but he is the one who cut the telephone wire. Thoroughly frightened, Peggy waits for Hank, not at all sure her earlier reassurance he would be there is true. Suddenly, she hears his car and, panicky, she tries to call to him. Alarmed, Doug extinguishes the light leaving the room in darkness except for the fireplace which burns brightly. Hank, seeing all the lights out, assumes Peggy's asleep and goes away. . . . As Hank is driving down the mountain road he meets the Sheriff, who tells him about his search for a mental patient, believed to be dangerous, who has escaped from the sanitarium across the lake. He asks Hank's aid in the search and learns Peggy is occupying the Young cabin all by herself. Hank assures the Sheriff that she is safe, but the Sheriff urges Hank to return and put out the fire in the living room, since this could be dangerous. Abashed at his not having thought of it, Hank agrees. The Sheriff urges Hank to leave his car on the road and the two of them will go to the cabin together to make certain everything is in

See Next Page—→
Later, however, Hank learns from the Sheriff that a dangerous maniac has escaped in the neighborhood, and they decide to check up once more. Peggy tries to keep Doug from turning out the lights again, but he snatches the lamp. Unknown to them both—as Doug forces Peggy out the back door—the overturned lamp soon starts a blaze.

The original cast, as pictured here, includes:

Peggy Young Trent .................. Betty Wragge
Carter Trent .................. Grant Richards
Mrs. Ivy Trent .................. Irene Hubbard
Mother Young .................. Marion Barney
Father Young .................. Thomas Chalmers
Doug Manson .................. James Monks
Hank .................. Parker Fennelly
Sheriff .................. Joseph Boland

Pepper Young’s Family, NBC Radio, M-F, at 3:30 P.M. EST; sponsored by Procter & Gamble (Camay and Duz).
Stealing Hank’s car, while Hank and the Sheriff are searching the grounds, Doug forces Peggy to drive him around until she is utterly exhausted.

During the wild ride, a tire blows out—but this doesn’t stop Doug. He drags Peggy into the woods and finds an empty shack, where he ties her up.

Learning of Peggy’s disappearance, the older Mrs. Trent claims her son is out of town—while Peggy’s parents speed to the scene and anxiously await news. And, when Peggy is rescued, she finds undreamed-of happiness: Her husband Carter now realizes how his mother has lied to him. The night of terror has turned into a brighter dawn for their marriage.

forms the Sheriff that the Youngs’ cabin is ablaze. The Fire Department, the Sheriff and Hank rush out to the cabin, break in and there find undeniable evidence that Doug has been there and they know Peggy has been forced away with him. . . . Alone in the car with Doug, Peggy drives blindly through the fury of the storm. Exhausted almost beyond human endurance, she doesn’t much care at this point what is going to become of her. Suddenly, a tire blows out, forcing her for a moment back to reality—all she can think of is shelter, some rest and then perhaps the possibility of escape. Abandoning the car, Doug once again forces her to walk with him, this time to an unoccupied shack. There in Doug’s “hideaway,” Peggy, who is near the breaking point, falls unconscious on the floor of the shack. . . . Back in town, a posse is formed and Hank phones the Youngs in Elmwood and reluctantly reports what has happened. The desperate parents try to reach Carter and get Mrs. Trent on the telephone. Carter’s mother says that he is out of town and the Youngs, unable to get word to Carter, fly to the Lake. Carter, not knowing what has happened, drops by the Youngs’ residence to see his young daughter, for whom they are caring—here he hears the news of the horrifying events and learns of his mother’s deception. He immediately joins the search at the Lake, where he is present at his wife’s rescue. As Peggy and Carter are re-united, the love they have for each other takes on new meaning and both feel that nothing will ever drive them apart again. A dangerous experience has led them into new security.
Never a dull moment
Outside, the Kirbys' Georgian Colonial home is serene and stately. Inside, it's a beehive of activity.

Durward Kirby's wife has come to expect the unusual—and her husband never disappoints her

By MARY TEMPLE

The Durward Kirby you know for his comedy characterizations on the CBS-TV Garry Moore Show each afternoon—the Kirby who is also known as a top announcer for radio and television—is a fellow who can carry a joke all the way through. From the studio right into his own home, if necessary, and with the same deadpan expression and the same nonchalance. Luckily for him, his wife has an equally keen sense of the (Continued on page 68)

The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, for Stokley-Van Camp Products, Rit Dyes, and other sponsors.

Meet the family—for left, Durward and his wife, Pax, sons Randy (standing) and Dennis (with Cappy, the spaniel). With all their hobbies and games, Kirby's most proud of the way he answers his mail—Pax, of her beautiful hand-hooked rugs.
Make your voice heard. Use your vote. The annual Radio-TV Mirror Awards poll offers you your only opportunity, in a recognized, nation-wide voting, to express your preferences for your favorite radio stars, for your favorite television stars, for the programs that please you most on radio and on your TV screen. Cast your vote. Make your voice heard. And do it now. Fill out the ballots and mail them in, postmarked not later than December 5, 1952. You need not sign your name. Mail your ballot today.

Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television

(Write in the name of one favorite star opposite each classification)

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<th>RADIO STAR</th>
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(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1746, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)
Awards for 1952-53

Vote for your Favorite PROGRAMS on Radio and Television

(Write in the name of one favorite program opposite each classification)

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(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1746, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)

Voting in this, the sixth annual RADIO-TV MIRROR poll, will end December 5, 1952. At that time a staff of independent tabulators will go to work to add up the votes you cast for your favorites. Then the May issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR will carry the announcement of the winners along with colorful pictures of the shows, exciting pictures of the winners, their families, and new stories on the people you've voted most popular. The only way your favorites can win is for you to use your ballot—vote now. Vote today. Mail your vote to us immediately.
Radio looked pretty grim to Willard Waterman back in 1934. At that time the now jovial Gildersleeve died three times within the space of a few months. Nothing odd about Will—it's just that his first three radio roles were characters who were killed shortly after the first act. It began to look to Waterman as if he were being type-cast as a corpse. . . . But, eventually, leading-living roles came his way—on programs like First Nighter, Ma Perkins, Mary Marlin. In 1936, Will came to California to play the part of George Webster in Those Websters. Other program credits since then include Halls of Ivy, Lux Radio Theatre, Screen Guild Players and the Cass Daley Show. . . . The actor who rants and raves as the Great Gildersleeve once wanted to be an engineer. He went to the University of Wisconsin to become one—but success in stock companies in his native Madison made him change his mind. From Madison, he journeyed to Chicago and his early tries at radio. The three “dead” men followed, and then the gradual rise to prominence as a radio actor. . . . Although—fortunately for his friends and family—Will's personality is nothing like Throckmorton's, he looks very much like Gildy should look. He's six-feet, four-inches tall and weighs 225 pounds. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes and, of course, the handlebar Gildersleevesque mustache. The Watermans—Will, his wife Mary Anne, and their two daughters—live in San Fernando Valley.

Celebrating her eleventh year as cook and general housekeeper for the great Water Commissioner is Lillian Randolph, affectionately called Lil by members of the Gildersleeve cast. Lil has had a varied career in every branch of show-biz. Before turning professional, she sang in the choir of the Methodist church where her father was minister. . . . At seventeen, she left school for the stage and joined Lucky Sambo's Show in New York. Her sister Amanda had one of the leads in the show and, one night when Amanda was ill, Lil stood-in for her with great success. In 1930, Lil went to Detroit, where she worked for the great showman, George Trandle (originator of the Lone Ranger). It was there that she was taught the dialect which characterizes her lovable role as Gildersleeve's Birdie. . . . In 1932, Lil came to Hollywood for her first picture, "Singing Kid," starring Al Jolson. Other films since: "Little Men," "It's a Wonderful Life," "Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," and "Dear Brat." In addition to her radio and screen work, Lil makes night-club appearances—singing blues, ballads, and classical selections. . . . A woman with a social conscience, Lil does philanthropic work for delinquent children.

The Great Gildersleeve program: heard every Wednesday on NBC at 8:30 P.M. EST. It is sponsored by Kraft Foods Company.
THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE

The events leading up to Marylee Robb’s part as Marjorie on the Great Gildersleeve are pretty routine. That is, routine for any child who wants to go into show business. It all began in the eighth grade, when Mary and some other youngsters got a cut-down course in elocution from a charming old lady in her eighties. After that, Mary was determined to become an actress. . . . What followed in the next few years was what usually follows in these cases: School plays, backyard theatre (admission—two pins), a scholarship to a school of theatre arts, summer stock, and—well, from here on in, the story gets a little more specific. . . . Marylee’s father, the late Alex Robb, was an NBC program official for many years in most of the major NBC production cities. Naturally, it was radio which presented itself as a likely place for Mary to air her talents. A series of successful parts in daytime serials led to a small role on the Gildersleeve show last year. . . . One evening, Louise Erickson, who had played Marjorie for several years, was ill, and Mary begged for a chance to read the part. The director agreed, and she did such a top-notch job of standing-in that, when Louise left the cast at the end of the 1948 season, Mary was given the job permanently.

One of the most mischievous and thoroughly aggravating brats in radio is a voice which belongs to an actor whose personal life is devoted to helping children. The voice is that of Walter Tetley—Leroy on the Gildersleeve show, Julius on the Phil Harris-Alice Faye program. Walt was recently cited by the Hollywood Coordinating Council for his outstanding personal service to handicapped and underprivileged children. . . . The award was mainly for his work in organizing Boy Scout Troop 1260—composed entirely of shut-ins who are unable to participate in a complete scouting program. Walt promoted the time and talent for a radio program aired on a local station, which brings the Boy Scout meeting right into the homes of the boys who could not be Scouts otherwise. . . . Walter’s first brat roles originated in NBC studios in New York, but his home today is a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. There’s a swimming pool, too, which is usually filled with Boy Scouts. In addition to his radio work, he runs a pet shop called the Happy Tail on Ventura Boulevard. This venture was inspired by Walt’s great interest in dogs, especially his prize cocker spaniels. . . . As Leroy on the Gildersleeve program, Walt can really be quite a problem, but in private life he spends most of his time helping people solve problems.
There was only one thing Althea ever really wanted—and time was slipping by!
BRIGHTER DAY

Will Althea ever find the right turn in the road leading to happiness?

"Lying here in a hospital bed, having been here for weeks," Althea was saying to her father, Reverend Dennis, "this has become almost my world. The visits of the various members of the family are pleasant interludes, to be sure. But people leave... and I remain in a world of—sterile bandages, hypodermic needles, medication. It's as though I were in the center of a circle and all the rest of you were on the outside."

"Yes," came Reverend Dennis' reply. "But then, haven't we always been, Althea? Even before your accident, haven't you always been in the center and everyone else on the outside? Unless, of course, you choose to bring one of us close to you."

After father Dennis left, Althea thought about their conversation. Her mind was weary of struggling—but struggle she must if she were ever to get out of her bed of pain. She must, if ever she wanted to see her name up in bright lights, ever wanted to hear the applause at some line she'd delivered cleverly from a stage, if ever she were to live again.

Why must everything in life be such a problem? she thought wearily. Now Papa Dennis wanted her daughter, Spring, to come back from Liz's house and live with Papa—against the time when she could be home. "I don't want Spring to see me when I go home. I don't want Spring there when I have to return to the hospital for another operation. I want Liz to adopt Spring and get her out of this situation once and for all," Althea railed to herself.

"Patience," Althea cautioned herself. "I must have patience." As she said these words, Althea re-lived her visit from Elaine Chalmers, a fascinating woman in her mid-forties who ran the hospital library. Hadn't that been what Mrs. Chalmers was trying to tell her?

"My dear, you have a lifetime ahead of you to do all the things you want to do, get all the things you want most."

"The only thing I've ever wanted, really wanted, was a career," Althea had replied. "Now time is slipping by. The years are piling up. The stage wants young people. I'm twenty-seven and I've tried to think what I would do, where I would find the kind of satisfaction, gratification, the theatre gives one if—" Althea had let her words trail off with her imagination. What were actually the things that had value for her in life?

Were they, as her father insisted, the care of Spring, her child? Could she ever again find comfort and solace in marriage? Or must this ambition to be ever in the limelight, ever the actress, be the only thing which would finally satisfy her and bring her happiness? Was there no path on which she could find her way to a complete and satisfying life? As with most of us, Althea must find this answer in her own soul—will her selfishness, her ambition ever let her discover life's true values?

The Brighter Day is heard on CBS Radio at 2:45 P.M.—on NBC, 9:45 A.M. Both M-F, EST, sponsored by Cheer.

Pictured in their original radio roles—Bill Smith as Rev. Dennis, Les Damon as Larry, and Joan Alexander as Althea.
I can smile now, but I was so lonely and afraid as I approached that first Christmas away from home!
my
holiday
heartache

My tears of loneliness became tears of joy the day a miracle touched my life

by Peggy Taylor

My first “white Christmas” would also be the most desolate one I had ever endured. The realization came over me chillingly. That happened two years ago when I was new to Chicago, but even now, in the midst of the close companionship of the Breakfast Club cast, I recall it as sharply as if it were occurring all over again.

Our orchestra leader, Eddie Ballantine, needs only to bring out the arrangements for “White Christmas” and the traditional carols, our boss, Don McNeill, has only to announce plans for our holiday broadcasts, to take me straight back to that day when I suddenly felt Christmas would bring joy to every other mortal in the world—except me.

It was on Thanksgiving that the horrible thought struck me. Actually I had much to be thankful for. For a girl my age, I was doing right well. I had had a taste of one career, having taught school for a term immediately after finishing at the University of California, and then had been able to make a successful switch and turn my hobby of singing into my true life work.

The breaks had come my way. One engagement led to another, and I hadn’t even had to try very hard to find bookings with name bands. The biggest break of all had come while I was singing in San Fran-

One thing that helps today is seeing my mother—and another is my wonderful job with the Breakfast Club.
my holiday heartache

cisco's Mark Hopkins. There, generous, warmhearted Dorothy Shay had heard me and taken an interest in my work.

She had coached me a bit, and when she continued her tour, she still remembered. Playing Chicago, she heard of a new television program and decided I would fit the show and she would hire me. Wiring to suggest I audition for it, she had helped me land the assignment.

The show was fine, I found a pleasant apartment to share with two other girls, and I loved Chicago. Loved it, that is, until just before Thanksgiving, when my roommates, whose homes were within easy traveling distance, began making holiday plans.

They worried about me long before I began being concerned about myself. Kathy, who lived up in Wisconsin, was the first to offer an invitation. "You'd better come home with me," she said. "Mother will enjoy having you, and there'll be the usual turkey and trimmings. All the aunts, uncles and cousins will be there. We'll have fun." She looked at me anxiously.

I pretended to myself that the show-business habit of putting work ahead of personal interests dictated my answer. "Thanks loads, but I'll have to check my rehearsal schedule."

That excuse had evaporated by the time my other girl friend, Mitt, urged that I go home with her. I knew by then that we were not rehearsing on Thanksgiving, so all I could do was say lamely, "Thank you, but I really believe I'd better stay in town."

Both protested, both urged me to reconsider, but at the same time there was such hectic rushing around in preparation for their trips neither really noticed that, for all my brave front, I was getting pretty blue.

When I pressed a blouse for Mitt, I'll admit a couple of tear drops sizzled down onto the iron; when I loaned Kathy my best new sweater, I folded it into her traveling bag with the air of one who might just as well dispose of her treasured possessions since she'll have no further use for them.

Despite the deepening indigo of my mood, it wasn't until they had both departed that I broke down and admitted the real truth to myself.

I was homesick. So bitterly, terribly, heartbreakingly homesick for my own mother, my own sisters, my own nieces and nephew that the sight of any other family, joyously reunited, would be just about all it would take to make me sit right down in the middle of my hostess' living-room floor and bawl my eyes out.

I tried to shake myself free from the feeling. I went to the kitchen to make a pot of coffee, and my heels struck the hardwood flooring (Continued on page 85)
Do women have to put up with these?

A skin that looks coarse?
Its color muddied?
A skin that looks harsh and rough?

A fascinating, immediate change can come over your face...

You can do something to change your skin

Free your skin. Dirt, old make-up stick in pore-openings. Fatigue, wind, dry air constantly rob skin of oil and moisture.

There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream. They work on your skin as a team—in interaction. As you swirl on Pond's, you help both sides of your skin.

Outside, embedded dirt is cleansed from pore-openings immaculately. And, at the same time, your skin is given oil and moisture it needs to be soft and smooth.

Inside, the circulation is stimulated, helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.

Feel a wonderful smoothness come to your skin. Each night give your face this special oil-and-moisture treatment—to replace the continual thieving of your skin's freshness and softness...to cleanse it rightly, deeply:

Soft-cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat generously. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly.

Now see the difference. As you use this famous cleansing cream every night, your face takes on a lovely, carol-for look.

Look your loveliest and you send out a happy-hearted confidence to all who see you.

You will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream—immediately—after your very first Pond's Creaming.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night—mornings, too. (Remember, the constant loss of your skin's natural oil and moisture goes on every day.) As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin.

Get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite face cream counter—today. Start using it this very night.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven, who is the American wife of the great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is my one essential cream. It leaves my skin glowing. I couldn't do without it."
Never a Dull Moment

(Continued from page 57)

ridiculous. Particularly lucky it was a few months ago, when a man and woman, selected from the studio audience, were each given a list of four things to do to win an old-time contest, and the things Garry concocted was to get Mrs. Durward Kirby's autograph. Mrs. Kirby was unknown to both contestants and not present at the show.

A man who could have stumped the most eager contestant, home addresses being closely guarded secrets so that performers' families may have a little of the privacy in their home lives that other people have. The man was resourceful and somehow managed, by devious methods, to get Durward's address in a small community near New York. Continuing on his enterprising way, he happened to take the same train which Durward catches after his afternoon announcement for the radio daytime drama, Hilltop House. As Durward hopped from the train to the local bus, there then her, said, "Mr. Kirby, the man over there wants to get off where you do and find someone on your street. Would you mind showing him?"—Durward hardly glanced at the man but gave her a wave. When they got off, the stranger told him the address he wanted—the Kirby's own number—and, seeing that Durward still didn't remember him from the show earlier that day, told him to be patient. Some while later Garry's instructions had been written. Together, they then went up on the house, grinning about what Mrs. Kirby's reaction would be. (For the first time in weeks she had seen her program every day and knew nothing about her part in it, because the sewing club was meeting at her house.)

If the men expected to confuse her by their little scheme, they reckoned without Mary Paxton Kirby's resourcefulness. Pax was somewhat surprised to find her husband bringing home a stranger, without knowing the man or his address. In fact, she was already going over her dinner menu mentally and deciding on a fancier dessert and an extra-special salad. Then Durward introduced the visitor, who was none other than Mr. Kirby, the man she had seen earlier. Durward silently crossed swords with Garry, and knew the man had to correct it. Pax wondered who this fellow could be that his husband knew so casually. Refreshments were being served the club as the men came in, and they joined the general conversation for a few minutes, until the stranger suddenly whipped out a paper and asked for her autograph. When Pax heard what it was all about, she thought it was a wonderful joke, and signed. "He was a nice man," she comments, and "he could have stayed to dinner, because I had it all worked out in my mind during the first half of the show.

It's the out-of-the-ordinary incidents like this that give you the key to the Kirby's home life. A normal, routine, suburban sort of life on the surface, but one where plenty is known and everybody takes it in stride. A hospitable home where even the unexplained guest will get a welcome, right down to the line from Pax to ten-year-old Randy (perfect host) and three-and-a-half-year-old Dennis (who generously presses his precious candies into your hand) to Cappy, short for Captain, the blond cocker spaniel who can jump into the lap of anyone in the house.

Pax was Mary Paxton Young, of Indianapolis, Indiana, before their marriage on June 7, 1941. Some of her ability to deal with the unpredictable, and unexpected, of which the autograph incident is only one sample, is probably due to the fact that she has been a radio singer and personality in her own right, with a lively program of comment and contests of her own for ten years, and with experience as a radio executive. She thinks that her present job of housewife is an underrated but wonderful one, although instead of office conferences she now gets together with the other wives in the community and darts socks and sews on buttons while they discuss new ideas for getting the housework done faster and the kids and cooking taken care of with the minimum of effort. (No one has come up so far with any startling solutions.)

The house Durward and Pax have owned for the past five years is Georgian Colonial, of whitewashed brick with green shutters. It's on a quiet, dead-end street, next to an old farm which once included their property. The fence that separates the properties was built up with boulders from the fields 150 years ago. Their own house is about fifteen years old, a homely medley, on the inside, of old and new things. The old ones are explained by the fact that each Kirby is a collector.

"We collect things we can use," Durward explains. "Our Queen Anne dining chairs, for instance, are 170 years old and they once stood in a great English castle, but we sit on them every day." Pax interrupts to say that Durward's initial interest in antiques was largely for the fun of tracking them down. "If anything is hard to find, he really goes after it. Just let anyone say there's a good antique shop miles down the road, and we're off. We follow the antiques on a trip more than we do the roads maps now."

Durward is interested in old guns, as well as furniture. Pax got him two for Christmas that he had handled lovingly at the Antiques Fair but decided it would be extravagant to buy, and they hang on the wall of the small sitting room-library. Pax has several collections—blue and white Delft, onion pattern Meissen (with the crossed swords hallmark), and the kitchen Meissen, some of which she has had made into lovely lamp bases. It's Randy (Durward Randall Kirby, after his father) who is the demon collector of the family, except for Dennis, perhaps, who has lollipops he has been hoarding since last Easter! Randy searches for old-time toys, miniatures such as a small Civil War cannon he especially treasures, daisy and button patterns little glass hats (they must be perfect to qualify for his collection), and his own group of Meissen.

"Randy discovers ornament patterns that are better than I ever find," Pax says. "He will tell a dealer, 'That's a very lovely ornament pattern you have, but not just what I want,' or 'That's nice, but I want the old hobnail.' The dealer will be so embarrassed to hear a small boy talk with such knowledge of things belonging to other generations that he will usually help Randy find the best he can.

Besides a growing interest in antiques, Durward has always loved to fix old things. "I think he likes to see something in the house get broken so he can repair it," Pax says with a smile. He has tools and a big piece of steel wool practically as they came in the front door! Durward sits at the desk now when he does his "home work"—which includes taking care of the mail, paying the bills, and watching the newspapers. He answers every scrap of it because he feels if people are interested enough to write they deserve a reply, and he likes to hear from people and know what they are thinking about him.

Garry Moore once publicized a home project of Durward's, and the response taxed all the facilities of the studio and the Kirby's house, too. Durward had mentioned one day that he had found on one of his antiquing forays and said he intended to turn it into a lamp base but would need some perfectly graded spools for the shaft. "This boy has gone crazy," Garry kidded. "Who saves old spools? Who wants them, anyhow?" Durward insisted he did, and the spools began to arrive, until they totaled 10,000. The overflow was so great that he had to make them into toys for children—doll faces and bodies and, brightly painted, to string across cribs and cots.

The Kirby's main outdoor sport is fishing—mostly minnows and mosquito bites being the haul. "Sometimes we think there aren't any other fish besides minnows," Pax laments. Another relaxation is a small Hammond organ, which Durward could play by the hour—if he had that many hours of free time. Monday to Friday, he is busy in New York all day with rehearsals and conferences and his two regular radio shows, and he has to stay in town for Treasury Men in Action. That's the maid's night off, so Pax makes it fun for the kids by having "picnic suppers" outdoors in summer, indoors in winter. Friday nights Durward stays in town for Foolights Theatre. Every other Sunday, he is gone from noon until late for the Goodyear Theatre.

Pax said she took the kids out to Sunday dinner, believing that it's good for them to learn how to sit at a restaurant table and mind their manners in public. She usually saves Durward some supper on nights when he is very busy, but because he doesn't bother to eat much when he is busy. Or he will whip up some of his special spaghetti with his own secret sauce, and the garlic bread he loves with it. "Of course, I have to do the cleaning up after him," Pax says. But Durward is a neat
worker who seldom leaves anything around has to be picked up after him.

The Kirbys first met when they both worked for Station WLW in Cincinnati, although they had grown up ten blocks from each other in Indianapolis. She was Mary Paxton Young, nicknamed Pax or Mary Pax to differentiate her from a number of other Marys in her family. Durward was born in Covington, Kentucky, but had been brought up in Mary's town. By the time they met, mutual friends had praised each to the other so glowingly that they were inclined not to take any stock in each other. 'Too big a buildup,' Pax sums it up now.

They occasionally dated, but it wasn't until a flood hit Cincinnati in 1937 that they really got to know each other well. The broadcasts were done from an upper floor that had to be lit by kerosene lamps, there was constant danger of fire from the oil-covered waters, and both had to do around-the-clock stints of broadcasting appeals for the Red Cross, as well as their usual chores. After the shared problems and dangers of that period, they began to go together quite steadily, but after a while Durward left Cincinnati for Chicago, where he worked with Garry Moore on Club Matinee. Later, Pax landed in Chicago, too, and began her ten-year Wishing Well radio program (listeners made wishes that she tried to make come true).

Four years after their first meeting they became engaged, on Valentine's Day, 1941, and were married the following June 7, in Indianapolis. Randy was born December 5, 1942, and when Randy was fourteen months old Durward went into the Navy. He got out in 1946, took a job as emcee on the Honeymoon in New York program, and Pax quit her radio program and followed him to New York with Randy. Later she took a job in New York as radio di-
rector of an advertising agency, but when Dennis Paxton arrived on June 11, 1949, she reverted to being a housewife once more.

Right now, Pax is working on her second hooked rug, this one for Randy's room. The one she did for their bedroom is pink and rose, with light blue accents. It follows the room's general color scheme, the wallpaper being pink and white and the rest of the rugs being blue. The boys' rooms are each gaily decorated. Randy's desk was painted by Pax, with six panels on the top and the legend, 'The First Six Years of My Life,' in script. One panel gives his birth date and shows his parents at a microphone, and there is the first apartment home in Chicago (a penthouse on top of a tall building), the train that brought him to New York, the first house in New York, his first two close friends, his first school, and his sixth birthday. Dennis will soon have a lovely new chair for his room, painted by Pax in Peter Hunt style with designs dear to a three-year-old's heart.

Their front door used to have nine little panes of glass, but now it's a Dutch door with the panes filled in. The glass doors that led from the hall into the dining room are now louvered and painted white, so all the doors now form a part of one well-planned decorative scheme. The fine old Queen Anne chairs in the dining room find their complement in a contemporary mahogany dining table. The rug is deep blue, and the blue and white wallpaper is the same design as the paper used in the Raleigh Tavern in the famous Williamsburg Restoration.

On the opposite side of the hall, the living room is carpeted in gray, with some deeply-cushioned gray chairs and one red one for bright accent. A handsome contemporary sofa in dark green follows along one wall, opposite the fireplace. Walls are green, and ceiling and woodwork are white. On either side of the mantel shelf hang portraits of the two boys, and Pax's loom stands in the window at the back of the living room, overlooking the peach tree and part of the flagstone terrace where so much summer living is done. Next to the living room is the combination study and TV room, dominated by the desk that is Durward's pride and joy.

A small sitting room-library beyond the entrance hall is pine-paneled, and here the decorative scheme is in russet and browns and blue. Between the twin bookcases hangs the H. P. Davis Award, a plaque Durward won for the best network radio announcing in 1941—a prized award that can be won only once by any announcer. There are easy chairs and a comfortable sofa to curl up on in the blustery months when indoors is more inviting than outdoors. In fact, a fine Hibbard snow scene over the sofa makes such indoor comfort seem even cozier.

From the windows, on a snowy twilight, the Kirbys can look out on the evergreens, the lilac bushes that will spring into bloom in a few months, the flowering crab-apple tree that brought beauty to the grounds in the fall, and the big old apple tree that provided them so generously with their winter's supply. They can look out towards the back and see the boys' sand box and the wading pool and slide, and the miniature log cabin that is large enough for the children to play in, complete with a sign Randy found and promptly planted in front of the cabin door. The sign says '21' —the number and name of a famous night club in New York where celebrities gather. 'But this is the only '21 Club' a family like ours ever gets to,' Pax tells you. She doesn't say it as if she minded very much, or thought life could ever get too dull in the Kirby household.

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A New Note in Color! So young, so flattering. "Rhapsody in Pink" is pink as pink should be—rosy-deep, radiant, fashion-right.

A New Note in "Non-Smear" Quality! Thanks to Permachrome, "Rhapsody in Pink" looks dewy-fresh, even when you eat, bite your lips, smoke, or—kiss!

A New Note in Youthful Sheen! "Rhapsody in Pink" applies smoothly, evenly—does not look caked or lifeless. The rich lanolin-base keeps lips soft!

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YOU’LL LOVE "RHAPSODY IN PINK" BY TANGEE WITH PERMACHROME

LI PS LOOK BEAUTIFUL WEARING "RHAPSODY IN PINK," TANGEE'S NEW RADIANT PINK! AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS.
elementary-school teacher—following in my mother's footsteps. During my second year it hit me rather hard that, even though I was enjoying college and its extracurricular activities, I was actually disappointed in my studies—due to the exception of my speech courses. During this semester I took part in my first play—the role of a slinky Hollywood-type hellion. I had been warned, but I did not take the possibility of failure as a good measure. It was the probably the most honest appraisal of a situation one ever has.

He covered my strengths and my weaknesses in a clear and forthright manner—no pussyfooting around, no patting me on the back, no glorifying and glamorizing of the theatre or my possible future in it. He did warn me, however, that I did not have a clear picture of myself and the theatre, what training I would need, and what I might expect to meet were I to pursue this activity. Then he left it completely up to me, and, by my own choice, I spent the rest of that summer of 1944 commuting with myself, with the result that, when I returned to school in the fall, I switched from teaching to dramatics. I still have both my strong points and my weaknesses in a clear and forthright manner—no pussyfooting around, no patting me on the back, no glorifying and glamorizing of the theatre or my possible future in it. I should probably warn the reader that I did not have a clear picture of myself and the theatre.

Nor did Eva ever starve or survive on tea and toast for her art. "It just happens," she was told, "in the part of the world where you live, there is a surplus of solid food—and I was lucky. You see, I was born in 1946, when I graduated from college, my family was living in Flushing, Long Island. This meant that I could live at home and make a first round of auditions I was assured of at least two good meals a day whether or not I picked up any jobs. I think, also, I was a good example of 'innocence being bliss.' I had never worked before, and I don't think it ever really occurred to that people didn't or couldn't always get jobs if they really wanted to—work—and eat. I just assumed that's what kind of job you wanted right away, you took something else to tide you over.

Therefore, I not only covered as many auditions as I could—14 of them around my album of photographs and registered at as many modeling agencies as would let me inside their doors. As a matter of fact, my first jobs were way off in the outer edges of the modeling. But it was fun and exciting. I was bringing home a pay check now and then, and at the same time I was learning the points of make-up, pose, and carriage.

"Then eventually came the great day ... my first TV assignment! I sat in the audience near a mike and applauded the acts in a variety show. Strictly a sound-effects girl—no camera anywhere near me. A short time later I was promoted to a seat near the camera, and at last appeared on the TV screen—well, at least the back of my head did. The time came when they let me face the camera."

From then on Eva took anything she could get on TV—nothing was too small or insignificant because in the beginning you had to. . . . before . . . Eva had been briefly, I mean, briefly, all over the screen. This led to commercials, and finally to her first steady and sizable role on Campus Hoop-La.

On the set of Hoop-La, Eva decided she had led a sheltered life long enough, and the time had come to try living on her own. She wanted to prove to herself that she was a responsible being, able to take care of herself. So she teamed up with a girl from the show, and for the next few years learned what every good housekeeper should know about short-cut housekeeping, budgets, cooking, and running a home.

It was also at about this time that Eva turned her sights on radio and Broadway. On Broadway she competed with hundreds of other girls and won the understudy part for the only female role in "Mr. Roberts." Radio seemed a little tougher. "Actually," Eva explains, "it took me almost one year of leading parts on the radio . . . a small part on the daytime serial Rosemary. Then little by little I picked up other radio parts. My latest major acquisition was the part of poor, common tourist guide on Dr. Malone. I feel so sorry for her—she's married to the probably the most un-understanding husband on the air.

"Mrs. Malone," said like mine, not that I plan to give her the chance. But what a whole of a difference it would make in her life!

I met Jeffrey Hayden back in 1948, on the set of Hoop-La. Close center of NBC's third floor was the milking and meeting place for all radio folk. It was like a club house . . . with no dues. Everybody was friendly and talkative, and you could wander hours there resting your arches and getting all versions of the 'inside dope.' At this time Jeff was working in radio at NBC. He tells me that the reason he hadn't already introduced me was that he liked the thech. I was the one who carried my album tucked under my arm, with my name—in large gold letters—clearly visible on the album cover. I don't know how long he had been here, purposely or not—acting as my own press agent—but I want it made clear right here and now that I never knew my name was available to every passerby.

"Anyway," Jeff told to daily constitutional along the third floor, three times a he asked me to join him for a cup of coffee, which I never did. I don't quite know what made me do it—I'm not a coffee drinker. I was just having lunch. And after that luncheon date—which took longer in coming than I thought it should—it was only and always Jeff for me. It wasn't the money. It was the same. We were both leaving jobs—I was resigning my understudy role in "Mr. Roberts," and Jeff was leaving NBC to go to Hollywood. Eventually, he returned to NBC-TV, and I am now the director of The Big Pay-Off."

Eva and Jeff were no emotional scrap-brains. Even though they knew they were in love shortly after that first date, both of them were young and had rather cut out for themselves. They felt that the only sensible approach, in order to give their marriage an even chance, was to take first things first. Jeff's career was of prime importance. Eva's career, of course, was also important, But they agreed that, until Jeff was more solidly established, they should wait. Which they did—until October 28, 1951, when Jeff slipped a band on Eva's third finger, left hand, and whisked her off to Mexico on a honeymoon.

Just like people in ordinary jobs," continued Eva, "our lives are not bounded by the walls of an office, but it was a real day. We picked up a number of hobbies and interests. The first one I developed during our honeymoon. I quite blindly bought a camera and I've just recently become one of the high-tech photographers of our trip. Believe it or not, every one of them came out perfectly! I have probably one of the largest and most complete collections of color pictures ever made of the city—on amateur cameras. I don't regret to admit that my batting average since then has been considerably lower . . . it was probably just beginner's luck on the next wonderful honeymoon a couple ever had!

"Most of our other pastimes are considerably more active than shutter-shooting. In the summer we love tennis, swimming and water-skiing. Next summer, if at all possible, we want to get a boat that sleeps at least two so we can spend our weekends on the water. In the winter, we take the same course! But if three, four nights a week, you'll find us in Central Park cutting figures on the ice. Last winter we took up regular skiing for the first time, and loved it, too. When we're resting up, as it were, we enjoy going to various activities in New York, especially we're generally making use of Jeff's really fine library and record collection."

Eva and Jeff's house in the city is a big home and Eva has found the perfect way to interest her in the city. She enjoys living in an attractive three-room apartment in the Greenwich Village section of New York City. They prefer this section because it reminds them of small towns all over the country . . . has a community atmosphere about it that can't be duplicated in any other part of the city. Also, the old buildings in the "Village" provide things that are never found in modern mid-town apartments—a large fireplace in the living room, which blazes away most of the winter, and a tremendous kitchen. To Eva, her kitchen is a dream come true. Even though she is a married woman and her mother was living with her family, she has found it to be one of her great joys.

"Of course," she laughs, "the fact that Jeff and I are both in the business, it's true, and doubtless has something to do with it. I concentrate on simple, digestible things, such as fowls, roasts and the like. Fortunately, I married a meat-and-potato man who prefers home-cooked meals to restaurant fare. Honestly, I can't remember when we last ate in a restaurant."

As to their futures, both are open-minded and practical about it. "In the first place," says Eva, "I am going to be, and always will be secondary to Jeffrey's. Sooner or later—and I hope it will be much sooner than later—we hope to train Ev on. I'm sure it's going to interfere with my career interferes with the well-being of my husband and family, I will drop it. On the other hand, as long as career and family run smoothly together, I'm happy that we will do it. If I were young, I'd decide I love to try my hand at a Broadway stage play—something besides another understudy role, that is. And we've talked about the possibility of eventually going into television. Since there is a Hollywood-type production center, we may some day make the move. If we do, I will probably try the luck at films. But, if that doesn't pan out, there will always be radio, TV, and—most important—family. What I want most is my husband, who, in a non-theatrical way, is the only person I call 'darling.'"
### Monday through Friday

#### Morning Programs

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<th>Time</th>
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<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Do You Remember?</td>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>8:05</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Reden Valley</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Lunch with Lopat</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Lunch with Lopat</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
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<td>Meredith Willson</td>
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<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<td>John Gambling</td>
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<td>Backstage Wife</td>
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<td>Young Wilder, Music by Millionen</td>
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<tr>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>The Doctor's Wife</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<th>CBS</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Bill Stern</td>
<td>6:15</td>
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<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; the News</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Bill Stern</td>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>You and the World</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>H. V. Kallorben</td>
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<td>The Railroad Hour</td>
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<td>Voice of Firestone</td>
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<td>Morning's News</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter, Mutual News</td>
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<td>Phone Hour</td>
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<td>Morning's News</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter, Mutual News</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Band of America</td>
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<td>Morning's News</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter, Mutual News</td>
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<td>Meredith Willson's</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>News, John Cameron</td>
<td>Manchester Publicity</td>
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#### Tuesday

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<tr>
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<td>Morning Shows</td>
<td>Howdy Doody</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
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<td>Farming Business</td>
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<td>News America</td>
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<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
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<td>Mary Lee Taylor Show</td>
<td>Bruce MacFarlane News</td>
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<td>My Secret Story</td>
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<td>Hollywood Love Story</td>
<td>New Junior Junction</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Afternoon Shows</td>
<td>Man on the Farm</td>
<td>101 Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Theatre of Today</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
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<td>News Public Affairs</td>
<td>Fifth Army Band</td>
<td>American Farmer</td>
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<td>U.S. Marine Band</td>
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<td>National Farm and Home Hour</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>Navy Hour</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
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<td>Sport Parade</td>
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<td>Shake the Maracas</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
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<td>Football</td>
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<td>Evening Shows</td>
<td>Author Speaks</td>
<td>Dancing</td>
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<td>Cecil Brown</td>
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### Sunday Programs

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<td>Jack Arthur</td>
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<td>World News Roundup</td>
<td>Elder Michaux</td>
<td>Light &amp; Life Hour</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
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<td>We Held Those Truths</td>
<td>Back to God</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
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<td>Carnival of Books</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
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<td>Madison Coal Miners</td>
<td>E. Power Biggs</td>
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<td>National Radio</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
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<td>News, Peter Roberts</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
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<td>Faultless Starch Time</td>
<td>Music of Worship</td>
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<td>Hampton Crusaders</td>
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<td>UN Is My Best</td>
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<td>Viewpoint, U.S.A.</td>
<td>U.S. Military Band</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Branch Time Playhouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Chair's Fiesta</td>
<td>Bill Cunningham</td>
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<td>Frank and Ernest</td>
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<td>The Eternal Light</td>
<td>Frank &amp; Ernest</td>
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<td>Youth Wants to Know</td>
<td>Fred Van Deventer</td>
<td>Herald of Truth</td>
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<td>William Hillman</td>
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<td>Smiley Whitley</td>
<td>Unveil Carlisle Faith of Future News</td>
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<td>Earl Godwin News</td>
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<td>Bob Finney, Sports Labor</td>
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<td>NBC Symphony</td>
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<td>Arturo Toscanini, Conducting</td>
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*NB: The above text provides a structured representation of the radio broadcast schedule for Saturday and Sunday, detailing the shows, networks, and times for each hour.*

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*NB: This is a partial representation of the original content, with some programs and times placeholders indicating the comprehensive format.*
**TV program highlights**

**NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 NOVEMBER 11—DECEMBER 10**

**Monday through Friday**

7:00 A.M. Today • 2 & 6
Goliath-sized Dave Garaway starts the day off with his giant-sized production of weekly book and magazine reviews, etc.

10:15 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2
Monday through Thursday, you can get a peek behind the Godfrey curtain to see his radio gang at work. 10:00 A.M.T & Th.

11:00 A.M. There's One in Every Family • 2
John Reed King emcees a novel audience participation quiz, featuring contestants with special talents.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
The all-absorbing quiz show, Warren Hull interviews contestants in need of cash, offering them chance to earn same.

12:00 Noon Bride and Groom
Wedding Bells takes solo flights to happy young couples with John Nelson as your host and Phil Hanna with vocal toast.

12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6
Daytime serial, starring Peggy McCay and Paul Potter.

12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6
Real-life problems, dramatized by Mary Stuart and Lynn Loring.

12:45 P.M. Koraes Unlimited • 2
Batten down everything. Here’s Ernie with his mad gags.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
Garrulous Garry entertains, aided by Durward, Denise and Ken.

2:00 P.M. Double or Nothing • 2 & 6 (M-W-F)
Bert Parks, the ball of fire, himself extracts laughs from contestants and sometimes right answers for cash awards.

2:30 P.M. Guiding Light • 2 & 6 at 11:00 A.M.
Dramatized life of Meta and Joe Roberts, starring Jone Allison.

2:45 P.M. Houseparty • 2
Latch on to Linkletter for 30 minutes of interviews. Muzzy’s Musical Album, the Mystery Singer and many surprises.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pop-Off • 4 & 6
Randy Merriman quizzes husbands who may win for their wives lush wardrobes, a real mink coat and a trip abroad.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4
Genial Tommy Bartlett chats with travelers, coming and going.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 2
The moon makes a matinee appearance as Kate comes on with her popular hour of songs, variety and interviews.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4
Daytime serial centered in small town that lacks neither drama nor humor in its busy-a-abe social life.

6:15 P.M. The Early Show • 2
Excellent, feature-length films for early-evening enjoyment.

7:15 P.M. Short, Short Dramas • 4 (T-Th)
Brief but complete dramatic series with surprise endings.

7:30 P.M. Blank Shore • 1 (T-Th)
Buoyant Dinah takes solo flights into the realm of song.

7:30 P.M. Broadway Theatre • 9
Legitimate hit plays presented in their original forms.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M-W-F)
Perry joins with Fontaine Sisters to sing top tunes.

7:45 P.M. Heaven for Betsy • 2 (T-Th)
Domestic comedy, starring Jack Lemmon and Cynthia Stone.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
Swayze brings you up to the minute on the day’s news events.

**Monday P.M.**

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
Neil Hamilton encourages young thespians in video drama.

8:00 P.M. Lax Video Theatre • 2 & 6
Hollywood actors star in this fine drama series.

8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4
A package of comedy, variety and quiz, starring ventriloquist Paul Winchell and his irrepressible friend Jerry.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey’s Talent Scouts • 2
Camera-worthy entertainers exhibit their talent.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6
Artists of the concert hall in 30-minute recitals.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6
Lucy-time is laugh-time, for she gets everything Balld-up while Desi gets dizzy. Filmed in Hollywood.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 2
Set with bated breath as Gallop narrates tales supernatural.

9:30 P.M. Life with Luigi • 2 & 6
Starring J. Carrol Naish as the lovable Italian immigrant, with Alan Reed featured as Luigi’s friend. Pasquale.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Illustrous full-hour dramatic series with host Montgomery.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6
Award-winning, dramatic hour, produced by husband-wife team Donald Davis and Dorothy Mathews.

**Tuesday**

8:00 P.M. U.S.A. Canteen • 2
Suplerative music, starring Jane Froman and the orchestra of Alfredo Antonini with variety by top name guests.

8:30 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 1 & 6
Berle busts out all over with comedy and headline guest stars. Every fourth week (Dec. 2) a gala musical program, written by Anita Loos and starring Joe E. Brown, Dolores Gray and John Raitt.

8:30 P.M. Red Buttons • 2
Strictly for laughs and you won’t be disappointed.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicate • 2
Crime drama based on files of famed K elaouer Committee.

9:30 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
30-minute teleplays evolved from real-life situations.

9:00 P.M. Where Was I? • 5
New “snap” quiz, moderated by Ken Roberts.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Compelling melodrama that may stand your hair on end.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Family fare—wholesome plays based on American life.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
A guaranteed emotional treat in this superb dramatic series.

10:00 P.M. Two for the Money • 4 & 6
Humorist Herb Shriner in his droll quiz of studio contestants.

10:00 P.M. This is the Life • 5
Religious drama of the everyday life of a Christian family.

**Wednesday**

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6
Here’s that man again, Arthur and his video family, Janette Davis, Frank Parker and many others, in a big variety hour.

8:30 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
The new comedy-situation series, starring Joan Davis.

8:30 P.M. Caravale on America • 4
Heroic stories of great Americans, Nov. 12 & 26 & Dec. 10, alternating weekly with a musical show, starring Patti Page.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
The show with a heart. Contestants relate pressing incentives for earning big cash awards in the quiz.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
High point in midweek video drama. Adult themes, superbly produced and acted by professional Broadway actors.

9:00 P.M. Adventures of Ellery Queen • 7
Lee Bowman as the popular criminologist in gripping whodunits.
**TV program highlights**

**Thursday**

*8:00 P.M.* You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6
Contestants may win big cash prizes in the quiz after a hectic interview with razor-witted Groucho Marx.

*8:30 P.M.* Four Star Playhouse • 2

**Amos 'n' Andy**
The Mystic Knights of the Sea in unannounced comedy.

*8:30 P.M.* T-Men in Action • 4
Semi-documentary melodrama drawn from U.S. Treasury Files.

*8:30 P.M.* Chance of a Lifetime • 7 & 6
Dennis James's talent quest for fresh entertainment.

*9:00 P.M.* Bill Baker • 2
High-spirited stories of an international adventurer.

*9:00 P.M.* Dragnet • 4
Semi-documentary stories of your police in action. Alternates with Gangbusters.

*9:30 P.M.* Big Town • 2
Reporters Steve Wilson (Pat McVey) puts the finger on crime.

*9:30 P.M.* Ford Theatre • 4
A new and newly filmed 30-minute dramatic series.

*10:00 P.M.* Rackety Squads • 2
A night full of video adventure continues with Reed Hadley leading his bunco squad against petty racketeers.

*10:00 P.M.* Martin Kane • 4 & 6
In conclusion, the pipe-smoking private eye writes finis to the evening's last unsolved murder.

*10:30 P.M.* I've Got a Secret • 2
Matinee star Garry Moore moderates intriguing panel show.

*10:30 P.M.* Author Meets the Critics • 5
Verbal mayhem is the order in discussion of new books.

**Friday**

*7:30 P.M.* Sit Erwin Show • 7
Laugh episodes in home and life of a high-school principal.

*8:00 P.M.* Mama • 2 & 6
The hilarious but tender account of a Norwegian-American family, starring Peggy Woods, with Judson Laire as Papa.

*8:00 P.M.* Ozzie and Harriet • 7
The well-known radio series continues, in video, to star the real Nelson family in comedy situations.

*8:30 P.M.* My Friend Irma • 2
Marie Wilson frustrates friends as well-meaning dummelle.

*8:30 P.M.* Twenty Questions • 5
Pit your wits against the Van Deventer gang.

*9:00 P.M.* Big Story • 4 & 6
Documented drama of real reporters covering headline stories.

*9:00 P.M.* Down You Go • 5
From Chi. Dr. Bergen Evans with brain-teasers for his panel.

*9:30 P.M.* Our Miss Brooks • 2
Eve Arden as patient, long-suffering schoolma'am and her problem, bashful biology prof Philip Boynton.

*9:30 P.M.* Aldrich Family • 4 & 6
T e madcap, merry escapades of Henry and his friend Homer.

*10:00 P.M.* Mr. & Mrs. North • 2
Barbara Britton and Richard Denning as delightful detective duo, Pam and Jerry, in comedy-mystery series. On film.

*10:00 P.M.* Caravade of Sports • 4 & 6
Weekly slugfest, matched by IBC, from Madison Square Garden.

*10:00 P.M.* Caravade of Stars • 5
Popular June Taylor dancers, variety and comic host Storck.

*10:15 P.M.* Greatest Fights of the Century • 4 & 6
The immortals of the boxing world as recorded on film.

**Saturday**

*College Football • 4*

*Armed Forces Football • 2*
Pigskin stars, of college and pro ranks, now in service, make up these teams. Nov. 15, 2:00 P.M., Randolph vs. Bolling; Nov. 22, 2:00 P.M., Belvoir vs. Quantico; Nov. 29, 3:00 P.M. San Diego Navy vs. San Diego Marines.

*5:00 P.M.* Italian Feature Film • 9

*7:30 P.M.* Beat the Clock • 2
Clock-watcher Bud Collyer referees contestants who attempt to perform tricky stunts within time limit to win prizes.

*7:30 P.M.* My Hero
Screen shot Robert Cummings in a new situation-comedy series.

*8:00 P.M.* Jackie Gleason • 2
The contagious comedy of versatile Mr. Gleason with his grand sketches and variety, headlining big-time stars.

*8:00 P.M.* All Star Revue • 5 & 6
Durante, Berle, Tallulah and others take over this hour to make it one of the legs-otainment feats on video.

*9:00 P.M.* Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6
A gigantic 90 minutes starring Imogene and Sid, featuring Marguerite Piazza, Bill Hayes, Jack Russell and others.

*9:00 P.M.* Balance Your Budget • 2
A combination of comedy, pathos and human interest as contestants explain need for money. Bert Parks is quizmaster.

*10:30 P.M.* Hit Parade • 4 & 6
Visual and vocal interpretation of the nation's favored songs by Snooky Lanson, June Valli, Dorothy Collins.

**Sunday**

*4:00 P.M.* Quiz Kids • 2
Pint-sized pinheads awe and amuse chief quizzer, Joe Kelly.

*4:30 P.M.* Omnibus • 2
Weekly, experimental video project devoting 90 minutes to projection of the best in dance, theatre and music.

*4:30 P.M.* Hall of Fame • 4
Stories focused to inspirational events in American life.

*6:30 P.M.* See It Now—Edward R. Morrow • 2
The dean of CBS commentators with his video news magazine.

*6:15 P.M.* Walter Winchell • 7 & 6
The Broadway columnist with glamour gossip and sensational news.

*7:00 P.M.* Red Skelton • 4 & 6
The exhilarated Mr. Skelton with his exhilarating humor.

*7:30 P.M.* This is Show Business • 2 & 6
Excellent 30-minute variety with Clifton Fadiman as host.

*8:00 P.M.* Toast of the Town • 2 & 6
Outstanding impact of the entertainment and sport world highlight Ed Sullivan's show along with the "Toastettes."

*8:00 P.M.* Comedy Hour • 4
Great comics alternate weekly: Martin and Lewis, Bob Hope, Donald O'Connor, Abbott & Costello and others.

*9:00 P.M.* Fred Waring Show • 2 & 4 at 6:00 P.M.

*10:00 P.M.* The Weather Show
Compelling mystery drama centered about the life of plain people.

**10:00 P.M.** The Doctor • 4
Human interest drama narrated by Warner Anderson, in title role.

*10:30 P.M.* What's My Line? • 2
Panelists try to guess occupation of studio contestants.
The Doctor's Wife

(Continued from page 36)

Jigger could not look upon him as a father because he didn't want anyone to replace his true father in his little heart. Then, on Thanksgiving morning, as Julie turned from the stove to wipe her hands, Dan caught her in his arms. "Darling, you're the best wife I ever married—here you are slaving away in the kitchen. There I am in the living room, enjoying the luxury of having an apparently healthy clientele. Anything I can do to help?" Julie looked across at Jigger who was perched on her high kitchen stool, carefully sorting and polishing nuts for the dining-room table centerpiece. "Nope," she replied gayly. "I've already got a man to help—Jigger's doing a real good job." Dan wrinkled up his nose at her and muttered something to the effect that three was a crowd, as he left the room... Jigger looked at Julie steadily. "You like him, don't you?" He questioned her, his serious brown eyes dark with tension. "Yes," Julie said solemnly, letting her mood match Jigger's. "I like him and I—I love him." Suddenly, Jigger was off the stool and had flung his arms around her and then, just as rapidly, he was running from the room. Julie sighed deeply. Had she hurt him?... Jigger stayed in his room until dinner was called and when he came down it was clear that he had been spending a considerable portion of the afternoon grooming himself. His hair was slicked down and his tie was tied correctly in honor of the occasion. Gravely, he stood by Julie's chair and helped her into her seat. "Julie, would you say grace today?" Jigger asked solemnly. "Dad always said it on Thanksgiving and I want a special one." Julie's breath caught slightly as she accepted Jigger's invitation. "Lord, bless this food we see before us," she began slowly, "and guide us to share with others the plenty that You have given us. Let us share, not only the material things, but the love that is in our hearts. Show us how we can best express this love. And especially, Lord, we thank You and ask Your blessing on us as a family—may we always be together as we are today." "Especially," added Jigger in his solemn tone, "bless Julie and—and—and Dan. Amen." Silently, but from the bottom of her heart, Julie sent a "Thank You, Lord" winging its way toward heaven. For in this moment, Julie knew that Jigger was offering a love to Dan which her heart had withheld before. Truly, this was a day of Thanksgiving.

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PERM 12-52
Audrey Totter’s Guardian Angel of Love

(Continued from page 31)

associated with the staff of Veterans’ Ad-
misions and the medical staff at U.C.L.A. Audrey
thought him the most handsome man she’d ever
seen—with that black curly hair gray-
tined at the temples—and, in fact, a thousand
dog eyes just from going around. Handsome, intelligent, with great
charm, “a rare understanding not always
found in men,” and ever so thoughtful and
kind. Of course, nobody knew her own
mind. And, immediately, she decided that
first evening if he asked for a date she
would go out with him. And he did. And
she did.

With a double-dated with another couple,
she remembers now. “We ate spaghetti,
and later we went back to my place
and listened to records. Nothing spectac-
ular,” she admits (but the way she says it
appropriately, the “spaghetti was as food for the gods, and the music
was as solid violins.”

For a girl adjudged one of Hollywood’s
brightest, quick with a quip, and a whizz
at self-expression, she’s as stumped as any
schoolgirl explaining her feeling today.
“We don’t think you can explain love,
do you think the old-fashioned kind of
love,” she says.

And Audrey’s definitely the old-fash-
ioned kind. She’s an All-American girl
with an Early American heart, this bride.
An individual being, and of the new. Brainy and beautiful, quick of wit and
dands, a sultry-looking blonde as stream-lined as tomorrow—but whose
heart, as is her resolve, is a woman in a
comfortable building with a brown-
shingled peaked roof, red brick walks and
a sleepy magnolia tree. Her dreams are as
old-fashioned as the china closet with
the beveled glass door that belongs to her
mother—and to her mother before her—and
as romantic as the old maple hope-
chest in her bedroom that bulges with inten-
tional understatement and so painstakingly
towards this happy day.

Although her career is fairly zooming
along—what with her long-term contract
at Columbia Pictures and being starred in
such pictures as Pardon My Sin and
with her own Meet Millie at CBS—for Audrey
Totter, life’s most important ingredient,
romance, was missing until she met her
Dr. Love. Was her heart with his in love
with him long before I went to Korea?

For Audrey Totter, a young veteran of
hospital tours, this was a second trip
along the Korean fire line in a year.
As she says, “I can’t sing or dance or en-
tertain, I just talk to them.” But nobody
knows more than she, just how much
“just talking’’ to them means. And her own
picture, or the whole being lighted up,
just talking to a familiar face about
his home town, his girl, his Mom, keeps
her talking, and flying thousands of miles
over and over and over and over.

That this time she was lucky to have a
“guardian angel” along, she first had cause to
suspect, when five and one-half hours
out of Wake Island—far to turn back,
and with nothing to do but go on—a motor
cranked out on the plane. The word came
back that they’d feathered an engine. No-
doby was to worry. Repairs would be made
when they reached Wake. And everybody
kept reassuring everybody else that there
was no danger. They could, if that unhappy
emergency should prove necessary, even
make an emergency landing on Wake Island,
five and one-half hours, with only the blue Pacific below,
with ears acutely attuned for any deviation
of sound from the remaining three motors
and until they landed into the black
night. But the “guardian angel” of Wake
Island—her good-luck medal felt very
comforting and warm.

And it helped immeasurably when she
was posted to personnel duty. First Quar-
term Officer, pretty brunette Captain Betty
Parker, from La Canada, California.
The message was brief, but very con-
vincing and the darkening sky told her
Why. “You can’t fly today.” Headquarters
said, “A typhoon is on its way.” Typhoons,
she’d heard about, but never experienced.

Oldtimers told her to expect a mountain
of sea crossing the land, smashing every-
thing in its wake, pounding buildings
apart and spinning them about like leaves.
Expecting a typhoon meant nailing beds
’towards the walls, barring doors, and sand-
bagging everywhere in. And just when
every sandbag was in place, the typhoon
hit with frightening velocity at four R.M.
Winds shrieked and rain torrented down,
but it was just the tail of a typhoon and no
one was injured. The sandbags held, and
Audrey held onto her lucky gold medal-
and her own faith that her “guardian
angel” was on active duty again.

To Audrey Totter, it was beginning
to seem that her “protective destiny”
would get no rest this trip. And she had
more cause to believe, when Communist
guerrillas fired on the Army train between
Pusan and Seoul, and she slept peacefully
on, unharmed.

“I didn’t even know we were being at-
tacked,” she says now. “I thought it was
awfully noisy, and it seemed to be still howl-
ing, and I was used to a lot of noise any-
way.”

Meanwhile, back state-side “guardian
angel” or no “guardian angel,” a gentle-
man-doctor who loved Audrey very much
was thinking no amount of luck should
be tried too far. And a telegram soon arrived
her in Tokyo saying, “Come home before
you get here.”

The telegram waited there, as the pretty
blonde star in the fresh pink cotton dress,
with a ribbon gaily holding back her hair,
and her gold medal gleaming at her
throat, was making more headlines. She
was famous among the G.I.’s and saw
Comdr. Edward R. Howard, of Kansas City,
Kansas, and doctors aboard the hospital
ship Haines, termed—to her own won-
derful—“a miraculous recovery.” Newspapers
called her the “Maid of the Japanese
Fleet.” The Navy called her, line-
lined, “Actress in Biggest Role,” as they
quoted those who credited her with “sav-
ing the life” of a young Marine who’d been
wounded over on Okinawa.

As usual, Audrey was going through the
wards smiling and talking to the eyes of
the wounded men, “I always talk to their
eyes, it seems to say, touching about their
girls, their wives the Marines missing.
She always did—the road tours and trou-
ping that had taken her through forty of
the forty-eight states and which occasioned
the way the G.I.’s eyes would light up
when she described Main Street in their
own home town.

Questions. So many state-side questions.
What was the latest hit song? What was
Dolores to演 in Japan? What was
Jack Leigh—and how about Marilyn Monroe?
One wanted a picture of Gene Autry when
she went back home. A brown-eyed young
Hospital Corpsman asked for a date with
Audrey. “How do you like my hair?”
Audrey asked. “I love it,” was the reply.
“Now, go jump,” he grinned. “You mean
now?” she said, of the blue expanses
of water outside. And a blind English
soldier touched her to tears when he said,
“I never knew what beauty was until
took the picture. You look like how you look. I’ve never missed you in
a picture. I know just how you look, and
I can see you now.”

She went to the kitchen and she looked like all their girl friends and their wives. Any of
them who were blonde. Out came the snap-
shots from under pillows. “My wife looks
a lot like you, Miss Totter. Don’t you
think so?”

And they’d laughed, remembering their
own fears. “I write an awful lot of letters,”
she said. “When I get home, I’ll know for
sure.”

She wrote notes on their letters: “Hello,
I’m here with Joe. He looks great. And he
misses you.” She marveled at the medical
miracles today’s doctors were accomplish-
ing with 90 per cent survival of wounded
men in the Korean conflict than in the last war.

Even as the doctors marveled at Audrey’s
very own role as a “ministering angel,” when
she talked to the eyes of a young wounded
Marine, and accomplished what medicine
had failed to do. She’d been through the
ward once, but the doctors in grave hushed
consultation beside his bed thought him
far too important to lose. Audrey said
she couldn’t get the boy out of her mind.
Despite the fact that he was in a semi-
coma, there was something about him that
mesmerized, “Am I not going to get a chance
to talk to you?” he asked. “They were preparing
to leave the ship, when she turned to the
Chaplain and said, “Can I go back?” And
together they’d gone back to the young
Marine. She’d seen the look of pain in his
eyes, and to the wonders of the doctors,
he began talking back to her.

“They thought he was too ill. But he was
happy to see me. He kept smiling at me,”
she said. “Ah, he’d seen me before from
elsewhere, and he hadn’t seen anybody in some time. He was in a state of melancholy, and
I helped his feeling at the moment.

But across the nation’s front pages, the
Navy Chaplain was putting it another and
stronger way. "In the half-hour Audrey
Totter stayed with him she did what I
hadn’t been able to do, what our operations
hadn’t been able to do. She got him to

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start remembering and thinking about the good things in his life. I suppose one could say a half-hour on her part was a small thing. But to us in the Haven each individual life is the biggest thing there is. And as far as we're concerned, that's what the half-hour with him amounted to."

To her own doctor, Tutter kept explaining, "That nice Navy Chaplain. He wanted to do something nice. I wasn't really—I didn't really— Only to be stopped by Dr. Leo Fred, who, of course, has knowledge of such things. "It happens," he said quietly.

He'd met her at the plane, put her luggage in the car, turned to her and said, "When are you going to marry me?" and Audrey had answered, "Right away." Which wasn't quite the acceptance speech her romantic old-fashioned heart had always planned. But it was lovely. She knew so well how, every day of it, every hour of it, every moment of it, is too magic to be missed.

And wedding plans began to hum. Theirs would be an "old-fashioned wedding in miniature," they decided. A single ring ceremony, and her wedding ring would be a "wide, gold band, like Grandmother wore." They would be married in the little ivied red-brick Village Church of Westwood. A simple service, with the word "obey" definitely left in. "I want it included," Audrey said. "It's an old-fashioned wedding, and I think that's part of it."

Audrey's maple hope-chest soon began to bulge even more with gifts from the linen shower her good friend, Nancy Reagan, hurriedly arranged for. Since the den was the only completely furnished room in the Ronald Reagans' new home at the time, Audrey's friends, which included Artis Holden, Jane Withers (Mrs. William Moss), Sally Forrest, and so many more all assembled in front of the fireplace there. The bride-to-be was delightedly opening celophane packages in all directions and when two matter-of-fact delivery men arrived with a very large one and set it down right in the middle of the floor. "This is not a gift for you," Nancy, a mother-to-be, informed her. The Reagans' baby crib had just arrived.

Audrey decided on a Howard Shoup-designed white lace wedding gown, ballerina length, with a tight Empire waist and scads of Petticoats. She would wear a short-sleeved, plain veil, and she would carry an old-fashioned little bouquet made of pink roses and white orchids. Her "going-away" costume would be of shantung wool with a violet coat and mauve accessories. Her pretty sister, Collette, as maid of honor, would wear blue lace. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tutter, would come out from Joliet, Illinois, for the wedding. Audrey's father wasn't too well, her brother, Folger, stationed with the Air Force in the Mojave Desert, would give her away.

Audrey's wedding day was as perfect as any old-fashioned bride could ever wish. A golden mellow September afternoon. And the altar was bathed in candlelight, as the rich voice of the pastor performed the wedding service.

Hands joined, they looked at one another, the bride and groom, in the dramatic silence broken only by the strains of the organ playing "The Lord's Prayer."

They heard the pastor's benediction: "The Lord bless you and keep you The Lord make His face shine upon you And be gracious unto you . . . . The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace. . . . ."

And as her doctor lifted Audrey's wedding veil, the late afternoon sun shining through the round stained-glass window behind the altar on the bride's blonde hair was an iridescent halo as soft and happy as a "guardian angel's" kiss.

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My dropping the cup was no accident. It interrupted John’s tirade, gave me a chance to adjust to his changing moods.

Big Sister—TOWARD
I knew John's condition. But it wasn't until I could be honest with myself that I could really help him

by Ruth Wayne

Harry dies hard. I'd been ordering weekend roasts from Mr. Klinger for such a long time that I automatically put one down on my list, without thinking. It wasn't until I was actually talking to him on the phone, my pencil lining out the items as I read them, that I took in the full sense of Beef Roast, about five pounds. I stammered, and Mr. Klinger said helpfully, "Did you say beef, Mrs. Wayne? I have a nice—"

"No, no, I don't think so this week, Mr. Klinger. My son Dick is away for a few days, and with Dr. Wayne not back on a full diet as yet I think—" I heard my nervous tongue running on and forced it to stop. Really, I didn't have to tell Mr. Klinger the whole story of my life. In another moment I'd be chattering telling him that in view of John's illness, and his diminished practice, and the strange qualms I felt that perhaps it hadn't been just pneumonia that kept him in bed, I had decided lately that I must take tucks in my budget. I drew a deep breath and said firmly, "I think a fairly small roasting chicken would be fine, Mr. Klinger. And a pound of lean bacon, and I think that's all."

"Chicken and bacon. Thank you, Mrs. Wayne. I'll have it there before twelve. Oh, and Mrs. Wayne, may I ask how is the doctor today?"

"Much better, thank you. We hope he'll be really well by next week."

Mr. Klinger chuckled. "My wife will be glad. She is waiting for Dr. Wayne to be well so she can be sick, she tells me. She won't go to anyone else, you know. It's a funny thing with doctors. That Dr. Marlowe at the Health Centre, he's a nice young chap, but my wife—she says she won't allow herself to have a headache yet until she knows Dr. Wayne is back at the Health Centre. Well, I won't keep you, Mrs. Wayne. Give the doctor my best."

Smiling a little, I hung up and sat absentmindedly scribbling over my list. Everyone knew Mrs. Klinger's headaches. She had them the way other women have Tuesday bridge or Thursday luncheons. She knew it herself; she'd been through every test, every examination, every analysis the Health Centre could offer, and even she herself was half-convinced there was no physical or very serious mental reason for those recurrent aches. But, somehow, every time she felt one coming on she just had to go see John about it. John was the only doctor who could manage to soothe her, make her feel right again. Oh, there were so many others in town who had that faith in John! If only he could get it back in himself! If only that poor, unfortunate Gorski child hadn't died; so accidentally, so tragically, while she was John's patient! If . . . . if . . . . if. Things like that happened all the time in a doctor's life—the sad and bitter accidents that no human being on earth could foresee or forestall. That wasn't what had broken John. He'd been ready for breaking, waiting, subconsciously perhaps even hoping for a good excuse to let go his hold on self-confidence, energy, hope. To stop trying . . . .

My pencil-point snapped against the pad. This was nonsense. All that had happened was that John had been nervous. (Continued on page 80)

Big Sister is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 1 P.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble. Grace Matthews and Paul McGrath are pictured at left in their roles as Ruth and John Wayne.

MY DAYS AHEAD
under the weather, and the mild infection that might otherwise have passed off lightly had turned the other way, into pneumonia. Besides, Roger Marlowe had said he'd probably be out of work over it now. Roger had said only yesterday—

"Ruth?" John spoke softly behind me, and I jumped. His bedroom slippers had made a dull sound on the stairs just before. "Darling! You shouldn't be down here in the draft."

"I feel fine." He smiled at me challengingly. "Don't I look better? I can practically feel red blood rushing through my veins."

He did look better. Thin, and still with that taut, watchful expression, but his eyes were clear and his color good. My heart lifted a little. Once he had his strength back, my own would come back, too. I was sure of it. And then I wished, feebly—I was always hard to see things normally and happily in a house where someone who is never ill suddenly takes to his bed. I knew I was pushing luck a little, but when John had insisted on having breakfast downstairs I didn't argue. It was so good, so close to normality to be sitting there opposite him, chatting over coffee. And it was so rewarding to see his eyes widen a little when he tasted the breakfast. Only last night he'd picked at his light supper, obviously eating only to please me. Now, delightedly watching him dispose of cereal, boiled eggs, toast, coffee and tea, I took the mental note to phone Roger immediately after breakfast to report this. Must be the uprising we'd waited for, the uprising of his mind to his body in the last week or so. Before, Roger had said, because John really hadn't been so very ill.

"Marvellous," John said with a sigh. "Now if only I could have a cigarette—no, I don't smoke. I'll just think about it." His smile was quicker than I'd seen it in months. It even seemed to reach his eyes, this morning. Im-pulse, it had been, as I was passing, and it touched my lips to his forehead. He caught my hand.

"It's been hard for you, Ruth. These last weeks—"

"Nothing's hard when I know you're well again. Anyway, the minute you're on your feet I'm going to get off mine. I will lie luxuriously abed and let the doctor take care of me, as you promised, by calling Mrs. Klinger. I'm supposed to give you a message. Mrs. Klinger is waiting for you too, fighting off one of her headaches until you're available. There's a treat for you.

I was appalled at the sudden, passionate whitening of John's face. He dropped my hand, almost flung it from him. "What kind of a crack is that?" he said harshly. "I'm not going to do anything in it in?

I couldn't even speak.

"At least have the tact not to remind me what this town thinks of me as a doctor. His voice was rapid, savage; the change from his calm, reasonable one before was terrifying. "It's enough that I know I'm only fit to treat Mrs. Klinger's imaginary headaches. Does my own wife have to go about it? No, Mrs. Klinger! I don't think I'm incompetent, a joke, even a danger! Marlowe coming here and gloating every time he feeds me a pill, my own self concupiscent?" I was the family idiot, and now you—"

"John! For heaven's sake!"

"And while I'm on the subject, you have to make it so plain to the butler that I don't want a piece of beef unless I can't afford to eat beef once a week?" His lips twisted. He looked like a dreadful fellow. "Ah, yes, I was there. Longer than you think. "And how do you expect I crossed off the roast, the expensive, successful-man's beef roast. And I'll tell you something more. I know you did it only to humiliate me. Don't you think I know you could have managed it if you wanted to? Ruth Wayne, the marvelous manager, the uncomplaining, tireless, noble wife of a failure, of course you could have squeezed a beef roast out of your budget. You can do anything, can't you? Don't you have to be extra strong to make up for your failure?"

Panicky, I saw that his forehead and upper lip were damp with perspiration. His hands, clenched whitely on the table top, indicated the struggle to keep the tears back. "Was this hysteria? Should I get to the phone, call Marlowe, or would that be worse?"

You were a nurse once, I rallied myself frantically. Act like a nurse. Just keep him quiet. I'm sure he's not far gone. I'm sure his cup half-full of coffee, I'd been on my way to refill it. Deliberately, I opened my fingers and let the cup crash to splinters on the floor, and when I went to the sink to wash it all off, both John, I knew, knelt, and slowly cleaned up the mess.

Somehow, it worked. By the time I raised myself, John's hands were lying passively in his bathrobed lap. He looked at me in the uncomplaining, tireless, noble eye of a man with John's eyes, not those glassy, unfamiliar accuser's.

"I think I'd better go back to bed," he said weakly. "I simply can't--"

"Don't talk now, darling." I was heart sick at the way he leaned on me, let me help him up the stairs and back to bed. "Don't talk now; I should have known you weren't well—"

"It wasn't your fault, John; none of it matters, I don't remember a word; don't think about it..."

My voice went gently, gently on, putting that necessary distance between us and the sick man. We were and that sickening scene. Gratefully, John went back to bed, and closed his eyes, and was asleep almost before I closed his door behind me. But, standing alone in the hall, I realized, for the first time, that I was in the kitchen afterward for a cup of tea and told me he had talked to Dr. Seabrook, a psychiatrist whom he knew John thought well of. Home! That's what I considered Roger's brashness, and he saw it. He said impatiently, "Don't look at me like that, Ruth, that dowager-duchess look. Be reasonable. I had a good ache to worry and be useless. Seabrook about John, and I set my own mind at ease by doing it."

I forgot my annoyance, grasping at a straw, and said, "Tell me what he said."

Then Dr. Seabrook didn't think it sounded important? The way John's been acting?"

"On the contrary. He thought it was even more significant than he did. He was most interested in how you reacted to it."

"I see." I poured myself another cup, to give my hands something to do. "What exactly did you tell him, Roger? As John's wife..."

"There you go again. As John's friend, as his doctor, as your friend, do you think I'd tell him anything you wouldn't?" Roger flushed almost angrily. "Forget yourself and do your work, Ruth. I believe in tomorrow, and I-I want to help John as much as you do." Our eyes held it and I was who glanced away. Roger was right. I was getting touchy myself. "I'm sure Dr. Seabrook understands the hard situation—especially hard for him because John was still jealous and antagonistic toward him."

Roger drank his tea, and there was something else. "I just told him the facts," he said finally. "That John expected to become the Health Centre's director last year, and how he reacted when the Board hadn't thought of him. He's the only person I know who's been adjusted to working with me. And actually didn't. And that ever since he's been edgy, hard to deal with, insecure—the business with Parker, John letting himself be bought hand and foot. Even though he knew the guy got a big kick out of making slaves out of people with his money."

"He didn't mean Parker, wasn't sick, sick enough to need a doctor," I said defensively.

"Sure, but he didn't need one any hour of the day or night he happened to feel like it. It worried me. And you've got to hold it to him that he had to have told him to go chase himself if he hadn't hoped Parker would make a big donation to the Health Centre. And what's that got to do with John? That was what John needed—the reflected glory of Parker's money."

I bit my lip. I'd promised myself honesty, and this was it. Even though it hurt to be honest it was just too much the other way of Roger's direct language. "And I told him," Roger continued, "that John was out making one of his unnecessary calls on Seabrook. He had a hangover, I think. Seabrook died.

Seabrook seemed to think that would create such a weight of guilt in John's mind that—well, you live in the same house with John, Ruth. You've got the most intimate relations with Seabrook about John, and I set my own mind at ease by doing it."

But it was just too much the other way of Roger's direct language. "And I told him," Roger continued, "that John was out making one of his unnecessary calls on Seabrook. He had a hangover, I think. Seabrook died.

Seabrook seemed to think that would create such a weight of guilt in John's mind that—well, you live in the same house with John, Ruth. You've got the most intimate relations with Seabrook about John, and I set my own mind at ease by doing it."

And if you think the time has come to do something about the mental state he's in,
I'm here to help." His eyes met mine. 
Oddly, I wasn't annoyed any longer. The thought that there was help available Roger's help, Dr. Seabrook's help—lifted my heart. It wouldn't be so bad. The bad part would be mine, getting John to agree to see Dr. Seabrook. But, after that, with John's own intelligence, the awareness and understanding he'd always shown about himself—why, it shouldn't be more than a few weeks before things were all right again.

Still, how did you put a suggestion like this to someone you loved? When there had been no violence—no crisis to make it so obvious that it really could be argued against—it was a nerve-racking undertaking. I told Roger, when he left, that I'd need a couple of days at least to work out some kind of approach so that John wouldn't be shocked or hurt—and it was certainly the farthest possibility from my mind, as I went up later to John's room, that he himself would make it so easy for me. I came right out with it that very afternoon.

I still don't remember exactly how it came about. John had gotten out of bed and was resting in his big chair, with his feet up, and a pale, worn face that I wanted to cry.

"Have a good nap?" I asked, automatically starting to move about the room, tidying up.

"Not very. I couldn't seem to sleep. I heard Roger come in. I guess it was Roger, before, because you went into the kitchen and stayed there talking for a long time."

"I do talk to other people besides Roger, John."

John smiled wryly. "You talk to other people in the living room, not in the kitchen, with things that can be heard. No, I don't want to argue, Ruth. I don't mean to. I'm too tired to bother. I'm glad he didn't come up. It's not necessary any more. I'm getting perfectly well."

"Yes, that's wonderful. You don't feel you really need the physical checkup any more. The infection's pretty well gone."

I hesitated. "He's a little concerned because you're not—well, because you're still so tired."

John sighed, his head against the back of the tall chair. His voice was so low I had to strain my ears to hear it. "I'd like to go off somewhere in the country. Rest. Soak it up. Nothing but tranquil, peaceful rest. That's all I need. This past year has been such a devil of a time."

"That was when I heard myself saying it. "John—would you ever go to see Dr. Seabrook at Green Acres? We were out there once, remember? It's a beautiful place."

The whole room seemed frightened at what I had said. I stood waiting, hands clasped almost prayerfully around an ash tray. John's head had jerked forward, and his eyes were all at once sharper and more aware. He smiled stiffly.

"I see you have been talking to Roger."

"It's not Roger's idea, John. Not entirely. I'd been thinking along those lines myself."

"And it's not mine, either."

He raised an eyebrow almost in the old, mischievous way. "Yes, that's what I said, Ruth. Is it so surprising? As a doctor, don't you think I fully realize I haven't been behaving in the right way recently? You underestimate me, Ruth. I've been doing quite a lot of thinking."

"We could have talked about it together, if you'd told me. I only want so much to help, John."

"I wasn't ready to talk about it. But I think now—yes, I remember Green Acres."

His voice grew dreamy again. "Completely apart from all that, I'd like a couple of weeks there, I'm sure I would. And Seabrook, I've got all the respect in the world for him. Talking to him would be a sure way of getting things back in the right perspective. I'd always agreed with most of his theories." His voice trailed off, and he sat thinking. I was afraid to break in, perhaps break his thoughtful, reasonable mood. "Sure," he said suddenly, "Go ahead, Ruth. Tell Roger to make the little arrangements. I'll go out to Green Acres for a rest. Why not? I'm lucky to have the chance."

Could it possibly be as easy as that? A few days later, when I actually drove John out to Green Acres and left him there, I still couldn't believe it. It didn't seem real. Too confused and shaken—and too lonely, in a way—to go back to the house alone, I dropped in at the Health Centre and was grateful to find Roger free for a while.

"But why are you confused?" he demanded after I'd told him about how well it had gone off that morning. "I should think you'd be unhappy, certainly, but you can't be confused when you yourself decided it was the right thing for him to do."

"But that's just it! Roger, it was exactly like leaving someone at a glamorous resort hotel. John and Dr. Seabrook chatted a bit, perfectly at ease, and then I kissed John good-by and left, and it was all—so—well, I'm just confused. I can't help thinking that if John is so willing and reasonable about putting himself under psychiatric care, maybe he really doesn't need it. Maybe we've all made a mistake."

Roger gave me a long, level look. "Not on your life, Ruth. That's just wishful thinking, and you know it. You've tried to force things back into the ordinary, routine picture, just because you're afraid to look them in the eye."

I felt my temper rising. "More amateur analysis, Roger? You told me yourself how dangerous that is.""

"It doesn't need analysis to see that you're not really tackling the thing. For instance, what about money, Ruth? How are you going to get along?"

"Roger, honestly—" I kept my anger down with an effort. Probably he was just trying to show me I was not to mind off John. "I'll manage, really. We haven't exactly been starving, you know."

"I mean while John is gone, out of commission."

There was a kind of relentlessness in the way he pursued it.

"The two or three weeks John will be—out of commission, as you call it—aren't going to affect us too heavily. I don't see what you're getting at, Roger. Unless you're just trying to—"

Roger sighed. "Ruth, I'm not trying to do anything except help. I know I'm a boor about it, but—well, look. I've been thinking. Why don't you come here and take over John's desk while he's gone? We need you like anything, and you'll need the money."

Take over John's desk! This time I stood up, with anger I didn't try to conceal. "You're speaking in a most belittling manner of another doctor, Roger. How could I or any other unqualified person take over John's duties? I'm a nurse, not a physician. Are you implying that John's medical contribution here was so unimportant that even I could fill his place?"

Roger stood up too. His brown, strong-boned face was almost grim. "I didn't mean to suggest John's duties. I said his desk—all the little administrative things we've had to saddle ourselves with because we can't get the right kind of help. You know how I feel about John as a doctor—that I think he's more brilliant in his way than I'll ever be. You're deliberately not listening to me, Ruth. Why should you get so angry at a perfectly sensible proposition?"

I went out without answering, and it was a long time before I cooled off enough to echo his question. It was three days, in fact.
The day Dr. Seabrook had told me I might come out to Green Acres for a short visit with John.

Only three days. Not long enough for the unaccustomed spirit to be worn down even really lonely, until I realized that I kept expecting John’s key in the front door, his step and his “Hi, there,” coming through the hall toward the kitchen. Now that he was out to make a new life, there was no being ill, upstairs, almost faded from my mind. Any minute now, I’d catch myself thinking, glancing up at the clock, he’ll be out now, and then I’d remember, and think, That’s right. Not quite any minute. But very soon.

I went out to Green Acres in a hopeless frame of mind, and the way John greeted me did nothing to discourage it. He drew me around to the back of the formerly beautiful white building, and across the terrace lawn into a little enclosure, like a private walk. “I don’t know how you’ll find it,” he said happily. “Look at it. Doesn’t it take you back to the days when you’d throw your books in the house and grab an apple and run out to lie under a tree somewhere, just stare up at the sky, and dream?”

I laughed. “It could, except I honestly can’t remember doing just that.”

“It takes me back,” John said. “Ruth, this was one of the days we could have done. Separating myself from the routine for a while, having time and space to think things out—I feel like a new man already. I’ve spoken of it, and seemed what a sad state human beings can get themselves into if they don’t somehow or other take the time to see and themselves and the world in the right relationship to one another. That is, I spoke to you on the terrace when we came through.” He went eagerly on, telling me all about the problems of this young Wallace, whose mother had left, a special mess of his life—so it seemed.

“Oh, I forgot!” John stopped suddenly and snapped his fingers. “Dr. Seabrook asked if you’d drop in for a minute before you went. If you’re in a hurry, though, I’ll tell him—”

“Not a bit! I could have suggested it myself, only I didn’t want to trespass on his time.”

He laughed shortly. “What do you think this is, a prison? Naturally I’ll take you to his office. I won’t go in, since obviously he wants to talk to you about me.”

We came back to the steps, but a bit Kanye. There was a bit of a perturbed. That last-second recollection—was it because John didn’t want me to see Dr. Seabrook?

He frowned and said, “I’ll say goodbye hereby, Ruth. No sense my hanging around. I promised Wallace I’d join him for a while before dinner, and it’s almost time now. See you soon, dear.”

He went up the steps. The balm moment I felt like a mother who has come to see her son at college and found that he has other, more pressing things to do than squander time listening to her.

But when I came out of Dr. Seabrook’s office some time later I was passionately grateful that John wasn’t waiting. I didn’t want him to see my face. I knew what it must have meant, that meant, to a mother. John mustn’t see that until I’d had time to absorb the worst of it.

Dr. Seabrook hadn’t really given me such bad news. It was just the way John had been almost from the moment I’d left him there.

“He does look well,” I agreed. “And he seems so cheerful, Dr. Seabrook—so stimulated mentally. Almost as though he were being back in a course of study.”

Dr. Seabrook’s heavy gray eyebrows almost met over the dark rims of his glasses. “Precisely, Mrs. Wayne. That was what I wanted to talk to you about.”

I felt a sudden, warning tremor. The doctor went on. “He’s entirely too stimulated. His appetite isn’t very good, but I’ve been talking to our mutual friend, Dr. Marlowe, on the phone about Dr. Wayne, and from what Dr. Marlowe tells me, I felt I should put you one or two facts. A recent diagnosis indicates a case of scalding hot coffee did its usual pulling-together job. It felt queer, sitting there alone at the counter, with the tables holding people by twos or fours. I might be a bit too jumpy. I’ve been on for quite a while to come. It would be a strange thing, when one had been part of a two-some for so many years. You got so used to high life, to having your coat held for you, to having someone else do the driving, especially at night, to leaving a sack of groceries in the car because it was too heavy, and John could bring it in later when he came home.

And to worrying about money only because it didn’t stretch far enough. It was John who worried about bringing it in while I was here, in the hospital. Roger’s pointed questions. “What about money? Why should you get so angry at a perfectly sensible proposition?”

It was clear enough now. I had been worrying about money, of course, since John had come down with pneumonia. And I’d been furious with Roger because he’d hit the mark with his questioning. Inwardly I’d thought I’d done a bit of a back flip in a couple of weeks to take over again. I hadn’t wanted to be forced to face the knowledge. I’d known something would have to be done about money, in the meantime. It might have been like giving the official seal of approval to putting an official seal on the truth about John.

I’d been like a child playing with shadows. It was time to stop now, to set facts before the walls of the realities for what they were. I slipped off the stool, paid for my coffee, and walked out into the early evening. All at once I felt I could see. I saw that what had been tied tightly around my heart for a long time had suddenly snapp. I wasn’t happy; you couldn’t call it happiness, to be facing the fact that your husband was ill, and your house was left just as far ahead as you could see you’d be head of the family whether or not you liked the role.

No, it wasn’t. But I was strangely alone. Things were no longer confused. John had his job to do—getting well, with Dr. Seabrook’s help. And I had mine. I’d have to make some changes in the house, naturally. I’d have to work at the Health Centre. I’d have to do something about the housework end of things. And I’d have to take care of John in the wrong set. I’d have to do everything. I’d have to be head of the family whether or not you liked the role.

I sped a little, trying to get back to Glen Falls before Roger left the Health Centre. I’d have to tell him tonight, get things started. I didn’t want to see the small, sunlit office I’d be working in, of the crispiness of files and records under my hands instead of the familiar feel of dishes and dusting cloths. But at least I knew what it would be like, working again at a job... working with Roger.

I was smiling faintly as I pulled up in front of the Centre—smiling at the realization that already I was looking forward. Once you stopped fighting it and gave it a chance, life itself was so ready to carry you along. After all, wasn’t that the only way life could really move—toward the day ahead?
The Kind of Husband to Have

(Continued from page 44)

Irishman with the black hair and arresting brown eyes. "But what very few people know is that before Nancy's husband—and just Plain Bill's—there was a radio man—because the radio fans insisted upon it."

The time was March, 1933, and Just Plain Bill had been on the air six months. The announcer was David Ellis, but before her marriage took place the writers decided to introduce a rival for Nancy's affections into the script. That rival was played by Jimmy Meighan, with a slight brogue, and James Meighan auditioned for and won the role. (He's always been exceptionally good with dialects.) It had been planned to build an episode around the theme of the "fearful situation" and then Nancy was supposed to go ahead and marry David.

But the fans decreed otherwise. Mail started to pour in, and in the listeners, who took violent sides for or against Kerry, the writers began to realize that the characters had taken over the script with a life of their own, and seriously analyzed the situation. Eventually it became apparent that an overwhelming majority preferred Kerry, so he and Nancy were blissfully married while the rejected David faded from the scene forever.

The Kerry of today is a polished young lawyer and has lost his brogue, but he and Nancy are among the happiest of the series' main characters. Kerry became, as he was supposed to, a rich man. The writers have even given him to entertain friends without seeming crowded. The family includes Myles, who at fourteen is six feet three and a half inches tall, loves camping trips and wants to go to the circus. That's the only reason why their studies, ballet, is crazy about the theatre, and will undoubtedly carry out the family acting tradition; and eleven-year-old Martin, who is becoming a fine cellist and wants to be a musician—if he doesn't become a forest ranger.

Though both Jim and Alleece paint very well, they don't have a special studio to do it in. They were taught to paint where and work away with oils or water colors whenever they feel the urge. They never hang their paintings, either, just store them in the basement.

The Meighans are a very TV-knit family, enjoying every minute in each other's company. For this reason, the children prefer to stay at home and go to the excellent public school a few blocks away, though they are too old and military academy or boarding school they wanted to if they asked. Jim spends every morning at home, leaving for the studio after 10:00 a.m. and returning in time to finish his work as usual as Just Plain Bill is finished. Sometimes Ingrid accompanies him, and father and daughter both enjoy these afternoons.

In the evenings they usually stay home and read, listen to the radio, or work on their hobbies. On the infrequent occasions when Alleece joins Jim for a "night on the town," they usually go to the theatre and the children often accompany them. "There's no point in having a nice family if you don't enjoy being with them," Jim remarks about his one child. It's true.

Returning to New York, he acted for a season with the Youngers Stock Company, making his professional debut as Billy Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." This was his first important role for a newcomer, and helped lead him into membership with the brilliant theatrical group known as the Provincetown Playhouse. For two years, in company with such stars as J. H. Taylor, Philip W.alties, and Robert Edmond Jones, he learned the art of the theatre, appearing in leading roles in all of Eugene O'Neill's plays and doubling in brass behind the scenes. A noted O'Neill authority and the scene designer is his role in "My Maryland," the lovely opera retold by Sigmund Romberg.

One day early in 1932, Jim was invited to watch a broadcast at NBC. He was so impressed that he telephoned the station radio that he determined to try it, and immediately won a number of roles. "Frankly, radio was a Godsend," he says today. "The crash of 1929 was rapidly killing Broadway, and those of us who were lucky enough to make good at the mike were just about the only actors who could be sure of eating regularly."

Jim has starred in radio ever since, playing everything from a sixteen-year-old boy on The Singing Lady to Helen Hayes's leading man on her Bambi series. When Backstage Wife moved from Chicago to New York in July, 1943, under the management of J. E. Noble. "I get a kick out of that role because of the authentic backstage flavor," he says. "Some of our scenes are real Broadway, but this radio business isn't a way of life like it used to be.

Time was when Jim spent almost all his time either in rehearsal or on the air, but these days he prefers to limit himself to his two major roles, plus occasional appearances on the radio, or to leave the theatre, or to go to the beach, or to do some simple money making plan. Lowell Witkin, A-4412 Wash., Greenpoint, Brooklyn 17.

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Lady Luck Had Her Eye on Me

(Continued from page 47)
of other fellows. I was in love. Charlotte Hanker was her name and she was won-
derful! But, also like a lot of other fel-
lows, I couldn’t afford to get married.
Even for my salary as a film projection-
istic for a local television station in Los Angeles afforded occasional dining and
dancing out for Charlotte and me, it
didn’t make me any wealth. So saving for
a church wedding and a real honeymoon was our dreamed-of
goal. Then I heard about People Are
Funny.
“See, Garth,” a friend said, “I hear they’re looking for a young fellow who
is about to be married to do a radio stunt for them. Think there might be a honey-
moon for a reward?”
He didn’t have to say any more because
I was already investigating. Due to the
nature of the stunt, Art Linkletter and
producer John Guedel had to cast about before the first night, and to pick a
contestant, I was among several inter-
viewed. Yet it wasn’t until the actual
night of the broadcast that I was let in
on what I had to do. All I knew then was
that the stunt, or the gag to which the
gag would involve time, and that I had.
For, with my job, I accumulated several
days off at a time. I was willing to try
anything, for the prize was a Paris honey-
moon, which had been the dream of that
Charlotte and I held come true.

However, when I learned during the broadcast I’d really have to climb the
highest mountain and swim the deepest river, and then do in two days what it
took me a year to plan, I decided to pass on
the form. (I was later under the same
compulsion when I was offered, if I’d
pick a contestant, a slight salary.)

What nobody told me was that at this
time of the year (November) the weather
was a nippy 28°. Since I’m only a normal
California swimmer at best, I doubted
that I could ever undertake the icy water in such a high latitude. But there
was an answer to this, too. A Coast Guard boat, bearing a huge tank of water
on its deck, came to the rescue. As the boat
shifted, I crossed the Mississippi.
I jumped into the tank, getting the
swimming form. I kept swimming, all
the way across the Mississippi. For those
who don’t like to make like Johnny Weissmuller even on a hot summer
afternoon, here is another route you’re
ever called upon to swim the Mis-
sissippi in 28° weather.

“You’ve outsmarted me again,” laughed
Linkletter, upon my return. “But we’ve both been in the water.”

Well, after seeing the result, I
amazed that as many applicants turned
up as they did. I didn’t know there were
so many modest Texans. I was wined,
dined, and even the object of attempted
bravery. One gentleman promised a
nifty sum of Texas dollars to let him
win the title. But I knew you couldn’t use
Texas dollars in the United States, so
honesty prevailed. The uncontested win-
ner was a six-foot-five-in-the-shoe
named Soot Schmid, who was then a
member of the Texas Parole Board. He
was so modest, he even admitted other
states had oil and other states had
beautiful

“Tell that Linkletter,” he drawled,
“A’im paroling him for all the things he
said about Texas!”

When Soot and I returned to the show
for the final week, I heard the news of
my last stunt. I had to marry the girl! It
goes without saying that my wedding to
Charlotte in St. Brendan’s Church in Los
Angeles, as a matter of fact, would, of
necessity, be a small one.

One of my favorite duties is to
make magic land. The ship itself was
beautiful and the entire trip was six days of heaven.
We had cocktails with the captain, the
enjoyable dividend in being engaged.

When we reached Paris, we were both
so exhausted from the sheer fun of our
trip over, we did nothing but rest at our
hotel, France et Choiseul. We finally
resolved to see a sight. It was called
Paris, the City of Light, the City of
sight-seeing. Just like other tourists—
complete with the inevitable camera—we
saw Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower and
every famous spot in the city. Alas, it was
so famous that, in the small, white-trip,
most of our pictures look like pea soup.

There were highlights, though, like our
visit to the famous Folies Bergere on the
night of my birthday. And Charlotte’s
pajamas, which she wore in place of a
dress. Naturally, there were humorous
things, like the chambermaid who looked
after our suite.

I remember once I needed a new
suit pressed in a hurry for a special occasion,
and I tried so hard to explain the situation
to her. This is very difficult when you
know no French except oui and the maid
knows no English. I pointed, guessed,
tried to draw pictures, but all she kept
saying was “Tout de suite, s’il vous plait.”

To me, it sounded like “silver plate,”
and I visualized I was getting nowhere. As a
linguist I was a flop!

Then Charlotte, who knows little more
French than I, but who apparently is
blessed with a gift for the right sign
language, success upon our own
second and with a few gestures and strange words
seemed to make her understand perfectly.
The suit was back on time. I was pleased,
of course. But the chambermaid was still
saying “silver plate.”

We made a brief four-day trip to near-
by London. We loved it there, because
the city of supposed fog was as bright
and as beautiful as it sometimes
looks without a drop of smoke.

Not a cloud in sight. There’s something
stimulating about London, whose citizens
are so proud of their heritage. We couldn’t
help but fall in love with this city.

Since we were eating our way through
Paris we looked forward to a real English
meal for a change. Someone had recom-
mended a spot and naturally we went
out of our way to dine there. We were
all set for an English pudding or some
other specialty, and our appetites were
up to a quick edge. Imagine our chagrin
when we found the menu printed in French.
It was true, though, it was the best French
restaurant in London!

We got a chance to use our camera in
London and considered ourselves extremely
lucky to be passing Number 10 Downing
Street one day just as Anthony Eden walked in. Since we learned it
would be less than an hour before he’d
donate that famous speech to the world
picture. Shortly thereafter, he came down
the steps again and was most gracious to
us, waving and smiling to Charlotte. Alas,
when we got home and had the picture developed, one of us had done a
flop! (Alas, also for the film, and the
Mr. Eden emerged with two heads—one suspiciously like Charlotte’s.

Our wonderful two-week honeymoon
was over so rapidly. It seemed as if we
had just arrived before it was time to
sail home again. Due to the bad weather,
we left from Liverpool on a ship named
the Queen Mary, surrounded by the
intensity of the weather, at the same
time we were struggling home, a certain
Captain Kurt Carlson was bravely fighting
near by aboard the famed Flying Enter-
prise. (Actually, our ship didn’t suffer
the same fate as his.)

It was New Year’s Day when we arrived
in New York, ten days after leaving, and
with a little snow on the ground. Though
I did have a few English shillings in my
pocket (about $140 in American money),
I couldn’t find anyone to exchange it.
It was a result I had to carry our baggage
home. Fortunately, we found the American
had a tip for the porter. After the rough
days at sea I was fatigued to begin with,
and at the end of the mile-and-a-half,
the stairs up to the plane looked like
the low way was for sure!

When you’re back home in Los Angeles
after such a glorious three weeks, it’s kind
of hard settling back into the routine of
being Mr. and Mrs. Garth Hintz. But we
know our luck was out. We didn’t take
few pictures we had taken, plus our beau-
tiful memories. We do have a nice apart-
mament, we think, so pretty soon we were
thinking about buying a modest house. But
hadn’t been enough time after our wedding
or before the trip to do this.
Charlotte, who has worked with the
New Products Institute for several years,
hadn’t picked up a framework of knowledge
concerning furniture and homes, prefer-
ably the modern kind. Until we have a
real home to furnish and decorate, we’re
experimenting on our large, airy flat.
Every Sunday, after doing all we can to buy,
we intend to utilize in our future
place. The going is slow, but more fun
and surer that way.

It is a very long time today and
Charlotte says the only thing we don’t
have in common is rhubarb. I think ru-
barb is just the greatest! Poor Charlotte.
She doesn’t know what she’s missing. But
I thought I told you that I was remarkable
I’ve given up rhubarb. But then, for a
Virginia who climbed the highest mountain
and swam the deepest river to win the thir
girl loved rhubarb. I think rhubarb is no
great sacrifice to keep her.

If there’s a moral to this story, it’s this.
Be prepared! Yes, sir! Keep a French
guidebook handy and keep a bag packed
take off on a moment’s notice. Take it
to me, I know. The unexpected always
happens and Lady Luck could have her
eye on you!
My Holiday Heartache

(Continued from page 66)

with an echo which would have done credit to a sound-effects man on a blood-curdling whodunit. I curled up on the sofa to drink my coffee, and the silence wrapped itself around me—thick, oppressive and smothering.

This solitary Thanksgiving, desolate as it was, wasn't even a preview of the way I would live for the next five years. If I was lonely now, on Christmas I was absolutely certain to be utterly lost.

I didn't see how I could possibly endure it—nor could I, the way my parents planned our Christmases back home in California. They had a talent for blending suspense, surprise and fun into our celebration, yet never forgetting the day's true purpose, of reverent worship for the Christ Child.

From the moment the first of us awakened and led the wild dash for the living room, I always feel this was indeed a day set apart from all others.

Its spectacular manifestation was the tree, shining with tinsel and sparkling with lights brighter by far than the pale rays of the early sun, which was piled beneath it, and we had time only to open them and get the first tantalizing glance at their wonders before going to church, where the mystic beauty and solemn pageantry of the High Mass always sent my soul soaring.

In my loneliness, I found myself wishing I could relive every single one of those glorious days.

It was that wish, I believe, which led me to a solution for my unhappiness—for with it came the realization that actually I continued to hold fast to each of those Christmases, not only in my memory, but also in my everyday life.

In my hobby of painting I still held a part of the Christmas when I was seven, for that was the year when Mother and Dad had given me a drawing board and a real easel.

And, for that matter, perhaps even my singing itself dated back to a Christmas, for the most terrific present of all was the piano. With its arrival began our family habit of singing together. Mother would sing lead, Dad take the baritone, I'd do the tenor, the alto, Carolynne, who couldn't carry a tune in the proverbial handbasket, would drone along.

But the quality of the singing hadn't mattered. The thing which counted was the way the folks had, through their love and affection, led us into a way of expressing what we felt about Christmas. It was a part of life which neither time nor distance nor even my father's death could break. Wherever I was, my mother and my sisters would be thinking of me on Christmas the same as I would be of them.

And that, as I remember, was the spot where I came out of my indigo mood with a knowledge that it was up to me, wherever I was, to work the kind of Christmas that was worth of them.

If I couldn't be in the midst of my family, hearing the happy shouts of my nieces and nephews as they unwrapped their gifts, the musty odor of children in Chicago who would enjoy our kind of Christmas, Father Brett, over at Holy Name Cathedral, would be able to help me find them.

It was lucky, I think, that I reached my decision as early as Thanksgiving, for—as I soon found out—creating the kind of Christmas our folks used to give us took more than a slice of a brand-new radio or television show.

I learned, for instance, how to bake cookies, how to stuff a turkey, and how to set up a Christmas tree so it wouldn't wobble.

Father Brett made the arrangements and I met my small guests after the children's Mass. There were four of them: Mary Elizabeth, who was six; Judy, nine; Patsy, eleven; and Joe, who was eight.

In the car I had rented for this day, we drove down to my apartment, all of us a little shy with each other.

But that shyness vanished the moment we got inside the door and Joe shouted, "Gee, a television set! Maybe there'll be a Western movie."

Patsy, however, had a different idea. "Who wants to watch some old cowboys, anyhow? I'd rather see dancers."

I sounded, I realize, just exactly like my own mother when I said, "Now, kids, take it easy. We'll take turns and see both." Already we were sounding just like a family.

With turkey and presents and the wonderful happy commotion which youngsters can produce, every minute of the day was filled. Joe got interested in my radio box and had to paint a picture of it's own. The little girls found my wardrobe most exciting and shyly asked if they could see all my things. Happily, I pulled out bureau drawers and told them to choose anything they wanted. One chose a sachet, another a scarf, another a hanky. And their eyes shone as they did so. I knew how they felt. I remembered so well when having one of my older sisters give me some feminine trifle had made me feel thrillingly grown-up.

We climax the day by driving up the lake shore as far as Evanston. Just as we were about to stop, the snow began drifting down in big, fluffy white flakes and in the dusk, with the lights coming on, all Chicago looked lovely as a Christmas card.

Then to me, too, the snowfall became a symbol. California born and reared, I had never quite understood why song writers and poets and everybody man and woman would paint a picture of white Christmas. Now I saw that the snow, spreading its softening blanket over the harshly frozen earth, was a visible symbol of love.

The love of God for man, the love of parents for children, the love of children readily given to anyone who will accept their sincere emotion. Such love, like the gently falling snow, smoothed and softened the harshness of the world.

Small Joe confirmed my thought. We took the little girls home first, and while they chattered, as all girls do, happy and excited, about their presents, their dinner and how much fun they had—Joe had maintained as quiet an aspect as any of his silent, strong-man movie heroes.

Yet, when we drew up in front of the tenement where he lived, Joe found expression. With the embarrassment of a lad at the age where he would rather die than be thought a sissy, Joe kissed my cheek and said gruffly, "Thanks, Merry Christmas."

I kissed him back and, with almost as much effort, found words for what was in my heart.

I knew at last how my parents had made our own Christmas a heritage to treasure. Then I had received—now I had tried to give back to other children a little of what they had offered.

I told young Joe, "It's the other way around. You children are the ones who have given me a Merry Christmas."

Take the strain off your mind

(not just once, but 13 times a year)

When "that disagreeable time-of-month" looms up ahead of you, what do you worry about most? Is it the discomfort of the belt-pin-pad harness? Is it the fear that bulges or "edges" will be outlined under your dress? Or the fear of odor? ... Or just the general worry that goes with self-consciousness?

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When Good Fellows Get Together

(Continued from page 41)

for a couple of days, praying they'd get lost. They did! And one Christmas, Arthur sent me a dozen gold-plated golf tees which if I'd used them at my club, I would never have lived down!"

"On the other hand, Arthur has sent Dorothea, my wife, some beautiful Christmas gifts—silver centerpieces for the table and, one year, a charming little wagon filled with flower plants.

"When it came to getting Arthur a Christmas gift, for which we all pooled together, we were desperate. For Arthur, who has everything, and wants very little of anything, would stop Santa Claus himself. A Stereo-Realist camera was, I believe, our last Christmas offering to Arthur. I think we also gave him, at Remo's suggestion, some recordings of classical gut-string music, in which he is interested.

"But now the gift-giving is a thing of the past. We've relaxed. We Little Godfresys give each other parties during the holiday season, mix it up, and let it go at that.

"We're all family people, more or less," Tony added. "Starting at the top with Arthur and his love of his family, and his Virginia farm, we share the love of home to a quite extraordinary degree. And as our warm, family feeling for one another goes beyond our work together as a troupe of radio and television performers, we like to share our homes with each other, too. Arthur usually spends Christmas alone with all the members of his family. Frank Parker, a bachelor, who lives alone in a New York apartment, usually spends Christmas with one of us. Frank and I are very friendly, so I'm hoping he'll make it to our home in Massachusetts. New York, with his wife and sixteen-months-old baby girl, had a dream which he wishes would come true this Christmas.

"Christmas, the Chordettes, all four of them, got on the subject of what they most wanted for Christmas.

"Jane, the Sirel longs for a drink stole, "I say a stole merely because a coat," Janet laughs, "sounds too greedy!" "Oh, I think a new Cad convertible would be real nice!" Carol Hagedorn chimed in, and Dottie Smith hopes to find a helicopter in her stocking.

"Each has a good reason for her dreams—and each hopes they all will come true. Carol, who always flies home to Wisconsin for the holidays, snowstorms last year, landed on a field of ice at four in the morning, with the thermometer at three below, and feels that with a new Cad she'll be able to take the trip more safely—also more often. Dottie and her husband live in an apartment in Forest Hills but want a real home, "a house far out in the country," and figure that a helicopter, which would make it possible for them to commute, would be the answer to their problem. Whereupon, "A house is my Christmas wish, too," Ginny Osborn said. "That's what I want, same as Dottie, more than anything." Said Janet, "Homing, you see, the homing instinct is the impulse motivating all of us. Sure, me too, for there's something about a mint stole that makes any home homier!"

"Of The Mariners, Martin Karl says he has almost everything he wants and what he would like for Christmas is to keep everything he has! "But if you press me, a paid-up mortgage on my house in Beechurst would help!" Martin adds, "For by the time I get through filling the stockings—and the stomachs—of my four kids (two boys and two girls) buying the tree, the bird, the toys, Santa Claus gets pretty tired. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Martin grinned, "is weak." Jim Lockhard, who lives in Elmhurst, New York, with his wife and sixteen-months-old baby girl, had a dream which he wishes would come true this Christmas.

"My dream," Jim said, "is to have all the rest of our family members around us once more. Scattered about, as we are, if one day—best of all, Christmas day—we could all once again be together, that would surely be Christmas, the meaning of it, the heart of it, and the spirit of it, to me.

"Tom Lockhard, who is married, the father of two, and lives in New York, said, grinning, "I've written my letter to Santa Claus asking for a Chriscraft power boat which I would keep moored at Sayville, Long Island. If Santa comes across the first thing you know, the whole kids will follow the boat to Sayville in order to live near it, if not on it!"

"Suddenly it all became clear"

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TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

"HIGH SCHOOL THRILL CHASERS"—the story of teenage secret sororities is "must" reading—In December True Story Magazine out now.

"Make that blanket," the three other boys chorted, "For The Mariners, one and all.

Marion Marlowe more, perhaps, than any of the others expresses the spirit which prevails among the Little Godfresys at Christmas time:

"I don't want anything for Christmas," Marion said of his own personal Christmas present. "I got it last year when Mama came home from the hospital, safe and well again. No other Christmas present could compare, or compete, with this. Beyond everything, I want only to sit just as, and where, I am, singing my songs on Arthur's show, living at home in our New York apartment with my mother, my grandmother and my grandfather.

"A place in the country is what Julius LaRoza—Julius, that lives in Brooklyn—most wants for Christmas. "I doubt that I will get it this year," Julius said, "but that is what I want. We're looking at houses, and we'll buy one all over the Long Island. If a small miracle happens and we should find it before Christmas, that's where the LaRoza clan will get together. If we don't find it, we'll be at the home of one of our friends, perhaps by the tree and the big, seven o'clock Christmas dinner. On the Eve, which is a fast day, we eat the traditional squid for dinner, and Julius explained, 'and on the Day we have chicken, or turkey or lasagna and all the trimmings. On the Eve, we go to midnight Mass. Christmas to me, as to all the others, I guess, means being with my own family. Nothing could be 'Peace on Earth,'" Lu Ann's eyes shone, "for Mom and Dad and my little brother, Donald, and me.

"I'll fly home," Lu Ann said then, "right after the Christmas morning radio show. Always, since we kids were born, we've had the same Christmas ritual. We have a great, big tree which we all decorate together on Christmas Eve. After we've finished with the tree, it's time to go to midnight Mass, and then we come home and bake those Christmas cookies, put my little brother to bed, hang up our stockings, after which—in the upstairs hall where, from our beds, we can all hear him—Dad reads The Night Before Christmas aloud to us.

"This year—my first year as a happy Little Godfrey—Lu Ann's here on Christmas Eve. But Mom and Dad and both my brothers, I hope, will be waiting for me to help trim the tree, bake the cookies, hang the stockings and open the presents for us.

"As for what Christmas means to me, that's easy," said little Lu Ann. "I can put it into two true-blue words, being home.

Wherever Danny Is—It's Christmas!

(Continued from page 51)

Everyone who knows Danny agrees that the old druggist had favorable memories of Danny Thomas, that word "no" never occurs to him. Deep are the roots that make Danny a citizen of a limitless world in which every man is brother—deep in a childhood where the simple fact of sharing was not talked about, but practiced.

Danny was born in Deerfield, Michigan, son Number Five in a series of eight brothers and sisters. He was known as Amos Jacobs in accordance with the ritual of one of the Eastern rites of the Catholic faith—the Maronite (whose mass is said in Aramaic; it is often pronounced Aramaic: it is said pronounced Arabic: it is said pronounced Dea)

While he was still an infant, he was claimed by his Aunt Julie and his Uncle Tony, who had no children of their own. This was and is an accepted custom among Jews. And Syrian families were so well liked a relationship was blessed with many children, such obvious gifts from heaven were shared with less fortunate relatives.

Aunt Julie believed in the importance of Danny in his development. When he started to school, aged six, he heard several of the youngsters explain that they would have to get permission from their mothers to accept any of the boys asked Danny if his mother would permit him to play baseball that afternoon, he said he'd have to ask his Aunt Julie.

"Don't you have a mother?" inquired the boy.

Danny raced home to place this logical question to an authority. "Are you my mother?"

Aunt Julie looked surprised. Because the families had always visited back and forth, and Danny knew his brothers and sisters in their correct relationship, it had never occurred to anyone that Danny might be confused.

Quietly she explained that Danny really had two parents of those to whom he was born, and those with whom he had grown up. She said something like, "They love you and you love them. A child belongs, first of all, to God, and after that to all those who love the child, related by blood or not, all those around you, yourself and wherever you go, you will find those to whom you belong and those who belong to you."

The blood brother whom Danny knew best, and who remains one of his favorite human beings, is Ray. As young- sters, the two boys organized backyard games and were so well liked a relationship that they considered a church and lodge affairs that they did to go into show business as a team just as soon as they could persuade their relatives that they had absorbed enough education.

At approximately the same time, Danny and Tony had achieved a status (in their own opinion) somewhat funnier than Weber & Fields, tragedy broke up the act. Aunt Julie and Uncle Tony moved to Toledo, taking Danny with them.

Danny suffered with all the abandon of a sensitive child. He couldn't sleep; he ate and drank and he cried. He didn't give a hoot of that agony of separations, separation from a loved one. Perhaps it was this experience which has given Danny his tenderness for those whose lives are saddened by similar experiences.

And probably it was his eventual re- union with his brother (they are inseparable nowadays) which supplied the healthy conviction that the woes of human- kind are temporary and serve some useful purpose.

Danny earned his first money by selling candy, chewing gum and popcorn in the balcony of a burlesque theatre. He managed to save a very few dollars after school, and during the weekends he almost lived in the gallery.

Nowadays, Danny is a well-tailored man, but he enjoys the memory of the first purchase he made with his junior earnings: a pair of bright blue long trousers "sharp as a razor's edge." He has not worn anything since which gave him the well-groomed feeling they provided.

Danny was twenty when he moved to Detroit and began to fly in two directions at once. During the day he worked at a broadcasting station, and invested his evenings working as a night-club entertainer. On Sundays he usually did a bene- fit, one of which provided him with the thrill of his young life.

He was standing in the wings after hav- ing completed his stint when a tiny, ex- quisite brunette danced across the stage, acknowledged the applause with a twinkle, and burst into a heart-stopping song.

The singer was Lily Pons and Danny could think of was that, if this repre- sentation was so a grate- ful and reverent for doing a benefit, he was going to become the Benefit Kid.

The next morning at the radio station, he told Rosemary all about it. Rosemary was down in this entire aspect of sweet and talented, who was the star of a mid-morning kiddie show. Danny served as announcer, elder brother, father con- founded and unassuming on Rose- mary's program. He once gave her a doll for Christmas and was nettled when she regarded the gift as another in a long line of good jokes.

The program grew in popularity; Danny grew in stature as a comedian; Rosemary just grew. Also, she began to glow. As she left the station one afternoon, Danny could discern in her face was going in such a hurry.

"Have to have my hair done," she told him, "I have a big date tonight."

"You mean your family is letting a child like you go out with boys?"

She demanded incredulously. "You should be at home coloring animals books at night."

She told him that, somewhere, he had lost his blood, or that he was sensitive and quite grown up. Besides, she was only going to a movie with this boy, and she had been going to movies with him for almost a year.

Danny counted and re-counted, always getting the same answer: Rosemary would not be dating strange boys. They might be nice enough, but suppose they were reckless drivers? Suppose they didn't know their way around town and took her to the wrong places? Suppose she fell for a bad guy who would bring her misery.

Clearly there was only one sensible solution: He had to assume responsibility for her. He had to take care of her and set her own mind at rest. And so he pro- posed and Rosemary and Danny were married. They now have three children: Matthew, Robert, and Julie, ten, eight, and four.

As might be expected, Danny is a wise, resourceful, and humorous father. He be- lieved that a parent can only go so far toward establishing a child in life, but beyond that point the individual must be responsible for himself. One can make a gift, but the use of the gift must be determined by the individual.

Danny had this lesson from his own father in a reverse-English sort of way. As soon as Danny was able to do so, he bought and organized his grandfather's farm, which he had lived throughout their married life, and presented the deed to them. He had tried to persuade them to move to a new place in a less congested district, but they enjoyed their neighborhood con-
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vitences and they didn't want to be removed from old friends.

Having bought the house, Danny had it redecorated from roof to cellar, and had it furnished. At the consequent family celebration dinner, Danny told his father, "Now that you have a nice home, I hope you’re going to keep it that way. When your cronies come over for their card games, tell them not to drop their ashes on the carpet. Remember to take them to see that they don’t forget their cigars and cigarettes and burn holes in the tables. Warn them to keep their shoes off the new chairs. The place for their feet is on the floor."

Mr. Jacobs removed his cigar from his mouth and leveled an interrogatory eye at his son. "Anything else?"

Danny thought, "Well," he said. He mentioned another item or two, but his steam seemed to have dwindled.

"Danny, you gave me this house?"

"Why, sure, Papa. You’ve got the deed."

"It’s mine?"

"Absolutely. You know that."

"If this is my house, I am going to live in it my way. You finish your coffee and get out."

Danny howled his approval of the patriarch who was established in his own castle and intended to operate it according to his own tastes.

Several years later, when the rugged individualist was living in Danny’s Los Angeles, it was discovered that he was suffering from an incurable disease and had only a short time to live. Entering into a benevolent plot, the family decided to install an emergency host after and said Danny howled to Chicago, where he might be with those he loved in scenes familiar to him during his final days.

When Danny started to discuss the fancied emergency, Mr. Jacobs looked his son squarely in the eye and said, "I’m sick, huh? Whatever ails me is serious. Oh, I don’t care how long it takes. I am not afraid. Now go on about your own business while I finish pruning this tree." And, perched precariously in the Y of a soucmore, he continued his self-appointed role as gardener."

"He wasn’t afraid," Danny told his wife afterward. "He had more courage than I needed to face what he knew was ahead. He was a man, and I hope that, all the rest of my life, I can live up to him."

Danny’s mother, too, had fine qualities which were shaping the heart of her young son. During his childhood, Danny remembers that somehow, in spite of the demands of his big brothers, he had always been able to slip away from the house almost every day. She wouldn’t be gone long, and when she returned she would nearly always be able to slip a handful of pennies into the purse in which the family church money was kept.

She was fulfilling a vow, and she has continued to fulfill it all her life. In the early days, one of Danny’s small brothers was bitten by a rodent. Because of infection, such bites were nearly always fatal. Mrs. Jacobs, however, refused to accept the doctor’s diagnoses that he be amputated in Chicago to survive. She took her problem to the Virgin Mary with a promise: If the baby’s life could be spared, Mrs. Jacobs would spend a fast. She followed her vow each day for the rest of her life, begging for pennies for the poor box.

The baby lived and Mrs. Jacobs kept her promise. She went into every section of the city and passed out cards, and asking in her broken English for a penny, just one penny for the glory of the Virgin Mary and the aid of the poor. She never came home empty-handed.

While Danny was singing in a club in Detroit, he was buttonholed one evening by a man who launched into a story about how his wife had been saved from death by St. Jude. Feeling as any charitable person might, Danny asked for the address of the home of the man and impatient of personal revelation, Danny tried to get away, thinking. "Oh sure. Yeah. Yeah. Well, if you’ll excuse me."

This touched a responsive chord in Danny and he listened to help the man keep his vow.

It didn’t occur to Danny, as he listened to the stranger lauding St. Jude, that this included a boy who belonged to his own life. He was merely showing consideration to a fellow being who needed kindness at that particular moment.

Yet Danny carried a dilemma in his own heart. That morning he took the problem to church. It had been printed that, on this occasion, Danny was stony broke and responsible for a wife and baby daughter. Such was not the case. Danny was a radio station during the day and filling club engagements at night, but he felt that he was facing a crisis in his life.

He had the age at which he must decide what his permanent profession was to be. He wanted to continue his assault upon fame in show business, but he had friends who scanned his hawk-like face and said, "You can’t do it like that."

"You can’t do it like that," as kindly as possible, "Sure, you’ve got talent, Danny, but the world is full of talented guys who are also ... well, handsomer. It’s a rough racket and it’s important. Why don’t you go into the restaurant business or the candy business, or maybe lay bricks yet?"

Danny sat in church and sent up thoughts of the flickering flames from the vigil lights. He thought, I have my dream, as all men do. I believe I have some of my father’s courage, and I think I have some of my father’s face. But I need a sign. Perhaps I’m wrong to go on fighting for a spot in show business. Perhaps I should get a steady job, settle down, and—as people like to say—be sensible. To go on as I am is impossible.

As he arose to leave, he noticed a holy card lying on the pew beside him. He picked it up and studied it. It showed a hand, holding a crucifix, and there was a prayer printed on the other, together with the address of the National Foundation of St. Jude in Chicago.

Danny slid the card into one of the celluloid jackets in his wallet (he still caries it) and addressed a plea to St. Jude Thaddeus. Solemnly, he promised that, if St. Jude would give Danny success in show business, Danny would build a shrine to St. Jude.

Shortly afterward, Danny moved on to Chicago, secured a job at the 5100 Club for fifty dollars a week. Three years later, he was the biggest week-in, week-out man in the city. He was picking up a pay check of five hundred dollars every seven days. The rest is history.

And St. Jude? Danny has amassed almost enough cash to begin construction on the St. Jude Memorial Hospital, a non-sectarian, interracial refuge to be situated on the outskirts of Memphis, Tennessee.

Being responsible for such a gift, it is not surprising that Danny Thomas has won the title of "the man with Christmas always in his heart."
Aunt Jenny—Understanding Heart

(Continued from page 49) so, she loves to get dressed up and go out with the family, but she is essentially a stay-at-home.

"If I were to describe Agnes—and who is better qualified than her husband, Jimmy Wells, "I would say she was understanding, cool and collected, except that she can't stand any kind of injustice, and she doesn't nag about my smoking cigars at the dinner table. She's a wonderful wife, and mother and a wonderful actress, too."

Agnes and her husband, a playwright and producer who works mostly with children, live in a comfortable apartment in Jackson Heights, New York. They have two bedrooms, one for actress-daughter Nancy, who is absent only when she plays summer stock.

Agnes was born in Port Jervis, New York, a town about as small and friendly as Aunt Jenny's Littleton. Her father was a violin teacher. Her mother, a singer, died before Agnes was four years old. Her grandparents moved in to help raise Agnes and her two brothers.

"No one in the family had been even remotely connected with the theatre or show business before, and "Our evenings together were mostly musical, with family readings from Charles Dickens thrown in."

Now Agnes, Nancy and Nancy spend many evenings at home. The companionship, the old-fashioned warmth is there and Dickens, too.

Nancy, twenty-one, a very pretty blue-eyed blonde, is complete of her parents. In a sense, she tends to resemble her father's side of the family. On the other hand, her mannerisms are similar to her mother's and their voices so much alike they are often mistaken for each other on a phone. Nancy is gay, full of fun and shares her mother's taste in clothes—tweed and sport clothes, simple dresses and simple dresses. They frequently shop for each other with no risk of the return. Nancy Wells is an excellent young actress and you may have heard her in Aunt Jenny stories.

Agnes, as a child and young lady in Port Jervis, never entertained the idea of going on the stage, not until her last year in high school. As a senior she won an oratory contest, then played a lead in the school play.

"Suddenly it came to me that I wanted to be an actress," she remembers. "Just like that."

Lately, her father gave wholehearted encouragement and sent her off to Emerson College in Boston to study drama.

"Well, you know it was very much like that with us. Nancy's senior year in school, she was called out of some of our discussions and then she was cast in the high school play. One night in dinner she suddenly looked up determinedly, and said, 'I've decided to be an actress.'"

For two parents who love the theatre this was no shock. Nancy was enrolled in a dramatic school instead of a university and made friends from the very first day. Of course, a young actress lives a different life these days. Nancy calls on radio and video, as well as theatrical, producers for auditions. When Agnes had a spare hour she worked in numerous stock companies. When she went to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, as an ingénue, she first met Jim Wells, also an actor in the company.

"We had a typical long engagement, two years," Agnes relates. "We were married in Port Jervis twenty-five years ago this past June, and almost immediate-

ly my agent sent me into a company in London, Ontario."

She left Jim in New York but not for long. It wasn't much more than a week later that she came rushing home.

"I had to make a decision then and it was perhaps the most important of my life."

So long as both she and Jim were in stock they could expect to be separated for the duration. There was nothing they could do about it if they wanted to become stage stars. They knew of other couples in the theatre who saw each other only a few times a year. But Agnes had different ideas building a marriage.

"I decided then we would never be parted again," she remembers. "My home would come before anything else."

Agnes didn't sacrifice her marriage to a career, but she never lost touch with her work during Nancy's childhood. She organized a dramatic school, produced and directed plays. She and Jim worked with professional and amateur groups. And then came radio.

"Just about seven years and some five thousand broadcasts ago, I got started," she recalls. 'Radio was what I wanted, but I couldn't get blessing from me as an actress. I didn't have to be away from home."

Since 1935, Agnes Young has acted in more daytime dramas than even she can remember. She has played many roles in such big events as the Cavalcade of America and America and Guild on the Air. Like daughter Nancy, Agnes has moved into TV. Agnes was in the video version of Dett's last year and again stars in the current seasonal show, "The Big Story."

At home, neither the women nor Jim set up any distinction so far as duties go. Anyone may take over the shopping chores in the kitchen to prepare dinner. As a matter of fact, husband Jimmy, who professionally goes by the more dignified name of J. Norman Wells, is a clever man with mushrooms, onions and tomato sauce, and actually makes all the bread for the family. This he does in a city that boasts the greatest variety and quality of breads in the world.

"Only because mine is best," he says smiling.

Nancy shares her parents' enthusiasm for home cooking and loves to prepare dinner and bake. Before Christmas, she and Agnes put in long hours producing an arguable half-hour special, "Christmas at Home."

"It's a family joke about Mother and Christmas cards," Nancy explains. "Cards kept better than a bow from one season until the next."

"I like everything about Christmas," Agnes says, "but sometimes get upsets of the commercialization. We are trying to have a more Centre feeling to the day, to observe the spiritual side of the day."

"The past comes back to you on Christ-

mas more than at any other time," Agnes believes. "Maybe it's just one little glass of wine that has been broken and you remember the year it was bought and suddenly the whole of the past comes back with all of its emotions. You look at your family, their well-being, their happiness and you know the sorrows and successes, the difficult decisions, were right. . . . for here is your life, full and warm."

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The Light That Shines Again

(Continued from page 34) to finish their minstrel act. As they ran off the stage, he held up a shattered toy locomotive, believing that his appeal was faith his pretty mother could right any wrong in the whole wide world.

Fay Moore McNutt could do nothing to repair the brittle pieces of cast iron, but she knew how to read, so she cut out a heart. In their dressing room, she quickly cut cardboard, borrowed paints from a prop man and before anyone could see, "Mike," his young son, who had filled a sword with a silver blade and gleaming golden handle. A fine sword a little boy could flourish to slay a thousand dragons between overture and finale.

You can imagine the look on the face of a homœck and rebellious, teen, ran away from a boarding school he hated.

Hungry, frightened, strangled in a strange town, he stumbled into a Salvation Army shelter. He said his name was Tom, and he invented a fancy fable. He never had a chance to tell it. Salvation Army officers fed him, gave him a place to sleep, inquired, the negative, the discouraged, the desolate, help further. Good sense cut through his barricade of blind rebellion. He confided in them. They bought him a ticket, wired his worried parents and sped him home.

And then the inspiration came. He lacked the dollars, but he had plenty of time. On it, he could reach people who had generous hearts and clever fingers. People who might enjoy making a toy. Good as the idea was, he needed an authority's confirmation. He wrote his mother.

Fay Moore McNutt, widowed now and long retired from vaudeville, still shares her son's burning enthusiasms. She understood when he shouted, "Hi, Mom, remember my sword? That didn't cost anything to make, did it?"

"Not a cent," the doting Fay assured him. "What's more, I had fun—truly as much fuss you did." Encouraged, Tom outlined his inspiration. He would ask for toys and give prizes for the best submitted. He approved. Many drives demand money like a tax. Let's do something famous poet: the gift without the giver is bare."

"I think so, too," said Tom. "Now I'm going to see The Salvation Army."

So he did, supervised by Norman S. Marshall, Commissioner of the Central District, together with Captain Carl Lindstrom and Henry Distelhorst of the public relations department, had listened to many bright ideas, of them aimed at private profit. They said as much.

Tom Moore has always had more pride than patience. Look his gift horse in the mouth and, normally, he'll turn and walk away. Now he found himself arguing football. Captain Lindstrom, which had once helped him, could not refuse his chance to return the favor.

"No one will attempt to profit on it," he insisted. "I have no sponsor. Besides, if I had, I'd rather turn it down. I never sort mention of the name of The Salvation Army. I only want to make sure my listeners' toys will go to kids who need them."

And then the matter was dropped when it was found that the designer had already cut and sold them.

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The Salvation Army is a Christian organization established to serve humanity in all situations of need and distress.
hands are stumbling over these boxes and they're getting annoyed.

Seeking storage space, Captain Carl called a friend, Captain William Knowles of the Salvation Army. "Bobs" won't bother you much, Lefty, he predicted. "Just stick the boxes off in the corner of your gym.

Today he adds, "Before we knew it, Lefty was the one stuck off in a corner, practically buried by mail bags."

For that is when listeners over. Tom's appeal had touched people's hearts. With dramatic speed, the "Holiday Hope" homemade toy contest became radio's most thrilling Christmas story.

First report came from Captain Knowles. He notified a 75-year-old woman who had arrived. Excited as a kid, Tom rushed to the gym, opened packages, held up each stuffed animal, examined each doll, tried to make them all look beautiful. "I want to show Carl. Where is he?"

Captain Carl had his hands full. Postal officials had demanded he pick up the mailiing Box 5109. Expecting a deluge, he had rushed downstairs. In his car. He found twenty mail bags. By the time he wrestled them out to Kedzie Corps, twenty more had been delivered there by postal trucks.

The deluge was on, and never has any group been more delighted to be caught in one. The Ladies Fair staff, Mutual Broadcasting System Army officers—and all friends they could recruit—opened packages and sorted toys. Anyone with an hour to spare grabbed a cab and made a run to the gym.

They couldn't keep up with the gifts. Mail bags were stacked to the ceiling. Wastepaper salvage crews couldn't carry out wrappings fast enough. Workers would find a box, then find another, surrounded by mail bags and have to climb out. At least a dozen times an hour work would stop when some one shouted, "You have a box at this address. Here's the toy sure to win first prize."

Captain Carl says, "You could feel the love people had put into their work. Each toy carried Christmas spirit right with it."

His first big interviews, George Kedzie, who was the Salvation Army officer who did most of the talking at this time, was "Telling the officers to list families' needs. We'll be able to give each child a toy."

Soon he had an even happier one. "Notifying outlying corps we can take care of them, too." Gary, Peoria and other cities sent trucks. Still there were toys, beautiful toys. Finally he gave the news everyone hoped to hear, "Now there are enough for parties."

Headquarters sent out the word, including—in addition to Salvation Army corps—the children's hospitals, orphanages, settlement houses, civic groups giving neighborhood parties in low-income sections. Need, rather than race, color or creed, was the criterion. They required a list of a child who needed this assurance his fellow-men loved him.

Then came the problem—toys so big, beautiful and costly were worried about favoritism. Neighborhood gave. It was the man who sent in the super-de luxe doll house who helped decide what to do with them.

His name, Vincent Iwinski. He was a steel worker and the doll house he delivered took everyone's breath away. It had eight rooms, electric lights which worked, complete furnishings—including a grand piano.

When Tom saw it he threw up his hands and hunted a telephone. "Look," he told Mr. Iwinski, "this is terrific, but we can't accept it. A toy expert just valued it at three thousand dollars. Furthermore, you must have worked months on it while other people have had only a couple weeks. I have to rule it out."

Constructing the doll house had taken nine months with the whole family pitching in. The kids said, "We don't want to sell it. Rule it out of the contest, but keep it. Find a place where lots of little girls play with it."

That set policy. Big, valuable gifts were sent to institutions. Mr. Iwinski's doll house went to a Salvation Army orphanage in Detroit. Recently, Tom stopped in there to see it and wrote that, after three years with several hundred little girls enjoying it, the house has been so well maintained that it is as beautiful as the day it arrived.

Tom, his staff and radio officers have a hundred little stories of the toys, all just as charming as that. Lacking space to tell all of them, here are a few figures to indicate the impact these gifts have had. In 1949, there were 500,000 toys. Last year 625,000 toys arrived.

Tom says, "I'm most deeply touched by the fact the prizes we offer have so little packages like these. A woman who makes a set of hankies does so because she wants to, not because she expects to win. Yet whether the gift be a hankie or the radio-equipped, inlaid-wood dressing table which won first last year, every single thing is beautiful. You can see there's care in every stitch, love in every polished piece of wood. You can't buy things like that, no one is needed.

No one concerned with the homemade toy contest can remain unaffected by it. Every family attached to Ladies Fair gives to a child who could not do it otherwise. It is work that also makes at least one toy. Tom's mother, Fay, makes a set of stuffed animals. Tom, who defines his own skills by saying, "It took four years for my father to get me out of bed," suddenly finds he can construct the only thing he knows how—a toy elephant.

Ask Commissioner Marshall what he thinks of the project. "It has filled a national need."

In recognition, the Salvation Army has designated Tom "Santa's Number One Helper."

This year, the Ladies Fair homemade toy contest opened September 10 and closed December 5, allowing time to put the toys into children's hands by Christmas. Again there will be magnificent prizes for the winning work. Marshall constructs the only thing he knows how—a toy elephant.

Ask Tom his opinion and he says, with honest awe in his voice, "I never thought it would turn out like this."

Then he chuckles and waves over one that has already won. He can reach the hundreds of thousands lost.

It's from Florence Towne, the radiantly beautiful and dedicated who for years has been inspiration and head resident of Erie Towne, the last and one of Chicago's most desirable areas.

She writes: "I do wish I could tell you where each one of your gifts went; the cold little children surrounded by the cold; the others who have been gladdened by toys; the overburdened mothers who have been happy because they could plan a Christmas for their children.

"I have looked for the glorious light in the sky which the shepherds saw, the night the little Christ was born, and the shining star which brought the Wise Men to the little King."

"I have seen it shining again in the happy smiles of the children."

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(Continued from page 28)

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The children hadn’t known each other very
well before their parents got married at the
end of 1951. Bachelor Warren and
widowed Sue were neighbors who met at
the home of a mutual friend, but the kids
had only a speaking acquaintance and the
first time Sue was at the wedding, planned specially for a Saturday
so all could be present to kiss the bride.
The children get along beautifully,” Sue
explained. “Christine really studied the
way she talked to the kids, so when my
mother and my children missed a father
terribly. Last Christmas was a wonderful
one for all of them and this year will be
even better. Even John, Warren’s eldest,
and I have reached a compromise on the
subject of Christmas trees. By compre-
mise I mean that we’re planning to have
two of them—his, and mine!”

Warren Hull

It seems that the Hulls like trees that are
straight and symmetrical. Last year Sue
did get her particular kind of tree, a
big, rugged beauty, only to find John trim-
mermed it, so this year she took to make
it conform to the Hull standards of
symmetry. At the top he had achieved a fine
tapered effect, the way Warren likes it.
December 24th, a letter arrived from the
office of Nature’s handiwork, decided that
this year there would be two trees. The whole
family is united, however, on one point—
like the real, living tree, trimmed with
lighted lights and decorations. Their
smells has been looking for a tinsel-haloed
angel, the kind she used to have on her
christmas trees in South Dakota, and perhaps
Christmas of this year will have found one
in the forgotten corner of some old shop.

Everybody can join in the tree-trim-
ing, sandwiched somewhere in between
the big Christmas Sing down in the center
of the living room. John and Sue are
now, half of them in Paul’s old jaunty
which he treats like a Cadillac, and some
time before Warren and Sue go off to mid-
night Mass. Every stocking will be hung
with the huge fireplace
in the big front hall, to be filled by Warren
and Sue later and tied to each bed-
post and opened the very first thing on
Christmas morning. Perhaps Sue will
speak, or even pre-dawn, mostly on Sally’s
account, because she can hardly wait to see
what her child will straight for the attack
and to start the early day. “Warren’s family
likes to see all the presents stacked
under the tree, and one child is chosen to
call the stakes in packages,” Sue tells you,
“but at our house we put each child’s gifts in
one big pile, making it look bigger and more exciting by adding
some little inexpensive things, and
especially gay gifts, go into the stockings.

Everyone gets up at the crack of dawn,
or even pre-dawn, mostly on Sally’s
account, because she can hardly wait to see
what her child will straight for the attack
and to start the early day. “Warren’s family
likes to see all the presents stacked
under the tree, and one child is chosen to
call the stakes in packages,” Sue tells you,
“but at our house we put each child’s gifts in
one big pile, making it look bigger and more exciting by adding
some little inexpensive things, and
especially gay gifts, go into the stockings.
the rest of the day's excitement begins in earnest.

Speaking of cat naps, the big tomcat who came with the house—"He's the custodian, and he's a tough one," Sue describes him—will probably find a new catnip ball under the tree. And the troubles of a bony puppy with the high-sounding name of Copper King von Ruffhauser, a gift to Warren from a grateful guest on the show who had friends who raised boxers, will certainly find something designed to delight a young dog's heart.

Christmas dinner will be around mid-afternoon when some of the excitement has died down enough to permit leisurely dining. And it's a safe bet that the doorbell and telephone will ring fairly continuously throughout the day, that guests will come and go fairly steadily, that the children's combined collections of records (from jazz to symphonies) will keep spinning away in some corner for a few listeners. That George or Buff will do his duty, that Warren may have a go at a trumpet accompaniment, and that at some point during the day or evening they'll all stand around and sing together. (Paul has an especially fine voice which got him some solos last summer in the chorus of Shubert musicals, during his vacation.) If the children go out part of the day, they're sure to come home early, bringing their dates with them, so as not to miss too much of the holiday fun. "When I was a widow, I liked going out to holiday parties, but now I want to spend every minute of Christmas at home," Sue says. "The children pay the Christmas calls now."

The house itself is a light tan stucco, its general design being Colonial. The entrance hall is in the center, with rooms flanking it on both sides and a stairway going up to the second floor. They haven't counted the rooms because no one can quite decide how many of the little nooks should rightly be called rooms, but there is space enough for each child to have a bedroom and a living room, and there's an air of spaciousness and brightness throughout the house. The house once had a great deal of dark woodwork but the Hulls like the transformation that white paint has accomplished.

Off one side of the entrance hall is a pleasant breakfast room, with the dining room beyond that, and the kitchen and maid's quarters. Off the other side of the hall is the big living room and the sunroom. On the top floor of the house is a large room the Hulls use for ping-pong and rainy day games.

Warren is pleased about the six fireplaces, the big one at the rear of the entrance hall and the ones in the living room, breakfast room and dining room, and the two upstairs, one in their room and one in Buffy's room. The sofa and chairs grouped around the hall fireplace belonged to Warren's great-grandmother, and are now covered in cherry-red velvet and set against a deep green wall. The clock on the mantel shelf over this fireplace belonged to Warren's great-grandfather. An old grandfather's clock on the stair landing is a treasure they found in an antique shop. In the sunroom an Italian tile fountain is set in the wall and, as the water spills over it, it makes a lulling tinkle. The floor, too, is tiled, the furniture gay and comfortable. The view of the grounds here is lovely—a handsome copper beech and a number of Sue's favorite weeping willows; the garden where flowers bloom until almost Christmas; the tennis court off to one side where the children spend a lot of time in summer. Evergreen trees stand straight and tall, ready for a Christmas Even snow to drape them in white and tinsel to rival any indoor Christmas tree. The signpost be back for its holidays, and there will be wreaths on all the doors.

Warren will be in charge of the mistletoe. "We want plenty of that," he tells you, "just to make it easy for everyone." "Yes, and scare Buffy to death," Sue comments.

So Christmas at the Hulls promises to be happy and heartwarming and gay. And if it's anything like last year, Warren will be thinking about sharing that happiness right up to the very day. Sue will tell you how they had been married only a few weeks when last Christmas rolled around.

"We weren't in the big house then, but Warren and I had a little flat in the city, because it was bigger than his. Everything was still in a state of confusion, the kids were all coming home from schools, and my parents, but still the family were coming too. Warren had only a few hours each day away from his programs, and the work and planning they require, but two days before Christmas he got on the train and rode out to Brooklyn to bring gifts to the two little children of a woman who had needed 'to strike it rich' because of a tubercular condition, and who had been helped by the program. Warren had been especially interested in those children and in their courageous mother. He spent several hours at the children's house where the little girls were being cared for until their mother came, and when he got home he was tired out physically and emotionally, but feeling he had done only a part of what he wanted to do and wishing he had more time to visit more people. "I don't know what he is planning this year, but we all hope to share in his sharing, knowing that in this way our own Christmas season will be doubly blessed."

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It's All Such Fun

(Continued from page 32)

My first "never" lasted for a short while. During the ensuing years I made the following pronouncement, upon observing the various miseries of some of my friends: I would never marry a handsome man. His temptations were nearly always greater than my resistance. I would never marry an actor. His temptations were nearly always, and so forth.

Finally, to simplify matters for myself, I vowed that I would never remarry. I had a comfortable house, a satisfactory way of life, sufficient social activity, two adorable daughters, and freedom. I was never exchange this state for any other arrangement.

To prove conclusively how ironclad my "never is, I wish to announce that on August 24, 1931, I married again. He is handsome. He is an actor.

I have saved as much face as possible by telling my taunting friends that a woman is not consistent in emotional matters. These things are subject to change without notice, especially when an exceptional man like Brooks West comes along. As is standard procedure with comebacks, there came a day in my motion-picture life when I said to my dressing-room mirror, "Enough. I am tired of playing Piagiaci with pie on my face. I've had my share of long faces and laughter with tears in my eyes. Never again, no never. From now on I am going to be the siren in dressing-room drama. I am going to get my man if I have to use a white shotgun.

Well, the studio gave me a romantic lead opposite Roger Pryor. The day the big kiss scene was photographed (you know the type: me in a slinky gown, bent almost double by the aridor of Roger's kiss), I suggested to the cameraman that he photograph us full length. Chuckling, he did so, and that changed the type of scene with respect to the approach to it. I was back in comedy, which I had sworn never to do again.

You see, the slinky-cloth-of-gold gown was not a gown at all, but a long blouse with a blue skirt. Also, I was stocking-footed in order to be reduced to caddlesize and make Roger appear as massively amorous as a real dawg. I almost bashed backward over Roger's knee, as the scene suggested, but over a padded leaning board often used for such scenes in pictures.

So much for my departure from comedy, approximately in the same way. Several years ago, after I had managed to live through a full season on a famous program which shall remain nameless, I swore myself solemn oath never, never, to sign up for another radio program.

So, the next week, I was offered the Our Miss Brooks show.

When television became the sole topic of conversation at every broadcasting station in the land, at every dinner party in Hollywood, at every theatrical business conference thatphere was a looking glass and no one knew what it happened to certain great gobs of glamour when blasted by TV lights and camera, and figured out what could happen to me.

Television is out for Our Miss Brooks. I told casting people who cared to ask me. I said I was too young to die, especially while clad in one of those black and white zebra suits which were built into every TV screen.

Of course television improved, and so did Miss Brooks' attitude, making a monkey of Miss Arden. This fall, school will convene via TV.

Another of my "nevers" concerned my appearance in motion pictures. I believe my first shock came when a trailer was shown before a preview one night. The trailer introduced me as the heroine, with the whistle going "Woo-Woo," and the announcer saying, "She's terrific!" The next shot caught the locomotive hurtling into a tunnel, the whistle still going. Woo-Woo! The next shot showed the credits which began, "Eve Arden, that delightful . . ." Pulling down my bangs and bunching my shoulders to look as much like Gargantua as possible, I left the theatre. I was positive that the audience, whetted to expect some Size 9 firebomb, would tear down the theatre when they discovered whose picture they were seeing for a preview.

At that point I passed Law No. 3,556,238: I was never going to see another movie in which I appeared.

Don't understand how that I had to audition the pilot TV film we made for Our Miss Brooks, and that I left my bangs up and my shoulders level. I even laughed in the right places. On the secondpick, brownies were in the making. I traced one entry only: I'll never say "never" again.

I'm a living example of the truth that nobody knows what he will or will not do in the future. And isn't it fun?

Romance Is Forever

(Continued from page 33)

keeps this magic light burning between them. Ina says positively, "Every since we were married he has wanted to share everything . . . not give, but share. There's a difference, and Gene knows it. For he's never been that way. He was overwhelmed . . . to me it was a new kind of feeling, a new kind of responsibility. Sharing is trusting . . . and, naturally, I wanted to be trusted. From Gene, I know, I've learned to know that marriage for us was right! You just have that feeling, somehow. I reckon it's worked okay for us."

"Ina," says Gene, just as positively. "Or maybe it's just us. I know we'd only gone together a short time, and we really didn't know each other, yet we knew that marriage for us was right! You just have that feeling, somehow. I reckon it's worked okay for us."

Gene's eyes twinkled like a bit of blue desert onyx. "But it's only been twenty years, now."

But no marriage, even after twenty years, runs on round wheels all the time, without taking some bumps. There's bound to be a little bit of friction, especialy where the two people involved encourage one another to keep their own individuality and their own characters. "There's always the danger," said Ina "if you're married to a celebrity you'll become a 'me, too' personality. Gene has never let that happen. When we were first married we had very different personalities. Since then we've grown more like one another, but it hasn't been a complete surrender for either of us. What happened was that we exchanged the good, and friction has worn off the bad.

"Of course, we've had differences of opinion," laughed Ina in her warm, friendly manner, "who hasn't? Maybe it's over the trivialities of daily life, Gene is a free spirit in every way, including his clothes. He never dresses like anyone else. I used to say, 'Honey, you just don't wear those socks with that tie.' He'd replied, and he did! I loved him for it."

Naturally, differences of opinion arise in some big issues. There was the time recently when he wanted the business of the family—wanted to develop a new enterprise. Ina didn't like it and said so. But, at that moment, Gene was called away and the details of the business were left to Ina for developing. "I did my job," she laughed, "reluctantly!"

When you're part of a team, you don't quit working in behalf of the team, just because you don't approve of the job at hand. Ina worked with her full efforts and they paid off handsomely. "I was wrong, and glad to admit it," she smiled, "because Gene's foresight was right. The end result was a winner."

But right now the Autrys are deadlocked on a big business venture? No. On the matter of pictures for the living-room wall! They can't agree on the subject, as usual. They decided on an article for the pictureless room. Ina has combed art stores and galleries for many months, searching for just the right picture. "Look," she says, spreading the canvases on the floor, "which do you like?"

"Well . . ." says Gene, and she knows she'll be returning them all.

Ina has her ideas and Gene his. But they only laugh when they can't agree. They'd really argue if they thought they couldn't agree to disagree.

On the whole, though, there is never any question of disagreement. Travel is part of their life! Gene probably spends as much time away from his Laurel Canyon home as he does in it. But you understand, if you accompany him on rodeos or personal appearance tours, she's busy at home with her own interests.

This past summer the Autrys realized Gene would have two whole weeks off. "Where should we go?" pondered Ina, who knew finding a vacation spot would be a difficult task, because they have traveled so much on business. "I just don't know," she confessed, "as I've learned to do, and let something nice happen. It always does—and it did.

The Autrys were invited to join a friend for fishing in Canada. This was perfect because it offered a chance to take in the convention in Chicago, plus a look at colorful Colorado Springs. ("Here was I, born in Oklahoma," laughs Ina, "and I'm among the Rockies—Okla-

The two weeks were wonderful. More than they'd dared hope for, and far more exciting than a vacation."

"It's all because of Gene," says Ina. "When you spread as much happiness as he does, you just can't help but get a little on yourself. No wonder the Autrys give the appearance of honeymooners in their hearts, they still are!"
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