"There's no finer complexion care!"
says Mrs. Julian A. Frank, a radiant Camay Bride. Cold cream Camay, the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides, can caress your skin to new loveliness, too, and leave it softer, smoother. Just change to regular care . . . Camay's Caressing Care. With its skin-pampering mildness, velvety lather, and exclusive fragrance, there's no finer soap in all the world!

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
TOOTH PASTE DOESN'T DO IT...
No tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine method of stopping bad breath with antiseptic germ-killing action!

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

Germs are the major cause of bad breath—
and no tooth paste kills germs like
Listerine . . . instantly, by millions

The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath can result. The more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions!
Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact . . . instantly halts the fermentation which they cause. Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine, tests showed that germs on tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces
You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces . . . the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE
... the most widely used antiseptic in the world
people on the air

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Cover Portrait of Bob and Cathy Crosby
by Marshalls from Sid Avery Studio

The naked truth about the girl next door!

She’s the girl of many charms and one very important secret. She’s the girl with a come-hither look and come-hither figure—a figure you think she was born with. (You’re wrong!) She doesn’t wake up with those smooth hips, flat tummy, trim waist. But she has them when she goes out. Her secret? Her Playtex Girdle, of super-slimming Fabricon!

New Fabricon gives Playtex Girdles “hold-in” power no other girdle can match—and in comfort! Fabricon is a new girdle material of downy-soft cotton and latex! A material so strong, yet so comfortable, you don’t know you have it on! Air-conditioned, split-resistant Fabricon slims stunningly for the new narrow look. Has more stretch and “hold-in” power than any other girdle material! Only Playtex is made of Fabricon.

There’s a Playtex Girdle for your figure

For wonderful control, Playtex Light-Weight . . . . . . . $4.95
For more control, Playtex High Style Girdle . . . . . . . $5.95
For most control, Playtex Magic-Controller . . . . . . . $7.95
Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

P.S. You’ll love a Playtex Bra . . . perfect fit in perfect comfort

WHAT'S NEW FROM

The networks continue to vie with each other in presenting television spectaculars, super-dupers, one-shot specials—or call them what you will. The holiday season is no exception and there are many big shows on the schedule.

NBC leads off their December doings on the fourth with a Sunday night spectacular co-starring those two talented Frenchmen, Maurice Chevalier and Marcel Marceau, the Parisian pantomime artist. Jeannie Carson is featured.

A week later, December 11, on Hallmark Hall Of Fame, Maurice Evans will present "Dream Girl," starring Vivian Blaine. This will be adapted from the stage play which Betty Field did on Broadway and Betty Hutton did in the movies. The late James Dean had been signed for this date for "The Corn Is Green," but following his tragic death it was necessary to substitute "Dream Girl." "Corn Is Green" is now slated to be produced some time in January, with a male star still to be chosen.

Producers' Showcase is offering a special production featuring The...
Sadlers Wells Ballet Company in "Sleeping Beauty," on Monday Night, December 12. The popular stars of this company, Margot Fonteyn and Michael Soames, will dance the leads, and the show will also be shown in color. The ballet will be done in its entirety, with only minor cuts being made in order to bring the production within the hour and a half limit of the program.

NBC has also scheduled another ballet production, "Nutcracker Suite" with the New York City Center Ballet company, for some time during the holiday week.

As a special Christmas present to us all, Loretta Young will be back on her NBC-TV show on Sunday night, December 25. Her first story since her near-fatal illness will be "Christmas Stopover."

And, once again, this year Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera, "Amahl and the Night Visitors," will be produced by the NBC Opera Theater on Christmas night. The same cast that has played the musical fable since it was first introduced in 1949 is expected to perform again this year:

Rosemary Kuhlman as the mother, Andrew McKinley, Leon Lishner and David Aiken as the three kings and Francis Monachino as the servant. Amahl will be played again by Bill McIver, if his voice has not changed by rehearsal time. The role was originated by Chet Allen, who did it twice before his voice changed.

On CBS's television schedule for December, there will be some interesting Christmas shows. The Twenty-fifth Century-Fox Hour has made a special film of "Miracle on Thirty-Fourth Street" for their December 14 program, which will star Thomas Mitchell, Teresa Wright and MacDonald Carey. This will be a television of Twentieth's movie hit of a few years ago.

"A Christmas Carol" will be presented on Shower Of Stars on Thursday night, December 15, in both color and black and white. This is a filmed production and a repeat showing from last year, with Basil Rathbone as Marley, Fredric March as Scrooge, Bob Sweeney as Mr. Cratchit and Ray Middleton as "Christmas Present." Incidentally, there will be another film of "Christmas Carol" on the M-G-M Parade, Wednesday night, December 21, over ABC-TV, but it will be a shorter adaptation of the Charles Dickens classic. This one will star Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Lockhart, Reginald Owen and Terry Kilburn.

Studio One's Yule contribution this year is an original Christmas play, "Birthday for Bruce," written by two of television's outstanding playwrights, Kathleen Howard and Robert Howard Lindsay. It's set for Monday night, December 19, on CBS-TV.

On the same night Arthur Godfrey is cooking up a special Noel production on his Talent Scouts program. Maybe Santa Claus will be the winner.

Amos 'n' Andy will do their version of The Lord's Prayer on the Music Hall show on CBS Radio some time during Christmas week, the exact date to be announced. This is the sixteenth consecutive year the popular team have done this vignette on their program, in which Amos interprets The (Continued on page 6)
WHAT’S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 5)

Lord’s Prayer for his daughter, Arbadella. “The Old Dirt Dobber,” Sam Caldwell, has planned an interesting program for his Wednesday-night replacement this past summer. For the time being he will only do guest appearances on various CBS shows, such as his recent one on Showboat Of Stars, but the web is hoping to clear time for a regular Laine program in the near future.

Susan Douglas, who plays the part of Margie Dawson on Young Doctor Malone, is expecting a baby in February. Susan, who is Mrs. Jan Rubes in private life, will continue on the program for the time being.

Also on the expectant list for February are TV bartonie Bill Hayes and his wife. This may make number five for Bill.

Joyce Randolph, who does such a good job playing the part of a wife, “Trixie Horton,” on Jackie Gleason’s The Honeymooners, became a real-life bride a few weeks ago in Freeport, Long Island, and now answers to the legal name of Mrs. Richard L. Charles.

Our record-page man, Steve Allen, has just signed a long-term contract with NBC, which grants the network exclusive rights to Steve’s services as a performer on both radio and television. His Tonight TV show was renewed for a birthday season, and it is hard for the way it’s going, it looks like Allen will be spending his work “day” in the middle of the night for a long time to come. Steve, who is always thought of in terms of laughs, has come up with his first serious literary work, a collection of interesting short stories called House at the End of the Street.

It was given excellent reviews by the tough New York book critics. So congratulations to our boy!

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. E. A., Quincy, Indiana: Lorne Lynne is the teen-age singer on the Pinky Lee show, and Pinky calls her Cindy Sue. Cindy Sue is a child actress on New York, working mostly in daytime dramas. . . . Mr. D. W., Moose Lake, Minnesota: I looked and I listened is a book by Ben Gross, the TV-Radio editor of the New York Daily News, and should be available at your local bookstore. . . . Miss B. M., Wilmington, North Carolina: The address of the couple first met when they companies could be obtained from a New York City phone book, which you can find in your local telephone company offices.

Mrs. H. G., M. Pleasant, Texas: Randy Merriman and Ben Myerson of The Big Payoff are no relation whatsoever. . . . Miss P. C., Mill Valley, California: Hal March, the $40,000 baccy, was at one time part of the comedy team of Sweeney and March, which you mention. They had a radio show over CBS several years ago. . . . Mr. T. H., East Orange, New Jersey: The disc jockey show you refer to is Old Gold Time With Jim Corey and is heard only over closed circuit networks of twenty colleges throughout the country. . . . Miss Z. A., Ottawa, Canada: TV star Paul Newman is married and has three children. . . . To all those who wrote asking about Minetta Ellen, of the One Man Family program: Eighty-year-old Miss Ellen, who played Mother Barbour on the program since its inception more than twenty-three years ago, has retired. No replacement has been announced as of this writing. Her withdrawal was coupled with the recent retirement of Michael Raffetto, who portrayed the role of Paul, leaves only three members of the original cast—J. Anthony Smythe (Father Barbour), Page

Dennis and Micki James celebrate their first year with On Your Account.

Gilman (Jack), and Bernice Berwin (Hazel) . . . Mrs. S. J. M., Kansas City, Missouri: Imogene Coca’s contract with NBC was dissolved at her request, and she and the network parted company on very friendly terms. At the moment Imogene is happily concentrating on her new nightclub act, which she will premiere at Las Vegas and then play at other big cities around the country. . . . Mrs. R. H., Tulsa, Oklahoma: Mary Jane Highy has played the role of Joan Davis in When A Girl Marries for fifteen years. And incidentally, there’s a new script policy on this program. Each episode will be completed in a week or ten days, rather than continuing the story line indefinitely.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Bob Eberly, baritone, who originally became known through his singing with the old Jimmy Dorsey band, and later sang on several radio shows? For the past few years Bob has done mostly night-club work, though he has made television appearances from time to time. He was just signed as a permanent member of the cast of the George Skinner show, shown over WCBS-TV in New York.

Freddie Bartholow, the former child star of the movies, who appeared on some of the dramatic shows in the early days of television? Freddie became a TV director and for the past few seasons has concentrated on this new career.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV Radio Mirror, 265 E. 42nd Street, New York 11, New York, and I’ll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don’t have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.
Welcome to a Star

Announcing the lucky first-prize winner
—and one hundred runners-up—
of our Win a Visit with a Star Contest

A nnouncing the winners! Our October 1955 issue invited TV Radio Mirror readers to Win a Visit with a Star. With as many good reasons as there are stars—in Hollywood, New York or the blue skies over both—readers told why they would like to visit Bert Parks in New York or Lawrence Welk in Hollywood. They also answered ten questions chosen by Bert Parks and Lawrence Welk from Break The Bank categories. The first-prize winner chose to visit Lawrence Welk for a fabulous Hollywood weekend as the maestro's guest. Runners-up have won themselves fifty second-prizes of a “Break The Bank” game and fifty third-prizes of a Lawrence Welk album.

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST. Bert Parks emcees Break The Bank, on ABC-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST. Both programs sponsored by Dodge Dealers of America.

Lucky first-prize winner will fly to Hollywood via United Air Lines to be the guest of Lawrence Welk.

FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. James Wyss, Chipewa Falls, Wis.

Mr. Albert B. Manski, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Eugene McCluney, Fort Worth, Tex.
Mr. Michael Merlirn, New York, N. Y.
Mr. Marcus N. Nance, Jr., Poquonock Bridge, Conn.
Mr. Eva C. Oldscheeler, Detroit 6, Mich.
Doreus Reaves, Canton 5, R. I.
Miss E. Schwind, Milwaukee 6, Wis.
Mrs. Donald Schull, Chapman, Neb.
Mrs. C. Sinclair, Seattle 4, Wash.
Miss Rickey Stants, Richardson Park 4, Del.
Mrs. John Stanko, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.
Mrs. Wesley M. Tucker, Topeka, Kan.
Mrs. Michael von Klein, Venice, Cal.
Mrs. Ozette Waldrop, Nashville, Ark.
Mrs. Charles J. Wildzunas, Albany 6, N. Y.
Mrs. Marcia Riemann Wright, Atlanta 6, Ga.

SECOND PRIZE

Miss Joney Abernathy, Iowa Park, Tex.
Mrs. Eugene Akersby, Chicago 26, Ill.
Miss Marieta Arrasmith, Spokane, Wash.
Mrs. Durward B. Baldwin, Batavia, N. Y.
Helen C. Barker, Los Angeles 5, Cal.
Mrs. Ann K. Bohanan, Richmond 27, Va.
Mrs. Ethelyn Brown, Detroit 19, Mich.
Mrs. Charles Burris, East Alton, Ill.
Mrs. Lois Carleen, Omaha, Neb.
Mrs. Betty Clark, Albany 5, N. Y.
Mrs. Mary Coughlin, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. John J. Cadaby, Auburn, N. Y.
Mrs. Ada Davis, Waco, Tex.
Mrs. Thomas J. Deaton, Anderson, Ind.
Mrs. Pete Dinger, Oxnard, Cal.
Mrs. Robert L. Dorcy, Columbus, Ohio
Mrs. Ruby E. Evans, Ildendale, Cal.
R. H. Fowler, Claremore, Okla.
Mrs. William Gillan, Detroit 11, Mich.
Mrs. George R. Green, Seattle 7, Wash.
Leila W. Henderson, Wilmington, N. C.
Mrs. Richard L. Heyl, Orlando, Flia.
Helen Horrigan, Chicago 11, Ill.
Mrs. John G. Hubbard, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Frank J. Inglis, Petaluma, Cal.
Miss Sue Jeffrey, Wichita, Kan.
Mrs. B. M. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Fla.
Mrs. Lewis H. Johnson, Greenlee, Va.
Mrs. Beatrice M. Keller, Tonawanda, N. Y.
Mrs. M. J. Kelly, Batavia, N. Y.
Mrs. Grace Kurko, Hartford, Conn.
Miss Mary Lawrence, Memphis 4, Tenn.
T. D. Lavender, Memphis 4, Tenn.

THIRD PRIZE

Henrietta G. Anderson, Minneapolis 6, Minn.
Helen Wills Asplund, Columbus 2, Ohio
Miss Clare Athey, Coos Bay, Oregon
Miss Frances M. Bailey, Belfast, Me.
Wesley Sanford Bird, Dayton 6, Ohio
Lillian Bonnem, Chicago 18, III.
Mrs. Jennie A. Burch, Fort Worth 4, Tex.
Florence Darwinn, Newark 3, N. J.
Miss Clifford Diermeyer, Upper Sandusky, Ohio
M. Drake, Passaic, N. J.
Carole L. Eason, Washington 20, D. C.
Mr. Tom Edwards, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Percy W. Elmer, Baltimore 16, Md.
Mary Ann Frey, Cleveland 18, Ohio
Mr. James L. Gathin, Sr., Madison, Ga.
Mr. Harvey Hall, Kansas City 13, Mo.
Miss Annie Lou Hawkins, Corscino, Tex.
Audrey V. Haworth, Noblesville, Ind.
Miss Mary E. Hope, Burlington, N. C.
Mrs. John G. Hubbard, Indianapolis 3, Ind.
Mrs. S. C. Johnson, Minneapolis 16, Minn.
Mr. Stan Kay, Chicago 28, Ill.
Charlotte Kennedy, Wichita Falls, Tex.
Sally Rthe Kime, Scranton 5, Pa.
Bernadette C. LaMothe, Dearborn, Mich.
Mrs. Elsa M. Lane, Haverton, Pa.
Mrs. Frances D. Leeman, Joliet, Ill.
Mrs. Edward Lipszet, Haddon, Conn.
Candice C. Meek, Richmond 26, Va.
Mrs. Elsa M. Mortensen, Portland 6, Ore.
Mrs. Charles Nipstet, Allentown, Pa.
Miss Juliette Pliot, San Jose 16, Cal.
Peggy E. Powers, Covington, Ky.
Mr. Charles E. Price, El Paso, Tex.
Jean M. Schaefer, Elgin, Ill.
Margery Joy Service, Berkeley 5, Cal.
Mrs. George E. Sheldon, West Albany, N. Y.
Mr. John W. Simpson, Plainfield, N. J.
Mrs. Allie L. Tobin, Seattle 15, Wash.
Miss Mary Tuinellino, Bethlehem, Pa.
Mrs. A. E. Turney, BemKNOWN, Me.
Jean G. Wagner, Bethlehem, Pa.
Miss Margaret Walsh, Appleton, Wis.
Mrs. Ruth Waits, Milwaukee 6, Wis.
Miss Ruth L. Wasser, Toledo 9, Ohio
Mrs. Gwenyth R. Weaver, Tacoma 2, Wash.
Vivian West, Brooklyn 29, N. Y.
Mrs. Kay Whitman, Avon, Conn.
Miss Jane L. Whitley, Bethlehem, Pa.
Mrs. V. F. Wilkinson, Danville, Va.
Capital
Hillbilly

Jimmy lost his heart to a Washington gal, Sue. But nursery rhymes for young Connie and Garry have a Texas twang.

City folk love country music by Jimmy and The Texas Wildcats: Herbie Jones on guitar, Buck Ryan on fiddle, guitarist Marv Carroll, Bob Elliott on bass.

Lanky, likable Jimmy Dean wows Washington with his Western ways and music on WMAL-TV

The itching feet of a young Texas lad have led to much toe-tapping in the nation's capital. Jimmy Dean, the boy from Plainview, Texas, now makes his home in Arlington, Virginia, and commutes to work at Washington's Station WMAL-TV, where he stars on Town And Country Time, weekdays at 6 P.M., and is an emcee of Town And Country Jamboree, telecast from Turner's Arena on Saturdays from 10 to 1 A.M. The daily hoedown is also seen in a filmed version over 40 stations from coast to coast...

Born and raised on a ranch, Jimmy learned to play the piano when he was ten, then switched to the accordion because it was more portable. When the wanderlust hit him at sixteen, Jimmy joined the Merchant Marine. At 18, he joined the Air Force at Bolling Field, just across the Potomac from Washington. Jimmy took his accordion with him and soon recruited his barracks-mates into a Western band which he dubbed The Texas Wildcats. By the time he was discharged, he'd decided he liked Washington so much he'd stay on. He formed a civilian version of his band and was soon booked into a popular night spot.

At this point, Jimmy met the two people who changed the course of his life. The first was blonde Sue Wittauer, whose five-feet-nine nicely matched Jimmy's six-feet-three. They met in January of 1950, were married in July of the same year. The second meeting was with Connie B. Gay, whose rural music radio program had expanded into "live" touring productions. Jimmy was hired to tour Army installations in the Caribbean and, in 1953, in Europe as well, all under the banner of Connie B. Gay's Town and Country Time. Next Jimmy won a radio show, then his present TV chores and a recording contract with Mercury.

The much-traveled hillbilly and his belle now have two children: Gay, 4, and Connie, almost 2. Jimmy often hangs a "gone fishin" sign on the door of his ranch-style home—or else goes riding on the sorrel horse he bought last fall. Happy at home and work, easygoing Jimmy Dean is a galloping success with city folk in and around Washington, D. C.
New Time... New Network... New Show!

"STAND BY!
WITH
BOB AND RAY"

Hatched lovingly in Boston... a ball in New York...
and now a riot across the country!
Every weekday listen to Bob & Ray
on your local Mutual station

5:00 to 5:50 PM Local Time
Monday through Friday
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM
W ell, holiday time is here, and I'm sure you're all up to your Christmas stockings with Yuletide choruses and shopping lists. But, before you take off, Santa Allen has a few gift suggestions for you—record gifts, of course. The platter companies have done it up bright this year with a wonderful variety of Noel releases —everything from hymns to hoolarhs, so you're sure to find just what you want.

Let's start with St. Nick himself, with the label on this one simply reading, "Santa Claus and His Helpers." "Santa" sings new lyrics to the old tune. "The Happy Words: Best of You, Be Merry, Gentleman," with the label "ho-ho-ho-ho-ho" treatment to "Santa's Laughing Song." The fellow has a deep basso voice and really sounds like the man with the beard is supposed to. The kids should like this one. (Columbia)

M-G-M is re-issuing "A Christmas Carol," with the late, beloved Lionel Barrymore as "Scrooge." This is the original recording of the world-famous Charles Dickens story, which Barrymore did several years ago. However, it has been re-packaged into a long-playing album, with the addition of "Beloved Christmas Hymns and Carol," sung by The Canterbury Choir.

Pinky Lee, the TV delight of the small-fry population, has done three records for his little fans, each in a separate gift envelope. The first combines his theme, "Yoo Hoo—It's Me," "I Like To Sing with My Friends," and "Ticky Ticky Tembo." The second is "The Silly Song" and "Zap-A-Zoo," and the third, the "Little Doggie With the Big Wool-Wool" coupled with "Lost a Scotty Named Skippy." Music is by organist Gaylord Carter, guitarist Tony Mottola and a children's vocal chorus. (Decca)

Another TV favorite with the youngsters, Paul Winchell, has also waxed something special for his juvenile charges. Winchell, with the vocal "help" of his popular dummy, Jerry Mahoney, sings "TV Club Songs," "Friends, Friends, Friends" and "Hooray-Hoorah—It's Winchell-Mahoney Time." (Decca)

The Voices of Walter Schumann have made a new Victor album, appropriately titled "Voices of Christmas," which includes twenty selections—everything from the old standards to "Frosty, The Snow Man." Incidentally, Capitol is also re-issuing another Schumann set, recorded a few years ago, called "Christmas Music for the Stage." From across the sea comes an interesting record by baritone Dickie Valentine, the crooner favorite of the English teenagers. Dickie sings a new ballad, "Christmas Island," with a Hawaiian musical background, and a cute rhythm novelty, "Christmas Alphabet." (London)

The Three Suns offer an all instrumental album called "The Sounds of Christmas." The boys play some twenty songs, many of them familiar Yuletide favorites, and some which aren't heard too often, such as "The Monastery Bells," "Greensleeves" and "Carol of the Bards." (Victor)

If you'd like Crosby for Christmas, Bing has a new album called "Merry Christmas." There are twelve numbers, including "White Christmas," of course, "Adeste Fideles," "Silent Night," and other Crosby Christmas favorites of the past. (Decca) "On the Twelfth Day" is an original sound-track recording from the semi-religious film of the same title, which is being released at holiday time this year. Muir Mathieson directs the orchestra and chorus as they perform the interesting Do- reen Carwitchen score. Incidentally, George K. Arthur, who produced "On the Twelfth Day," is the former movie comedian who co-starred in silent pictures with Karl Dane. (M-G-M)

If Yule time means travel time to you, then you'll like Decca's new Holiday Series. There are nine albums, each one devoted to the music of a different vacation locale. They are called "Your Musical Holiday in..." and you can choose Paris, Rio, the West Indies, Vienna, Hawaii, the Alps, Havana, South America or Italy. The whole series has a wonderful "let's get away from it all" feeling, and the music has been beautifully arranged so as to capture the mood of each country.

Nat King Cole's record of "The Christmas Song" and "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth" is available again. Nat recorded this originally back in 1947, but every year since Capitol has re-issued it, and it has never failed to add a few shekels to the Cole coffers.

Another perennial Yule favorite is Gene Autry's "Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer." This year Columbia has included the record in an album called "Merry Christmas with Gene Autry," in which the singing cowboy also does "When Santa Claus Gets Your Letter," "If It Doesn't Snow on Christmas," "Here Comes Santa Claus," "An Old Fashioned Tree" and "Frosty, The Snow Man." The little buck-aroo oughta like this set, Ma'am. (Columbia)

And here's one for grownups and youngsters alike, or for just everybody, for that matter, whatever age. It's "Merry Christmas from Kukla, Fran and Ollie." On one side there's a musical adaptation of "Many Moons," the James Thurber tale with Burr Tillstrom speaking all the parts in the eight-character story of a young princess who yearns to have the moon as her own. On the backing, the Kuklapoli- tans present a medley of holiday songs, with delightful interpretations by leading lady Fran Allison, Dolores Dragoo, Fletcher Rabbit, Beulah Witch, Kukla and Ollie. (Decca)

"Christmas Music from Around the World" is a most unique album by Einar Hansen and his 18th-Century Glass Instrument. Hansen produces the most amazing musical sounds by rubbing his dampened fingertips over the pretty-pitched crystal glasses. In this album he "plays" Christmas hymns and carols from thirty-seven countries, many of which lend themselves beautifully to his unusual tone, which at times almost has a vocal quality. If you're looking for something different in Noel music, this is certainly it. (Columbia)

"Nuttin' For Christmas" is a novelty tune for the children, and is effectively sung by eleven-year-old Ricky Zahnd, who is a choir boy at the Little Church Around The Corner in New York City. Ricky tells the story of the lad who was so naughty (and what things he does!) that Santa Claus decided not to give him anything. There's another cute tune on the reverse side, "Something Barkcd on Christmas Morning," and you can guess what that's about. Tony Mottola's orchestra handles the music, and for vocal assistance Ricky has a junior quartet—two girls and two boys called The Blue Jeaners. (Columbia)

And last but not least is a charming album called "Happy Holiday," by Jo Stafford, her husband, conductor Paul Weston, and his orchestra, and their little son, Timothy, aged three. Jo sings all Yule standards and explains vocally to Timmy all about snow, which he has never seen, via such favorites as "Winter Weather," "Let It Snow" and "Winter Wonderland." There's also a version of "Night Before Christmas," and you'll hear tiny Tim's voice as he recites the last word of several lines of the classic poem. The Starlighters help out in the background, but it's really a Weston family affair, and a delightful one. (Columbia)

My space is up, so I'll just say Merry Christmas to all of you, and I hope you all have a Happy Christmas Time. See you next year—and, oh, yes, Happy New 1956, too!
Tonight He Sings

I would like to know something about Andy Williams, the singer on Steve Allen's NBC-TV show, Tonight.

L. G., Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

If the Presbyterian Church in Wall Lake, Iowa, hadn't needed a choir—and if the J. E. Williams family hadn't decided to convert themselves into a musical group—young Andy Williams might still be in Iowa, instead of pleasing audiences on Steve Allen's NBC-TV Tonight show.

Andy's dad played twelve instruments and, with five children who could sing, making music was the grandest thing any of the Williams family could think of. . . .

Pretty soon, Bob, Dick, Don and Andy Williams developed into a nice little quartet and their father decided to write a letter to WHO in Des Moines. Soon, this "stage father" looked toward Chicago, lining up a job for his youngsters with WLS. Then WLU, Cincinnati, beckoned. . . .

After a short time, the boys decided to try their luck in Hollywood. Radio jobs began to materialize in California and an M-G-M contract to do musicals was almost the crowning touch, but not quite. For the Williams' boys, one by one, entered the Army. . . .

When they returned from World War II, Kay Thompson, former head of the vocal department at M-G-M, asked the boys to join her in a night-club act. For two years, Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers toured the United States, London and Paris. By 1953, the act broke up and Andy, with recording contract in hand, began a city-to-city tour to plug his latest releases. . . .

In New York, he called on his friend, Bill Harbach, who had just been chosen to produce Steve Allen's Tonight show. Harbach greeted Andy with a hasty urging to get down to the Hudson Theater. Within a week, Andy Williams was singing coast to coast.

Betty Johnson

Homespun To Satin

I would like to have some information on Betty Johnson, the singer on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club on ABC-Radio.

R. R., Lexington, N. C.

The new singing sweetheart of Don McNeill's Breakfast Club has a success story which lifted her from singing for her supper at country crossroads to a top singing role on radio. And even now, when she's right up there, she isn't just coasting in her Cinderella coach. Between programs, she's enrolled in added college courses at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. . . .

She was born in Cat Square, North Carolina, grew up on a farm near Possam Walk Road in the foothills of the Great Smokies, and later attended high school at Paw Creek. With her father, mother, and older brother Ken, Betty started singing at church functions when she was five. . . . In the closing years of the Depression in 1938, Papa Johnson built a house trailer, hooked it to a broken-down jalopy and set off on a family singing safari. On the road, they would put on a "sing"—then pass the hat. It paid for meals and gas. In 1940, when they stopped in Charlotte, the family got a job singing on Station WBT. . . . The family then settled down on a farm and Betty paid her way at Queens and Davidson Colleges in Charlotte by working as a switchboard operator, a sleep-in governess, and as a singer on two radio programs. . . .

In 1952, Betty appeared on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts on TV and won a six-week engagement at the Copacabana. She was chosen to be the "Borden Girl," then won singing roles on There's Music In The Air, On A Sunday Afternoon and the Calen Drake show. . . . This bright-eyed miss is now seen on the Eddy Arnold Show, on which she plays and sings for the "Tennessee plowboy." And she starts everybody's radio day with a song on Breakfast Club. . . . Betty's success means the farm is just about paid for, Daddy has seventeen Redbone coon dogs on the place, and brother Kenneth is at Duke University. As for Betty, life is pleasant and promising.

Boone Is Booming

Would you please tell me something about Pat Boone, radio, TV and recording star?

P. C., Toledo, Ohio.

He's young, he's handsome, he's Texan, with a sparkling personality and rich baritone voice. That's Pat Boone, born 20 years ago in Jacksonville, Florida, reared in Nashville, Tennessee, wholeheartedly adopted by Denton, Texas. At the age of 10, Pat knew he wanted to be a singer and performed at church socials, picnics, school assemblies, anywhere and everywhere. At 17, he had his own radio show on WSM, an NBC affiliate. This was such a hit that Pat soon had his own television show seen on WSIX-TV in Nashville. . . .

During this time, Pat was matriculating at David Lipscomb High School and later enrolled at David Lipscomb College in Nashville. After a year, he transferred to North Texas State College where he majored in speech and dramatics. . . . During his summer vacation, Pat made a trip to New York where he auditioned and was eventually chosen a three-time winner on the Ted Mack Amateur Hour. Then Pat took one of his recordings to WBAP in Fort Worth and the station manager, thinking he was a hillbilly singer, signed him for their local barn-dance show. Pat was chosen to be host on this show and for two years he had his own radio show for teenagers. . . . Next rung on his ladder to (Continued on page 13)
A GUY AND A GAG

Quiet, please—the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hush-Puppies is on the air—Murray Kaufman, WMCA deejay, presiding.

A CARPETBAGGER is a Northerner who made himself unwelcome down South. But what do you call a Virginian who travels North to make himself so welcome that some 108,000 Yankees join fan clubs for him—and even the huge Palisades Amusement Park breaks all its attendance records and still must turn away 50,000 of his boosters? Until a revised dictionary comes out, just call such a person Murray Kaufman. He's the smooth-talking comedy-deejay on The Murray Kaufman Show, heard on New York's Station WMCA, Monday through Saturday from 11 to midnight. He's also the fellow who parlayed a casual gag about an old Southern dish into 200 chapters of The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hush-Puppies. The recipe for hush-puppies is distributed to all his fans, and Murray has traced the delicacy's name back to old plantation days when the women threw them to the dogs barking outside the kitchen and cautioned, "Hush, puppy." Murray is frequently joined on his show by his wife Claire, a beauteous ex-musical comedy singer who takes advantage of her Hungarian ancestry to do take-offs in the name of "Eva Grabor." Another feature is the Record Review Board, run entirely by teenagers. Born in Richmond, Murray attended Peekskill Military Academy, then majored in advertising at UCLA. After deejay stints at Pasadena and KFI, he joined the Air Force. Back in mufti, Murray remembers that he became a leading radio personality "by accident"—a chance meeting with an old friend, a radio producer, which led to Full Speed Ahead, a variety show on the Mutual network. Next he presided over Wishbone Party, a WHN program for amateur songwriters, in whose ranks both Murray and Claire may be included. Murray co-emceed the Laraine Day show on WMGM, then did likewise for the Eva Gabor and Virginia Graham shows on the ABC network. He has also found time to manage some twenty ballplayers on personal appearances, co-author How to Hit with Johnny Mize, go into the music-publishing business, and also make recordings as "Ludwig Von Kaufman." The Kaufmans met when Murray spotted a pretty girl in a Broadway musical and asked for an introduction. He was introduced to the wrong girl but, after one look at Claire, he never asked to have the mistake corrected. Both Claire and Murray are "midnight movie owls," but Claire admits she usually falls asleep. Murray's favorite relaxation is baseball at the park with his sons Jeffrey, 11 1/2, and Keith, 5. Murray, who may soon add TV to his many activities, advises: "Worry about something tomorrow, so you can live through today." But who's worried, except that sometimes you can't hear the music for your own laughter on The Murray Kaufman Show.

Top stars have recorded the songs Murray and Claire write as a hobby. Below, they join sons Jeff and Keith and housekeeper Jane in making hush-puppies.
information booth
(Continued from page 11)

fame was an appearance on Arthur Goddrey's Talent Scouts which he won easily. Shortly thereafter Pat recorded his famed "Two Hearts" for Dot Records. . . . Pat is a six-footer, weighs 182 pounds, has brown eyes and hair. His real name is Charles-Eugene Boone. An enthusiastic sports fan, he likes to play as well as watch. He's got a younger brother and two younger sisters. Pat plays the uke for his own enjoyment. He's the great-great-great-grandson of Daniel Boone. He's great.

Calling All Fans

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

Dick Contino Fan Club, c/o Miss Maggie Rose, 7655 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 16, Calif.

Oop Shoppers (The Crew Cuts), c/o Judy Duda, 3357 Newland, Chicago 34, Ill.

John Cassavetes Fan Club, c/o Mary Ann Ehle, 792 President St., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

Nation's History Teacher

Would you please give me some information about Walter Cronkite, the CBS-TV news analyst? E. B., Chicago, III.

The popular and profound award-winning news analyst seen on CBS-TV's You Are There, The Sunday News Special, and now the Morning Show, came into his own during the 1952 elections when he worked as "anchor man" for the network. Now his expert job on the You Are There show has earned him the title of "History Teacher to the Nation." Walter hails from St. Joseph, Missouri, where his father, Dr. Walter L. Cronkite, Sr., still practices medicine. Born on November 4, 1916, Walter attended the University of Texas, studying social science and economics. He was also campus correspondent for the Houston Post, and a radio sports announcer. His first job was with the Houston Press. . . . For a year he was a sports announcer in Kansas City, Missouri, and, for eleven years, he was a war correspondent for United Press. . . . Mrs. Cronkite is the former Mary Elizabeth Maxwell of Kansas City. They were married on March 30, 1940. They have two children, Nancy Elizabeth and Mary Kathleen, Always a newsman, Cronkite says of Nancy, "She was born on the day of the Inconch landing!"

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

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay . . . With Just One Brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

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Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form the acids that cause tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream, unlike any other leading toothpaste, keeps on fighting decay for 12 hours or more! So, morning brushings with Colgate Dental Cream help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth.

Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

*The Top Three Brands After Colgate's

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth
By ELLEN TAUSSIG

Everything about dynamic Bill Randle is unusual—except the great success and popularity he now enjoys.

Singing stars such as Lu Ann Simms respect Bill for his keen knowledge and strong influence on musical trends.

HE'S ONE IN A

Success and popularity are the most sought-after will-o'-the-wisp partners in show business. Seldom are they easily attained and never, in the up-and-down entertainment world, do they provide any guarantee of durability. One young man who has lived and learned this is Bill Randle, popular disc jockey of Station WCBS, New York, and Station WERE, Cleveland.

Currently, Bill pursues a marathon weekly schedule which includes close to forty hours of broadcasting. On Station WERE, The Bill Randle Show is heard daily from 2 to 7 P.M., Saturday from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M., and Sunday from 1 to 7 P.M. On WCBS, The Bill Randle Disc Jockey Show is heard Saturday, from 1:30 to 5:45 P.M. Since all his shows are "live," Bill has to fly to New York each Saturday morning, then wing his way back to Cleveland Saturday evening.

Although his programs feature hits and upcoming hits of the day, they cannot be classed as "just another deejay show," for Bill, as one of radio's most esteemed prophets of songs and performers, adds a touch of excitement, as well as a strong measure of authority. "Cry," "Melody of Love" and "Yellow Rose of Texas" were a few of his hit predictions. Johnnie Ray, the Crew Cuts and Bill Haley are some of the top performers he helped "discover."

A man of many interests, Bill has done a lot of living in his thirty-one years. He was born in Detroit and, after high school, studied at Wayne University one year, then decided to visit Mexico. "I went for a couple of weeks," he says, "and stayed a year." During that time, he lived with a Mexican family and studied at the University of Mexico.

Returning to Detroit, Bill re-entered Wayne University, then looked for a part-time job to pay his way. Someone had once told him he had a good voice for radio, so he decided to give it a try. When an announcer left Station WJLB, Bill was asked to step in. Totally inexperienced, Bill says, "I really was a panic. My first ten minutes on the air, I made every mistake possible." Bill continued as an announcer until 1943, when he was given his own show, featuring jazz only.

In 1946, Bill transferred to WXYZ, Detroit, where— for the first time—"I ran across having writers, directors and other people telling me what to do." It didn't take long for him to realize that ad-libbing was his forte. "I couldn't read copy," he says, "and still can't."
Consequently, he recalls, his show was "a real bomb."

After doing some free-lance announcing, Bill resumed his jazz show at WJLB. Even though his listeners began requesting pop tunes, Bill insisted upon playing jazz only. "I really had an ego," he grins. So, in 1949—"the station fired me, and I went from obscurity into oblivion."

Bill then decided to take a year off from radio and find out what listeners really wanted in a music show. He went to work for a chain of movie theaters which had a system for judging what its patrons wanted to see. Bill studied the system and from it devised his own method for radio-listener use. In 1950, he joined newly-opened WERE in Cleveland and put his system to work. "I knew," Bill says, "that if I hit all I'd hit right away." Then he adds modestly, "I got lucky. I got a good audience."

Paralleling Bill's extraordinary radio schedule are his off-the-air activities, public and private. He has staged hundreds of teen-age shows—"about one a day during the winter"—helped numerous charity drives, and originated a scholarship fund for nurses. His personal interests include his wife Anna Lee and their nine-month-old daughter Patricia Lee, plus tennis, sport-car racing, and judo. The Randies live in a lakeshore apartment which features "lots of bookcases, record cabinets and more cabinets." Bill's record collection of mostly jazz and modern classics totals 20,000. In addition to earning his B.A. at Wayne, he studied at the University of Chicago, Western Reserve and Western Reserve Graduate School. Last year, he entered Western Reserve Law School, but had to quit when he began commuting to New York.

Last winter, while competing in a midget auto race in Cleveland, Bill was coming around a curve at 65 miles an hour, when a front wheel tore off his car. The car lurched into the air, throwing Bill on the track, then came bounding down on top of him. "I was lucky I wasn't knocked out," he says, "but I was sore for a month." Actually, he suffered three cracked ribs.

Bill's reaction to this terrifying incident, though unusual, is typical. For he has always met every obstacle head-on. Come what may, Bill will be ready. And, if past and present performances are a means of judging the future, continued success and popularity seem assured for Bill Randle, man in a million.

"Relaxing" at home, Bill continues to study psychology and sociology. He hopes to teach at a university before long.
BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble has thrown off the crushing despair she knew when her matinee idol husband, Larry, asked for a divorce, and is fighting back to save her marriage. When actress Elsie Shephard was her only enemy, Mary felt on safer ground. But with the new, strange influence of the fortune-teller, Madame Moleka, operating against her, she is uncertain how to proceed. Why is Moleka Mary's bitter adversary? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Max Canfield, victim of one unhappy marriage, bitterly faces the wreck of his romance with Lydia Harrick, not realizing that her devotion to her brother-in-law is the result of a carefully-planned plot. His mother, Lydia Harrick is determined to keep Lydia enslaved for his own comfort. What will happen when she learns that Donald is not really a cripple, as he pretends? Will she turn to Reverend Dennis for help? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Every doctor—and Dr. Dan Falmer is no exception—dreams of one day giving up the demands of general practice for the kind of medical work that will mean no more midnight calls, more regular hours, a chance to take vacations. But when Dan's big chance comes along, with Dr. Sanders to back him as head of Stanton General Hospital, Julie has a few misgivings about Dan's enthusiasm. Is there such a thing as a general practitioner's soul? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE How effective can a very little girl be if she wants to stop her father from remarrying? Laurie's friend Amy is finding out, though it seems impossible that a child as young as Jenny can be so determined to keep her father to herself. Can Amy win Jenny over? And what about Laurie's precarious pregnancy? Wanting a baby as much as she does, can she possibly arm herself against tragic disappointment? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Reinstated in his career as a brilliant plastic surgeon, Dr. Dick Grant refuses to examine the true character of his feeling for the young artist, Marie Wallace, beyond calling himself her friend. Marie also denies any romantic attachment to Dick—but if the fear for her eyesight is removed will she change her mind? What she knows in her heart to be true? And if she dares to hope, will she face heartbreak? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Paul Raven's effort to found a career in Barrowsville is made more difficult when he and Vanessa decide to keep the child, Carol, despite all the trouble her warped emotional condition has already caused. Will their affection and Dr. Stark's advice really help her regain her speech? Or is she in more psychological difficulty than they suspect? How will Van's sister Meg affect the outcome? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Despite the anguish the Marshes have caused her, be now understands the tragic need that drove them to kidnap baby Janey. The desperate confusion of a woman who thought she would never have a child enlists all Ma's deepest sympathy, and with the marriage of Gladys and Joe no longer in danger, Ma can turn whole-heartedly to Mrs. Marsh, adding another human problem to the hundreds she has helped solve. CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY Standards that have served Father Barbour so well for all his years are a bit too inflexible for the younger Barbour's to adhere to all the time, as Father realizes when the question of divorce comes up. Is he being too dogmatic when he insists that divorce is never an answer to a marital problem? Will he be able to give way to something he cannot believe in? Or will his standards prove right in the end? NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Though Sunday's marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope has been threatened in the past, she faces the most serious threat of all as Leonora Dawson re-enters Henry's life. This attractive woman, to whom Henry was engaged long before he met Sunday, has the support of Henry's aunt, Mrs Sarah Thornton, in her effort to break up the Brinthrope marriage. Can Sunday's love and faith withstand such enemies? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The long months of Peggy's ordeal as she and her family desperately searched for her missing husband, Carter, take their toll in more ways than at first appear. Carter's own confused efforts to spare Peggy by setting up a new life for himself in New York are bound to affect the future, no matter what the future may hold. Will either of them be quite the same after the long separation? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Eve Merriweather, passing as Sam Merriweather's daughter, is a key figure in Ed Bailey's plan to gain control of Merriweather's interests. But she does not realize how completely she is also Bailey's tool. As the neurotic Eve begins to crack, will Bailey dispose of her before Perry Mason learns all the facts he needs to prove that Lois Monahan is Sam's real daughter—and to forestall Bailey's vicious scheme? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Caro lyn Nelson's refusal to use for her own benefit the money she has inherited has created a grave problem with her resentful young son Skip, who cannot understand Carolyn's reasons for withholding luxuries the family cannot afford. Meanwhile, other eyes have turned toward Carolyn's money—covetous, scheming, unscrupulous eyes belonging to a young man who may deceive Carolyn into trusting him. NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE When Sibyl Over ton Fuller's careful plotting resulted in his wife Jocelyn's deportation, Dr. Jim Brent was willing to work slowly and carefully to gain Sibyl's confidence, hoping for a complete admission of her treach ery. But the knowledge that Jocelyn is soon to have a baby wipes out his caution. Will his passionate determination that the child must be born in the United States force a tragic climax? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT With Gil Whitney's wife Cynthia actually planning divorce, Helen and Gil dare to look forward to a future together. But Helen is certain that, until the threat offered by Fay Granville is disposed of, there can be no happiness for her and Gil. Will Gil's jealousy get in the way of Helen's discovering the devastating truth about Fay Granville—the truth that could forever destroy her influence over Gil? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Joanne and Arthur Tate are stunned as they watch the near-disintegration of a marriage that never before showed the faintest sign of strain. Can an ambitious Southern girl and her scheming mother really separate Stu and Marge Bergman, as devoted a couple as any in Henderson? Will Stu realize in time how he is being maneuvered—or will Jo, unable to see her friend suffer, take a decisive step? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON While...
can imagine the peculiar danger into which Diane has actually fallen. Will the reporter, Elliott, prove to be Helen's most valuable friend through this ordeal? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS
Through the growing friendship between Wendy and Linda, wife of Dr. Peter Dalton, Wendy knows that whatever secrets are hidden in Linda's past, she now wants only to be what Peter believes her to be—a loyal and sincere wife. But are Linda's involvements the key that can be shaken off so easily? How far-reaching is the plot in which she was once so ready to take a leading role? CBS Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE
Sandy Carter has always lived with a certain dash and recklessness, and even her marriage to Mike doesn't seem to have sobered her too much. But the extreme oddness of her activities lately has puzzled even her mother, who knows her pretty well. And her father is on the verge of laying down the law, though he knows that in Sandy's case this would be a mistake. Just what is Sandy up to—and what about Mike? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE
Since the death of her mother, Jill Malone's closeness to her father has been marred only by her own unexpected development as a rather selfish and frivolous-minded youngster. But, with Jerry's marriage to Tracey, a new and more serious strain sets in. Defending Jerry against Jill's selfish demands, Tracey risks her own hard-won friendship with the girl. Will Jerry's adopted daughter, David, provide the way to understanding? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN
Although Millicent Loring's death releases Dr. Anthony Loring from his loveless marriage, he and Ellen cannot take up their broken romance where Millicent's scheme interrupted it so long ago. For, instead of clearing the way for their happiness, her murder may mean the end to any possible hope as both Anthony and Ellen stand in danger of being accused of a crime they never dreamed of committing: NBC Radio.
SHE'S A JOY!

True to her name, Joy Somerville
adds fun to life as she passes along news and
homemaking tips to WICH listeners

Beaming Joy is the gal with the "kind of voice that makes you know there is a friendly personality behind it," as her faithful fans exclaim.

If you’ve got something on your mind that needs talking out, Joy Somerville is the gal to call. You will find her in between 12:30 and 12:45 P.M. on Homemakers Exchange, Station WICH in Norwich, Connecticut, and she’ll lend a wise and sympathetic ear. Joy chats with her at-home audience over the telephone about the everyday problems they encounter. And, when you want to be informed about the world around you, she’s got more welcome pointers on Joy’s Country Studio, which, heard at 9:15 A.M., features fashion notes, women’s news, and interviews with interesting celebrities. Recalling her most enjoyable talk, with Victor Jory, she says, “He looked me straight in the eye all the time we were talking and seemed genuinely interested in the things we were discussing.” At 25, attractive Joy is secretive about any plans for matrimony. Carving out her niche in radio is, for now, uppermost in her mind. It all started when she graduated from the Katherine Gibbs School in Boston with a wish to get “some kind of job.” That turned out to be bookkeeping for WICH. Her first air appearance was on the show, After Breakfast With Ann And Jack (Mr. and Mrs. Purrington), on which local events were discussed. Joy gave a plug to a meeting of her sorority and that got the ball rolling. She soon had her own fifteen-minute show, “a sort of a filler, but at least it was a start.” Within a year, Joy attracted such a following that the management gave her the two shows she now has. . . . Actually, Joy, a native of Norwich, has come a long way in two years, even though her debut as a radio personality was unexpected. Gaining recognition was the result of a happy combination of charm, perseverance and indubitable talent, certainly not because of ye olde family tradition. In fact, Joy’s background is far from show business. Her folks are in the shoe business. An only child, Joy lives with her parents and enjoys “frilly” home cooking. . . . It’s not all work for Joy—even though work be such fun. Her interests are limitless. Dancing, dating, bowling, painting and sculpture rate high on her leisure list. Traveling also intrigues her. A most memorable trip was to Mexico. The grace of the toreador in the one bullfight she saw particularly impressed her. . . . Joy’s future, like her personality, is bright. She’s now toying with the idea of television. After that, she may get around to putting into actual practice the many household hints she’s picked up as Connecticut’s popular homemaker of the air.

Guests come from far, and from many fields, to visit Joy. Jim Trimm is in the publishing business, Jack Porter is a waiter in New London.
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

696—Transfer of 16 embroidery motifs—ballerinas from 3 to 11 inches tall—three different sizes for dramatic arrangements on towels, cloths, napkins, curtains. 25c

7121—Jiffy-knit this flattering jacket—it’s so-o-o simple! Stockinette stitch; crochet trim. Misses' Sizes 32-34; 36-38. Use knitting worsted, large needles. 25c

652—For school or parties—this young dress is prettiest! She'll love the dainty embroidery, eyelet trim, “heart” pocket. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, transfers, directions. State size. 25c

7210—Sew this gay “girl” apron, 16 inches long, to keep you neat and pretty! Fun to make. Use scraps. Embroidery and applique transfers, easy directions for this cute apron. 25c

7394—Three little doilies in one pattern. These crocheted dainties are so useful, so easy to make! Fast, easy-to-follow crochet directions are included. 25c

7265—Crochet roses in color. They stand up in lifelike form on this beautiful TV cover. Use No. 30 mercerized cotton for 26-inch; No. 50 for smaller. 25c

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25c for Needlework Catalog.
## Inside Radio

### Saturday

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### Afternoon Programs

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC Program</th>
<th>MBS Program</th>
<th>ABC Program</th>
<th>CBS Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00PM</td>
<td>National Farm &amp; Home Hour</td>
<td>Tex Fletcher Wagon Show</td>
<td>News to Fix It</td>
<td>Noon News to Fix It</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15PM</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td></td>
<td>12:05 How To Fix It</td>
<td>12:05 Romance</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30PM</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td></td>
<td>12:35 American Farmer</td>
<td>Van Voorhis, News</td>
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<tr>
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<td>City Hospital</td>
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<td>1:15PM</td>
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<td>1:25 News Van Voorhis, News</td>
<td>Opera (con.)</td>
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<td>1:30PM</td>
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<td>1:30 Van Voorhis, News</td>
<td>Opera (con.)</td>
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<td>Monitor</td>
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<td>2:00 Metropolitan Opera</td>
<td>Opera (con.)</td>
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<td>2:45 Metropolitan Opera</td>
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### Evening Programs

<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00PM</td>
<td>John T. Flynn</td>
<td>Pop The Question</td>
<td>Magic Of Music, Garris Day</td>
<td>News to Fix It</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15PM</td>
<td>World Traveler</td>
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<td>Report From</td>
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<td>12:05 American Farmer</td>
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<td>6:45PM</td>
<td>Washington, Basel</td>
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<td>12:35 American Farmer</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Monitor</td>
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<td>7:05 Metropolitan Opera</td>
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<td>7:05 World News</td>
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### Sunday

### Morning Programs

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<td>8:45AM</td>
<td>Wings Of Healing</td>
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<td>Monitor</td>
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<td>9:15AM</td>
<td>Back To God</td>
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<td>9:30AM</td>
<td>Art Of Living</td>
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<td>New World</td>
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### Afternoon Programs

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<td>The Eternal Light</td>
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### Evening Programs

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<tr>
<td>6:00PM</td>
<td>Walter Winchell</td>
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<td>Tomorrow's Headlines</td>
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<td>6:30PM</td>
<td>On The Line, Bob</td>
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See Next Page→
TV program highlights

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

Monday through Friday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Captain Gorgy—Gorgy with Garroway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Captain Kangaroo—Keeps kids quiet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:35</td>
<td>George Skinner Show—Relaxin'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Herb Sheldon—Plus Jo McCarthy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Tod Russell Connor—Toddlers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Garry Moore—Blueschasin' show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Ding Dong School—TV nursery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Geoffrey Time—King Arthur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Search For Beauty—Ern Westmore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Claire Monn—On being pretty</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Home—With Arlene Francis</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Janet Deen, R.N.—Stars Ella Raines</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>Romper Room—TV Kindergarten</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Life With Elizabeth—Cute Betty White</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Tennessee Ernie—The joint jumps</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. North—Giggles &amp; gimmic</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Valiant Lady—Daytime serial</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Tennessee Ernie—The joint jumps</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Virginia Graham—Unpredictablegal</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Love Story—Jack Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Sky's The Limit—Quiz game</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Robert Q. Lewis—Variety</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>Richard Willis—Beauty tricks</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Linkletter's House Party</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Jinx Falkenburg—Interviews</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Maggi McNellis—Talk</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Florida ZoBach—Fiddle-faddle</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Big Payoff—Randy Merriman</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Matinee Theater—John Conte, host</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Ted Steele Show—Tunes &amp; talk</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Diane Lucas—Way to mom's heart</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Bob Crosby Show—Goes bobcatting</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Brighter Day—Serialized Story</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Date With Life—Dramatic stories</td>
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<td>Winnie Shore—Weep no more</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>G-A-Man—Always brownin'</td>
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<td>First Love—Pat Barry stars</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Your Account—$5 Quiz</td>
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<td>M. Sneeney—Chuckles Ruggles</td>
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Tuesday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Name That Tune—Musical quiz</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Waterfront—Preston Foster east tubboat</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Warner Bros. Prosecutions—Films</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Navy Log—Stirring documentaries</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>The Phil Silvershow—GI riot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Wyatt Earp—Western tales</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Meet Millie—Elena Vendoshow</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Jone Wymans' Fireside Theater</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Red Skeleton Show—Fast &amp; funny</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Playwrights '56—Circle Theater</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>City Assignment—Newpaper stories</td>
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<tr>
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<td>My Favorite Husband—Comedy</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Big Town—Mark Stevens stars</td>
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<td>Where Were You?—Ken Murray</td>
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Wednesday

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<tr>
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<td>Brave Eagle—Stirring stories</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>The Big Fight—Highway boats</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Disneyland—Fun &amp; fantasy</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Godfrey &amp; Friends—Arthur's variety</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Screen Directors' Playhouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Father Knows Best—Half hour films</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Badge 714—Jack Webb rens</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>The Millionaire—Stoles</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Kroft Theater—Fine, live teleplays</td>
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</table>
| 12:45 | Masquerade—Guest who is申し
| 1:00  | U. S. Steel Hour—alternates with 20th Century—Fox Hour                       |
| 2:00  | This Is Your Life—Surprise bias                                                |
| 2:30  | Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories                                                |

Thursday

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<td>Sgt. Preston Of The Yukon</td>
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<td>The Goldenbergs—Molly's misadventures</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Bob Cummings Show—Pure force</td>
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<td>Grouch Marx—Wit's end</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Bishop Fulton J. Sheen—Inspiration,</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Climax—Melodrama; Dec. 22, &quot;Christ-</td>
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<td>The Music—Bert Parks plays Santa</td>
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<td>Dogmat—Jack spits a Webb</td>
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<td>Star Tonight—FIlmed dramas</td>
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<td>Four Story Playhouse—Stories</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>10:30 Card Theater—Fine</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Johnny Carson—Hollywood</td>
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<td>Lux Video Theater—Hour long</td>
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Friday

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<tr>
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<td>Champion—About a horse</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Mama—Peggy Wood charms</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Truth or Consequences—Delightful</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes—Slick sleuthin'</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Ozzie &amp; Harriet—Great</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Our Miss Brooks—Brooke's cookin'</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Life Of Riley—Bill Bendis</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Crossroads—About clergymen</td>
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<td>The Crusader—Melting the iron curtain</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Big Story—Real newsmen in action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Dollar A Second—Jan Murray</td>
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Saturday

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>The Lucy Show—Reurs</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Here's Johnny—Stories</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Step This Way—Ballroom dancing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Stage Show—Dorsey Brothers Bonds, John, big-name guests</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Perry Como Show—Songs &amp; sketches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Old Ole Opry—Hour of variety</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>The Honeymoons—J. Gleason</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Twenty—Shiner—quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>People Are Funny—Art Linkletter except Dec. 24, &quot;Babes in Toyland,&quot; 9:10:30,</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>stars Jeanne Carson.</td>
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Sunday

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Maurice Evans—Dec. 11, &quot;Corn Is Green.&quot; Wide World, Dec. 18—and Great</td>
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<td>Town.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>John Smith—Dan Duryea adventure</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Omnibus—90 minutes of excellence</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Super Circus—Sawdust variety</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>You Are There—History alive</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Life With Father—Lean Ames comedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Lostie—Popular four-legged drama</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>It's A Great Life—Arthur's variety</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>You Asked For It—Art Baker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Jack Benny, Dec. 17, Jan. 7; Private Secretary, Dec. 10, 24.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Frontier—Out Western—Dec. 11, &quot;Dream Girl,&quot; 90 minutes with Vivien Blaine</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Famous Film Festival—Great movies</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Ed Sullivan Show—The best</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Colgate Variety Hour—Stars galore</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>The Millionaire—Original Amateur Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>The Millionaire—Original Amateur Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Robert Young—Stories</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Life Begins at 8—Goes like 60</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>What's My Line—Job game</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Justice—Crime &amp; its cure</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Adventures Of The Falcon</td>
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TV Monday P.M.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Robin Hood—Bow-and-arrow tales</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Peter Pan—Jan. 9, 7:30:90 starring Mary Martin in spectacular coloross.</td>
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New Patterns for You

4799
SIZES
14½—24½

4799—Look slimmer, trimmer, taller!
This smart princess style is cut especially
for the half-sizer. Note the clever button
detail. Half Sizes 14½—24½. Size 16½
takes 4 yards 3½-inch fabric. 35¢

4580—Sew this shapely dress with dash-
ing details. Choose faille, taffeta, or wool.
Misses' Sizes 12—20; 40. Size 16 takes 5½
yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

9252—Sew-simple apron with nonslip
straps, plenty of cover-up! Misses' Sizes
Small (14, 16); Medium (18, 20). All
sizes take 1½ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

Screen Lovers

THE MOVIE SCREENS

Kisses and Clinches that Scorched

THE MOVIE SCREENS

presents a pictorial history of Hollywood's
greatest romantic moments starring the
screen's champion lovers.

You'll see the most torrid love scenes ever
filmed—from 1896 to 1956

THRILL to the Greta Garbo-John Gil-
bert love scene from "Flesh and the Devil"

CRY with Janet Gaynor and Charles
Farrell in "Seventh Heavens"

LAUGH at the first love scene ever censored.
The year was 1896. The picture, "The Kiss."

ENJOY the most spectacular orgy ever
filmed

RECALL all of your favorites in this one
big roundup

COLLECT never-before-published pictures
for your scrapbook

PLUS THE 20 MOST MEMORABLE
LOVE SCENES EVER FILMED

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Address:______________________
City___________________________State__________
DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A CLEANER, FRESHER COMPLEXION... TODAY!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

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

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

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

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That’s because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here’s the easy method:
Just massage your face with Palmolive’s rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It’s that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive’s mildness lets you massage a full minute without irritation.

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

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE’S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Little Junie Malia isn't so shy about facing the cameras, when she's backed up by her entire family—father Bob, mother June, sister Cathy, and brothers Chris, Bob, Jr., and Steve.

Continued
keen for business from the time he could first sing. And while he was always willing to sing for charity—if pressed—he was even more enthusiastic about singing when he knew he was being paid. If there was any loot to divide, if anyone else was getting paid, he wanted to be sure he got his share.

His constant solicitude finally cost Bing his job in the music store. He had been hanging around the store in the afternoons, sticking close by the piano-player and picking up all the new tunes for free. The customers began to listen, and finally the owner of the store offered him a job plugging songs after school. Bing was real happy about it, but he became concerned when the days passed and nobody mentioned what he would be paid.

"Say, what am I gonna get?" Bing would say. Night after night he kept saying it, until the owner said, "For what?"—and fired him without paying him at all.

Bing's older brother, Larry, who worked on the local newspaper, was furious. So, when Bing returned to Spokane for the first time since his "success," Larry booked him into the Liberty—and made them pay through the nose for him.

That night all of Sharp Street turned out. "All but me," Bob Crosby recalls now, "and the neighbor who was sitting with me. I was too young. I had to stay home—and I cried all night."

The family filed through the theater door ignoring the cat-calls of other kids around them. "Ya-ya—some singer, your brother. Bet he falls on his face." The family grew pretty tense out front, waiting for Bing to come on. Too tense for Pop Crosby, who adored Bing—and who took a powder just before Bing came on. Nobody could find Pop anywhere. But finally he came back. "I didn't think they would do too well," he explained, (Continued on page 72)
Bing's son Gary upholds the masculine tradition in the second generation of singing Crosbys. Currently featured on The Edgar Bergen Show, he has starred as his own dad's summer replacement on radio, sung with Uncle Bob and Cousin Cathy on TV.

The Bob Crosby Show, with daughter Cathy, is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, from 3:30 to 4 P.M. The Bing Crosby Show is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, from 7:30 to 7:45 P.M. Gary Crosby sings on The Edgar Bergen Show, CBS Radio, Sun., 7:05 to 8 P.M. (All EST, under multiple sponsorship.)
The Fabulous CROSBYS

(Continued)

The littlest Crosby "warms up" for her appearance on TV, as Momo June and Daddy Bob see to it that Junie Malia gets a nourishing bowl of soup in the studio commissary.

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But finally he came back. "I didn't think they would do too well," he explained, (Continued on page 19)
Let's put it this way. Let's say I'm a semi-fatalist," announces Ralph Paul. "I do as much as I can and then stop worrying. Maybe it's hereditary. Maybe it's because I'm opposed to the do-it-yourself movement. I can stop a leak in a pipe or pound in a nail. But, frankly I'd rather let a specialist do the work—and that goes for worrying, too."

Ralph Paul started out as a grade-school "actor" in Denver, Colorado, then—by way of El Paso, Baltimore, Burma, India, Brooklyn and Staten Island—wound up in Manhattan as host-announcer on video's Strike It Rich and the Goodyear Playhouse. Today, he commutes into Manhattan from Greenwich, Connecticut, which is also the home of such stars as Bert Parks and Bud Collyer. However, none of these other celebrities, it may be said of respectfully, has had anywhere near the adventures of... (Continued on page 74)
Ralph and son Marty get the ice skates ready for the outdoor sport they most enjoy in the wintertime.

Wife Bettie and daughter Susie admire one of their "doll" collections—precious Dresden figurines.

Time to sing carols—though, for Bettie and Ralph, Christmas chimes are an echo of wedding bells, too.

**Day Coming**

The Ralph Pauls took time—and love and faith—to "strike it rich," and now know the best is yet to be

Holidays are always big occasions in the Pauls' Connecticut home. But Yuletide is biggest of all, with its double significance for two college sweethearts who were wed in wartime.

Great day for the youngsters—and for "Frisky"! But Ralph and Bettie have their special gifts for each other, and memories which are all their own.
and so they were Married!

By ALICE FRANCIS

ONE GIRL who was invited to the wedding last September of Eddie (Edwin J.) Fisher and Debbie (Mary Frances) Reynolds came home looking almost as starry-eyed as the bride. "It was such a lovely wedding," she recalled. "Just like a sister's. I mean there was that kind of feeling about it. A nice, young wedding that warmed your heart. Debbie looked like an angel in a white lace, ballerina-length gown. Her bridesmaid was Jeanette Johnson, a childhood friend having no connection with show business, who came on from California to be in the wedding party. Eddie looked so serious and so (Continued on page 65)


Album candid: Debbie and Eddie cut their cake...Eddie's mother wishes her new daughter-in-law all the best...and "among those present"—Milton Blackstone, Debbie, Willard Higgins, Eddie, Mrs. Jennie Grossinger and Joey Forman.

But true love had to find a way, before Eddie Fisher
could say happily: "Debbie and I are going to be together all our lives"
On their 23rd anniversary, Pinky and BeBe moved to their first real home. Patty, Morgan, even "Domino" celebrated —especially when Morgan saw the room planned for him.

By BUD GOODE

The day Pinky Lee's schoolteacher asked her class to discuss the Statue of Liberty, Pinky, as usual, was one of the first to raise his hand. Pinky was always a good student; what he didn't know about the Statue of Liberty wasn't written in his history book. But, when the teacher called on him, the class's laughter was even greater than usual. The kids always laughed at Pinky: First, because of his size—he was tiny for his age; second, because of his lisp—and "Statue of Liberty" was a tongue-twister.

But, to ten-year-old Pinky, the kids' laughter was a heart-twister. After class, he disconsolately shuffled down the aisle of desks to his teacher. The hint of tears in his eyes almost made a fool of his attempt at bravery as he said, "I love my (Continued on page 82)
From troubled boyhood to TV success, Pinky Lee has kept one of the most precious things in the world.
But, oh, the things that happen to Gisele MacKenzie shouldn’t happen to any singer on Your Hit Parade!

Gisele’s costume at Las Vegas misbehaved for unexpected laughs. But back home in New York, where she answers mail, loves to cook, she put the event on the ledger’s credit side.
TO BE FAMOUS

By ELIZABETH BALL

So you want to be a star? Well, before you soar off into the rarefied atmosphere of these celestial beings, lend an ear to one of the most dazzling of all luminaries, Gisele MacKenzie. Gisele is tall, dark and chic, and she is glamorous and celestial almost b instinct. Recently she came down to earth long enough to make an accounting of the debits and credits of singing fame.

On the credit side is the excitement and fun of singing the top songs in the land on Your Hit Parade on NBC-TV. Put down a plus also for the pure pleasure of working with the wonderful people who make up the program's cast and crew. "Audiences," Gisele adds gratefully, "certainly belong on the credit side of the ledger. Whether you pull a rabbit out of a hat, or pull a boo-boo, they are so with you. As good friends always are. When you have as many good friends as a singing career seems to bring, you're almost ashamed to so much as mention a debit side of the ledger." (Continued on page 76)

Gisele MacKenzie sings on Your Hit Parade, on NBC-TV, Saturday, 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by American Tobacco Co. (Lucky Strike Cigarettes) and Richard Hudnut (Quick Home Permanent).
Anyone can see Arthur's easygoing humor and cool-headedness on the air, but his warmheartedness is less well known—because Godfrey himself wants it that way.

Here is the Arthur you've never met in the headlines, the man behind and beyond all the publicity
The other side of GODFREY

By GEORGE MARTINSON

There have been so many questions about Arthur Godfrey. And so many conflicting answers. The way people discuss this strictly fabulous redhead, you'd think he was the key character in a mystery novel. Did Godfrey do it? Or didn't he? Just one thing seems sure: The man makes headlines—not only as a spectacularly successful showman, but as a person. And it's only human nature to wonder why one man, more than another, should become internationally famous and—let's face it—internationally controversial.

Arthur himself would be the first to say there is no "Godfrey mystery." No one in show business has shared more of himself with his public. By now, we should know him as well as we know our own family. Obviously, however, we don't. There is more to the man than meets the eye or ear. For all his impulsive speech on the air, for all his outgoing friendliness, there is more to Arthur Godfrey than has ever appeared in the headlines.

Arthur is a very smart man. No one can be around him very long without realizing that here is a superior motor which is always in high gear, and usually about fifty miles ahead of anything else in the race. He's creative—not that he's written great poetry or composed any symphonies, but he's got new ideas and he builds things in his head. Yet he's (Continued on page 78)

The McGuire Sisters can testify that being a "little Godfrey" means free lessons in everything from ballet to voice to skating.

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., and Arthur Godfrey's Digest is heard on CBS Radio, Thurs., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. Arthur Godfrey And His Friends is seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for The Toni Co., CBS-Columbia, Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg Co. Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, CBS-TV and CBS Radio, 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. and Toni. (All times EST)
This Christmas, Ethel and her husband, John Almy, hold open house for her daughters—Pamela Britton Steel, Mary Routh, Virginia Lee Loock—and grandchildren Kathy Steel, Heidi and Diana Lee Loock (all left to right).

Two delights: Ethel's cooking—and her joy when her husband meets her on returning home.

This is to be the Christmas in her life, says Ethel Owen, for this Christmas she will have her three children and her three grandchildren with her—the first time they have all been together in the same place! "The children are with us quite often," Ethel adds, "especially Virginia, who lives in Port Chester, New York, and Mary, my oldest, who lives in Dobbs Ferry. Both places are near enough to our home in Westport, Connecticut, for them to make frequent visits. Pamela stays with us whenever she comes on from Hollywood. As for the grandchildren," says' their chic, fair-haired and exceedingly handsome grandmama, Ethel Owen (Continued on page 80)

Ethel is Mother Burton in The Second Mrs. Burton, on CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, for Hazel Bishop "Once-A-Day" Cosmetics and other sponsors.

Most of the gifts for which Ethel gives thanks aren't material things, but the "home of her own" is a very real blessing.
Close as a family can be

Life is a wonderful adventure for Ozzie and Harriet, David and Ricky—and all the Nelsons

In the Nelsons' TV adventures, it's usually Ozzie who is "the pesty." In real life, they all take their turn of it.

By FREDDA BALLING

The popular program known as The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet is legitimately a family affair. David and Ricky of the script are the David and Eric whose birth certificates designate them as authentic Nelsons, a fact unique in radio or TV domestic drama. The children on other shows seldom belong to the program's parents, and the parents themselves seldom belong to each other.

But that is not the end to the family participation of the Nelson clan. Ozzie's brother, Don, is one of the writers on the show, and Don's wife (whom he met at the studio when the program was being done on radio) is Barbara Eiler, an actress often seen sharing the Nelson adventures. Last Christmas, Don's and Barbara's two small daughters turned in fine performances as Nelson relatives, and may become more involved in the show as David and Ricky are claimed by such outside commitments as military service.

After the show every Friday night, the Hollywood Nelson clan gathers around the telephone to call the New Jersey Nelson clan. Ozzie's older brother, Alfred, is a dentist by profession and successful practice, but he is also a part-time script writer. He has supplied several scripts for the show, plus a weekly spatter of ideas, many of which have hit the spot.

Even Ozzie's mother gets into the spirit of the thing. When she heard that Aunt Jemima Pancake Mixes were to co-sponsor the Nelson show this season, along

Continued
Ozzie swears Harriet is even prettier than when they were married twenty years ago. (She's a better cook, too.) As for the boys, they think nobody can top either Ozzie or Harriet.
Close as a family can be

(Continued)

with Hotpoint electric appliances, she cracked: "I hope the pancakes sell like Hotpoints!"

As for Harriet's mother, she has been written into frequent Nelson scripts, but must be consulted about the actress who is to portray her. So far, her favorite is Lurene Tuttle. Much of Mrs. Hilliard's characteristic dialogue and plot surprises are supplied by Don Nelson, who lived at Mrs. Hilliard's home while he was a student at the University of Southern California. A typical incident—precious grist for a writer—occurred when Don had married and moved away. He telephoned one day to learn whether the Navy check had arrived. Mrs. Hilliard had said, "No—but I hear the postman now. Hold the wire and I'll see what he has for us."

Don held . . . and held . . . and held. Three minutes, five minutes, seven minutes. . . . It occurred to him that Mrs. Hilliard might have suffered a fall, that the person at the door had not been the postman but some thug! He jumped into his car and scurched to the Hilliard home. And here, standing amid her roses while engaged in a fascinating conversation with her neighbor, was Mrs. Hilliard.

She broke into a surprised and delighted smile when she spotted Don, waved and called, "Hi!"

Don's instant relief was dispelled by affectionate exasperation. "Can you tell me," he asked smoothly, "whether, by any chance, your telephone is off the hook?"

"I don't think so. I was just talking to . . . oh, heavens!"

New acquaintances frequently ask Ozzie and Harriet: "Is your show pretty much a reflection of your daily family life?" Ozzie's standard answer has always been, "No, not really. It's fictionalized drama, as most situation-comedy shows have to be."

Recently, some combination of circumstances pushed Ozzie a notch too far and he had to let off steam. He announced, (Continued on page 68)

Pretty as Diane Jergens is, Ricky's at the age where he's more interested in teaching her tennis than dancing.
David's dates are still rather informal, too. Below, at a recital with Susan Whitney, who—like Diane—is sometimes seen on *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*.

Ozzie and Harriet realize that one day the family will be more than a close-knit foursome clustered around the pool. In fact, Ozzie's put these growing-up ideas into the show.
The Rogers' ranch house is a warm, "together" kind of place, where Bible readings and songfests are all part of daily living—where Dodie's Choctaw background and Marion Fleming's Scottish ancestry are equally at home.

Seated on the couch above, left to right: Dodie (the children's nickname for Mary Little Doe), Dale, Marion, Roy, Linda. Riding "on top of the stagecoach" are Sandy and Dusty (whose more formal name is Roy Rogers, Jr.).
They Count Their Blessings

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans thank God for each new year—and for the children in their hearts and home

Home care is Dale's department, and she gives the girls—in this case, Marion and Linda—lessons in cooking with that fine old-fashioned flavor from her home state, Texas!

Roy takes over in the field of animals and outdoor life. Here he shows Dusty and Marion the care and feeding of a baby chipmunk he'd found abandoned "on location."

In the little town of Chatsworth, California, there is a rambling Spanish ranch house where the coming of the New Year is celebrated prayerfully and joyously, in true family spirit. December 31st, in addition to being the wedding anniversary of Daddy and Mom—who are Roy Rogers and Dale Evans to the rest of the world—is a wonderfully happy and meaningful time for the children.

Some of the five Rogers children are adopted, chosen lovingly from temporary homes in other sections of the country. A sixth child is a foster-daughter, here as an exchange student from her native Scotland. At holiday time, a little crippled friend of the family, Nancy Hamilton, and her mother usually join the family circle, and often the neighbors' kids can be counted in. So there will be laughter and shouting echoing through the roomy house, and much excitement over the old year rushing out and the new one rushing in to take its place. There will also be some soul-searching and some brave new resolutions, and many heartfelt prayers of thanks.

"If I were to try to sum up the things that Roy and I are most grateful for this year," Dale says, thinking back over months which have seemed to roll by so rapidly, "it's that the children and Roy and I are now a unit. A real family group. All the former differences in the back grounds from which the individual children came are now merged into one democratic American family. It's one of the finest things that could have happened to us. This, and the fact that we approach the New Year under God's guidance, with the hope that His purpose for each individual life, and for our family life, will be fulfilled."

The kids, even small Dodie, already have a pretty good idea of what it means to take one's place in a close-knit group that feels strongly about putting God first, their fellow man second, and themselves (Continued on page 83)
Home, for Jan and Terry, means the sunlit peace of their farm in New Hampshire—which takes on special meaning when Terry’s girls join them during vacation.

Terry’s proud of the strikingly talented and lovely females in his family! Below, Jan’s mother paints a portrait of Molly, Colleen and Kathleen O’Sullivan.
Terry O'Sullivan and Jan Miner travel an exciting road on TV, toward the steady lights of home

By FRANCES KISH

Terry O'Sullivan was saying: "Change is stimulating; it means growth. I welcome it." "I feel the same way Terry does," added Jan Miner, who is Mrs. Terry O'Sullivan in private life. "Except that I want to say—for us both—we are grateful and happy that the usual peace and satisfactions of life on the farm have remained the same while our lives, career-wise, have been changing. It's a fine thing to know that Morrow Farm, in Meredith, New Hampshire, is waiting for us, the same as always—and that, if it's at all
Eager young hands help Jan and Terry launch their rowboat in Lake Winnipesaukee. Morrow Farm nestles near by, encircled by woodlands, hills and neat New Hampshire towns.

possible, the family will be gathering there for the holidays. My parents live close by, two of my brothers and their families are there, and the others not too far away.

"It's wonderful to know that, next summer—while there will be the usual struggle against Nature and her many moods—the old farmhouse will welcome us back, and Terry's three lovely daughters will be coming again from California to spend the summer with us. There will be the farm chores, as always, and the gardening and tending, and Terry will have to tend the orchard he planted last summer (never dreaming how much work he was starting for himself!). But there will also be the fun of cooking and eating outdoors, of sitting around and just talking and visiting after the work is done, and the joy of living out under the sun and stars."

Terry picked up the conversation: "The changes have come into our lives in the city, in all the new things Jan and I have been doing. In September, for instance, I became Elliott Norris, the newspaper reporter in the daytime dramatic serial, Valiant Lady. Norris has humor and intelligence—it's an interesting part—and a great many other new things have come into being, this year, one of them a Big Story film, shot for television in South Bend, Indiana, the scene of the true story it depicts. In August, I played the role of Adam in the Bible story of Cain, on the Frontiers Of Faith program. A number of TV commercials have been added to the roster this year. And a motion picture, 'The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell,' starring Gary Cooper. Of course, if you turn to your companion in the theater, you may miss seeing me at all—my part is very short."

"Terry opens the picture," Jan broke in. "He's the major who serves the court-martial papers on Mitchell. You can't possibly miss him!"

"The big change in Jan's work," Terry said then, "is her new role as Terry Burton on The Second Mrs. Burton. It's a perfect part for Jan, both as wife and as actress—though I'm sure many listeners still remember her as Julie, in Hilltop House, and Anne, in Casey, Crime Photographer. Her radio work speaks for itself, and she's been doing more and more TV. The last two summers, she was a member of the Robert Montgomery TV company, doing a different role every week, and she has a running part, Glenda, on the TV dramatic serial First Love. She goes out to Hollywood to do the TV commercials for Spry, on the Lux Video Theater—and that has certainly made a change in our lives, what with my traveling to various location scenes occasionally, too! She has been doing the Alka-Seltzer commercials on the John Daly news telecasts. And she gets constant calls from dramatic shows on TV."

"I like the turn my life has been taking," Jan said. "I like the change of pace. I even enjoy the tremendous discipline which television imposes on an actor, far more than radio ever did. Every performance is an 'opening night.' This is it, you know each time—and there won't be any more chances to correct mistakes."

"I miss Julie Paterno, after (Continued on page 84)"

Terry O'Sullivan is Elliott Norris in Valiant Lady, CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, as sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Company, and Wesson Oil. Jan Miner is Terry Burton in The Second Mrs. Burton, CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
NEVER GET RICH

Sgt. Bilko (Phil) flanked by his best buddies—Cpl. Barbella (Harvey Lembeck) and Cpl. Henshaw (Allan Melvin).

HARVEY LEMBECK, as Cpl. Barbella, needs no coaching in GI life, for he has lived it before—"in the flesh," on the stage and in movies. Born and raised in Brooklyn, Harvey won a scholarship to the University of Alabama. His studies there were interrupted by World War II and he enlisted in the Army, then transferred to the Marines, and finally wound up in the Navy. Once again a civilian, Harvey finished his studies at New York University, then launched his show-business career as half of The Dancing Carrolls, who played night clubs and vaudeville. (The other half of the team, Caroline Dubs, is now Harvey's better-half and mother of the Lembecks' two children.) Harvey made his Broadway debut in Ben Hecht's "The Terrorist," and followed this with roles in such hits as "Mister Roberts," "Stalag 17," and "Wedding Breakfast." He has also appeared in many films, including "The Frogmen" and "Willie and Joe Back Up Front." TV-wise, Harvey, in 1947, organized the first repertory group for a network and has appeared in numerous TV shows since then. Last year, he won two Laurel Awards, one as the most likely candidate for stardom, the other as one of the best screen comics.

ALLAN MELVIN—who plays Cpl. Henshaw, possessor of a keen, dry sense of humor—was born to be a comedian, although he tried first to become a journalist. Born in Kansas City, Missouri, Allan received his high school education in New York, then enrolled at Columbia University to major in journalism. But, being a naturally funny fellow, everything he did—from talking to walking—provoked more laughter than good grades. After two years, Allan's college days came to an end when he was cast in a Greek tragedy. He just couldn't shake off his comic nature and, finally, his professor ruefully suggested that Allan had better stick to comedy. Allan took the advice, quit college and started his own night-club act, which featured impressions and imitations. Then one day he heard that Jose Ferrer was auditioning actors for the part of Reed in "Stalag 17." Allan didn't even get to finish his routine for, halfway through, Ferrer stopped him and told him he was hired. Allan went on to play the role for a year. No newcomer to TV, Allan appears frequently on many top dramatic shows. He's fond of basset hounds and is preparing a film series on the "adventures" of the sad-eyed dogs.
Sgt. Bilko’s pranks alternately please and provoke Col. Hall (Paul Ford).

Paul Ford, as Col. T. J. Hall, Sgt. Bilko’s stuffy but likeable commanding officer, enjoys the distinction of portraying two Army colonels at the same time—in You’ll Never Get Rich, and in the Broadway hit, “The Teahouse of the August Moon.” A veteran stage, screen and TV actor, the soft-spoken Mr. Ford hails from Baltimore, Maryland. After graduation from Dartmouth College, he went right into show business, getting his early training with stock companies at such famous spots as the Provincetown Playhouse. Next came Broadway and, since 1944, he has appeared in numerous plays, including “Another Part of the Forest,” “Command Decision,” “The Brass Ring” and, of course, “Teahouse.” In between, Paul has also appeared in movies such as “Naked City” and “All the King’s Men.” Television has claimed him for many leading programs, among them, Studio One, Suspense and Danger, as well as two fondly remembered daytime dramas, The Egg And I and The First Hundred Years.

Herbie Faye, a 40-year veteran of show business, has known and worked with Phil Silvers for some 25 years. Starting with a small vaudeville act in 1915, Herbie toured the country, then settled down on Broadway. He spent eight years with the USO—five of them overseas—then, in 1949, turned to TV and appeared subsequently with such stars as Jack Carter, Martha Raye and Red Buttons. Most recently on Broadway, Herbie has played in “Top Banana” and “The Shrike.” Now, once again with Silvers, Herb, in addition to acting, helps coach the cast.

Louise Golden, only 21, counts her role as WAC Cpl. Hogan as the luckiest of many breaks she has had. In 1952, after graduation from Van Nuys High School in California, Louise headed for Broadway and, within a few weeks, was one of the Gae Foster dancing girls at the Roxy Theater. Next came TV appearances, followed by a dancing assignment in “Guys and Dolls.” When she heard about You’ll Never Get Rich, Louise mistakenly applied for a dancing role. Nevertheless, the pretty, young redhead was hired and her bit part was expanded to fit her varied talents.
JIMMY LITTLE, looking every bit like the hard-boiled sergeant he plays, owes his fine physique to his extensive swimming experience. After attending St. John's University, Jimmy became a lifeguard and, on the side, furthered his ambition to become a singer. From singing for local gatherings in Brooklyn, he progressed to Manhattan night clubs, then into vaudeville, co-starring with comedian Joe Besser. After touring the country, Jimmy and Joe developed an Army skit which, in 1938, became part of Olsen and Johnson's famed "Hellzapoppin" revue. Next they played for four years in "Sons O' Fun." In between, Jimmy appeared in movies such as "Hey, Rookie!", "Black Widow" and "Ma and Pa Kettle." For the past five years—except for his Broadway role in "Lunatics and Lovers"—Jimmy has devoted his talents to TV, having appeared in some 300 shows, which ranged from comedy to drama.

HARRY CLARK, another typical-looking topkicker, went from New York University—where he starred as a hammer-thrower and taught physical education—into summer stock, playing throughout the East, from 1939 to 1942. Then came Broadway and "The Skin of Our Teeth," followed by "One Touch of Venus." After time out in the Army, Harry continued his record of appearing only in big hits with "Kiss Me, Kate," "Call Me Mister" and "Wish You Were Here." Last year, he toured in the national company of "Pal Joey," then took leave of the stage to try his hand in television. He has appeared on many top shows, including "Toast Of The Town, Philco Playhouse, Danger and Justice," and was particularly outstanding this year as star of "No Time for Sergeants" on the U.S. Steel Hour. In private life, Harry lives with his wife Tobey and their 16-year-old daughter Irene in Jamaica, on New York's Long Island.

NED GLASS, after graduation from City College in New York, in 1928, became a grade-school science teacher in Brooklyn. He soon found, however, that teaching was not his lot and, when a friend suggested he try acting, Ned took the advice. Although totally inexperienced, Ned sent a card to producer Elmer Rice, and, amazingly enough, was given an audition. Not only did he win a good role in the Broadway hit, "Street Scene," but he was made understudy to the star. Ned played in two more Broadway shows, then decided to get more "basic" acting experience via summer stock and vaudeville. Then, several years later, he journeyed to Hollywood to appear in more than 100 movies, such as "The Bad and the Beautiful," "The Clown" and "Julius Caesar." Upon returning to New York, he met up with Phil Silvers and was immediately signed to play the part of Sgt. Pendleton in You'll Never Get Rich.

The fun begins as Sgt. Bilko briefs Sgt. Grover (Jimmy Little), Sgt. Sowici (Harry Clark) and Sgt. Pendleton (Ned Glass).
At home—as on the airwaves—

Music is Charita's own favorite relaxation.

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

NOT LONG AGO, the young wife named Bertha Bauer in The Guiding Light spent fifteen minutes before the cameras arguing with her husband—and, later, a school principal—over whether or not her son Mike should skip a grade in school. It was a well-written, well-acted bit in which Bertha was intensely opposed to Mike's being shifted out of his age-group, but changed her mind completely before the end of her session with the principal.

Having finished her stint for that day, she left the studio and caught a cab for home. Her name was still Bauer, although the "Berths" of The Guiding Light automatically became the "Charita" of real life. And, as she rode along, she reflected that she really had learned a lot from that day's script, especially since she had a nine-year-old boy of her own—also named Mike.

Oh, not that she was likely to run into such a difficulty with her own Mike, at least not right away. Mike was getting along fine in St. Ann's Academy for Boys, a private school in which Charita believed implicitly. But, if the time ever came, she'd be better
it's son Michael, just nine years old

Mike's big hobby is his stamp collection.

equipped to cope with the school situation. She could actually relax for a few hours. She could take a deep breath, and think about the vacation she had planned—the first real vacation she'd ever had. This one was going to be it, with a capital letter. England, France, Italy. A chance to get away and think, a chance to forget the busy hum of the studios and to lead a strictly private life.

At home, in the East Seventies, she found her mother and her son, Michael, in the kitchen. He was bolting an after-school snack, so he could "go and play with Pete." She looked at him with pride in her eyes. She had done well here, so (Continued on page 79)

"Home" is a living dream come true ... a place where Michael can play and invite friends to share his birthday cake ... a real family residence for Charita and her parents (who did so much for her) and her boy (for whom she hopes to do as much).

Charita recently fulfilled another great wish, too—a trip to Europe with one of her very best friends, actress Elaine Rost (at far left).
A

According to the menfolk, true friendships between women are rare. But Joan Davis and Mary Jane Higby are two women who could have been really great friends—if it weren't for the fact that they have been one and the same person for the past fifteen years. Mary Jane stars as Joan Davis in When A Girl Marries, and she thinks Joan is a wonderful person. "And one of the best things about playing Joan," she smiles, "is that she hasn't stood still like some comic-book character. She married, raised three children. She's always growing."

Blonde, petite and blue-eyed, Mary Jane looks more like Joan Davis, wife and homemaker, than the actress she has been since the age of three months. She and Joan have much in common. Both are warm-hearted, sincere, loyal women and both rely on that very special woman's sense, intuition. Both are happily married—and this is the most important thing in life to both. Mrs. Joan Davis is Mrs. Guy Sorel, in private life, and, rather than talk about her own career—starting as "Baby Mary Jane" in the movies and leading to Joan Davis on radio—she would rather tell you about how her French husband played a cowboy in a filmed television drama.

"I've always had a career," Mary Jane says. "And, now that When A Girl Marries has been 'modernized,' Joan too has a career—and we have become more alike. I love the idea behind the changing of the program. It will bring Joan more up-to-date, allow me more scope and bring more variety to the program—a new story each week."

Joan's career grows out of the sort of person she has always been—a woman eager to help with the problems of her neighbors and friends in Stanwood. And so, when Catherine Kane, who heads Kane Industries, for which Harry Davis is legal counsel, needs an editorial consultant for her new magazine, Hometown, Joan is her logical and ideal choice. The magazine is to be based on actual incidents that have happened to the people of Stanwood, and Joan is asked to draw on her own background and experience to help the people whose stories it will tell. "In many of these situations," Mary Jane smiles, "Joan will need all the wisdom she can muster. Take the story of Ginny and Ginny Harrison, for example, when jealousy and suspicion threatened Ginny's young marriage and Anita's new-found love."

When this story passes across Joan Davis' desk at the magazine office—she learns that Ginny, the younger sister, has married Tom Brent against Anita's advice. All three live together in the huge Harrison family mansion which the girls had inherited jointly. Since Ginny is still not of age, her money is held in trust and, when Tom needs money for a land venture on which he hopes to base his and Ginny's future, he asks Anita to help. But, although Anita has already come into her inheritance, she refuses the money.

Unwilling to let the land opportunity pass, Tom plays up to Anita. But his attentions to her only serve to bring the sisters in conflict as Ginny accuses Anita of trying to steal her husband. Then, unable to win Anita over by himself, Tom introduces her to Tony Ford, his partner in the land venture. Tony begins to pay court to Anita. At first, Tony's interest is only to persuade Anita to help them, but he soon finds that he has fallen in love with her. Anita, too, feels the first stirrings of love for Tony, but she hesitates to trust this emotion. Aware that Tony was first interested only in her money, Anita cannot bring herself to believe him when he declares his love.

At present, matters seem at a standstill, but soon they will have to change. Will Tony find a way to prove his love for Anita—or will her doubts continue to keep them apart? And what about Ginny and Tom, whose young marriage is floundering on the jealousy Ginny still feels over the attentions Tom paid to Anita? As Joan Davis steps into their lives, will she be able to draw from her own experiences and help these four troubled people to the happiness she knows lies ahead—when a girl marries?
Doubts continue to trouble Anita Harrison as she remembers that, although Tony Ford now insists he is in love with her, it was her money that first attracted him.
So in Love...

...not only with life, but each other... that's
the good news about Carl Betz and his wife Lois
They lived in Hollywood, that first year of their marriage... and, as Christmas approached, Carl Betz began amassing a private hoard of apparently useless objects—laundry cartons, shirt cardboards, oatmeal boxes, wax-paper rollers and assorted other scraps and discards. . . . With growing amazement, Lois Betz watched it accumulate. “Why in the world,” she finally asked, “do you want all this junk?”

Carl, who now plays the role of sophisticated Collie Jordan in *Love Of Life*, looked more boyish than worldly as he replied, “It’s a secret.” Then (Continued on page 66)

What's the latest "gossip" about the actor who plays Collie Jordan in Love Of Life? Only that Carl and Lois enjoy domestic bliss, leisurely walks, and friendly visits.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

They lived in Hollywood, that first year of their marriage... and, as Christmas approached, Carl Betz began amassing a private hoard of apparently useless objects—laundry cartons, shirt cardboard, oatmeal boxes, wax-paper rollers and assorted other scraps and discards. . . With growing amazement, Lois Betz watched it accumulate. "Why in the world," she finally asked, "do you want all this junk?"

Carl, who now plays the role of sophisticated Collie Jordan in Love Of Life, looked more boyish than worldly as he replied, "It's a secret." Then (Continued on page 66)

Carl created this miniature English village to surprise Lois on their first Christmas together. They've both worked on it, adding new structures, every year since.


Their artistic skill found full-scale scope when the Betzes moved to a New York apartment. Carl painted the walls, matching the colors to the draperies Lois had found.

So in Love...

. . . not only with life, but each other . . . that's the good news about Carl Betz and his wife Lois
Percy's calm in a stormy business is well-known. But even he gets excited when granddaughter Lisa Beth comes to call. Sharing Percy's delight are his son-in-law Alan, wife Dolly, son Peter and daughter Marilyn Faith Sleitsman.

When Percy and Dolly first met, they were in their teens and dated secretly. Then they grew up, married, and Perc's music sang his love for all to hear. Today they share walks and such domestic chores as mending Dolly's fine chinaware.
Percy Faith’s music on The Woolworth Hour echoes the melody of a full, rich life

Host Donald Woods and Percy check on details for a future Woolworth Hour in teamwork smooth as Perc’s music.

Host Donald Woods and Percy check on details for a future Woolworth Hour in teamwork smooth as Perc’s music.

Perc found the Faiths’ home, but its Colonial exterior and Norwegian pine interior were all Dolly had dreamed of.

Perfect Harmony

By MARTIN COHEN

Of all the arts meant to give man pleasure, none is quite so personal as music—and the music of Percy Faith is as intimate as your own fireside. This music gets into your heart and into your dreams. It can bring an old memory to life or remind you to take flowers home to your wife. It is music full of lights—the lights of stars and carnival bulbs, of sunsets and Christmas candles, of love and hope. But, no matter what the charm or passion, it is music noted for great beauty, simplicity and dignity.

Percy Faith is a composer-conductor—which means that the music is in his head, first of all. He puts it to paper and the paper goes to a group of forty-five musicians and choristers, then Percy rehearses them. The end performance is the single voice of a single man.

Little Lisa Beth muses over the piano. She’ll need this early start to beat grandfather Percy’s composing record.
Away from his podium, Percy likes tooling along the back roads in his convertible—or tinkering with his miniature railroad in the basement of the Faiths’ Long Island home.

For those who like their Faith tall, dark and handsome, Percy qualifies. For those who lean to a Marlon Brando type, a T-shirted, unshaven male in paint-stained pants, Percy fills the bill—on weekends, or when he’s fishing in Canada. If you would want your Faith civilized and charming, that is Percy all of the time. If, however, you like a touch of glamour, Percy has a speedboat for tearing around Long Island Sound and a sport car for tooling down back roads.

But if it’s a musician with temper you prefer—a conductor on the podium who fairly shakes thunder out of the sky with his baton, whose voice whips musicians into a musical frenzy—it ain’t Faith. No, sir. Says a musician: “Picture a sunny day on the beach. Picture a man half-dozing in the sun, listening to the surf, indifferent to everything about him. That’s what Percy looks like when he’s conducting.”

This is the actual picture: He perches on top of a tall stool, one knee crossed over the other, the music spread over a horizontal stand. His baton is a short yellow pencil. (He conducts equally well with red or green.) His makeshift baton never stirs more than six inches in any direction. In a polite, casual voice he tells the brass to remove the dot from a quarter note or turn a seventh into a ninth. And then they go on. Of the hundred people or so in the studio—including several dozen musicians, a dozen singers, four or five soloists, technicians, agency representatives, producer and assistants—Percy Faith is the least hurried, the most amiable and the most relaxed. (“Up there he looks exactly as if he didn’t give a damn, and he is one of the most gifted conductors in the country.”)

Percy is unquestionably the favorite conductor of musicians, for he refuses to be anything less than reasonable and courteous. He does not ruffle, anger or madden. When he first came to the states from Canada to take over the famous Carnation Contended Hour, the orchestra paid him a tribute which is unprecedented in the business. As a body, they sent a telegram to the sponsor saying simply: “This is our boy.”

Percy Faith’s contribution to American music is fabulous. He has recorded fifty albums, and nearly all are steady sellers. At any

(Continued on page 70)
And So They Were Married

(Continued from page 32)

handsome. Their respective parents were there—two sisters, two brothers, and two brothers, and Debbie's only brother.

"Even the setting was homelike. Mrs. Grossinger didn't look like neighbors, but not a pretentious house on the grounds of Grossinger's, the famous Catskill resort, and that's where the ceremony took place. The house has big double living rooms, housekeeper's kitchen—the kind of home to make a gracious background. Debbie carried her grandmother's Bible, from which she read, "

"No one got very excited when the wedding had to be delayed because Eddie's mother was delayed in traffic on her way up to Grossinger's. Instead of an eight o'clock ceremony, it was nearly nine when Eddie and Debbie made their vows. Afterwards, there was a private party, and then the young couple went to a charming small house near by, lent by a friend for this first night of their honeymoon."

And so they were married, after months of postponement. The wedding in Kansas City, to do the show, speculation, and thousands of columns of type, much of it inspired by the fact that the scheduled wedding date of June 17 had come and gone minus wedding bells or any specific explanation for the delay.

Eddie had been very unhappy about a lot of the stuff that was printed during those months prior to the marriage. "Because most of it didn't have a grain of truth in it," one of his pals told me. "That's what got him down." When an old friend who hadn't seen him for a while dropped by to congratulate him on his marriage and mentioned the bad nature and serious he had grown, Eddie just shook his head and said, "It's this last year that did it.

"Talking further about it, Eddie said, "Our wedding was never called off. We just thought we would wait a little longer. And that sort of thing is a personal matter. We two had to figure out where we could be together as much as possible, and it didn't look at that time as if we could be together very much at all. When you're married, it's natural to want to be together.""

There was a collision of careers, where Eddie's show would be located, when Debbie would make pictures—all of which got talked about and worked out during those months of delay. The day after the wedding, when Eddie had to be in Washington, D. C., for his sponsor, Coca-Cola, Debbie was right there with him. A few days later, his Wednesday-night TV show came from Notre Dame University, at South Bend, Indiana, and Debbie was there, too. When, the following week, he was to return to Kansas City, Debbie went along, and they managed to take off for California for four or five days of honeymooning before going back to New York. When a house in California was not far from the studio, a few shots from Hollywood this summer, Debbie will be with him. And when she has to report back to the M-G-M studios in January for the next picture, it is all settled that Eddie will stay at home and do his own singing. Debbie will take off for New York, make her schedule of work and geography. "My show will probably alternate between thirteen weeks from California and thirteen weeks from New York, and whenever there is something special we will broadcast from places in between, in any way possible. This is what Debbie and I have always looked forward to. We're gypsies, love to go from place to place."

This, of course, is true of all the various jobs in Eddie's hotel apartment in New York, instead of finding a new apartment of Debbie's choosing. And why they didn't settle upon being in a house before the wedding, as permanent headquarters, as once they thought they would.

"We'll rent a place this time for the thirteen weeks' stay on the West Coast, unless something comes along which is exactly what we want. Otherwise, we don't want to decide quite yet about our home. Debbie and I are going to be all our lives and there will be plenty of time for everything. In the meantime, we'll be having fun thinking about it."

On his days at home, Eddie has always liked to sit around in a robe and not dress or shave until he goes out. He and Debbie sometimes look at the old kinescopes of his shows (he runs his own projector) and if he doesn't like a performance he won't rewind the film. "I don't want to see that one again," he will say. "Let's just forget it." When he listens to one of his own records he is always trying to figure out what to cut, but some things are better. So far as Debbie's work is concerned, Eddie describes himself as "a big, big fan, ever since I first saw her in her picture, 'Singin' in the Rain,' when I was thirteen."

"It's tough for this boy," the friend had said. "He can't say no to a girl that on a certain day he has to do certain things to a certain party, no matter how important it is to her. There are too many unexpected demands on his time, too many benefits, and he has to be at Grossinger's, or a regular schedule of rehearsals and shows and recordings, too many places where he has to be, one right after the other. Naturally this is hard on a girl. She wants to be at it all times, but she can't afford to be there."

That said, he concluded, "It is a good bond between them, 'Debbie is so natural with everybody.' Eddie says of her. (It's what everybody has always said about Eddie, too—that he has never lost his boyish, natural manner.) "Debbie has charm, sincerity, so much warmth. She impresses everyone that way. She's more mature than Eddie, but she can't be. But it was hard on Eddie because he couldn't plan his own time. Nobody can in this business. There's no future in it, but it was just a fact he had to face."

"Because both Eddie and Debbie have a liking for people in general, and love people, they are not quite sure of their own future. But they can do it, of course, because they feel good about their work. They can do it, they feel good about what they're doing, they're in the right place, and there is no time for them to do otherwise."

Watching the two together, one feels that the world is their oyster."

Watch for . . .

the lovely full-color portrait of

MARION MARLOWE

on the February cover of

TV RADIO MIRROR

get your copy January 5
(Continued from page 61) he offered an explanation which was no explanation at all: "It's your Christmas present..." What Lois thought at that point is not a matter of record. What she did was to try to stay out of the kitchen when Carl appropriated the table as a workbench.

There he labored for hours with ruler, pencil, razor blades, rubber cement, and paint. Lois didn't know how he knew it was a family secret," Carl confides today. "The work took too long and covered too much space. But, by staying up until four o'clock Christmas morning, I was able to surprise Lois with the tree too." The "total scene" was a Christmas card nearly come to life. Under the tree, Carl had set up an old English village, with each building and figure constructed to scale. The wax-paper rollers became the turrets of a castle which was complete with moat and drawbridge. The cardboard had been shaped into timbered, thatch-roofed houses. Along the snowy street, a coach and pair drove toward the village church, where high in the steeple a clock marked the minutes before midnight. The clock still ticks five minutes before, but the village grows each year, for it has become a family hobby.

While the exquisite workmanship of the village wins the admiration of any observer, it is the reason that led to its construction which makes it important both to Lois and Carl. "I wanted her to know that Christmas was like back home in Pittsburgh when I was a boy," Carl explains.

Wanting to share with each other the delights of the holidays, with as little as possible of the bigness of present, is one of the pleasant evidences of the love which Carl and Lois Betz hold. Emotionally, they react almost as though they were but one individual. In appearance, however, they are an example of the old belief that, "opposites attract." Carl is tall, slender, wiry, wavy-haired and blond. Lois has straight dark hair, but is daintily petite.

Speaking further of his childhood, Carl goes on to say, "My brother Bill and I always made quite a thing of our Christmas. What I remember most vividly is having commercially-made copies to copy the creche we saw in church. Next, we made our own stable and manger. Year by year, we thought of more things to make, until it filled all the space in a big bay window. Because it reached far beyond the branches of our own tree, we'd go out to the neighbors, the day after Christmas, and pick up the trees they were ready to discard. Soon we had a regular forest."

Constructing that Christmas scene may even have influenced the ultimate careers of both the Betz boys. Says Carl, "My father is a chemist, and most of the men in the family are chemists. However, Bill decided he wanted to study art and I always knew I wanted to be an actor."

Carl's way to the professional stage led from a community theater (which he helped organize) to Carnegie Tech. "They have a good course in drama," he observes. He played summer stock at Lake Pleasant, New York, then set out to storm Broadway.

Lois, born Lois Herman in Rochester, New York, was following a parallel path. She went to the Midwest to attend North-western University (her brother was a script writer, at WBBM in Chicago), then came to New York as a model.

"One of my first jobs," she recalls, "was to pose for some scenes to illustrate a violent story in a somewhat lurid magazine. I was scared to death to think what would happen when that magazine reached Rochester."

Her parents took it in stride. Even her grandmother restricted her comment to: "My, doesn't Lois look old in those pictures?" But the family's maid went into a tizzy. With tears in her eyes, she pleaded, "Mrs. Herman, can't you bring Lois back home or give her an allowance or something? She's getting into terrible trouble in that wicked city."

Contrary to the maid's fears, Lois actually was making progress. Fashion modeling soon put her pretty face and petite figure onto the elegant pages of quality publications—and also paid the tuition to drama school. In 1952, as "Lois Harmon," she became an understudy in Walter Abel's play, "The Long Watch."

With that, the merging of Lois' and Carl's careers began—for he, too, had a role in the play. There were five weeks of out-of-town tryouts. At New Haven, they started having coffee together after rehearsals. When they reached Boston, they were holding hands. In Philadelphia, it became a courtship. In New York, they consolled each other, since the play's openings and closing were almost simultaneous.

Carl thinks he proposed in a most unromantic fashion. "We were walking up Broadway. It was the middle of a bright, summer night, and we were about to drop at Fifty-fifth Street when I said, 'Let's get married.' Now I ask you, can you think of a worse place and worse time to propose, especially by a young lady, even kiss her?"

Lois had a different opinion. Her dark eyes sparkle as she says, "It was the right place, the right time for us. Of course, we didn't know what we'd get married on November 18th."

Carl's prospects, it turned out, were better than he thought at that moment. Soon he went on tour in "Voice of the Turtle," pictures, anyone could think of at Onnica Lake. This led to a screen test and contract with 20th Century-Fox.

Lois followed him to Hollywood and they were married in the courthouse at Beverly Hills on June 20, 1952. "But," says Carl, "I was cast in 'Powder River' and—what with that picture and those horses—I thought that you'd either have a bride or a Reno-bound ex-wife at the end of our honeymoon."

In theory, they were to have a weekend together at Bel Air hotel before Carl reported for duty there on Monday morning. "Only," says Carl, "I had to ride a horse in the picture. Ride Western style over some pretty rugged country—and all I'd ever done was have some old nag carry me around a park."

Bronco-busting being something quite different, Carl had a riding lesson scheduled that day. With a giggle, Lois remembers, "There had been wedding pictures in the Los Angeles newspapers and, when we came out to the pool, they were hanging up on us. You should have seen their eyebrows go up when, after an hour, Carl left me, returned in riding clothes, kissed me goodbye and vanished for the rest of the day. When I got back, they'd put some old honeymoon alongside, and we were really feeling sorry for me!"

Fortunately, the picture's director also sympathized. To make up for interrupting their honeymoon, he arranged to have him spend another week there, at Malibu Beach. "So we got two honey-moons instead of one," says Lois, happily.

A friend, returning to the New York stage, arranged for the pair to rent their first pleasant apartment. "And what a welcome California itself gave us!" says Carl.

The apartment house, built into the side of a steep hill, had a view, a terrace and a cliff of fifty-two steps to the doorway. "We spent the whole afternoon carrying our things up that hill," says Lois. "When I went to bed, I announced that I was so tired the roof could fall in and it wouldn't wake me."

Soon after they fell asleep a thundering noise snapped them awake. Carl went to the window. "This is funny," he said, "there might be a blast, but there's no lightening and it isn't raining." Shortly after, the floor started to rock and roll.

"Then we knew what it was," says Lois, "but no one remembered to tell us about earthquakes."

It proved only a scare, far less serious than the occupational hazards which followed, in Carl's career. After "Powder River," followed "The President's Lady," "Vicki," "The Inferno," "City of Badmen," and "My Pal Gus." As Carl comments, "If anywhere in any one of those pictures, I could think of an excuse to introduce a horse—believe me, I was the guy who was on it!"

Lois hasn't forgotten the result. "He got..."
so carried away by his fondness for horses that, one day, he went down the line in the stable petting each one—until he came to the outlaw which wanted no part of such affection. The horse more than nipped him. It tore the whole sleeve out of his coat. And Carl couldn’t have been too observant when he sat down on the grass to recuperate. He came back from location that time, suffering from both horse-bite and poison ivy.

Being able to see the humor in such momentary travails has strengthened the partnership which Carl and Lois Betz have made of their marriage. It also amuses them that the very steadiness of their love became the despair of the studio’s press department. One press agent, making his weekly telephone call in search of items for the gossip columnists, was totally uninterested in hearing about the ceramic bowls which they had made and painted. “Don’t you ever do anything?” he wailed.

Lois replied, “Well, neither of us is running around with anyone else. We haven’t quarreled. I’m not bound for Reno and I’m not pregnant, either. I guess we just don’t make news.”

A more appreciative view of the Betz domestic bliss comes from outspoken Walter Slezak, comedian in innumerable movies and now a star in the hit Broadway musical, “Fanny.” When Slezak toured in his previous hit, “My Three Angels,” Carl played the Third Angel, and Lois went along on the trip, too.

Twisting words in his typical breathless fashion, Slezak recalled: “She was in his dressing room always, combing his hair, taking care of his make-up, rubbing oil on his chest so that he’d look as sweaty and hard-working as he was supposed to be in the play. Then, at the stage door, when people came around for autographs, and Carl was a big hit with the ladies—more ladies wanted Carl’s autograph than any one else’s—Lois would stand there in her little mink and she’d be oh, so gracious. It was all right for all those ladies to make such a fuss about Carl, because she was the one who was going home with him after the show.”

Slezak also offers a more serious professional evaluation of Carl Betz: “He’s one of the most attractive juveniles I know. I hope he soon gets that big Broadway part he deserves. I’m one hundred percent like Ivory Soap for him.”

Carl’s chance to land that “big Broadway part” every actor hopes to find are enhanced by his current role in Love Of Life. The daytime drama provides him with a showcase where a talent-hunting stage producer needs only to tune in to observe his work. It also gives him the security of being able to be choosy about such offers as are made to him.

Beyond that, Carl likes the role of Collie Jordan—thanks, he says, to the way our writer, John Hess, described him to me before I ever went into rehearsal. Collie’s more than a rich man’s son who became an attorney. As Paul’s law partner, he has a chance to turn the quick-witted phrase and he has plenty of worldly wisdom, but the way he’s always trying to help Paul keep his sister out of trouble shows he also has understanding and compassion.

Having this regular role in a popular serial has meant much to Carl and Lois. With it, they can count on being able to stay in New York. For the first time since they were married, they have an apartment which is truly their own. “Not mine, not Carl’s, not borrowed or sub-leased, but ours,” says Lois.

Located close to the theater section and near a number of television studios, the place is in an apartment old enough to be spacious and new enough to be convenient. There’s a large living room, a pleasant bedroom, a dressing-room-sized bath, a compact kitchen and lots of closets.

The same artistic skill which was manifest when Carl constructed the Christmas village is now being employed on a full-scale project. Accomplishing all the things he has in mind will take several months of doing and shopping. But, just as a stage is painted the place himself, Carl, clad in skin-tight Levis left over from a cowboy picture and with an old skivvy shirt wrapped around his head pirate-style to keep the paint out of his hair, he shinned up a ladder, paint brush in hand. He painted three walls and the ceiling of the living room a warm ivory and the other wall a soft yellow.

The bedroom is a shade of aqua which Carl had mixed to his own specifications. “I wanted just the right tone to go with the drapes and bedspreads Lois found.”

Lois, who has forsaken the stage to become registrar at the Barbizon Studio of Fashion Modeling, is equally busy finding new furniture to go with the cherished pieces they already have. She also is responsible for those little things which contribute so importantly to a harmonious whole. It is difficult to say where one’s work begins and the other’s ends, for— as usual—theirs is a partnership project.

“And,” says Lois, “that’s about all there is to it. We’re still not making news. We haven’t quarreled. Neither has found a new love. And I am not heading for Reno.”

“I guess we never will make that kind of news,” says sentimental Carl, who still has at home sentimental wedding anniversary cards on the twentieth of each month. “We’re just too happy—together.”

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"At a distance," the friend agreed, being acquainted with the general performance of the MG, even though he insists to be humbly cousin to the car. And although Long Island is not the MG's sort of thing—indeed, as far as she is concerned, the car with a mighty roar. Women and children fled and strong men took cover as the dragon wagon moved along the streets.

At right, Harriet pulled up in the lane to the left of an oil truck and trailer—a rig not easily panicked. The grizzled driver leaned down to study this new specimen. "Aren't you the MG family?" Seized with the fear of coping with traffic had almost robbed him of the power of astonishment. Almost, but not quite.

On the TV program, it is usually Ozzie who is the figure of fun, but in actuality each member of the family seems to take his turn as "patsy." Ricky's problem is noise. He loves it. Now the MG, as a junior in high school, he is interested in percussion and plays quite a noisier than the sound-proof, but he's a fresh-air fiend, so the sound-proofing doesn't mean much, and so when he's not there the MG's neighbors, the authentic Thornberry family, which served as original inspiration for the Ozzie-and-Harriet TV neighborhood. The MG was quick to notice that occasionally the din did shiver tumbilngers on the shelf, wondered if it wouldn't be possible to install removable sound-proof boards in the MG. "We've discussed this before," it was instructed to use them.

But how about some light and air?" loudly. Ricky explained that professional musicians seldom saw daylight while occupying a place on the bandstand, and that they were lucky if an occasional ray of sun filtered through their way. "Just pretend you've made the big time and that you're sitting against the black velvet curtain at Birdland," advice. At fifteen, however—no paycheck whispering low: "Thou must!"—the youth was not inclined to say, "I can." Harriet came home late one summer afternoon to find the MG in the living room with the TV set in the living room and that in the den shouting to empty chairs, the radio at the pool blaring above gleeful voices and Ricky upstairs detonating his drums.

No pair of mortal lungs could have provided voice enough to rise above the bedlam, demanding quiet, so Harriet turned her energies to the next best occupation. She put the rooms to rights.

This involved picking up an absurd number of T-shirts, socks and some underpinnings, and dropping them down the laundry chute. There were sweaters to be replaced, things to be hung up, and tennis shoes to be set at parade-rest in the sports equipment closet. As any woman having three men in her household will tell you, this becomes automatic, and is done without analysis. The point is not to figure out what belongs to whom, but simply to return order to a disheveled scene.

Close As a Family Can Be

The MG's stereo system, was in the kitchen talking to the cook about dinner when anguished cries arose from the living room. The gist ran something like, "缓缓ly. We've had enough," Seized with the fear of coping with traffic had almost robbed him of the power of astonishment. Almost, but not quite.

It took nearly an hour for all items to be retrieved, but a new spirit of orderliness was thereafter to be observed at the Nelson splash parties. Or, at least the disorder was created around the swimming pool, where an energetic woman could be restricted before creating total confusion.

Keeping a normal American family together long enough to make a few reels of home movies on a holiday is problem enough in itself, as today's family friends are constantly astonished that, week after week, the Nelsons can actually turn out a TV film which includes the presence and cooperation of a woman.

It was complicated enough when David was a football star at Hollywood High; that accomplishment took the entire family a few days, so friends are constantly astonished that, week after week, the Nelsons can actually turn out a TV film which includes the presence and cooperation of a woman.

Ricky is still too young to know whether he wants to make show business a career, but David has never had any doubts. As his MG, that David plans to earn a law degree before going into TV on a full-time basis. Ozzie, an alumus of Rutgers University and the Rutgers Law School, has discussed a practice sessions. Harriet had the window inserts manufactured at once and instructed Ricky to use them.

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Close As a Family Can Be
And Harriet dealt with David's becoming engaged. This was a TV show idea only, and any resemblance to any of David's current romances is purely coincidental. Aside from providing a springboard for a tip-off episode, however, the prospect of his family's growing up, becoming engaged, married, and having children, set Ozzie to thinking.

At the time cerebration overwhelmed him, Ozzie was perched upon a high stool just out of camera range waiting for a "light change" to be made. Enormous tufts of cotton wove from each ear, a bit of costuming intended to convey a plot angle in the sequence about to be filmed. Naturally, the normal clatter and clatter of the stage went on as a distant hum which supplied a pleasant background for contemplation.

After some arguments, Ozzie became conscious of Harriet's steady stare from the top of her own private perch. Ozzie removed the cotton from his ears and said, "Well ... I just hope they're actresses."

Harriet, having reconciled herself to this sort of thing, waited.

"I mean," amplified Ozzie, "that I was thinking about the boys, and our family ... and all ... it's very much a family affair.

Harriet closed her eyes slowly and opened them again, very wide.

Just the shade of a scowl darkened Ozzie's forehead. Ozzie's wife was not digging him. He outlined his idea with infinite patience: "I was thinking that I hope, when the boys marry, they choose actresses as wives. I'd like to keep our program a family affair."

"If you don't mind," said Harriet, "I'd just as soon not discuss the boys' getting married. Not just yet, and definitely not today."

"Oh ... oh, yes," agreed Ozzie, remembering. He added tenderly, "You look beautiful, even prettier than you did when we were married."

"Twenty years ago. Maybe I'm getting sensitive."

"Don't think about it," suggested Ozzie. This is what had happened. The day before, Harriet had gone shopping on Wilshibe Boulevard in Beverly Hills when a pony-tailed teenager stopped her to ask for an autograph—because "I recognized you right away. You're Ricky Nelson's mother."

In reporting the experience to Ozzie, Harriet said, "I underwent what are known as mixed emotions. As a mother, I was proud. As an actress, I suffered a distinct chill."

"Your problem was only emotional," said Ozzie. "Mine was worse—financial." Seemed that Ozzie began to realize that he'd give David a fifty dollar bill, to use as he wished, when David became as tall as his father.

That finally happened when David was eighteen. For a year, he had been within a quarter of an inch of the goal but couldn't quite make it. Repeatedly he complained that he couldn't understand why he had not grown—he had even warned in a matter of weeks—he hadn't overtaken his dad.

Ricky had an instant explanation. "You chocked up."

It is now Ricky who is training for that fifty, hoping not only to equal his father's height, but to surpass him and David, too. "Because," he said one day, grinning, "I like tall girls."

"Well, just so she's an actress," said Ozzie, "half kidding. "Let's keep the family together."

GIVE—
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time, he has fifty different single-play records out, including music backing up any one of the country’s favorite singers—Sinatra, Clooney, Peggy King and others. His version of “Moulin Rouge” sold over a million copies and so did his own song, “My Heart Cried for You.” He has composed serious music which is in the regular repertory of symphony orchestras. His current CBS Radio program, The Woolworth Hour, has consistently held the top Sunday rating.

In 1936, when he was twenty-three, he opened a night club in New York City, called the Paramount. He arranged all the songs, wrote some of them, and played the instrument well enough to play at Saturday matinees in a silent-movie theater. For this, he got three dollars and carfare. He was studying at the Toronto Conservatory, practicing six to eight hours a day.

His father was a tailor, a trade not notably tuned to the economy of raising a large family. At sixteen, Perc quit school to support the family. He made forty to sixty dollars a week playing in pit bands, and continued taking lessons at the Conservatory. His second goal—to work in the theater—was achieved.

Responsibilities had made him an adult youth, but so had two unexpected events.

He was eighteen when he heard his sixth-year aunt playing in the bathroom. She had been playing with matches. When Perc saw her, she was running down the stairs, her dress blazing. He caught her and ripped off her clothes. She was hospital-ized. And Perc’s Sjadie had got on a firebrand.

“What kind of insanity is this?” the agent demanded. “They want you on The Contented Hour. Why won’t you talk to Fitzgerald?”

Perc said, “I thought I was just another song-plugger.”

So that ruffled them a bit in New York.

Perc began to write arrangements, as well as his first original music.

The other major event in his ten years was meeting Maria Carmen Carlotta Pala-landi, who was a musician’s wife, and had been raised in high society. When she was fifteen, she was sixteen and playing piano at the neighborhood theater. Dolly and her girl-friends sat in the first row with one eye on the screen and the other on Dolly. They looked much the same as he does now, except that he wore his hair closer to his forehead. They were introduced and their attraction, was enough to make her decide to marry him when she was twenty-one, they married.

“Perc was always optimistic,” Dolly recalls. “In those days, in Canada, a musician worked eight out of twelve months and slept for the other four.

They knew hard times. One was brought on by a musicians’ strike which lasted nine months. Perc, although he had a wife and a family, stood by his associates and his beliefs. Their situation got desperate, so he raised money for passage to London, where he hoped to sell his unrealized compositions.

He was less than a couple hours from Canadian shores when he suffered an acute attack of loneliness. When he reached Lora, he decided to buy a return ticket and back he came.

By then, the strike was over.

“In the beginning,” Perc says, “music was a selfish thing. I loved the piano. I liked arranging and composing. And, whether it was the piano or writing, I made music that pleased me. Then came the dawn. I realized music belonged to other people—those who listened, as well as those who made it. From that time on, my approach was different and the results gave me more pleasure.”

At the age of twenty-three, Perc was broadcasting his own music with a small string group. Three years later, he was still with his own group in a recording studio. In 1936, Perc began to carry his broadcast in the states. Offers came in from south of the border. He rejected all, along with a couple from Paul Whiteman and Tommy Dorsey. He formed his own orchestra, and Perc wouldn’t answer his phone.

The night before, he and Oscar Levant had given Canada its first jazz concert and it had been so successful that they had spent the rest of the night celebrating. So Mr. Faith was in bed when the phone began ringing the next morning and he kept hanging up on a man named Ed Fitzger-ald. And Perc couldn’t get his number down.

“What kind of insanity is this?” the agent demanded. “They want you on The Contented Hour. Why don’t you talk to Fitzgerald?”

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So that ruffled them a bit in New York.

Perc was boiling—but, as noted before, no one ever sees the steam. At the third weekly meeting, however, something happened to his secret steam-consuming mechanism and he lost his top. It happened that on top man had gone around the conference table compiling the music to be played on the show. As he passed the list on to Perc, he asked, “Mr. Faith, why do you think these numbers?”

Mr. Faith, almost always civilized, said, “I think they stink.” The tone of his voice was in keeping with the message, and no one came to rescue the club. But it worked. Perc brought me down from Canada because of the kind of music I played. Now you won’t let me play it. So you don’t need me. If I was staying in New York, I had continued, I would have bought me down from Canada because of the kind of music I played. Now you won’t let me play it. So you don’t need me. If I was staying in New York, I would have bought me down then.

He stayed out for a couple of choruses while they mulled over his ultimatum. And they turned the show over to him. He got a job as a Big Band leader from 1940 until 1947. Then it was Coke Time for Perc, until 1949. And then came television. Perc has turned down offers to play for the biggest shows on video. “It doesn’t interest me to write background music for comedy or variety or a dance team,” he explains. “I’ll wait until the TV audience is ready for a musical program.”

When Coke Time went off in 1949, Perc was out of work for a year and a half. During this period he turned down TV offers of more than two thousand dollars a week. While he was sticking by his principles, he had one great break. His song, “My Heart Cried for You,” became the country’s number-one hit.

“That song,” Dolly comments, “paid for our daughter’s wedding and our son’s confirmation.”

In 1950, Jule, in 1950, persuaded Perc to come to Columbia Records as a director. Mitch knew of Perc’s genius for making sound. The man is fabulous. All of the wonderful music in his vast number of albums and records, Perc has arranged or composed himself. He is the most prolific and fastest writer in the business. For example, last summer—two and a half weeks, Perc, was to start his vast program—Mitch Miller came to him with three albums to do: One for Peggy King (“Girl Meets Boy”), an oboe album with Mitch himself (“I Served the King of Clubs”); and an ophicleide album, (“Music for Her”). In two and a half weeks, Perc scored thirty-six different numbers, rehearsed and cut the albums.

It is a life that he has written about, it is a life that he has written about that home and will, for a week or month at a time, work from eight in the morning until two the next morning. Lunch is brought on a tray. But he works the way everyone else works.

Dolly describes a typical scene, “Last Sunday he was at the piano working and at his elbow sat a friend chatting. The television was tuned in to a ball game. The rest of us were in the room and got out the Scrabble set. Perc called over, ‘Count me in.’ We had to call him from the piano whenever it was his turn to play.”

The Faiths live in a handsome Colonial-style brick house in Great Neck, Long Island. They’ve lived in it long enough that they’re living in the room in which Perc picked out alone. When The Contented Hour changed from Chicago to New York studios, Perc went ahead to find a place for Dolly and the two children. When the rest of us were in the room and got out the Scrabble set. Perc called over, ‘Count me in.’ We had to call him from the piano whenever it was his turn to play.”

The living room is gorgeous. It’s paneled in pine.”

“How morbid,” she said, “but as a matter of fact it is Norwegian pine—paneling, beautifully toned and grained, as handsome as their traditional furniture and English china.”

The Faiths have two children. The older, Marc, twenty-seven, is married to Alan Gletsman. She has a nine-month-old daughter, which makes Perc one of the youngest grandfathers in the country. His younger child, a boy, Gary Perc, is a student at University this year to major in business administration. Perc is very proud of both.

Perc exposed them to music—all phases of it. He was devoted to music, whether it is jazz or folk, popular or symphonic. Marilyn had what seemed to be a natural talent for music and ballet, but her energies are now devoted to marriage. Peter, although he plays piano and drums, had a kind of tussle with music. “It became a serious thing,” Perc re-
Percy is a great homebody and still suffers acutely when he is separated from the family. Last year, when he went to Hollywood for eight weeks to score and conduct the music for the Doris Day picture, "Love Me or Leave Me," his daughter Marilyn was in her final months of pregnancy. So Dolly stayed in New York.

"Dad phoned Mom every night," Marilyn recalls, "and, finally, after a week of it, we decided that he needed her more than I did, so she went out to California.”

Percy likes the outdoors. Once last winter, and again in the spring, he got to Key West for deep-sea fishing. The family's summer vacation has been spent for many years at a camp in northern Ontario.

Percy, by nature, shy. He doesn't like commotion or large parties. But when he relaxes, he has wonderful stories to tell and enjoys telling them. He refuses to play just piano for listening, but will play five hours a day at a piano, with no one around, singing. Fishing remains his first enthusiasm and Dolly joins him, so long as it doesn't mean getting into a boat. He has had to deal with what amounts to a traumatic experience with boats.

Once, on a lake, she transferred from one motorboat to another. It was an unusual thing to do, for at the time both were in motion. She got one foot into the second boat but left the other foot behind.

Together, the boats made for shore with Dolly serving as a single prow. She wasn't hurt, but to this day Dolly always feels that boats really like her. She and Percy celebrated their twentieth anniversary last year with a two-month trip abroad. As she walked up the gangplank onto the Queen Elizabeth, she was heard to say, "I wonder if this boat is likely to turn over?"

Christmas of every year, the Faiths go up to Toronto, where Percy visits with his parents and brothers and sisters and their cousins and nephews by the dozen. (One of Percy's sisters has ten children.) In general, though, the Faiths observe the holiday season quietly. They exchange gifts, but not in trucks. ("Percy uses every excuse to come home with gifts all year around," Dolly says. "If he's gone for a weekend, he comes back with packages for everyone.") The Faiths will not be in Toronto for the holiday this year, because Christmas falls on Sunday and that is the day of The Woolworth Hour. Perc is planning a musical narration for this year's program. He has a feeling for the season's music—his Christmas album is one of the most beautiful and original interpretations of hymns available.

Musicians and Percy's family agree that they can see him in his music. Milton Lomask, a concert master, talks of Percy's clarity, his taste, his balance and charm.

One of the orchestra's top clarinetists, Jimmy Abato, says, "Perc is full of confidence and beauty. It's in the music."

"No matter whatever happened," Dolly recalls, "Perc always took the stand that everything would turn out well. It is his nature to see the good in circumstances and in people." And this may account for the singular quality of dignity in his music.
The Fabulous Crosbys

(Continued from page 28)

"so I waited outside until I heard the
applause."

But Bing and Al Rinker did real well.
They killed them. And they stopped
the show—by a tradition that Al on the
piano and Bing on the cymbals—of "Paddin"
Matilda Homedine.

The Crosbys walked out of the
together. Unfortunately, however, there was a
problem—"It seemed I wasn't sup-
porting the students while we're trying to
teach them. He had a great beat—except
when it came to chopping wood—and
he never sang with this. You really
should speak to Bing," Kate Crosby
would say. But Pop always ducked the
"speaking-to's" whenever he could. "We'll
just throw him out," he would say firmly
—while reaching for his mandolin. In later
years, Bing's mother was to laugh, "I'd
like to have a dime for every time you
threw him out to me!"

About this, however, Bing's baby
brother wasn't too concerned. He felt his
brother would get by. He had already
shown some business acumen.

"He would carry me on his knee one
day," Bob recalls, "when I found a five-
dollar bill on the lawn.

"What have you got?" he said.

"I found a five-dollar bill," I said.

"Well, half of it's mine," he decided.

"Of course, I was pretty young," Bob
continues, "but even then I couldn't
resist the temptation to spend the
five-dollar bill in half—without just
turning it in two. But Bing was pretty
confident. 'Give it to me,' he said, and 'I'll
bring home another change.' He went
out to the corner drugstore, and when he
came back, he handed me two dollars and
he kept three—and I grew up overnight,"
grins Bob.

But, that famous night, Bob felt cheated
out of all the family loot and the big vic-
tory celebration. "I wanted to go down-
stairs and join them. I went down part-
way, but Pop sent me back to bed. And I
really cried."

The Crosbys couldn't know then just
how much they would have to celebrate.
Nor did the maestro of the music store
conductors believe that his disc jockey
was discouraging the Irish when they really
start to roll.

You might say Pop Crosby gave the
downbeat for all that was to come. He
loved music—any kind of music. And the
kind of music Pop made personally—the
happy music—you can't buy and you
elebrate. When he bought for his family
boxes of records, Bob would play them.

Bing's sister remembers, too, "Bing's
fine sense of rhythm. The way he could
crumple a newspaper and fork beating it out.
He helped me with my first book of music.
I loaned him the money to buy his first
drums—which has, of course, been more
than repaid.

"By the time the drums to practical use in a
small aggregation Al Rinker organized,
"The Musicalads," who played for school
parties and small affairs, often making as
much as five dollars apiece in one evening.
And of all the Crosbys' Street will
forget that historical afternoon when Bing
(with drums) and Al Rinker headed their
jalsopy down the coast to explore Holly-
wood's West Coast bands. Bing bought
out the band's interest in the
car, a T-model Ford with no top—and
not much of anything else.

"I'm not sure he knew what he was
in it before they left. What a car. It had nothing
on the dashboard at all," laughs Mary Rose.
Bob adds, 'He couldn't drive at night—no
lights.'"

In fact, if Bing couldn't afford the Roselle
Ballroom in New York, teaching Bob to
be a great dancer. But I'll give you two beats and
they fix the tempo. I don't like myself, and the
warehouse was re-

"I was thrown into show business," Bob
Crosby says, reminiscently, "I never
thought I wanted to be in it." He sang
a little and toyed with the drums, and
he was his brother's devoted audience through
records and radio shows. "I entered
a walkathon—that was the best I could
do."

Along with Bing, Bing's singing pals he
organized the "Delta Trio." As he puts
it, "We were great on lunchcabs. We'd
sing at the drop of a muffin. He was aug-
menting his income by picking cucumbers
and tomatoes in the fields during the
summer."

As Bob interpreted this, both then and
now: "Bing was going great, appearing
with Gus Arnheim at the Coconut Grove.
Anson Weeks wanted Bing, but Bing
had tied up, and I'm sure Anson must
have said, 'Are there any more at home
like you?'—and that Bing told him, 'My
brother Bob. He sings like a bird.'"

"I was fifteen and I was picking cucum-bers at the time, but Anson took Bing
seriously. They fixed up a sort of audition
for me to sing on a local radio station
with Bing on the piano. It was a good thing
Anson's band was playing at the time.
The way I sang, I can't believe he really
heard me. If he'd heard me, we wouldn't
have had any trouble at all."

"I went back home and started singing
with bands. I was paid money and given
a home. I sang anywhere just for the
experience."

Six months later, I was driving
toward San Francisco, when
San Francisco, on the way back, to see Anson
Weeks.

"I want my job back," Bob told him.
"I think I can sing this time."

But Bing realized the struggle
and carried me or not.

"I couldn't sing—and I lost my job.
"I went back home and started singing
with a band. I was paid money and given
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a home. I sang anywhere just for the
experience.
when I got going, I appreciated it. We’re a typical Irish family. There’s very little support shown until the chips are down. But, when the chips are down, we all pitch in and fight.”

Bob was young, but Bing had enough intelligence to realize that, if he gave me visual assistance, I would feel I had a crutch to fall back on for the rest of my professional life. When I asked for it, he didn’t give it to me. But the way Bing works, he would help when you wouldn’t know it—and without saying anything about it.

When Bing was booked into the old Palomar in Los Angeles, he and Bing met again for the first time since Bob had begun fronting a band. Nobody knew better than Bing how hard it was to come back to business for his younger brother. When they flew into Los Angeles, Bob Crosby and Gil Rodin, his manager, were pleasantly surprised when Bob’s parents took them home and informed “Bing wants you to stay at his home while you’re here.” Bing also made two appearances at the Palomar with the band. There were a few mobsters, and he and Bob organized another evening as a benefit for their hometown Gonzaga University band. There was a radio show coast-to-coast, and Bing appeared in it. When the broadcast was over, and informed, “Bing wants you to stay at his home while you’re here.”

During this engagement, another Crosby auditioned for his Uncle Bob at his dad’s request. At the dinner table one night Bing had his oldest son perform—“Do you do your imitation of Apple for the teacher.” “I did,” said Gary, 5, did a hilarious imitation of his father’s rendition in his current Paramount picture.

None there that as Fats— and the Irish—often will it, some years hence his Uncle Bob would be giving an assist to Gary in his all-out struggle to build his own house. As Bing says, when the chips are down, the Crosby are usually there.

When Bob and his Bobcats were booked into New York’s Paramount Theater, an assist from Bing behind the scenes saved them from an $8000 law suit. They were served with a subpoena by an attorney who doubted Bing as president of the agency who handled Bing’s record. The band were leaving the agency and going with MCA, and the agency exec was suing for $8000 for alleged attorney fees. The same story as Bing in New York and Bob’s manager called him long-distance giving him all the details. “I’ll straighten it out,” Bing told him—and they did.

Later on, when Bob and his band were cast in “Holiday Inn” at Paramount, Bob’s manager’s phone rang. “Terms satisfactory? Getting enough loot? Bing asked him. “Well— we’ll work it out—but we could use more,” he was told. The next call was from the studio—“wanting to pay us more money.”

But there were bookings in between.

Such as when another star Crosby was born. The audience at the window of the hospital nursery gave a promise every time of the public that some day would be hers.

Cathy Crosby made her entrance into the world’s stage ahead of schedule. Those were tough days for the family. They were “skimming along” in a little apartment in Chicago and Bob had taken a fast booking in Detroit, and couldn’t even be there. The middle-eight June was rushed unexpectedly to the hospital. His mother-in-law called him and he planed in glassy-eyed at seven A.M., unaware that he was already a father. That is,

until he was faced with a roomful of assorted relatives downstairs who were wearing “you-father-you” expressions. Feeling like a scene out of a movie, he was asked, “What do I have—a boy or girl?” Rushing up to his wife’s room, his first anxious ad lib, looking at his beautiful little girl, was: “Did you count all her fingers and toes?” Nothing about raising. Nothing at all.

As a nation’s television audience were to concede some years later, Bob’s daughter, Cathy Crosby, had everything.

Which was also the growing decision then of the nation’s colleagues about Bob Crosby’s Dixieland Band. They were beginning to swing out on “The Big Apple” and the big bands were still really too loose. Fun clubs built up overnight, with Bob Crosby as the Chief Cat. “Big Noise fromWinnetka” and his record of “South Rampart Street” were big ones.

Bob did his first engagement, and Bob Crosby’s star was soon on the ascent in Hollywood, too.

By now, the Crosby family was well represented in Hollywood, with their own building on the Sunset Strip housing the Crosby Enterprises. Brother Everett officiated as agent, Larry Crosby was in charge of public relations, and Pop Crosby was keeping books for his brother Bing. It was finding it a lot harder than the whole brewery’s set of books back in Spokane. Pop used to describe himself as “sort of a clerk.” He was much more than that to a business man in his tender years. Pop’s proud duty, too, was escorting visitors from back home over to Bob’s radio shows or to the Paramount sound stages to see him.

There have been tragic times, as well as gay, shared by the Crosby family since they canvassed to Hollywood to make so much music for the world. And, since those earlier days, they’ve gathered at a red brick bungalow in North Hollywood to say farewell to Pop Crosby. But his twinkle will never die in the hearts of any who know “Happy Harry”—as Bob affectionately calls him. It was Pop who put the whole Crosby show on the road to its amazing success in the world, and Pop was in control of the way his “Sunday-night sings” branched out.

His porch was always first stop for Bing and his four sons when they made the Christmas caroling circuit. And, there’s no other stop they made which nobody in the family will ever forget. That was the Christmas the college kids were putting on their own version of “Trick or Treat,” laughs Bob, “and you couldn’t give them candy. It had to be a round dollar, or else—or else they painted your windows. Bing and the four kids went to Everett Place in Air that year, to serenade them with Christmas carols. Bing rang the doorbell, then went back and hid in the bushes with the boys.

Brother Everett came out, shaking a stick. “Get off my property!” he said, muttering something about how the cops were going to have to put a stop to this racket. Then Bing and the four kids stood up.

At least one of the “four kids” who went canvassing with Bing is now standing up on his own, in show business. And Bob’s daughter, Cathy, is establishing a feminine branch in the second generation of Crosby stars. For their story—and more about all the Crosbys and what makes them fabulous—be sure to read the concluding installment in the February issue of TV Radio Mirror, on sale January 5.
Great Day Coming

(Continued from page 30)

Ralph Paul. And none has as many porches as Ralph Paul.

"First thing I do after I brush my teeth is—go out and count the porches, all eight of them," adds: "This is not for publication. My neighbors might think I don't trust them."

Ralph lives in a fifty-one-year-old house at the top of a hill. It is a two-story frame built of stone (Connecticut's finest) and topped with brown shingles. It has eleven rooms, seven fireplaces, five bathrooms—and, that would be—five porches. The house is impressive and wonderful, and so are the good-humored people who live in it. That would be—along with Ralph—his wife Bettie and his children, Susie and Marty.

Ralph, as you probably know from television, is tall—just a notch under six feet. He's brown-haired and—eyed, and on the husky side. Bettie is a striking brunette with dancing blue eyes. In dungarees, she passes for a bobby-soxer. And, in years, she is fifteen years younger than that age group. She and Ralph are crazy about dancing, each other, and their children. Susie (Elleen Susan) is twelve and a good cook, but most important (Martin Eugene) is ten, who worships the Dodgers and is a pretty good carpenter, taught by his father. There is a fifth "member of the family," for that is how the Pauls think of Grizzly, a West Highland terrier who acts and looks exactly like a refugee from an "Our Gang" comedy film.

The Pauls are a kind of happy-go-lucky family. They manage to make holidays and make most holidays into carnivals. On birthdays, they sing their greetings while parading single-file through the house. On Christmas, they have all the trimmings.

Ralph Paul, although a reasonably young thirty-five, has at last settled down to a way of life that, while it still includes work, at least contains a few of the fruits of honest labor. The most turbulent years seem to have passed but, to find him in an honest-to-goodness contemplative mood is a surprise. He's a wanderer and holidays and make most holidays into carnivals. On birthdays, they sing their greetings while parading single-file through the house. On Christmas, they have all the trimmings.

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Ralph was an only child. His father was a fireman. Being the son of a fireman wasn't only exciting. At times it was frightening: "I remember Dad came home one evening with a little hunk of rubber about the size of your thumb. He had been shooting a stream of water into a burning house and it had reversed and the fire blasted right back at him. He was wearing his heavy rain coat and it just melted away. He managed to duck his head in time. But that was all that was left of the whole coat."

Ralph was eight years old when his father fell three floors in a warehouse fire. His fireman, but was so badly injured that he could no longer be active duty. It was then that he became an educator in fire-fighting techniques.

Ralph recalls his mother as being steeled to the fire-fighting skills, as well as how to save money. He remembers that he had at least five inches of quarters left when she said yes. They were married Christmas Day of that year at Fort Bliss. Ralph got a three-day pass and they honeymooned at Juarez, Mexico.
Now, New, Improved Musterole works faster to break up chest cold congestion!

Wonderful news for cold sufferers! New, Improved Musterole now has a new ingredient that gives rapid relief to the discomfort of painful, inflamed tissues of a chest cold!

Just feel the surge of this greater, deeper, speedier relief when you rub on New, Improved Musterole! Now, its exclusive formula gives people quicker results than before! Its amazing pain-relieving ingredient works faster to help unkink stiff and sore muscles. It helps reduce swelling and inflammation, and has deeper action for speedier results.

Its comforting penetrating heat helps break up acute upper bronchial congestion. Its vaporized heat—medicated vapors that rise from the chest—helps loosen nasal and throat congestion!

New, deeper-acting Musterole feels like a sunny poultice on tight chest, throat and back. Its special kind of relief goes to sore muscles, feels as if it’s “baking out” those aching muscles of a cold. Although Musterole now has a new ingredient, it costs you no more! It’s stainless, too.

The only rub in these new strength levels: Child’s Mild for kiddies. Regular for adults. Extra Strong for severe cases—all new, improved! Musterole has been recommended by many doctors for years! Get New, Improved Musterole today.

Clear up your pimples FAST... leave no scars

Don't handle, tug or pick those "nicked" Pimples, blackheads easily infect... leave lifetime scars. Clear up pimples by squeezing them gently, safely and cover them while you're clearing them with Pompeian Milk Cream—pink magic proved in the laboratory to possess a greater "zone of inhibition" than all the leading medications tested! It's the milk—chemists say—that makes PG 11—the bacteriophages—the more effective in starving skin bacteria that cloud your complexion.

TRY IT... PROVE IT... TRIBAL TUBE 10c
Send 10c for a trial tube. Watch your skin grow healthier again. Pompeian's Coral, Bainbridge, N. Y., Dept. P-1. Or get Pompeian Milk Cream from your druggist tonight.

Pompeian Milk Cream
It's Fun to Be Famous

(Continued from page 37)

Another big "plus" is Gisele's new apartment on Central Park South. And her two long-haired dachshunds, Brunhilde and Wolfgang von Bagel, definitely clamor over to the credit side of the ledger. The dachshunds—"so named," Gisele laughs, "because they look like straightened-out bagels"—are Gisele's constant companions and often even accompany her to the court. Sometimes she would retire to the bowl and a few octaves to the hollow tones of melodrama. "You won't believe it, but it is the awful truth."

And she launches into her tale of what shouldn't happen to a star.

"Last summer, not having had a vacation for three years, I wanted to go to Hawaii and I said no, I won't be bored to death there, they told me. Then they suggested, Why not go to Mexico, so rich in color and adventure?"

Gisele was out on a poster build-up, headed for Mexico City, accompanied by her manager, Bob Shuttleworth. But the first day there, she heard that a very famous man just died. "That was a cloud," she says, "a dark one.

"The next day, the vaccination for small-pox that I'd been obliged to have began to take effect. My temperature was I don't know what! It really took! I had a primary infection and was sick as a dog, unable to eat a thing. When I was able to hobble, I made it—not without the assistance of a police escort—into the dining room. I was too weak to hold my own, so to speak, at table. Encouraged Bob to suggest that we 'take a look around.' Let's see some of the historic sights," he said, 'pyramids, churches, art collections.'"

Gisele dutifully went along, and returned to the hotel with an acute case of museum feet. I was put up in a stuffy, old kit bag. Instead she smiled, remembering how I of the ecstatic drum-beating her friends had done about Mexico.

"So we drove to Acapulco—and it rained cats and dogs for two days. One day, the sun shone. Let's go out in a boat, we said. On the boat, I wore a swim suit with bare midriff. Never having exposed my mid-section to the elements before, I got back from the boat trip scared, maybe for life. It looked like a steam burn, all white, and still does. I learned later it was a second-degree burn. And my eyebrows peeled completely. I was more depressed than ever."

Gisele strikes a pose that would do justice to the leading lady in "East Lynne." Then she laughs. "But, she says, "it wasn't over then. The next morning I woke up, just white and sick. I was so ill, so miserable. I've just got to go back," I said. 'Something is wrong here!'"

"I sent my things out to my room to pack and—my clothes were gone. My minks, Gisele says mournfully, "two mink jackets, one of them brand-new. It even smelled new, that beautiful fur smell. My gown was touched. A cloth coat was hanging where I'd left it. The few pieces of jewelry I had with me, nothing invaluable, a few pretty rings and so on, intact. Only the two minks missing. Only!"

"The police came over. Then they virtually accused me of inventing the whole story and stealing my own furs. They asked questions. 'Did you see two mink jackets,' they demanded of the floor-maid who took care of my room. 'No,' she said, 'I don't know what's going on.' The police lifted to the hairline and disappeared."

Gisele's own eyebrows lift as she recounts the vagaries of the police. "My room had a balcony," I pointed out. "A balcony makes access easy.

"The police shrugged. After three hours of futile searching, the police said, we finally left, were 'permitted' to leave. By way of consoling myself for my loss, I remembered that at least both the coats were attributable to my career. And especially since I did the Jack Benny show last January—was terribly tired. Since scary things, accidents and such, happen, I began to think hard about the vaga- ries of the police."

Gisele smiles quizzically. Once before, a thief—a of a precious violin—had led her to a singing career. But the bandit brigade was really expecting too much if they thought she would welcome them forever.

"On the way back to Mexico City, Gisele pursues her tale of woe, "thinking it would take my mind off my misery, I wandered into the city. Going through a pass in the mountains, I saw a little puppy on the road. As I approached him, he was slinking off to the left. I ran right over him. I'd broken both his legs. He was dying. Mercifully, in a few minutes, he did die.

As I stood there, crying and being sick at the same time, a girl, driving seventy miles an hour, much too fast, rounded a sharp curve. She tried to pass us, missed and hit me to Dal. Car and dog were badly injured. Our car had only minor damages but she broke her radiator and the darned thing began leaking all over the road. Out of nowhere, suddenly, natives appeared. Presently, also out of nowhere, the police arrived on the scene. Out of the jamb that ensued emerged the fact that they wanted to keep me there for two days!"

"I didn't run into her," I pointed out to them, 'she ran into me.'

"The girl, a decent sort, bore me out and, after a few days, managed to get me to Dal. Car and dog were patched up."

"The next morning I appeared at break- fast, eyes swollen, sniffing, woebegone. 'This is enough of this,' Bob said. By midday, I'd recovered. I was back for Los Angeles. There, right away, I saw my doctor, who treated me for second-degree burns which may, although only time can tell, he said, scar me for life. In addition, some friends took me to Catalina on their boat. But I must say," Gisele laughs, "they saw very little of me, covered as I was with pedal pushers down to my knees and a couple of long-sleeved shirts and a great big hat. Not a ray of sun, the human eye, or even radium, I dare say, could have penetrated.

"The next day, on to Las Vegas," Gisele sighs, happy to be north of the border. But she lets her voice crack like the floor to a brand new house. She shares the goose-flesh of the next episode.

"In addition to the Chamber of Horrors outline I've just given you, I had a pursuer—a madman who pursued me all summer. What did he look like? No Gregory Peck, I assure you. More the glandular type, I'd say, of Caspar Milquetoast. Which made him all the more attractive.

"You may wonder why I blame my career for what happened to me on my vacation. Well, I took the vacation because I'm only healthy—and especially since I did the Jack Benny show last January—was terribly tired. Since scary things, accidents and such, happen, I began to think hard about the vagaries of the police and the resultant exhaustion were responsible—or so I've worked it out in my mind—for the mishaps and miseries in Mexico. It is also a real hair-raiser of a story," Gisele grins broadly, and I wanted to tell it.

"Granting, however, that I rather stretch the point when I blame my vacation blues on my career, it is definitely attributable to my career. A fan, he began writing me letters to the Hit Parade. He was in love with me, he wrote, wanted to see me. He was made up of two of these effusions I answered very politely, as I answer all my fan mail. But that wasn't enough for him."

"He visited me on the scene, then New York, but I had gone to Dallas where I played Nelly Forbut in 'South Pacific' and where, Gisele smiles happily, 'we broke the record.' He was my fan, and—oh, I'd left there for Denver. He followed me to Denver, missed me again, but caught up with me in Las Vegas. I was playing blackjack one night at The Flamingo, where I was appearing, when, all of a sudden, my left shoulder, a voice said, 'I'm here.'"

"He was the kind that hides behind palm trees. He used to phone me at all hours of the day and night. He'd write me mash notes, catch me unaware and force them on me. Every time he took a plane, he made out the insurance policy in my name. He tried to get me a maid to buy him my dress for Las Vegas. He took me to his dressing room at The Flamingo. Happily, she was not bribable—he might have killed me. He'd been married four times. 'The marrying kind,' he said."

At Las Vegas, the deputy sheriffs told him he was making me absolutely miserable and, furthermore, was invading my privacy. To which his answer was that I had invaded his privacy by coming into his apartment, on the TV screen, while he was in his pajamas.

"He was quite right. But since all he was at that time really, was following me and there is, it appears, no law against 'following,' no legal action could be taken.

"Then he followed me home to Winnipe-
gon, where I was attending, relish-
ing a good story now that the very real danger no longer exists. He found out where my parents live and phoned. Mother said, 'Very sorry, she's left for Vancouver with some relatives,' He didn't believe it. Immediately, he jumped into his car—he'd made me wait three hours at the house and drove thirty-six hours to reach Winnipeg, Manitoba."

"When he arrived at the house, my dad, who happened to open the door, took him in for a fan wearing my necklace and didn't realize what was happening until he asked the name. 'I just want to see her,' he told my dad, 'talk to her. I won't hurt her."

"I don't want you to see or talk to her,'
Dad said, "You are a stranger. Just go away and don't bother her again." And the door closed. And locked.

"But every hour thereafter, on the hour and for hours, he circled the house in his car, kept circling and circling. Once, in passing, he threw a bundle tied with string and labeled 'Love Letters' onto the porch. Enough reading material for a month of happy reading, but no one knows about which the authorities of Manitoba could and would do something. Then Dad called the police. And then," Gisele laughs, "it was Dragnet. Plainclothes men watched me day and night. They caught up with him and told him to get out of town. They escorted him to the border, saw him across, and told him to stay on the other side.

"The last thing his compulsion to leave was to bring a big bunch of red roses to the house. 'Give them to her,' he told the maid who answered the door, with my money, 'and if she said to the police was I won't contact her any more. She knows where to find me when she wants me.' Gisele's voice shows the sense of shame that he didn't feel genuine fear. "As of today, I haven't seen him or heard from him again. I can only hope and pray I never will.

"But, since the pros and cons of any situation, or of any situation, my Las Vegas—experience—the madman's mission—was definitely one of the pros of my career," Gisele remembers happily. "Largely due to Jack Benny, who she thought I was coming to my own opening, He offered to come, that was the best of it. And when the rumor got around that Benny was in Las Vegas just for MacKenzie's opening, well, I knew it's over.

"Jack not only came to my opening, he took part in it. We played a comedy violin duet, as we did on Jack's show last January. We sang 'Getting To Know You.' And people, you got to laugh at it. At the end of our duty, Jack said, in that sort of meditative tone of voice he uses when the dollar sign is showing in his eyes, 'I belong to Actors Equity and you should be paying me sixty dollars a week.'

"In the wings, by pre-arrangement, stood the boss, holding a tray laden with sixty dollars. On cue, I relieved him of the tray, put on a half-smile, who promptly shoved the silver, all of it, into his pockets." Gisele laughs, still delighted with the joke. "After the show, Jack promised his 'take,' won, and split with the boss!

"Another experience on opening night took place after Jack had left the stage and taken a seat in the audience. For the finale, he had a number of people in costume. The idea was for me to take off this beautiful full-length white satin coat and reveal some pantaloons as grandma used to wear; then open the coat, and reveal a short leotard, with white fox fur around the bottom. It was a little strip, in other words," she explains, her eyes lit with a twinkle, "but very lady-like.

"So what happened was that I just fell apart, not one part after the other, but all at once! Unable to cope with the intricate snaps and zippers, I realized I hadn't practiced enough. The whole thing was revealed in the middle of the leotard. Trying to save face—since nothing else, anatomically speaking, was possible—I kept saying things like 'Oh, those snaps! Do you think I'm keeping something from you? A strip in time...and so on. Well, the audience was, to a man, convulsed. Jack Benny was just belting his knee and screaming.

"Audiences, as I have said, certainly believe on the credit side of the ledger. Also on the credit side of such a career as mine are the friends you make. Such special, all-out-for-you, great-hearted friends as can only be found, I suspect, on mike, on camera, on stage.

"I'm a little independent," Gisele admits frankly. "I'd like to be able to afford things myself. I love furs, jewels, perfumes. And so, when I want to buy a fur or a string of pearls, the fact that I don't have to ask a husband for permission of the pros of being a career girl. Although, on the other, the con side, I have a business manager and business accountant who fall down my neck at the drop of a mint stole. "Well, it's your money, they say. 'If you're penniless, don't blame us.'

"If I'm going to be penniless,' I tell them, 'I'll be well-dressed while getting there. Meanwhile, I don't have to forego some bit of goods, like a Dior dress.

Not that it's fun to live alone," Gisele adds quickly, "even though I do have the comfort of the Bagels and my new apartment, which I love. I love to cook and, when I have time, invent all kinds of little dishes. "I'd like to marry. Of course, it's for want of a companion. That I haven't is certainly not a fault of my family and friends," she says, making a comic face. "They give me the money every time I go home, shake their heads, purse their lips, and tell me, 'You're getting to be an old maid.'

"Or I go to a wedding, catch the bridal bouqet—I always catch the bridal bouqet, with fewer ramifications and relief, the members of the wedding squeal, 'Now it's your turn!' Or else they tell me, 'Oh, Gisele, there's a wonderful chap here in Vegas and he likes music and a girl like you,' they say, 'you're getting to be an old maid.'

"Recently, I was told that because I like trees and trees are a symbol of security, a tall tree is planted near my house. In the bushes, he summers, will be the type with whom I'll fall in love. Could be,' she smiles. "Sounds fine.

"I'm not, however, overly choosy," Gisele says. "As the daughter of a doctor who worked too hard all of his life, but not normal, I would prefer not to marry a doctor. If there's any preference at all, it is, I think, for a man in my own profession. Other than, in any art or craft, would do nicely.

"I am normally susceptible, I think, fell in love, at the age of six, with the milkman. I've been seriously in love," Gisele divulges serenely, "and I work out every other day. One wanted me to give up everything. The other..." she shrugs. "Rather than to marry just in order to say I'm married, and get in trouble later on. So, if I don't win, that's just too bad."

But there's a note of wistfulness as Gisele says, "Only thing is, I love kids, always have.

"I also love my work. It's satisfying. I felt so good when my record of 'Hard to Get,' which I sang for the first time on NBC-TV's dramatic show, Justice, last winter, had a very long run on NBC Radio's Hit Parade.

"That I love my work, and the people I work with—Dorothy Collins, Raymond Scott, Snoopy Lanson, the whole gang, not to mention the present-day million live and in their homes—is this the big item on the credit side. So big," Gisele smiles happily, "that it cancels out all the items, such as jinxed vacations and madmen, on the debit side." Then, for emphasis, she repeats, "All of them!"

"Yes, for Gisele MacKenzie, the books move more than balance. It's fun to be famous!

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The Other Side of Godfrey

(Continued from page 39)

not a dreamer. He’s a doer, who has confidence in himself and inspires confidence in others. He’s head-on with brains, a personality and administrative ability. If he were shaped a little differently, he would probably be the first spaceship to reach the moon.

But just what makes him a great entertainer—well, that’s a little harder to figure out. Arthur isn’t a dancer, or a singer, or a comedian. He has not yet, in fact, the third he is Arthur Godfrey. And he’s on the air about a dozen hours a week. He lives on the air. He ad-libs with his audiences as easily and naturally as a housewife goes about her housework with her neighbor. He holds nothing back—his impish glee, his sudden indignation, his most mischievous thoughts, his most debating, he has to be Ar-tur, his closest friend, and he is theirs, in the most honest way he knows how to.

Arthur Godfrey himself puts it very simply: "I’ve got to talk. I’ve got to do the talk. I’ve got to talk, to the studio, I say it. I say it every day. The same one. ‘Lord, keep me from making a mistake.’ I pray that I will say the same one again.”

And he continues, ‘I think of all those people who will be listening and of all the people in the studio who got up, hours early that morning, for New York and Connecticut and even Pennsylvania, and I don’t want to let them down. I want them to go away happy, feeling a little better for having listened, for however little time they may have listened. Because, when you do your job day after day, year on year, you’ve got to be careful—especially when you’re thinking as you’re talking, with nothing planned. With him thousands of dollars could be lost. It means a lot of mistakes could happen, but it never has. I guess I’m getting good response to my prayers.

For all the headlines about Godfrey’s hiring and firings, Arthur has just as deep a concern for the feelings of his cast. He’s not the kind of boss who can say grimmly, just before deadline, ‘Do this, and do this, or get off the show.’ With all his heart, he wants his performers to look and sound to their own best advantage. He tries to high-light the best in their voices, to try to cover up for them when his instinct for showmanship tells him they’re not at their best.

So he has to explain his theories to others: "Maybe a gal’s got a great voice, but that’s not enough on our show. I want her to appear charming and friendly, to have a sense of humor, a little brash grouch in his voice, so I ignore him. He thinks I’m being unfair. Maybe I know she would sound silly on the subject under discussion and I’d better wait till I cut the bug off. He’s mad at me.”

Arthur grins, as he goes on, "No one’s got a worse voice than I have, when it comes to singing, so what I’m saying has nothing to do with singing. He’s got a voice that doesn’t have a bad arrangement, or the song’s wrong. So I just keep talking until there isn’t time for the song—and someone’s happy, I guess."

Godfrey never forgets the chief purpose of his shows is to entertain. That’s why he has told his cast, many times, that "You can do one thing only—sing your own verses—lose your whole cast and staff and fifty-five people—to Miami for shows. And he arranged it so that they got two completely work-less weekends. Godfrey took all the legs, and arranged that he wasn’t going to get, and he paid for it out of his own pocket. This past fall, when Arthur postponed his return from the farm for a week, he pronounced, Arthur, the office and gave everyone else the whole week off.

Cast members have always found his door open for advice on personal or business matters. As he himself has stated, he feels like a "father" toward most of them. Newsmen and old, business and business problems, they have needed help. Arthur has always been ready to advise them but—or, I can’t remember who called Arthur, and the reason was that Arthur was "the law.” Arthur said, "I don’t remember why. I think I’m the only person who’s been there, and I’m just didn’t take place at all. Perhaps you yourself were listening, when this conversation took place between Godfrey and Frank Freer on a program:

"Frank," asked curiously, "how many times do you think you ought to warn a man that, if he’s drunk on the job, you’ll take action?"

Frank thought a moment, then replied, "A couple of times."

"Seven times I took it," Arthur said. "Seven times, and I told him every time, ‘Now, let’s talk about Lu. Let’s see what there is we can do for Lu to help her, to take her mind off some of her worries.’"

Arthur explains, as if addressing his press representative that, when it comes to publicity, ‘forget about Godfrey.’ When newspapers and magazines write stories and shows, they are to be directed to others who are featured on the programs—not Arthur. Ninety percent of all requests to do articles on Arthur are turned down.

There is another specific rule, and that is about looking the other way when Arthur indulges in one of his many secret traits. He has many cash gifts to hospitals and other worthy organizations, but always with the request that these donations be kept anonymous. One night, at the Henry Street Settlement, got furious when she read some of the headlines about Godfrey. She called his office and said, ‘If it’s all right with you, I’m going to out a statement saying we’ve given him up here.” Arthur was deeply grateful, but begged her not to do so.

He has paid doctor and hospital bills for a number of people, usually anonymously, other times under a pledge of secrecy. He may read in a newspaper or in his mail of some suffering youngster—or he may never know of it. Through his private secretary, out goes a gift or a remembrance. No one else on his staff knows about it. Perhaps the recipient takes a story to a newspaper and prints the story. A clipping service sends it on, and that’s the first time anyone else in New York knows of it. The clipings are then shown— or, by order, to Arthur’s desk—where they disappear.

Honest sentiment plays a large part in Arthur’s personality. Almost anyone who has ever worked with Godfrey has seen him unaccompanied in the moments of joy as well as with sorrow. Once, the Wednesday-night cast had a particularly difficult production number to do. They worked hard with it, but the numbers were way off, and in a moment of break, Arthur came over from the control booth when the number went off as smoothly as a seagull’s flight. He cried without self-consciousness, said, "I’m proud of them. I love those kids.”

As he is easily touched to tears, he can also be touched to anger. Arthur freely admits that he can be touchy, but he is usually calmly angry. He can hold his temper occasionally: "Look, in the excitement and tension of rehearsal, maybe I’ll bawl someone out. Just that. But that’s all. I can hold it. I’ve got too many little kids. Never the little ones. That’s for sure.”

Not so another “mystery man,” after all, this Arthur Godfrey. A star among stars, he is shy, camera-shy, surely. But, behind the smiles and shows, very much a human being.
Charita’s Guiding Light

(Continued from page 57)

far. And she read about Michael for the rest of the afternoon. He would be off the streets, playing with Peter Gabel, Arlene Francis’s boy, and his other little friends in the kitchen, anyway. She might as well fix herself a snack. A few moments later, she was curled up on a sofa, munching a sandwich, poring over the travel for- mer, one of her favorite literatures, at the moment, and thinking that life could be very good indeed.

If Charita gives a convincing perform- ance during the next two weeks of the absorbing story of human frailties and emotional development, it is because she is not unacquainted with such problems.

The feeling you get after an hour or two of talking with Charita is that you just encountered a jeery with a jet motor—a little woman with enormous drive. But you do not feel worried about her. Her hands are strong and capable, and you are not steady. She shifts from table to chair—edgy to window sill as lightly as a bird—effortlessly. It is hardly seeming to move at all. Her pleasant voice commands attention. She is completely without self-consciousness, a young woman with a mission—to make a success of her job, to raise her child properly, to strive for the best in life.

Even as a result of her parents’ apartment in Jackson Heights, on New York’s Long Island, she’d had a mind of her own. One evening when she was five, she and her mother had gone to comb and brush and her ballet shoes, and determinedly stalked out of the apartment, the big suitcase trailing behind her. She didn’t look like going to bed early—and if her mother insisted upon it, why, she would just leave!

She returned a little later, remarking that she had forgotten her toothbrush—and then allowed herself to be coaxed into staying. But she did not go to bed early that night. However, the next time she found herself in disagreement with her parents’ policies, she thought twice before attempting to avoid her little problems by running away from them.

Charita can’t remember when she didn’t love to sing and dance. She didn’t have a burning ambition to be a starlet. Her father, an engineer, could afford to send her to special classes. Her mother believed in encouraging the girl. In fact, Charita was warned by her mother that she was so much that she wanted to find her—she would expect her to go to bed early and face up to her problems.

The first time she talked of being the center of attention and applause was during a fashion show at Ban- merger’s department store in Newark, New Jersey. She was a small girl, but that taste was enough. The Brownie Scouts, of which she had been a member for three weeks, would have to go on without her—a professional photographer had asked her to pose for him, and her folks had consented.

She was a professional model for a time— until, one day when she was fourteen, a call came in from Hollywood. Her whole life came to a halt in the five or six weeks between a long winter underwear. She drew the line at that. She was now a young lady. She had attended school at P.S. 12 in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, but at last she, nine, and, since then, had been going to the Professional Children’s School in New York, where the curriculum is so arranged that one can be away on tour—or has to skip classes because of professional commitments—he can do the work at other times or have his lessons sent to him. Charita did a great many of her lessons by correspondence, because it was appar- ent from the beginning that she was a natural for show business.


There wasn’t much time for romance. But, during the emotional war years, Charita Bauer didn’t belong to anyone. She was a bit young, but she was joyfully married into her life, and for this she is deeply grateful.

From the first, Charita was resolved that Michael should have the best of everything, as she had had. They had to work, but she had done it anyway. She couldn’t help working and trying to make a good job of it.

But there had to be a home for Mike, too. A real home. Some place where they would be happy. They fixed a snark when he returned from school while Charita was away at work.

She made up her mind. The next day, she made Michael a model. And, the day following, Charita was hunting for a house. She found one in the East Eighties, a tiny brownstone four stories tall. Many things were wrong with it: the paint and plaster, plumbing, electrical wiring, floors and woodwork were indescribable. But it was a sturdy house, with charm, and her engineer father confirmed her belief that it could be made into a real home.

"I don’t know how long it took us," Charita said. "We’re still working on it. We have all kinds of changes ourselves. And when I walk in, and see the chintzy banisters, the finely carved mantels—all the treasures which had been hidden under layers of paint—well, there’s a re- wake in the neighborhood.

And now Charita has had her cherished vacation at last. With her money saved and her tickets bought, with a new ward- robe. On the first day, she took off with Elaine Rost, another actress and dear friend, for Europe. And they had themselves a ball. ‘I didn’t get much out of Paris,’ she admits. ‘I don’t know why. But Venice—I’ve talked about the impression I made on the tourists. It is so beautiful, I did everything there was to do, went everywhere. I rode along the Grand Canal, soaked it all up as a sponge. Then, on the last day, I stepped out of a gondola onto a landing and a lady waiting there said, in a fine Midwestern accent, ‘Well, Miss, what are you doing way over here?’ It gave me a wonderful feeling, being recognized like that. It was time to go home.’

And ‘home’ was there waiting for her, even more wonderful than she’d remembered it. There was the familiar hum of the studios, the work she knew and loved. There was the house, and her beloved parents, and her son Mike. Above all, there was Mike, the boy Charita Bauer wouldn’t trade for any other boy in the world—not even Bertha Bauer’s boy, of the same name, on The Guiding Light!

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Mother Burton's Gifts

(Continued from page 40)

(Mrs. John Almy), "Pam's Kathy comes East with her mother, and Virginia's two little girls—Reidi and Diana Lee—and us, off and on, through the year. But, always before, it's been one of the children, two of the grandchildren. This Christmas, for the first time, they'll all be here—the whole bouquet of them!

"And in our own home, too—John's and mine—which makes it extra-special to me. For this actually is the first time that I have had a home, properly speaking, in my adult life. I've lived in apartments (mostly furnished apartments) and in hotels. Now, under my own roof—tree, here in Westport, we'll have all our family, the tree to trim, the children's stockings to hang by the chimney—our own chimney—and the carols to sing. And the turkey dinner, with all the trimmings, which I will cook myself. (I may not be a good actress, but I really can put a dinner on, if I do say so myself)! And the fun of unwrapping gifts, all of us together. And children's toys, doll-babys and drummers, making a merry clatter. This is Christmas.

"The housecoat, for instance," Ethel laughs, "the housecoat Jack gave me. Not for Christmas but—thoughtful as he always is, and not needing to be reminded by Christmas to give me a gift—several weeks before Christmas. A gorgeous housecoat, yellow velvet studded with rhinestones, so beautiful you could eat it! I opened the box, shot out the lovely thing—and it was a size 12.

"When I asked Jack, 'What made you think, dear, that I, who wear a size 20, could possibly wear a size 12—his answer was even more beautiful than the gift he gave: 'I told the saleswoman,' he said, 'what you look like.'

Jack loves to hear me on radio, seldom misses CBS Radio's The Second Mrs. Burton, in which I have the featured role of Mother Burton. He enjoys seeing me on television, too—providing that he can be in the studio audience. He gets nervously if he watches me on TV at home! He has gone all the way to Brooklyn to watch me when I did the Betty Hutton NBC-TV spectacular there. He's always been in the audience when I've been on The Jackie Gleason Show. But he doesn't like his 'picture' of me disturbed, which is proven by the fact that he does not like to see me do gun molls, or rough or shabby women of any kind. On Treasury Men In Action, not long ago, I played what I considered one of the best and most challenging roles I've ever had. But Jack found it rather disturbing to see me in a villainous role. He insists upon seeing me as 'the perfect lady.' This is another of the 'gifts' he's given me. And I treasure it.

"Speaking of radio and television, work—the ability to work—is a real gift, too. I think work is the most important thing in the world. To be a part of the working world is wonderful. You get such a feeling of inner satisfaction. You get so much more respect from everyone, from your husband on down...

"The children are extremely proud of me—and that's a gift, your children's pride in you—and so are the grandchildren. They're very proud of me. They spot me, sometimes unseen, in a full-length gown or a housecoat, and they shout. 'There's Grandma! There's Grandma!' When I played Betsey Trotwood in Robert Montgomery's two-part version of Copperfield last year, all three of them were permitted to sit up and 'see Grandma as Betsey Trotwood.'

"Occasionally," Ethel laughs, "their 'pride goeth before a fall'—as when Kathy told me some of her little playmates in Hollywood, 'My grandmother is on The Jackie Gleason Show.' One of the group jibed, 'Oh, she is not—they don't have old ladies on The Jackie Gleason Show.'

"But I was," Ethel laughed again, "and they do. I've been on the Gleason show many times, as a matter of fact, and have played many characters—Aunt Ethel, for one, and, in other Howdy Doody sketches, I wear a red wig and play Audrey Meadows' mother And I love every minute of it. I've worked with most of the comedians in the business, I think, and one of my fondest memories is my first appearance with Gleason—when he put me on my mettle in a 'Rudy the Repairman' sketch. Because of the 'destructible' nature of the prop, it was impossible to fit the action to the words in rehearsal. So the surprise elements of the show were as great to me as they were to the audience. Beyond speaking, my role was to play a photo finish to follow instructions: 'You're a troper,' Jackie had said. 'Just get in my way as much as possible. Good luck—and away we go!' A photo finish!

"I love the business, the people in the business, and being one of them is certainly another gift given me which I hope will never be taken from me.

"Another gift, this one intangible—not, that is, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with ribbons—is my sense of humor, which has carried me through life when life was not always a happy situation... Over a very rough period, for instance, when I was left a young widow with three small girls. (The oldest, Mary, was then a mere seven years old.)

After studying many possibilities, I decided to capitalize on the family hobby—raising Deberman Pinschers—as a means of livelihood. I had modest kennels and proceeded to enlarge them by adding eighty more. I hired a veterinarian and established a full-fledged animal hospital. We opened with six 'patients'—my own dogs—but soon had any number of other dogs, cats, monkeys, and even a little lamb. Within five years, I had liquidated some of the mortgage and most of my fears.

"I faced the fact that not only the entire inheritance of my children but a substantial amount of borrowed funds were represented in this challenging, but highly problematic, project. During the first years, by grim necessity, I drew on every talent I possessed. I never knew I had. Under the tutelage of the able veterinarian I employed, I learned to give the anesthetics, also became the hospital dietitian for the menagerie (including the lions and the bears).

"It was during these years that I first appreciated the laughs and what they can do for you...

"A fourth woman, a stranger to me, phoned, 'Mrs. Owen,' she said, 'you have a reputation for being very kind and—well, I am so fond of my little dog, so fond that I have taken on the responsibility for him. Now, I am going away overnight and if I may leave him with you...'

"'Bring him along,' I said, 'and his own pillow. Helps when they're homesick.'

"'Oh, but you don't understand,' his owner said, 'I want him to sleep in your bed!'

"Needless to say, we couldn't accommodate the dog.

"Another woman, a regular client, went to Europe and left her two pets—not purebreds, just dogs—with me. She wrote them cards every day, one to each of them, from Europe. The following weeks we had the dogs, but they wouldn't eat or sleep, lost weight.

"Now this woman had a peculiarly pitched voice, and one day, playing a hunch, I picked up a card and read what she had written to her dogs in her tone of voice. Well, they nearly went crazy with joy, tore the place down, ate, slept, ate, went just fine and didn't seem to care when she was out of sight.

"Understanding now how to relieve the homesickness of the pets in my care, I began to improve upon my just-discovered gift of telepathy. I was pampered Pomeranian of a doting old lady was eajoled into eating, the local organ-grinder's monkey dried his tears, even a lion relaxed."

"Another gift given me, as a result of this experience, was gratitude—the gratitude of the animals whose pain or fear of

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homesickness I helped relieve. Animals are so grateful—more so, I suspect, than many human beings.

"Another gift-edged bonus given me as a result of the animal hospital work was, actually, the work I am doing now. For, when one of the local newspapers signed me to write a column on pets, its success brought me an offer from a local radio station to broadcast a daily program, not only on pet problems but on household chores as well. I've always loved the theater and, before I married, had enjoyed some stage success, so I promptly accepted the offer, took to the air like a bird—and here I am!"

To say, I always have with me, in strange circumstances and, at times, in somewhat inappropriate places. In church, for instance, the Episcopalian vestry in New York, where—three weeks after our first meeting—I walked down the aisle to exchange the marriage vows with John Almy. It was the thing to do, on stage, by the way. I petrolled. Walking down the aisle, my knees shook. In repeating the vows, my voice shook. Mary was my matron of honor. The elder of John's two sisters was there, too.

"Photographers were among those present, and as we were greeting our guests in the church vestibule immediately after the service, a young man in a blue suit and hat—was elbowed aside by one of them with a breathless: 'Will you stop out from the way for just a minute, please? We are here to photograph the bride.' Whereupon he wheeled about and trained his lens on my daughter Mary!

"Fortified by my hat (which, while conservatively, was a fabulous Lizzie Northridge), by price, I dried my shoulder and by the sense of happiness that was mounting in me, full tide, I said, 'But I am the bride.'"

This was 12 years ago and I have providentially forgotten," Ethel laughs her full-throated laugh, "the expression the young man's face must have worn.

"Six years ago. But I have not forgotten, and never will, that this day put a period to the lonely years, twenty of them. . . ."

Without the children, those years would have been unbearably lonely. Even with the children—who had, as children must have, their own lives—they were extremely lonely. For, you know, you are alone, you are always more or less aware of how much social activity you may have—the fifth wheel on the wagon. The 'odd um'.

"Mother, the children used often to say, 'you ought to work.'"

"Many times I'd get all dressed up, tell them gaily, 'I'm going out!' Then, after they were in bed, I'd take my glad-rags off, satisfied that this was the way to sleep happily believing I was having a good time.

"Even the lonely hours had a gift to give, however, for it was during that time I became a good cook. Many a night, when it was raining, I'd stay in, I was out in the kitchen poring over cookbooks (of which I now have a collection of fifty), experimenting with recipes, learning how to get the most of each ingredient, growing more and more interested in cooking as a science, as art, combining the science, the art, and making it a food art.

"Not until after I met Jack, and married him, did I actually realize how dreadful it is to be alone, just dreadful! Now, when Jack is away, I get up early in the morning, as he always does—and, best of all, when I see him there waiting for me at night—that's something! That's pretty much every morning now. It's the care-ed about feeling, as when I was alone, without saying so, that I'm tired, and he says, 'Let's eat out tonight. It will be more relaxing for you.'"

If I really want to eat dinner out," laughs Ethel, who is 100% feminine, "I can get that feeling-tired look very quickly—if I'm as good an actress at home as on stage," she laughs again, "probably better.

"But it's wonderful. He's just wonderful! He's toned me down considerably, without knowing it. I didn't mean to. Just, you might say, automatically. He isn't geared to the pitch I'm geared to. An executive of The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for forty-six years (now retired), he's the kind of a man. And that's the way I like it.

"The companionship is wonderful. We have fun together. At night, just picking over dinner! Dinner guests (we like to entertain) and talking over the evening after the guests have gone home! Discussing any changes for our home and its furnishings. When he shows me pictures of my new living room, and I approve the Williamsburg-green shade I chose for our living-room walls, the green-and-white striped French Provincial wallpaper, our lovely sort of lilac and magenta of our bedroom.

"We adapt so well, one to another. We don't have any hobbies, other than trying out new recipes. I cook, love to cook. In our home I am the cook. The decorating of our home was another 'best thing' to me. And the rose garden we started last spring—we planned it ourselves—this, the service of some birds, growing roses, before, was a thrill. We have five bloomings, too! Giant American Beauty roses in vases, the summer long.

"But one hand that gardens are not hobbies, they're basics. When I say I have no hobbies, I mean that I don't play bridge or Scrabble. I'm not a collector of anything. I'm not an outdoor sportsman. I don't go fishing or play tennis. I don't like to travel. I don't like exercise. I don't even like to walk. If I get thin—thin enough to wear that size two dress, which I have—then I'm not very clothes-conscious. I should be, but I'm not. I'm a big woman and so I am obliged to buy good clothes—the best—and I do. But I can bring them out again, later on.

"Jack, on the other hand, is a man of many hobbies. He hunts and he fishes and he plays golf. He was, at one time, All-American quarterback at the University of Southern California. That he has so many interests—this, too, is fortunate, for, that means, that while I am working, his time is fully occupied."

"It is fortunate, for you can really make a great mistake," Ethel says, not laughing, "when you get to be a woman of my age. A lonely woman of my age. You find the mother in you become a grandmother is less romantic than when you were young. It is far more romantic. For when you marry at this age, you know that you really want to be married. For me, it was different, it was this, from the moment we met, to be so right. It is so right.

"And don't ever let anyone tell you, by the way, that if you become a grandmother is less romantic than when you were young. It is far more romantic. For when you marry at this age, you know that you really want to be married. For me, it was different, it was this, from the moment we met, to be so right. It is so right.

"So, on this Christmas day, I count my gifts—those under the tree, those in my heart. John. Our home. Our happiness. All about happiness."
Heart of a Child

(Continued from page 34)

school work." And the chime in his voice didn't help the Pinky. "He just said," he added, "But, every time I open my mouth, the kids laugh. What can I do?"

Pinky's teachers were usually sympathetic, and they tried talking to the other children in the class. But, within a few days, the teachers' admonitions were forgotten. Soon, Pinky stopped volunteering. However, in the last two or three routines of the year, the enrichment of parents whose children were different. Some youngsters have a speech defect like Pinky's, some an odd birthmark which makes them feel out of place, and others more tragic physical handicaps. But all parents with a "different" child face a similar problem: How to help their child to develop into a happy, self-confident person.

Took a quick glance at the youngster last winter. Pinky Lee has turned his disadvantages into advantages. His lips has taken him into the hearts of some 15,000,000 American children, when they were four and thirteen, and his short stature has made him a giant in the entertainment industry.

About five-foot-nothing in his stocking feet—Pinky has got a lot of nerve, covering him like the dust cloth on a magic lamp—Pinky has become something of a twentieth-century genie. His black eyes seem to be looking into the brim of his famed dink hat, and the kids follow him like the Pied Piper.

Made doubly sensitive to the needs of children, Paddy Todd, who is Mr. Pinky's own childhood, Pinky has become his special confidant and friend. His audience, spread out across 3000,000 miles, write him five to six thousand letters a week, which he reads,淌out, thinking of his problems. A half-million other children in Southern California have all, at one time or another, made the trip to that magic place—the NBC Burbank Studio.

Pinky's heart goes out to the children who, like himself, have problems of feeling different. Out of his experiences with youngsters, who are of his own background of troubled childhood—and with his subsequent success to point to—Pinky thinks he can help the children and the parents.

"Children think the first thing to remember. Sure, if your child is too short, or if he is poor or has some other defect, it naturally upsets parent. But then, if they're upset, the child can only reflect it."

"You have to ask yourself this question: Does any defect, no matter how serious, make the child the best thing for him was... But, if the parents, from the very beginning, keep the child separated from others his own age, if they overhear him, then they can't help, but grow up with a feeling of being different. "But if his parents let him travel with children of his age group, let him mingle, and ignore his little difference as though it's not there, then the other youngster will accept the idea that he's a regular fellow."

Pinky's parents, for example, recognized Pinky's fears but let him mingle when he had the birthmark, not as a hereditary. There was nothing they could do about it, so they ignored it. Pinky later grew up to ignore it, too. "I'm not conscious of it now," he said. "It's kind of there in a way except when other people point it out."

However, in his childhood the lips was more prominent and Pinky was constantly teased. Fortunately for Pinky, he knew this wouldn't happen. They fought this childish cruelty with greater love and understanding at home. But they knew, according to Pinky, his parents knew, that sending him out as early as possible to be with other children. "If they were shut up every day after school for protection, then the days they had to go out would make the remarks they worse."

But much of his childhood was painful for Pinky. In addition to his small size and probably his shyness, his father was the orchestra leader at the Garrick Theater in St. Paul, Minnesota, and later a sales manager for the Royal Lemon Washing Powder Company. When he was thirteen, he went to a high school. Since he didn't have money for a new suit, he was forced to wear the fancy tuxedo bought for stage appearances. At that time, Pinky was little more than four feet tall. "My girl," he says, "was at least five-foot-ten. And my drums and strings are different from the others as night from day."

However, Pinky feels that some pain is necessary. The child who is different cannot forever be tied to his mother's apron strings. He must get out and mingle. Every child with a defect will be happier if treated with pity. This is Pinky's second bit of advice to parents.

To rededicate himself to the "pied-piper" profession, he recites, "with a pronounced birthmark on one side of his face. His mother had three other children who did all the chores around the household. When the little boy was three, his father became sales manager for the Royal Lemon Washing Powder Company, Pinky joined him on the road.

In a couple of years, in a 1931 studebaker, and visited all the "hard-sell" stores in three Eastern states. Pinky thought his lips might be a deterrent to successful selling, but he decided to live along, the way, and found that the attitude is more important than the defect.

Then came a reunion with Gus Edwards, impresario of Pinky's childhood act. Gus wanted Pinky for vaudeville, and the smell of grease paint soon washed soapselling out of Pinky's system. After his contract with Edwards was up, Pinky went into a song-and-dance man, with Felix Rice at the piano and singer Bobbie Arnst. They were there—after the talks came in and vaudeville success came in.

Then came a lucky break at the Fox Theater in Detroit, where he held over for nearly a week. Gus and Al Joelson in "The Singin' Fool," in Chicago. And, from there, he went to the Academy Theater in New York.

First came BeBe in 1932 while playing at the Academy on the Fanchon and Marco Circuit. On the bill were twelve songwriters playing six pianos, singing their own songs. Al Sherman, one of the twelve, and his wife was kind to Pinky. Pinky said he wished Al's wife had a sister. The next Sunday, he did, in fact, have a sister. His mother married in a judge's chambers, spent their honeymoon on a trip to St. Paul, and then bought a Chevrolet touring sedan—for $750. They were Fanchon and Marco Circuit. In the winters, they stuffed newspapers under the floors of their Chevrolet to keep out the cold.

After thirty years of hard knocks in show business, some years of his own troubled childhood, Pinky has found the white where he really belongs in the hearts of 15,000,000 children.

Pinky says it made his love that God blessed him with a small frame and a lip—so that these same children, who watch him daily, would more readily accept him as one of their own, making it easier for him to come into their hearts, bringing all the happiness that they deserve.
They Count Their Blessings

(Continued from page 47)

last. They are also learning that, in addition to the laws of God and of country, there is also the law of the family. The family in which each has a place, and a special place that no one else could possibly fill, and where no one therefore must attempt to usurp the rights of any of the others.

All this took a little doing in the beginning, especially with the children. Sandy, now eight, came from Kentucky to join the Rogers household about two years ago and, at first, Dusty—just a year older than Sandy and the most lovely and heart-squeezing little boy—rather resented this newcomer playing with his favorite toys. Roy tells how Dusty began to hide his toys under the bed.

"We understood him when he said, 'How long is he going to be around here?' But soon he wanted to share everything he had with his new brother, and to help make a place for him in the family circle."

Dale tells how, when they brought Dodie home, the children, her big black button eyes and the straight black Indian hair that Dodie was part Chocata—the same strain of which there is a little in Roy. Dusty was the one who piped up. "Mom, when she grows up she's going to be an Indian!"

This was their way of impressing upon all the children, as they had many times before, that their Heavenly Father loves every race and color equally and that all are really one race. But their love is not counted out, too, how strange they themselves must sometimes seem to people of other races and countries. It was a practical lesson—rather than a hard lesson, because Dodie so quickly smiled her way into all their hearts.

This is not to say that all is sweetness and light all the time in the Rogers house. Apologies may need to be made to the kids from time to time for undue things said and done during childdie quarrels, for belongings "borrowed" without permission, for rights trampled upon. On New Year's Eve, however, when Dodie and Dusty try to over-come the shortcomings that might spoil the peace and harmony of the family, as well as to work and pray for those things he wants to come to pass in his own life.

Ever since Roy and Dale have been riding in the Pasadena Rose Parade on New Year's Day, they have had to be in Pasadena the night before, leaving the children at home, where they can watch the parade next day on television, in common with millions of kids all over the country. Before their parents leave, the children declare their resolutions—"So we can all help by reminding, when they are tempted to break them."

Cheryl Rogers, who is fifteen, and the Scottish fiddle child, Marion Pelayo, just fifteen in December, are the oldest. They are classmates, and both are musical and have marked aptitudes for show business.

What they will do in the future is not declared, and Cheryl says, "I do not know what I will do in the future."

Dodie, on the other hand, has a follow, that Sandy may become an author—"It is really Mary Little Doe, as winning a bit of girl-child as anyone could wish for. She is extremely bright—a pretty little firecracker, but a very childish one.

"And Linda, who was three years old, was adopted shortly after the death of their own two-year-old Robin in August, 1952, about whom Dale wrote the book, Angel Unaware, which has comforted many other parents of retarded children.

(The proceeds from its sale go to help a fund for such children.)

"No one could take Robin's place, and Dodie was not interested in. Dale says of her young son, "He is really very shy, and needed us, and our home. It's wonderful the way adopted children walk into your heart, until they become your own.

"To this end, they do not like the parents than the parents could possibly do for them."

Sometimes, as Dale and Dodie sit and listen to their broad talking and laughing together, they themselves begin to laugh at the differences which still show up in manner and speech. There is Marion's Scotch dialect. And her courtesy, which has impressed her more rough-and-ready young American brothers and sisters. There is Sandy, with her soft Kentucky speech, and Cheryl's very proper, careful diction—"like a Southern belle."

And, of course, all of them, just as any other girl, sometimes lapse into typical teen-age slang. And Linda and Dusty, with their matter-of-fact Western way of expressing things, and Dodie chattering in with her peculiar emphatic this and that, as if all blended into one voice, the voice of children who are well-loved, secure, happy.

There is no wish to trade on the TV and radio fame that most of the Rogers children have at home, and little opportunity to so if they wanted to. The children go to public schools, which are required to be punctual and studious. And, after school, lead the normal lives of children their own age. To them, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans are merely Daddy and Mom. While they sometimes go on location and on the sets where Roy and Dale are making pictures, and occasionally participate in some of the fun.
small way, they know this is all in fun. Their real business right now, they understand, is to grow up into stable, responsible, manhood and womanhood.

The family loves the comfortable old house, to which additions have been made without spoiling any of its charm. There are six bedrooms, a living room, a pretty dining room, and Roy's huge Western den, filled with trophies and with mementoes of the Old West. There are two huge fireplaces, one of them made of petrified wood. When the family gathers around the dining table in the lovely wood-paneled dining room, they always say grace. At dinner, it's the custom for each to pray individually before he or she begins his meal.

The house is approached by a winding road, up the knob on which it stands in the shadow of a huge oak tree. There's a white fence and, near by, there's a lovely lake. To the back, there are meadows and woods, and numerous rock formations which are beautiful to see, and which are an important part of the scenery. The family are always a few head of cattle, sheep, a cow and maybe a pig or two, chickens and rabbits—and, of course, dogs. The children are always happy to see the cattle run, bottle-raised, named Squeaky and Bobo; a Persian cat named Smoky, and two rather humorous kittens, Punkin' and Puddin'. There are always some small men about by which allowances are earned. There is "roomin' room" for small boys and girls, trees to climb and fences to vault, far fields to explore on the 130 acres of prairie.

The boy's favorite is the room where he feels like inside to be a kid, takes the boys on camping trips and on fishing expeditions—where Dusty is always on the lookout for new specimens for his various collections, including butterflies and insects. The girls are learning housewifely arts, and there is always something very much aware of all their blessings.

"Roy and I always say a silent prayer at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve, and then we wish each other, 'Happy New Year,' and we are, "Dale says. "This year, as always we have much for which to thank God, for His innumerable blessings. It has been a year of giving and receiving. We approach the next year with humble hearts, with prayers that we will not fail to appropriate the coming gifts of golden opportunities for love and service."

(Continued from page 50)

Happy Days Ahead

so many years of being close to her. But Terry Burton is also a wonderful woman, and playing her is a real challenge. So many of the roles I get on TV, too—all sorts of women—women with warmth and humor and kindness, and women who are bitter and jealous and unhappy. It all adds up to an exciting life for me.

Which is why I think, when I read the roles he portrays. For a long time, he played the male lead on the daytime drama, Search For Tomorrow, but then a reporter who had been an admiring of his work, who had come to feel that he actually is this newspaper man. As far as afield as Jamaica, British West Indies—where he recently vacationed with Jan—and England, he has traveled widely. He has been stored for her with Terry, who was a brother. Terry, who was a brother, the man said, "but you must be his brother. I didn't know one of our troopers had a brother in television." Terry laughed, explained the uniform was borrowed from real trooper Art Hampshire, whose brother had died, and he explained that he was really actor Terry O'Sullivan, as well as Valiant Lady's Elliot Norris.

The two troopers in the careers of both Terry and Jan are exciting, but they are sometimes disconcerting when the O'Sullivans want to run up to the farm for a few days. TV requires much more rehearsed time. So, when the telephone starts ringing close to the time when they want to leave, it becomes what Terry calls a "threat. Even the most tempting part secrets less. I am moving, the simplicity of life becomes more and more quiet, and the quiet of the farm is weighed against it.

In Meredith, they will find Jan's dad, Walter Miner, a retired orthodox dentist, more jaded than some men who want nothing else—and ready to report his opinions of all the programs, especially those of Terry and Jan, which the home folks never miss. Jan's mother, Ethel, an artist of considerable talent who has been painting since girlhood, may be in the middle of a portrait of some member of the family or another, but still has time to do some other decorative work. Sometimes Jan's three brothers, Sheldon, Donald and Lindsey, will all be there with their spouses. They'll have something to do with kids, and it's all an integral part, Anyway, Terry's dad and mother can come on from Kansas City, Missouri, where Ted O'Sullivan is still active in the grain business.

In summer, when Terry's daughters are on vacation, there's a three-girl addition to the family gatherings. Colleen, seventeen, is a blue-eyed brunette, Molly, thirteen, is sparkling and dark-haired and brown-eyed. Kathleen, sixteen, is the blonde, with lovely amber eyes. "Like Mom's," Jan says. "And her I call 'beautiful eyes,' because they look like the aggies I used to play marbles with."

Kathleen and Molly think they would like it here, but there is one thing that they haven't liked so far. "I don't like the way they grow in the dark," Jan said. "All the plants and flowers we have up there."

Colleen must get some of her eye for line and color from her father, says Jan, because, "Terry is responsible for the simplicity and uncluttered look, and the color harmony of our New York apartment—in contrast to the farm, where I have shipped a lot of pieces I used to live with before. Jan says, "There's already so much clutter in the apartment, and the right combination of colors and TV set which form the background of two busy lives. "Even Terry's impeccable taste can't surmount the fact that there just isn't enough space in the den for it."

Although they have not yet appeared on television together, requests keep coming. Terry has a theory that, because he and Jan are so thoroughly happy in their home life, there isn't much point in jeopardizing happiness by working together professionally. "Unless we are too tempted by a too-tempting offer someday," Jan adds. "We go to Don Richardson's acting class together, to keep on giving each other asked-for advice about our roles, but each leaves the other free to make his own decisions."

These two were playing husband and wife together in a film they were at their first meeting, but each was romantically interested in someone else at the time. They kept bumping into each other in the corridors of the studio, and then they decided to give each other asked-for advice about our roles, but each leaves the other free to make his own decisions."

Some gifts from fans have fitted right into the city apartment, notably a coral-colored chafing dish sent as a wedding gift. They have something to do with kids, and they have some of their own, and there is always something very much aware of all their blessings.

They both try to make a sort of Christmas out of the family get-togethers in the farm home. They try not to mind what the calendar says. Then, when the real December 25th comes, it's an "extra dividend" when they can join the whole family at the farm. In particular, O'Sullivans feel they have received many extra dividends this year in the stability and happiness of life at the farm, plus the stimulating changes in their careers.

As Terry said in the beginning, "Change means growth, and growth is welcome."
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Cover portrait of Marion Marlowe by Jay Seymour

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Valiant Lady celebrates a second anniversary on TV as Ann Higginbotham, the editor of TV Radio Mirror, cuts a cake for the Emerson family: daughters Kim and Diane (Bonnie Sawyer and Marian Randolph), mother Helen (Flora Campbell), son Mickey (Jimmy Kirkwood).

By Jill Warren

Television promises its biggest year to date in 1956, with the networks starting off January schedules with several big productions well worth a big circle on your calendar.

On Sunday afternoon, January 15, the NBC Opera Theater will present a two-hour production of "The Magic Flute," by way of celebrating the bi-centennial year of Mozart's birth. The TV operas, sung in English, have proved so successful that RCA and NBC will augment them with a touring opera troupe next season.

Also in the serious music category will be the Producers' Showcase hour-and-a-half on NBC-TV, Monday night, January 30, titled "Music for Millions." Famous impresario Sol Hurok is guiding this production, which will present the great contralto Marian Anderson, pianist Artur Rubinstein, cellist Gregor Piatigorsky, and other star names from the nation's concert and opera stages.

CBS's Sunday afternoon show, Let's Take A Trip, is traveling south this month, with the January 8 show coming from Miami Beach, the January 15 show originating from the new two-and-a-half-million-dollar Seaquarium in Miami, and a special telecast from a Seminole Indian village on January 23.

Joe And Mabel finally debuts this month on CBS in the Tuesday night period formerly occupied by Meet Millie, which goes off. This situation-comedy about a taxi driver and a manicurist co-stars Larry Blyden and Nita Talbot, with Ezra Stone, of "Henry Aldrich" fame, directing. Joe And Mabel, which is on film, by the way, was originally scheduled to start this past fall, but CBS scrapped the original films as not being good enough. But they're very excited and have high hopes the show (Continued on page 20)
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Doubleday Book Club, Dept. D-25, Garden City, New York

Enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once as my gift books and first selection the 3 books checked below and bill me ONLY $1 FOR ALL. Plus a small shipping charge.

☐ Around the World
☐ Columbus, Viking
☐ Soldier of Fortune

☐ Columbia, Viking Encyclopedia (set)
☐ New Family Cook Book
☐ Soldier of Fortune (Concessions)

☐ Flight from Natchez
☐ New Creative Home Decorating
☐ The Treasure of Pleasant Valley

☐ Gone with the Wind
☐ Outline of History (set)
☐ The View from Pompey's Head

Also send my first issue of The Bulletin, describing the New Club's upcoming one-dollar book selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month — only six a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept, plus a small shipping charge (unless I choose an extra-value selection).

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted return all books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

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Address: __________________________________________________________________________________________________________

City ____________________________________________________________________ State ____________________________________________________________________

In Canada, selection price $1.10 plus shipping; address Doubleday Book Club, 105 Head St., Toronto 2. Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.
SATIN AND SPURS

Harriet interviews producer Max Liebman for the behind-the-scenes story on "spectaculars."

Her apartment reflects her varied interests. Here Harriet works or relaxes. The bookshelves may soon include her new play and cookbook.

Blonde, diminutive Harriet Van Horne turns a keen eye on television to disarm a giant-size WABC-TV audience

Harriet Van Horne is a puzzlement. A blue-eyed, fragile blonde, she is intensely feminine. But, as a kitten on the typewriter keys for the World Telegram and Sun, she's the author of some of the most pointed prose ever printed about the radio and television industry. She's hard to explain, but Harriet can perhaps be defined as the type of woman whose typewriter cover matches the red satin upholstery of the love-seat. . . . She also comes better into focus when she explains her aim on The Other Side Of The Set, seen Saturday at 6:30 P.M. on New York's Station WABC-TV. "Keep it honest, straight and simple," Harriet tells all who work with her to present the behind-the-cameras story of TV. Perched on a stepladder, Harriet interviews producers, directors, writers, technicians and performers to show the complete process in bringing a program to home screens. . . . The process that brought the contradictory Miss Van Horne to the top ranks of video began when she was 16 and wrote a column for a suburban Rochester paper. From the first, her stories were bylined. Later, after majoring in history and government at the University of Rochester, Harriet became society editor of the Greenwich, Connecticut, Time. In 1942, she joined the World Telegram as radio editor. . . . When television became a major industry, Harriet added it to her beat. She began appearing before the cameras in 1946. To Harriet, the coming of "spectaculars" has meant that, with friends joining her in front of her color set, she often ends up preparing a dinner for a dozen people. And, since she's cultivated her cuisine hobby to the point where she's publishing a book of her recipes, dinner is a lavish affair. . . . Harriet does most of her writing at home, including a play, "When Noon Is on the Roses," which may be produced shortly. . . . Because she works late, reviewing evening shows, Harriet rises late, combining breakfast and lunch since "lunch in New York is a waste of time." As to dinner, Harriet says, "If I had to eat alone, I'd rather take a vitamin pill." . . . And, going from vitamins to video, she says, "I couldn't be an actress, but on this program I am a reporter, which is what I can do." The missing adjectives, supplied by her many WABC viewers, in and about New York, are "extraordinarily well."
LISTEN! Until you light a Lucky, you'll never know how good a cigarette can taste. Luckies taste better because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco that's TOASTED to taste better. You'll say they're the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER
Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Of Ages and Sages

I have just discovered that ———, the crotchety radio and television critic who doesn't seem to like anything, is not a young man, as his pictures would have you believe, but is in reality 300 years old. I made this startling discovery while reading the plays of Moliere. In one of Moliere's plays, entitled "The Misanthrope," there occurs this description of a critic:

"He is so difficult to please that nothing suits his taste. He must needs find mistakes in everything that one produces, and thinks that to bestow praise does not become a wit, that to find fault shows learning, that only fools admire and laugh, and that, by not approving of anything in the works of our time, he is superior to all other people. . . . With arms crossed on his breast, he looks down from the height of his intellect with pity on what everyone says."

Since this description could only have been applied to ———, he must have been a contemporary of Moliere. And since Moliere lived three centuries ago, it follows that ——— is 300 years old. Quod erat demonstrandum. H.R., Drexel Hill, Pa.

Out of respect for the "aged," we've omitted the critic's name. As for ourselves, we've never felt younger.

Super Reporter

I'd like to know something about Jack Larson, who plays the cub reporter on the TV show, Superman. B.G., Brooklyn, N.Y.

One spring night, a talent scout for Warner Brothers motion pictures played the role of Fats for Jack Larson. Solly Biano was on the lookout for a young actor to cast in "Fighter Squadron." He was just about to give up when he wandered over to Pasadena Junior College. . . . Jack Larson was a journalism student there and he was—that very evening—directing a musical, which he had written. "I was clowning on stage when Biano came up and said, 'Now I don't want you to get excited, but there may be something in a Warners' picture for you.'" It was as sudden and simple as that. . . . Jack won an Oscar and a quick succession of movie roles followed. The latest one was "Three Sailors and a Girl," with Jane Powell. . . . His stage career has included a starring role in "The Great Man," with Dolores Costello and Albert Dekker. . . . Then came television roles in the Country Editor series and in Home, Sweet Homer. Now he's cub reporter Jimmy Olsen of the Metropolitan Daily Planet, on Superman. . . . In a way, Jack's completed the circle he started when he studied journalism at Pasadena Junior College. . . . But since "Fats" launched him into the theatrical world, he has never ceased to devote his most serious efforts to the art. At present, he is one of a group of Hollywood players studying under the great Michael Checkov, formerly associated with the Moscow Art Theatre and with Stanislavski. . . . In his leisure, Jack enjoys tennis, swimming and tumbling. He's an expert bowler and, at the age of fourteen, was junior champion of California in the tournaments sponsored by the American Bowling Congress. . . . Jack is twenty-five, five feet, eight inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. Let us tell you, man, he's super!

The Royal Canadian

Would you please tell me something about Guy Lombardo, heard over Lombardoland: U. S. A.? Y.W., Grass Lake, Mich.

The "sweetest music this side of Heaven" highlights the Mutual Network's Saturday radio schedule via Lombardoland, U. S. A. The first Lombardoland Monitor on Saturday nights, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are a syndicated show seen nationally. . . . Guy's formula for making melody is simplicity. He believes the public prefers soft dance tempo. The idea of softness was "suggested" by his mother who objected to the ear-splitting rehearsals of Guy's four-piece band, organized while he was in grammar school, in London, Ontario. This temperate approach has been identified with Guy's music ever since. The juvenile quartet first played at local events, then expanded to nine when they gained fame as the Royal Canadian orchestra. Eight of those men are still with him. . . . His first booking in the United States was at an Elks' Convention in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1925. This led to the decision to leave Canada and explore the American road to success. . . . The first New York appearance made by the Lombardo orchestra was in 1929, at the Hotel Roosevelt. Almost immediately, the London, Ontario, violinist clicked with this most critical audience. The association with the Roosevelts is now a show business legend, as it has resulted in an annual engagement there. Guy has introduced more than 275 song successes. . . . After music, Guy's chief interest is speedboating. In 1946, he won every important speedboat race in the United States, including the coveted Gold Cup, for which he established two speed records. His award-winning merits don't stop here: Guy's been voted the nation's best dressed bandleader by the Custom Tailors' Guild and the Fashion Foundation of America. . . . Other interests include a music publishing company and a restaurant called Guy's East Point House. . . . During that early booking in Cleveland, Guy met and proposed to Lil-liebel Glenn. They've been living happily in Freeport, Long Island, near by the restaurant.

Calling All Fans

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


(Continued on page 10)
LOVELY MISS AMERICA 1956 SAYS: YOUR SKIN WILL LOVE

Camay's Caressing Care!

Her radiant complexion is a glowing tribute to Camay!

It's easy to see why beautiful Sharon Kay Ritchie of Colorado is Miss America 1956! And—one of the loveliest things about her is her exquisite complexion. She's guarded its petal-soft beauty for years with mild, gentle Camay. "Cold cream Camay is just wonderful," says Sharon... "really caresses your skin." Try Miss America's beauty soap, the only leading soap with cold cream. Discover the skin-pampering mildness, luxurious lather, and exclusive fragrance that are yours with Camay's Caressing Care!

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!
He stops the car at Courting Lane?

☐ Count your mad money
☐ Be frank

So here you are—halted at the smoocher's haven your folks have outlaved! Be frank. Tell him Dad says it's either no parking or no drives. Takes a high octane brand of confidence to speak up firmly. And next time you're shopping, be firm about getting the sanitary napkin brand that keeps you confident. Kotex gives chafe-free softness; holds its shape. And buy a new Kotex belt with Kotex for perfect comfort.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

How can a towering teen lose altitude?

☐ Teach new tags old tricks
☐ Go barefoot

Weary of hearing "How's the weather up there?"? Choosing the right clothes can help de-heighten you. Try these good old, eye-fooling tricks: wear blouses and skirts in contrasting colors; tailored suits; shorter topcoats. Dodge up-and-down stripes. And why be self-conscious— even on "those" days? Choose Kotex, for those flat pressed ends veto telltale outlines. Try all 3 sizes of Kotex: Regular, Junior, Super.

Free booklet! Want hints on dating, etiquette, grooming, fashions? Send for fascinating free booklet "Are You In The Know?" Gives poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" magazine advertisements. Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1226, Chicago 54, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Larsen

INFORMATION BOOTH

(Continued from page 8)

Born To The Role

Would you please give me some information on Keith Larsen, star of Brave Eagle on CBS-TV? P. L., Oakland, Cal.

If you've ever marveled at the reality of the portrayals of Brave Eagle by the strapping young man who plays the adventurous Cheyenne tribal chief, it's because Keith Larsen has a very special interest in the character. The fact is that Keith is part Cheyenne, a heritage he traces from his mother's ancestry. His sincere interest in the historical background and culture of the American Indian projects to his audience and the stark, rugged realism of the courageous Indian leader comes across vividly. This interest began in Keith's boyhood days in Utah... The simplicity and directness of this handsome actor are as apparent now as when his finances were not quite as high. His climb from gas station attendant to construction laborer, and vacuum cleaner salesman to successful motion picture and television actor has not changed him... Keith is an avid sportsman. He was a professional tennis player and the trophies he won are among his most treasured possessions... Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, Keith studied law there, hoping to fulfill a childhood ambition to become a famous criminal lawyer. His interest in dramatics was founded while in a California Naval Hospital, convalescing from an injury incurred during service with the United States Navy in World War II... Keith made his stage debut in "Golden Boy," in a little-theater production in Santa Monica, California. His first professional appearance was in the motion picture, "The Green Glove," filmed in France. His natural talent and likable manner, as well as his impressive physique, soon helped to establish Keith

(Continued on page 30)
It's the SHEER LANOLIN in CUTEX LIPSTICK that does it...

... that gives your lips the sheer, creamy-smoothness of satin... keeps them always soft as a rose!

... This same priceless ingredient caresses lips with sheer true color-tones... color that clings for hours, after eating, smoking, even after a kiss!

If you want lipstick that really stays on, never fades or goes flat... if you're tired of lipsticks that dry and parch your lips... if you're looking for true lipstick luxury...

... make this beautiful change for the best! Discover the sheer miracle of Cutex Sheer Lanolin Lipstick!

CUTEX

10 fabulous lipstick colors. 59¢ and $1.00 Matching Diamond Cutex Nail Polish, 25¢
Suddenly...you're glamorous!

PLAYTEX living BRA®

Battling with a bulge? Here's new magic for midriffs—plus the high, round look you will adore in all Playtex Living Bras! Long-line in lovely nylon and elastic, gently smooths away inches for long-torso fashions! Buy it! Try it for heavenly comfort. In white to fit all sizes and in-between sizes: 32A to 40C, $5.95. D-Cups, slightly higher.

Other Playtex Living Bras, white or black, from $3.95. High Style Bra in cotton, $2.95. In the Playtex gift package at your favorite store.

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NEW . . . LONG-LINE BRA WITH MAGIC MIDRIFF
Elastic with nylon cups...it "magics" inches away!
Heavenly Comfort in Bandeau and Long-Line Styles!

You can be Free! Lithe! And Glamorous...with Heavenly Comfort.

PLAYTEX

Living

BRA®
That new year is here, so Happy 1956 to everybody, and I trust dear old Santa came through with all those things on your list. Looks like we've got a big music year coming up, so, before you study your resolutions too closely, let's take a look at the new records.

It's ladies first, with "Meet the Girls," a series of albums by the top singing gals on the Victor label. Lena Horne does "It's Love," Dinah Shore's called "Holding Hands at Midnight," "Have You Met Miss Carroll?" is by Barbara Carroll and her fine trio; Gwen Verdon, the singing-dancing star of "Can Can" and "Damn Yankees," has a set called "The Girl I Left Home For"; "The One, the Only Kay Starr" is by Kay Starr, of course; and Jaye P. Morgan has one titled simply "Jaye P. Morgan." The tunes in each album, some new and some old, were especially chosen and arranged to fit the vocal style and talent of each individual song girl. And included in the same album series is Mr. Melachrino—how did a fella get in here?—with "The Immortal Ladies." The Melachrino Strings have recorded several instrumental hits, the best known being such as "Sweet Sue," "Dinah" and "Sweet Lorraine.

Here are a couple of platters recorded expressly for the teen-age trade. The first is Dolores Hawkins on "Growin' Up" and "I Take This Man." "Growin' Up" is a fast-paced rock 'n' roll listing the days and activities of the teen, with the big day Saturday, natch. Dolores goes kinda serious on "I Take This Man," with chapel bells and all, as she promises to be a perfect wife. (Epic) "A Teen-Age Prayer" and "No School Tomorrow" should also appeal to the saddle-shoe set. It's sung by Robin Hood, who's a teener herself. The "Prayer" side is rock 'n' roll again, and the flipover is definitely upbeat. Robin is the girl who made her first disc hit with "Dancin' in My Socks." (M-G-M)

And here's a young lady who always looks like a teenager, but is really the cute little mamma of three in private life. Teresa Brewer has a new album for herself called "Music, Music, Music," which incidentally was the name of her very first hit record. Teresa sings out in her strong style—such things as "Jealous," "At Sundown," "There'll Be Some Changes Made," "A Good Man Is Hard To Find," and others. She gets good backing from Dick Jacobs' orchestra and chorus. (Coral)

If you've been trying for ages to get some of those old, wonderful Benny Goodman records to fill out your B.G. collection, now is your chance. Victor is issuing an album called "The Benny Goodman Story," which includes many of the original great recordings by the Goodman band. "Down South Camp Meeting," "King Porter's Stomp," "One O'Clock Jump," "Don't Be That Way," "Bugle Call Rag," "Moon Glow," "And the Angels Sing," with a Martha Tilton vocal, and "Goodbye," are all in the set. And her big color musical, "Kismet," to making by Zieggy Elman, Harry James, Gene Krupa, and some of the other former Goodman soloists.

What's this? "Steve Sings"? As if I didn't know. This one is an album of some of my all-time favorite standards, and I hope they're some of yours, too. Tunes such as "You're Mine, You," "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," "Pennies From Heaven" and "Street of Dreams," And thanks to the boys of my Tonight TV band for the wonderful musical support. (Coral)

Here are two cute kiddie records by Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards. The first is "Old MacDonald's Farm," with Three Beaus And A Peep, Henri Rene's orchestra and Frank Milano doing the dog voice of "Nipper," the famous RCA-Victor penguin. The second is "Fun with Mother Goose," with the same supporting cast. Clifford's career received a boost via his Walt Disney character. (Victor)

M-G-M Studios times the premiere of their "New Country," that new country music, and jive with the release of the movie-cast album by M-G-M Records. Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Dolores Gray and Vic Damone all do right well by the wonderful score, which includes such beautiful tunes as "Baubles, Bangles and Beads," "And This Is My Beloved," "Sands of Time," and "Stranger in Paradise." Andre Previn conducts the M-G-M Studio orchestra and chorus.

Herb Shriners first recorded efforts with his new harmonica band went over very well with the public, and now the Hoosier humorist is back with a new album called "On Stage." This is a collection of standards, all of which were actually recorded during Herb's recent engagement at the New Frontier club in Las Vegas. You'll hear all the crowd noises—everything but the slot machines—with the spontaneous response that goes with these "on the spot" records. All harmonica solos are Herb's. (Columbia)

The comeback crown of 1955 undoubtedly belongs to Lillian Roth, with her book, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," and her work on television and in night clubs. And now she has recorded an album called "I'll Cry Tomorrow," which is the story of her life in music. There are twelve tunes for all, beginning with her hit of several years ago, "Sing You Sinners," and ending with "Happiness Is Just A Thing Called Joe," which is also the theme of the film, "I'll Cry Tomorrow." Lillian narrates the album, introducing each song as it fits into her life story. Don Costa conducts. (Epic)

Incidentally, there's another "I'll Cry Tomorrow" album, on the M-G-M label, which is from the sound track of the movie. Actress Susan Hayward, who plays Lillian Roth in the picture, sings the big tunes from the film, with Charles Henderson's orchestra and chorus.

Songstress Peggy King has a new album, "Wish Upon A Star," which is the biographical story of her young life, set to music. This one starts off with Peggy doing tunes from her band-singing days, then her cut, "Hunt's Tomato Sauce" commercial, which led to her recording contract, her career in television with her funnyman-boss, George Gobel, and takes Peggy up to her recent smash jive-box hit, "Learnin' To Love." By the way, on one side you'll hear a voice which sounds just like Gobel, but it's really a Sammy Davis, Jr. imitation. Percy Faith and his orchestra supply the music. (Columbia)

And that's the record roundup for now. But I'll be back with you next month.
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

7134—Birds in flight are crocheted in easiest pineapple design for this gay chair-set. Make your furniture look its loveliest! Directions with pattern. 25¢

7383—Prettiest cover above all your fashions! Easy-crochet cape in lacy pineapple pattern. Sizes Small, Medium, and Large. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized crochet and knitting cotton. 25¢

7390—Wear this as an apron, jumper or sundress! Belt cinches waist, opens flat for ironing. Tulip pocket. Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Pattern parts, transfer. State size. 25¢

873—Iron pretty motifs in combination of pink, lavender and green on this pinafore! Trim with eyelet or binding. Tissue pattern, directions, washable motifs. Child’s Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. State size. 25¢

729—All the natural beauty of a wild flower—captured in embroidery on this exquisite quilt! Twelve blossoms in all! Diagrams, transfers of embroidery motifs included. Quilt 72 x 102 inches, double-bed size. 25¢

7335—Crochet this pretty doily in sparkling colors! Luscious strawberry design with dainty lace center. Larger doily, 17 inches, smaller about 12 inches. Use No. 30 mercerized cotton in gay color! 25¢

7069—New combination of filet crochet and regular crochet forms the pretty rose pattern of this TV cover! Crocheted square, 28-inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in crochet and knitting cotton. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
HOW MUCH OF THIS
$50,000,000 IN CASH PRIZES
ARE YOU GOING TO WIN IN THE GREAT NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTEST

As you read this, one of the greatest puzzle contests ever held in the U. S. A. is getting under way! A contest that offers fun, excitement, thrills for everyone! A contest that may make you $25,000 richer!

Just think what you could do with prize money like that... all yours in a lump sum! It could buy you a beautiful new home... free and clear! A stunning new car, a boat, a luxury vacation cruise around the world! It could pay for a college education for your youngsters, or make your own retirement easier. It could give you a start in your own business. It could bring you the wonderful security that comes with a big, solid bank account! Enter now, and you may be first prize winner or winner of any of 400 big cash prizes that must be paid. Enter now and make yourself eligible to win a fabulous $5000 promptness bonus along with first prize of $20,000—a grand total of $25,000.00!

YOUR COMMON SENSE CAN MAKE YOU A WINNER!

This Housewife Won $52,000!

"As the first prize winner of $52,000 I compliment you on running the fairest and most interesting contest I ever entered. And the check for $52,000 made our family's dreams come true." Marion Starr Kensingtorn, Maryland

READ WHAT OTHER CONTESTANTS SAY ABOUT FORMER NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTESTS!

Florida... "I wish to thank you for your efforts to make your contest the only fair and honest contest I ever enter and the only one that has been wonderful..."

California... "I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the check for $100.00 which I received as a prize. This is the first major contest I have ever entered and won anything..."

Canada... "I not only admire the way you handle your contest... and the opportunity to solve these puzzles... but especially the way in which you answer all questions..."

The keynote of this great National Puzzle Contest is absolute fairness. There are no essays to write... no jingles to rhyme... no gimmicks to trip you up. You don't need a college degree to win! All that counts is your skill and common sense. These fascinating picture puzzles are so much fun to get the hang of, you'll have a good time doing them. Even if you've never entered a contest before, you've got a great chance of being a winner in this one.

Best of all, this annual contest actually gives you a chance to check your own answers and make sure they're right, before sending them in! Not only do you have this opportunity for checking once... you have a second chance! Shortly after you complete your puzzle answer, we will mail you an Official Substitutable Solution Form, so you can correct any error or omission... so you can double-check your solutions. What could be fairer?

TRY THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE RIGHT NOW!

HOW MUCH FUN?

CLUE No. 1: THE "HOOSIER" STATE.

 sanitation + O NEA - k = p

A small town in the Hoosier State is your problem. The clue is the picture of an old-fashioned stove and a small town. The letters in the picture spell, "Sanitation." You are to find the name of the town. Your answer is: --

CLUE No. 2: THE "HOOSIER" STATE.

According to the picture above, the letters in the picture spell, "Sanitation." Then you must subtract the letters in "onea" and "k". This is done with the Indiana License Plate. Then the answer is: --

This is a contest with a magnificent prize! Mail the handy coupon at once, and we'll rush your contest entry blank to you, with the date of contest deadline, rules, etc. As a contestant, should your score be highest, in addition to the prize you win you also receive your choice of any one of the three extra bonus prizes you choose... either a Cadillac Convertible, genuine Ranch Mink Coat, or an additional $5,000 in Cash!

GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE TO WIN

$5,000 EXTRA!

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

National Puzzle Contest Dept. 113
P. O. Box 777, General Post Office, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I want full particulars about the $50,000.00 NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTEST. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Form, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

Name...........................................
Address...................................
City.............................................. Zone State

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY
Here's Taylor Grant

Taylor has a summit talk with Pres. Eisenhower.

In a lighter vein, he meets actress Grace Kelly.

For a political scoop, he interviews Dick Nixon.

His scoops on WPTZ have made him Philadelphia's most quoted newsman

News is where you find it—and when you do, Taylor Grant will probably have been there ahead of you. This native Philadelphian has a 21-year record of tracking, gathering, writing and reporting the news that is virtually unmatched in radio and television. He's a television journalist and he brings on-the-scene authority to Taylor Grant And The News, seen at 7:45 P.M. Sunday through Friday on Station WPTZ. . . "Philadelphia's most quoted newsman" can also give hostess Elsa Maxwell a run for celebrity-list honors. He's broadcast more than 2500 interviews and his guest list at WPTZ has included all members of the presidential cabinet, plus leading representatives of Congress, the armed forces, royalty, sports, entertainment, science and industry.

Born in Germantown, Taylor was well-educated at Germantown High School and Temple University. He stepped before his first mike in 1934, got his big break a year later when he was on the air steadily for seventy minutes with a report of a plane crash over the North Pole. As a result, he was chosen to edit and report the 7:45 news and proceeded to rack up the highest daytime audience attained up to that time by a local radio station in Philadelphia. As early as 1941, he was in the TV swim, handling play-by-play football and baseball reports. In 1944, he left the Quaker City for two independent stations on the isle of Manhattan. A year later, he joined ABC. Again, his ratings were skyscraper-high, second only to Walter Winchell in the network's newscaster ratings. About a year and a half ago, he took up the full-time challenge of TV in his home town. . . Between floods, fires, strikes and elections, Taylor relaxes with his wife Jeannette and five-year-old Wayne Terrence in a Georgian colonial home in suburban Wayne. His son Taylor, Jr., 17, is a student at Haverford School and daughter Letitia, 19, is a sophomore at the University of Michigan. . . Mrs. Grant has come to take her husband's chase after the news in stride. One Thursday last August, Taylor learned of possible "very heavy rains." He checked again, got the first inkling of the coming flood disaster. He didn't turn up at home until the following Tuesday, but, as Variety reported, Taylor Grant's flood documentaries "packed plenty of wallop." His WPTZ newscasts always do.
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ... With Just One Brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE</th>
<th>12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS</th>
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<tr>
<td>DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!</td>
<td>STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

Cleans Your Breath
While It Guards Your Teeth

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.
BACKSTAGE WIFE The mysterious Madame Moleoka had confused actor Larry Noble to the point where he actually leaves his wife Mary and plans to marry Elise Shephard. But suddenly she goes too far, and Larry realizes how close she has brought him to the brink of misery. But will his renunciation of Elise and his return to Mary open the door to a happier future? Or will a greater tragedy be brought on by Elise’s bitterness and Moleoka’s hatred? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY When Lydia Herrick admits her love for Max Canfield, her brother-in-law Donald determines on a desperate plot to keep her tied to him, as she has been since his brother’s death. Can Donald use Lydian’s secret—her tendency to kleptomania—to ruin her hopes for happiness? Or will Max, with the help of Reverend Dennis, make Lydian forever safe from Donald by learning and revealing the whole truth about her brother-in-law? CBS-TV.

THE DOCTOR’S WIFE Running a doctor’s busy household is a real job, and Julie Palmer has always been grateful to have as reliable and loyal a helper as her housekeeper, Betty. Julie is deeply troubled when her conscience will not permit her to tamper with the truth in order to get Betty’s beloved Jeff out of trouble he has brought on himself. Can she explain her principles to Betty, or will Betty’s bitterness ruin the relationship? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE From the beginning of her married life, Laurie has known that, as deeply as Zach loves her, she will be the one to make most of the concessions and sacrifices. But when, in her time of desperate need after the loss of her baby, Zach allows ambition and duty to delay his return to her, Laurie knows a depth of bitterness that may never be altogether forgotten. How will Zach meet Laurie’s new attitude? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT To himself and anyone else who asks, Dr. Dick Grant keeps insisting that his interest in Marie Wallace is purely friendly. But even if Dick believes this, and even if Marie refuses to admit even to herself that she feels differently, Dick’s friend Jim Kelly and Marie’s model, Lila, have other ideas about that friendship. Meanwhile, a mother-in-law problem climaxes in near-catastrophe for Dick’s friends, the Bauers. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE As a reporter, Vanessa Raven has made some enemies in the Barrowsville underworld. Will they be able to take advantage of the complications and the mystery surrounding the mute child, Carol, whom Van and Paul hope to adopt? And will Van’s own sister try to sacrifice Carol to improve her standing with Hal Craig? Is Hal’s locket in some way connected with Carol and with Paul’s ex-wife, Judith? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS The return of little Janey to Gladys and Joe could mark the happy end of a dreadful episode. But Ma cannot close her eyes to the fact that, for Dorothy Marsh, who had to give up the baby to its rightful parents, it is the beginning of anguish. And even though a few weeks ago the Marshes were strangers to Ma, she cannot see a human being in trouble without trying to help. Can she help Mrs. Marsh? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Lord Henry Brin-thrope, fearful that Leonora Dawson’s claim that he is her husband and the father of her child will wreck his marriage to Sunday before he can prove it a lie, desperately offers Leonora a huge sum of money to disappear. But in trying to avert a tragedy, Lord Henry unwittingly paves the way to a greater one, as Leonora’s husband, Charles, plays an unexpected role in their agreement. CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY Peggy Trent’s months of anguish finally end with her husband Carter’s return. But Pepper wonders if Peggy should be encouraged to look too far into the future, for despite Carter’s successful operation he is by no means completely well. Meanwhile, Linda is a bit fearful of Pepper’s new interest in the oil business. Would he be wiser to steer clear of it, despite its exciting possibilities? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON A new case introduces Perry Mason to an interesting and perplexing personality—the brilliant chemical expert, Dr. I. T. McKallen, whose very brilliance makes him a prey to his power-hungry sister-in-law, Belle. What is Belle McKallen after in seeking to gain control over her eminent brother-in-law? And how does Peter Nicholas, head of the Palace of Power, figure in the situation? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Caro lyn Nelson is certain she can vouch for her son Skip’s basic character—certain that, despite the recent secretiveness and resentment he has shown, he can never become the kind of boy her school principal calls delinquent. But can a mother force a teen-age son to be completely honest when he feels honor-bound to protect some of his friends? What if Carolyn’s enemies try to make a tool of her own son? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sibyl Overton’s reckless desire to win Jim’s love has almost ruined his marriage, endangered his career, and has finally climaxed in the (Continued on page 25)
INSTANTLY! YOUR HAIR IS SOFT, EASY TO MANAGE!

Put silky excitement in your hair with New Non-oily Hairdressing!

Something wonderful happens to your hair the moment you apply new SUAVE hairdressing, containing that remarkable Helene Curtis beauty find, greaseless lanolin! Instantly, your hair is so soft and supple, so eager to wave... you can do just what you want with it. And what life, what gorgeous glowing "tone" it gives your hair. All without a trace of oily after-film!

LOOK AT THE SATINY GLOW SUAVE GIVES... INSTANTLY!
Don't despair over dull hair! Give it sparkle... thrilling highlights... in 20 seconds with SUAVE. Adds healthy glow, not oily shine.

SEE HOW EASY YOUR HAIRDO ARRANGES... HOW IT LASTS!
SUAVE makes hair easy to comb and arrange. Deepens curls, tames stray wisps. Keeps hair softly in place all day without stiff lacquer or grease.

GOOD NEWS WHEN HAIR IS DRY, BRITTLE, ABUSED!
If home permanents, tints or sun have made your hair dry, abused... quick, the SUAVE! Restores satin softness, lively, healthy look... a 20-second miracle!

MAKES YOUR HAIR CHARMLINGLY SOFT... THRILLING TO TOUCH
Exciting hair does so much to make you exciting. To make the most of your hair, to bring out all its allure... renew its soft shimmer each day with just a kiss of SUAVE. Start today!

HELENE CURTIS
SUAVE
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Contains amazing greaseless lanolin!

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WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 4)

will grab off a top rating in a hurry.
There's a change in the production on NBC's January 21 spectacular edition of Max Liebman Presents. Instead of "Night in Venice," originally announced, Max Liebman will do an hour-and-a-half production of the old musical comedy, "The Cat and the Fiddle."

On Sunday, February 5, Maurice Evans will present "The Good Fairy" on Hallmark Hall Of Fame. This is the famous Ferenc Molnar stage play, which was also one of Margaret Sullavan's greatest movies. The television star will be Julie Harris, currently the toast of Broadway with her beautiful performance as Joan of Arc in "The Lark."

Returning to the CBS Sunday afternoon TV schedule, as of January 8, is Front Row Center, a full-hour dramatic series, originating live from Hollywood, with name stars and original scripts. Front Row Center was a summer replacement show last year on CBS, but this series now will have a much bigger budget for talent and production. Bing Crosby has just finished filming the musical version of Maxwell Anderson's "High Tor," which will be presented as an hour-and-a-half super-duper on the Ford Star Jubilee on CBS, probably on March 10. For supporting cast, Crosby has Julie Andrews, the young English ingénue who starred in "The Boy Friend" on Broadway this past season, movie actress Nancy Olson, and the well-known actors Everett Sloane, Hans Conreid and Lloyd Corrigan. The fact that Bing finally agreed to do this television show bears out his cute remark when asked recently if he was really going to retire. "Let's just say," he answered, "that I'm not going to retire quite as much as Winston Churchill but more than Betty Hutton."

This 'n' That:
ABC has made a deal with Meridian Productions to produce a film series of ninety-minute "dramacu-lars," as they're calling them, for television's first regular hour-and-a-half weekly movies. Tentatively titled Command Performance, the series is slated to begin in the fall of this year.

Hal March, the $64,000 emcee, and Candy Toxton Torme may be saying their "I do's" in a few weeks. Candy divorced crooner Mel Torme a couple of months ago in Santa Monica, California, and a California decree takes a year to be final. But, with Mel's permission, Candy is establishing residence in Nevada in order to get a divorce there in six weeks, thereby clearing the way for her marriage to March.

Congratulations to my colleague, Steve Allen, on winning one of the highest accolades of show business, the "Personality of the Year" award of the Washington, D. C., Variety Club.

Look for an announcement any minute from M-G-M Studios that Eddie Fisher will play opposite his bride, Debbie Reynolds, in the
Wedding march for Hal March as soon as Candy Toxton Torme is free.

movie of "Catered Affair," which will co-star Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine, of "Marty" fame. When I asked Eddie about this before he left for the Coast, he gave me that big grin of his and said he'd love to do the picture, "if it worked out."

Television gets the credit for making Davy Crockett such a popular character that they've even named a road after him. Now there's a new Davy Crockett Highway which runs between Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and Norris City, Illinois.

NBC has signed the young comic, Alan King, to a seven-year contract, so sure are they that he can become a big TV funny man. Alan's background is mainly night clubs, though he has a small role in the new Warner Bros. movie, "Miracle in the Rain." His first chore for the network was scheduled to be participation in NBC's big Happy New Year TV spectacular, but there are definite plans in the works for Alan to have his own comedy show, probably later this season.

The stork whispers that he may drop a bundle at the doorstep of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis James 'long about June.

Lu Ann Simms is so happy with her new baby daughter, Cynthia, that she didn't take her Godfrey firing too hard. Though she was surprised and disappointed, Lu Ann is not bitter at her former boss. On the contrary, she is very grateful for the opportunity Arthur gave her by adding her to his "Friends" after she won Talent Scouts a couple of years ago. Lu Ann's present plans call for in-person night-club appearances in the East, and she may be set on a regular TV show before long. Her husband, music publisher Loring Buzzell, is acting as her manager.

Bing Crosby's musical director on (Continued on page 22)
his CBS Radio show, Buddy Cole, was married recently in Las Vegas to Regina Woodruff, Beverly Hills nurse. Buddy was formerly wed to one of the King Sisters.

Pat Kirby, the talented newcomer on Steve Allen’s Tonight TV show, has been signed by Decca and they feel she’ll be one of the biggest-selling record voices within the next year or so.

And the young baritone, Alan Case, has himself a Columbia Recording contract. Alan is the twenty-one-year-old Texas lad who won the Talent Scouts show last April and was heard with Godfrey for a few times on his morning programs. As a result of his work with Arthur, Alan was given a good part in the musical, “Reuben, Reuben,” which was slated to open on Broadway this past season, but folded out of town. Now the good-looking young crooner is free for television, and is supposed to join the cast of a video variety show very soon.

Film and TV actress Phyllis Avery has filed suit for divorce against her husband, actor Don Taylor, in Los Angeles. Also on the divorce list are crooner Charles Applewhite and his wife, who sued the singer in Fort Worth, Texas. However, their friends and their families were trying very hard to affect a reconciliation before the Applewhites’ troubles got to court.

Following her repeat performance of “Peter Pan” on NBC-TV, Mary Martin, her husband, Richard Halliday, and her actress daughter, Heller Halliday, are set to take off on a tramp steamer for a slow journey to Brazil.

Imogene Coca may return to work with her former director, Max Liebman, on a big, special one-shot show for NBC, now in the planning stage. The impish comedienne recently debuted her new night-club act in Las Vegas, did very well, and is currently playing the supper club circuit. She’s been offered a million-dollar night-club contract, the same figure involved in the past she bowed out of at NBC. Wouldn’t it be like the good old days, by the way, if NBC teamed Imogene and her old partner, Sid Caesar, for at least one appearance?

**Mulling the Mail:**

To all those who wrote asking about why Peggy McCay left the leading role in the TV series, Love Of Life. Peggy departed the program at her own request because she wanted to do other dramatic TV shows, which she couldn’t do under her Love Of Life contract. So she is happily free-lancing now. Bonnie Bartlett replaced Peggy. Look for a featured story on Bonnie in our March issue. . . . Mrs. J. B., Albuquerque, New Mexico: You are right! The girl whom you heard on Jack Carson’s radio show is from your town. Her name is Sue Raney, she is sixteen years old, and Carson thinks she is a real find. He hopes to use her often on his program. . . . Miss L. F., Phoenix, Arizona: Don Liberto and Lois Hunt left the Robert Q. Lewis show because the producers felt a slight change in format was in order for Robert Q. So they hired Judy Johnson, who will be remembered from Show Of Shows, and singer Merv Griffin for a stretch. . . . Mrs. M. R., St. Louis, Missouri: Susie Bell, the little singer on Pinky Lee’s show was only off for a few weeks. She is thirteen years old, and her real name is Jymmy Shore. . . . Mrs. P. V., Hammond, Indiana: The couple you ask about on NBC Radio’s Weekday program are Ted and Rhoda Brown, who are Mr. and Mrs. in private life. They have been a very popular disk jockey team over WMGM in New York City, where they have been doing a comic early-morning show for several years. Arthur Godfrey is one of their fans and often quotes them on his morning shows. . . . Mr. C. A., Richmond, Virginia: Doris Drew, Tennessee Ernie Ford’s songstress, is happily married to comedian Larry Allen, and they have a three-year-old son, Danny. . . . Mrs. H. T., Syracuse, New York: Actor-writer, Pat C. Flick, who passed away a few weeks ago in Hollywood, is the same personality you remember from the very first Ed Sullivan Toast Of The Town shows. He did a comedy spot with Sullivan, sitting in a theater box and insisting on calling Ed “Mr. Solomon.” . . . Miss K. T., Utica, New York: “Crime in the Streets,” was done on the Elgin Hour on TV several months ago, with John Cassavetes in the leading role. The drama of juvenile delinquency is scheduled to be made into a movie by Allied Artists, and Cassavetes will recreate his original part. . . . Miss B. J. C., North Tonawanda, New York, and others who have written about Julius La Rosa not being on television: Julie went over with a smash when he opened his new night-club act at Las Vegas a few weeks ago and fairly wowed
the blase audience. He plans to play several other clubs for which he is committed and his TV work for most of the season will be limited to guest appearances on Hollywood or New York shows. It doesn’t look as though Julie will have a regular program of her own this season. . . . Mrs. S. C., Haverhill, Massachusetts: Kay Armen isn’t appearing on any one TV show at the moment, though she does guest occasionally. Kay has been busy recording for M-G-M and has also been considered for a forthcoming filmed series, which would be shown on local stations around the country. . . . Mrs. S. A., Portland, Oregon: Dunninger, the mentalist, is not on TV or radio presently. He was last seen on TV during the summer of 1955.

What Ever Happened To. . .

Gloria De Haven, who made many appearances on the top network shows? Gloria has settled down for the time being in Florida, where she is doing an interview-type show, along with singing and dancing, on a local station. Gloria is also studying painting in Florida and says she is going to stay “under the sun” until spring.

Joan Edwards, the songstress-pianist, who was last heard on her own show over WCBS in New York? Joan became ill a few months ago and had to give up the program, which was taken over by Martha Wright. But she’s feeling fine now, and is awaiting an early spring visit from the studio, which will make it number four for Joan and her husband, Jules Schacter. He is the concert master with Axel Stordahl’s band on the Eddie Fisher show.

Nan Wynn, the singer, who appeared on many television shows and was a well known name on records and in night clubs? Nan dropped out of show business for several years, due to a tragic illness. But now she is hoping to make a comeback, has just made her first recordings for RCA Victor, and is awaiting radio and television assignments.

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

HOW TO GROW
LONG BEAUTIFUL NAILS
IN 7 MINUTES!

SCIENTIFIC NEW NATURAL NAIL FORMULA BUILDS OUT SHORT NAILS! Not a Polish. Not a “falsie”, but a treatment to LENGTHEN NAILS! Repairs torn nails . . . Smooths jagged edges!

Upset because your nails just won’t grow? Embarrassed to show your hands in public because of short, broken-off nails? Now, amazing new NAIL-GRO gives you the long, beautiful, tapering nails you always wanted. NAIL-GRO is a liquid plastic material applied directly to your nails just like nail polish. Discovered by medical science, it sets to a clear, hard surface—looks and feels like your regular nail . . . and grows with your regular nail. It can be cut, filed, and polished—yet it’s so strong it can’t break or tear . . . even when you’re cleaning house, washing dishes, doing laundry, playing the piano, or typing. What’s more, these nails are so sturdy, nail-biters can’t chew them. Colored nail polishes stay on NAIL-GRO twice as long as they do on regular nails . . . and nail polish remover takes polish off faster and easier!

- Completely harmless—the same material used by practicing dentists and surgeons.
- Builds nails to the length and shape you want.
- Creates everlasting nails that look, act and feel like regular nails.
- Not a polish or a “falsie”—but a plastic nail you brush on.
- One application lasts indefinitely.
- Adheres to your nail and grows out with your nail.
- Stronger than your regular nail! Can’t break or tear.
- Ideal for problem children who are nail-biters.
- Smooths torn nails—preventing runs in stockings and snags in clothing.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

ACCEPT FREE TRIAL OFFER
Send no money. Give NAIL-GRO a thorough free trial in your own home. You’ll be delighted with its spectacular results . . . with the lovely, long, tapering nails it builds. Order today on money-back guarantee. Nail no-risk coupon to NAIL-GRO, 31 West 47th Street, New York City, New York.

NAIL-GRO CO., 31 West 47th Street, New York City, N. Y. Dept. TS-I
Yes, I want the long beautiful nails NAIL-GRO can give me. Rush me NAIL-GRO kits at $2.98 each, plus 36c Fed. Tax & C.O.D. postage charges. When NAIL-GRO arrives, I will pay postman the low introductory price. BUT I am not buying—I am simply trying. If NAIL-GRO doesn’t give me lovely, long, tapering nails after one application—if it does not do all you claim, I will return unused portion within 10 days for full purchase price refunded.

Name:
Address:
City: Zone: State: T V R

\[\text{CHECK HERE TO SAVE MONEY. Enclose payment with order and we will pay all postage and shipping charges. (Add 30c Fed. Tax for each kit.) Same money-back guarantee, of course. (Canadian and foreign orders must be prepaid. Same money-back guarantee.)}\]
Your whole life is before you!

Isn’t it nice to be the very age you are! Young enough to be full of plans. Old enough to take advantage of them. Whatever you look, you see a series of enchanting tomorrows. Your whole life is before you.

May we offer you one bit of advice? Don’t ever settle for needless discomfort. Avoid the too-tight girdle, the shoes that rub, the slip that binds—and don’t be tied to sanitary protection that puts you into a harness instead of a happy frame of mind. Millions of girls have found in Tampax internal protection the convenience, the comfort, the freedom they’re looking for. Tampax prevents odor from forming. Tampax is invisible and unfelt when in place. Tampax is readily disposable. Tampax is small, dainty, easy to carry, easy to insert and change. Can be worn in shower or tub. Can be bought at any drug or notion counter throughout the country. Comes in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

New Patterns for You

9119—Cinch to sew—joy to wear! The perfect dress to pretty your figure! Misses’ Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 3\(\frac{3}{8}\) yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

4619—See how flattering your fashions will look with this new foundation beneath! It gives a perfect fit, comfortably firm support to the larger figure! Women’s Sizes 36-50. Size 36 takes 1 yard 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

4835—Sew this pretty sundress in jiffy time! Perfectly proportioned for the shorter, fuller figure! Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4½ yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.
accident that very nearly took his life and Sibyl's. But as a doctor Jim realizes that Sibyl cannot be made to pay in the ordi-

nary way for the trouble she created. Will psychiatric treatment help this sick girl—
or will she be unable to face the truth? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen is overjoyed when the meaningless

marriage that tied Gil Whitney to wealthy

Cynthia Swanson is dissolved by divorce,

for at last Gil will be free to marry her.

But Cynthia's divorce from Gil by no

means signals the end of her interest in

him. As Helen, with growing bewilder-

ment, waits for Gil to set the marriage
date, Cynthia begins to weave the web

that may trap Gil more fatally than their

marriage ever did. CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Brow-

beaten and victimized by her conniving

mother, Melanie Pritchard finds herself,

against her will, breaking up the marriage

of Stu and Marge Bergman. Mrs. Pritch-

ard's plan seems foolproof—but will Mel-

anie find the strength to defy her, for the

first and perhaps the last time in her life?

And will Joanne have to stand by and

watch Marge suffer, knowing that there

are times when even the dearest friend is

helpless? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON As

publisher of the Dickston Herald, Stan

Burton has reasons enough to fight for its

success. But his autocratic mother is an

even more pressing reason, for at the first

sign of trouble Stan knows she will be in

his office telling him once again that he

can't manage without her guidance. What

happens when Stan sends for an efficiency

expert to streamline the Herald—and his

wife Terry rediscovers an old beau? CBS

Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Pauline Harris

really meant to mend her ways, but a

lifetime of self-seeking and truth-twisting

is not easily wiped away. Her frustrated

desire to marry Peter Ames awakens once

more when it looks as though Jane Ed-

wards really plans to go out of his life

because of her unfortunate past. Faced

with losing Jane, will Peter make some

desperate move that will put him and his

children completely in Pauline's power?

CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Ever since Laurel

was born, Stella Dallas has tried to pro-
tect her daughter's happiness and help her

to avoid mistakes that might ruin her life,

With the end of Laurel's marriage to Dick

Grosvenor, Stella comes close to despair,

for it seems to her that all young people

are bent on throwing away an en-
viable life. Will Stella be forced to give

way—or can she somehow convince Laurel

of the truth? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE With the help

of Nora and Dr. Robert Seargent, re-

dporter David Brown makes strides toward

clearing up not only his own mental con-

fusion but the long-hidden truth about the

murder for which his parents, Jack and

Catherine McCard, spent twenty years in

prison. What is behind the mysterious

phone calls that have repeatedly warned

Nora to stop David's search? Why is

David's sister bent on self-destruction?

CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Many girls leave their

small-town homes to find more exciting,

rewarding lives in New York—and many

succeed. But Diane Emerson wasn't right

or ready for the experience, and now she

must see her mother, her little sister, and

even her brother Mickey terrorized by the

results of her impudent activities. Does

Joey Gordon offer hope for Diane's future?

And what will the reporter, Elliott, come
to mean to Helen? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS

Yielding to the combined persuasion of

her editor, Don Smith, her family, and her

own half-acknowledged desire, Wendy

emerges from her interlude as a small-
town editor and once more takes up a

big-time, big-city life as a major news-

paper columnist. But with her new activi-
ties and her new apartment come new

challenges—among them the green-eyed,

red-headed Katy MacAuley. How does

Katy really feel about Wendy? CBS Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE As time

goes by, the Carter family changes—and

yet it remains the same. For no matter

how many in-laws and grandchildren

swell the ranks, James and Jessie Carter

remain the nerve center of the family's

life. James still judges everyone by his

own strict standards. And Jessie goes on

tempering his justice with her own special

brand of mercy—the kind that has quieted

many a family rebellion. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Jerry Malone's

marriage to Tracey has been very happy,

but neither of them can forget that some-

thing in her past still casts a shadow she

cannot banish. When Jerry learns that

buried secret from Craig Brando, he is at

last certain that he can free Tracey from

her imprisoning fears. But Tracey is not

so sure, and the problem posed by Jerry's

hostile daughter Jill creates additional

complications. CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN The end of

Dr. Anthony Loring's marriage to Millicent

should have freed him to marry Ellen, but

instead it may mean the end of all hope

for them. For Millicent is dead—murdered

—and her father, the famous criminologist

Jason Randall, is certain he can prove

that it was Anthony, perhaps with Ellen's

help, who killed her. Can Ellen discover

the true killer before Jason completes his

case? NBC Radio.

Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES

SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH

ZONITE

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Greater Assurance Can a

Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how essential a cleansing, antiseptic and de-
odorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.

86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

ZONITE’s Many Advantages

Scientific tests proved no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so power-
fully effective yet safe to body tissues as ZONITE. It’s positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It completely de-
odorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confi-
dence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.

If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

March TV Radio Mirror on Sale February 7
Al "Jazzbo" Collins, WRCA's reigning deejay, perches in a penthouse in a royal purple mood.

Al refuses to quote the value of his collection of discs. It's as priceless as the Collins humor.

Cuisine is a Collins hobby, buttermilk pancakes a specialty, and, says Al, good equipment a must.

Music makes his world go round and Al lends an ear to some 250 records a week, or two hours of music for every air hour.

Every Cloud

A LITTLE MORE than a year ago, with the help of three armed guards and an armored truck, Al "Jazzbo" Collins moved his 1,500 records and two of his pets, Clyde the Crow and Harrison the Owl, to a penthouse at New York's Station WRCA. From this aerie, high in the purple clouds, he originates the Al Collins Show, weekdays from 12:05 to 1:30 P.M. . . . Harrison, who is the only purple Tasmanian owl in existence, almost got left behind. For some time, Harrison had been too opinionated for Al's taste and had been trying to pick all the records. Al vociferously defends his position as boss in the same way that he defends the reality of his royal-hued surroundings. Whatever exists in the mind is the most real of all. . . . The mellifluous Jazzbo, a New Yorker, inherits his full-time musical mood from his father, a professional violinist who organized orchestras for Caribbean cruise ships. Al plays the guitar, left-handed and by ear, but when his mother frowned on the nomadic life of a musician, Al took up the nomadic life of a deejay . . . After being a swimming star at Woodmere High on Long Island, Al majored in radio at Miami University, where he also broke swimming records. "They called me Alligator Al in those days," he recalls. When he graduated, Al wrote 100 letters to radio stations and received two answers. One said "No." The other offered
Three around the smallest wood-burning hearth in New York—Shirley, Chauncey and Al—share an “honest-to-goodness house,” albeit it’s two stories, two rooms.

has a Purple Lining

an interview. Then came the nomadic part, with a series of jobs at stations in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, upstate New York, Chicago and Salt Lake City. He returned to New York in 1950, when a guest appearance on Robert Q. Lewis’s ABC’s Of Music led to a contract with WNEW. . . . Last June 26, Al married Shirley Hoskins, whose credit line appears frequently on record jackets. Their Greenwich Village cottage is as exotic as Al’s broadcasting quarters. Two stories high, it boasts two rooms and the smallest wood-burning fireplace in Manhattan. There’s a hi-fi set in the living room and a record player in the upstairs bedroom, where a huge skylight makes up most of the ceiling. The Collinses share their dwelling with a bassett hound named Chauncey, a near kin of the famed Morgan of the stage and movies. . . . Al is on record with “Grimm Fairy Tales for Hip Kids,” which he also did as a show at the Thunderbird Club in Las Vegas. His hobbies run the gamut from model airplanes to 3-D photography. He owns a 14-foot motor boat and drives a Thunderbird sports car called “Black Bart.” . . . When we photographed Al, he was clean-shaven. But Harrison has confided that Al’s famed mustache and Vandyke beard are sprouting again. Wife Shirley thinks his face has great character with a Vandyke. And Al Collins cheerfully admits, “I know I’m a character.”

Hobbyist Al likes stereo photography. He and Shirley are teamed on a picture volume of jazz.
Serious Funnyman

Carl Ide said he wasn’t comic—and all of Pittsburgh laughed.

**Carl Ide** has a split personality. But, as he insists, “I’m not Dr. Jekyll, I’m Mr. Ide.” Then he adds, “You know who I am.” Pittsburgh viewers certainly do. ... Carl has been frustrated by the powers--that-be at Station KDKA-TV. Six days a week, they permit him to be as serious and conservative as befits a Cambridge-born, Boston-educated, rock-ribbed New Englander. He broadcasts Ford News, weekdays at 6:30 P.M., and Central News, Sundays at 2 P.M. ... But, on Saturday nights at 11:35, Carl falls into the clutches of Al Goldman and Norman Shoop, who produce Sertaday Nite Theater. Straight-faced, bespectacled, dressed in a smoking jacket, Carl finds himself saying: “Tonight’s movie is ‘The Limping Man’ and features Lloyd Bridges. He’s from England, one of the London Bridges. He’s been falling down, but in this picture he makes a comeback. This movie was supposed to have had its TV premiere in London, but they had no place to show it. You see, in England, there’s only one channel, the English Channel. Fortunately, though, in Pittsburgh we have our choice of Channel 2.” ... Then there are the commercials—which, as Win Fanning of the Post-Gazette said, “are better than the movies.” Carl’s sponsor is the Serta mattress people and, on their behalf, he examines the product with a stethoscope and concludes that these sleep-sacks have “no lump, no hump, no bump, no war.” ... But, says he, “Please don’t rush out to your nearest store and buy a Serta mattress. Wait till Monday, when the stores are open.” When Carl saw the first script, he was as frustrated as he now is in some of the trick-photography sequences. “But I’m not funny,” he protested. A trial proved he could range easily from outlandish puns and broad farce to subtleties and nuances. Three months later, presented with a “straight” commercial, Carl complained: “I can’t do straight commercials. I like jokes.” ... Other than Saturday nights, Carl is a serious Allison Park suburbanite, happily married to Ruth Bishop and very proud of his three sons: Carlton Geoffrey, 8; Thomas Bishop, 6; and Stephen Pennell, going on one year. His hobbies are as varied as his humor: photography, skating, jazz and sport-cars. Now and then, he ponders why there’s the sound of laughter when he says: “I’m really serious.”
New, different—complexion magic!

cleans deep, deep down... where beauty begins

New

Deep Magic

facial cleansing lotion by Toni

The clearest skin is the cleanest skin, and nothing cleans your skin like wonderful, new DEEP MAGIC by Toni. DEEP MAGIC is different! It's a flowing lotion cleanser that cleans deeper—gently removes the deep-pore dirt and makeup other facial cleansers cannot reach! Yet DEEP MAGIC never leaves the greasy feel of creams, never the drawn, dry feel of soaps. That's the magic of new DEEP MAGIC—the magic that gives you a cleaner, clearer skin—a softer, more radiant complexion. Try DEEP MAGIC on your skin tonight!
ACTS FASTER! HELPS DEVELOP STRONG, HEALTHY CHILDREN!

NEW SCOTT’S EMULSION

It's Superhomogenized!

MOTHERS, are your children getting the most out of the A & D Vitamins they are taking? Make sure — give them New Scott's Emulsion or Scott's Emulsion Capsules.

Here's why —

Vitamins A & D must be emulsified either in your child's digestive system or before the vitamins are taken.

Independent clinical tests prove that Vitamins A & D — emulsified as in New Scott's Emulsion — are more quickly absorbed into the bloodstream than if the emulsification is left completely to nature.

Emulsification takes place normally in the human body. But if your child is rundown, resistance is low, the emulsification by his digestive system may not be complete. He may not get the vitamin help you intended!

That's why you can rely on New Scott's Emulsion! It's specially made for fast intake of the needed Vitamins A & D — regardless of body condition. The vitamin-containing particles in New Scott's Emulsion are so finely emulsified that the vitamins are ready to be absorbed with a minimum of help from the body.

New Scott's Emulsion tastes better. Easier to give! Easier to take! And higher potency too — just one teaspoonful at a time.

NEW SCOTT'S EMULSION CAPSULES!

The benefits of New Scott's Emulsion are also available in easy-to-take capsules.

Get New Scott's Emulsion or New Scott's Emulsion Capsules at any drug counter!

INFORMATION BOOTH

(Continued from page 10)

as a man on his way up in Hollywood. He has appeared in over fifteen films . . . His wife is the talented and charming actress, Suzanne Ta Fel, who played opposite Keith in one of his films, "Security Risk." Their second meeting was in New York, while he was filming episodes for the television series, The Hunter. They were married December 18, 1953. Now the Larsens divide their time between their Beverly Hills residence and a rambling home on Malibu Beach . . . Keith's secret ambition is to perform in a Broadway play.

The Public Speaks

"Is there anything we can do to bring Jane Froman back to television? We all miss her program." R. T., Selma, Ala.

The best thing you can do to bring Jane Froman—or any star—back to your TV screen, is to write to the network. The men who run the network take letters from their listeners and viewers very seriously and many decisions are based on the bouquets and brickbats they contain.

Rhodes To Fame

"I would like to know about Elise Rhodes, the singer on Ted Mack's Matinee, NBC-TV." A. M., Tanaqua, Pa.

Elise got into show business because—well, she's just made that way! She's a lovely honey-blonde, whose 120 pounds are particularly well distributed over a five-foot, three-inch frame. And she's so chock full of talent that the combination just made it a lot easier to get there . . . Elise was born in New Haven, Connecticut, slightly more than a score of years ago. Her father is a police commissioner and her mother is one of the best cooks ever. Elise went to school in her home town and saw many of the shows that tried out there. This stimulated her interest in the entertainment business, so much so that she applied to the Juilliard School of Music in New York and was accepted to study singing . . . Before she completed her second year there, she was tapped for a part in "Oklahoma!" From there on, the road has been paved with cheers. She toured the United States with the show and then to London, where it received rave reviews. Then a tour of the Continent gave her a wonderful education in showmanship and more raves . . . When she returned to America, she had a part in the revue, "What's New," which did the rounds of the smart hotels. But a nationwide audience "discovered" her when she appeared on the Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts show . . . Almost as soon as she stepped from the television studio, she was booked for the fabulous Chez Paree in Chicago, to appear with Joe E. Lewis. Needless to say, she received a thunderous reception in the Windy City. Joe E. soon became one of her boosters, as did Dick Haymes and Garry Moore . . . Florida was next to climb on the Rhodes bandwagon and then the crowds flocked to see her in the Raleigh
Room in New York. It was fitting that her next appearance was on the *Talk Of The Town* television program and now on the talent connoisseur's show, *Ted Mack's Matinee*. . . . The town hasn't stopped talking about this honey of a lady with the twinkling smile and lovely voice.

**Junior Veteran**

Would you please give me some information about Wesley Morgan who plays Junior Riley on the NBC-TV show, *The Life Of Riley*? C. S., Carrollton, Ohio

Since Wesley was six and a half years old, he has been a professional performer and has portrayed all kinds of children's roles, ranging from brat to cherub, on the screen and TV. Now, at the ripe age of fifteen, he is known as a completely dependable performer—and his experience is testimony to this. . . . He worked fairly regularly on the Wesley Ruggles TV show and later won a role in a series called *The Sprouts.* He's specially proud of the part he played in "Enchanted Evening," a television play with Eddie Albert and Margo. Wesley won rave notices when Pete Smith, the famous producer of Metro short features, awarded the youngster a top role in a picture called "The Golden Prince." Within five minutes after director John Brahmer met him, Wesley was cast for a part in "Miracle of Fatima." Then he was given the role of Barbara Hale's brother in "The Lone Hand." . . . Wesley is a natural for the youngest member of the Riley family. He is also the busiest member of the cast, because between scenes he has to attend school in a private classroom on the set.

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

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Jeanne Crain. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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

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

**Hollywood's Favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

**Never Dries— it Beautifies!**

Jeanne Crain starring in "THE SECOND GREATEST SEX"

You can have That Ivory Look in just 7 days

This very young lady has the right idea for a bright new complexion for you! It’s so simple, too. For baby-smooth, baby-soft skin, change to regular care with her pure, mild Ivory Soap. Yes, the milder your soap, the prettier your skin will be. Soft, clear, dewy-fresh skin is That Ivory Look!

99.45% PURE... IT FLOATS

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!

Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Mild enough for baby's skin—so right for your complexion.
There's a new light in Marion's eyes as she speaks of Larry Puck and love, of Sullivan and her career

By MARY TEMPLE

ONE RECENT winter day, Marion Marlowe walked through the noonday crowds along Fifth Avenue with me, and eyes turned admiringly toward her from every direction. She walked easily in the bracing air, her head with the wealth of darkest brown hair held high, as a tall girl's should be. But her eyes were friendly, her smile brilliant, and happiness bubbled out of every sentence. People walking close in front slowed up to catch a few words and to smile to themselves understandingly.

"I'm a changed Marlowe," she was saying. "A new, much more contented Marlowe. Different from the girl I was, even a year ago. Completely different from the girl I was five years ago, when I first came to New York to sing on television. I'm younger now, in my heart and in my whole outlook on life, than I was in those days when I was only a year or two past twenty. I carried everything on my own shoulders then, and what a load it seemed at times! Now I'm so happy
Ed Sullivan, says Marion, "has been my guardian angel—helped me with all sorts of problems, professional and personal—always given me great advice.'

that nothing seems too difficult. "That's the newest thing about my life, the biggest change. This happiness I have now . . . with my husband, our new apartment, the work I am doing for Ed Sullivan—which includes television guest appearances on The Ed Sullivan Show, and personal-appearance tours, and a motion picture . . . with my own nightclub engagements, and recordings . . . with all the great things that have happened to me during these last ten or twelve months, and are still happening."

It's difficult to know where to begin talking about the changes in both Marion's personal life and her career. A woman's personal life being always the closest to her heart, let's start with her marriage to Larry Puck in May of last year. Larry no longer produces any of the Arthur Godfrey programs, and is now an independent producer, but Marion

Marion's first important club date was at New York's ultra-swank Cotillion Room.

Marion Marlowe's Bridal Glow

(Continued)
had first met him when he was top man, under Godfrey, and she worked with him until she left the Godfrey fold some six or seven months before Larry did. So they had known each other some four years before their marriage. It was not until Marion’s youthful first marriage was legally dissolved (there had been a long separation) and Larry’s wife (whom Marion loved dearly) had passed on, that their friendship became romance.

“Now I feel as though I had always been married to Larry,” she smiled contentedly. “Our marriage seems so right. You might say we, opposites. He is quiet and poised, and infinitely patient. I make a lot of noise, and pop off the handle quickly, and get over it just as quickly. But we understand each other, and each other’s moods, and we love each other very much.

“Larry has given me new confidence. Changed my outlook, made me aware of a whole new set of values. Just by being the kind of person he is, and showing me how much there is in life that I didn’t understand before. He is interested in so many things. He is kind, and loyal to the end. I don’t believe it’s in him to let anyone down.”

A fine relationship exists between the two families, Marion’s and Larry’s. Marion has a mother and grandparents—“Pinky” and “Gramps”—living in St. Louis. They were fond of Larry long before they could have known he was going to join the family. Larry has a married son, Emmett. Marion knew he was in love with a seventeen-year-old ballet dancer from San Francisco before his dad did. They were that close. Emmett calls her “Sis,” and his baby son, Norman, calls her “Nana.” His wife, Norma, and Marion address (Continued on page 90)
Typical of Art's featured guests on House Party—though more famous than most—C. B. DeMille answered audience questions freely, and voiced an inspiring message of faith.

Off-mike, Linkletter's time belongs to his family. Above, with Sharon and Robert. Below, all seven set off on a bicycle "safari"—each individualist with his own brand of vehicle!

Something new has been added to
House Party . . . but it's something
Art Linkletter has had all along

By ELSA MOLINA

Fun and frolic have always been an integral part of Art Linkletter's House Party, daily over CBS-TV and Radio, just as they are an integral part of Art's own outgoing personality. But, now that a serious side has been added to the program, too, viewers and listeners are getting to know Linkletter better than ever before. Getting to know Art as his family knows him—a man of keen intellect and intuitive understanding of other people's problems, as well as a fun-loving chap who's exhilarating to have around, any hour of the day. . . . For Art Linkletter is, first and foremost, a born "family man." On the air, he can stir up mirth and merriment to enjoy for the moment—and also interview featured guests who have a message of faith or courage which gives audiences something to cherish long after the program is over. He can do both, because his heart is filled with the laughter and games shared with his own children—and because his mind is packed with the solid virtues which he himself learned as a child, high (Continued on page 92)

Art Linkletter's House Party, M-F—CBS-TV at 2:30 P.M., sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg Co., Dole Pineapple—CBS Radio, at 3 P.M., for Lever, Dole, and Sunsweet Prunes. His People Are Funny is seen over NBC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M., for Prom Home Permanent and Paper-Mate Pens—and heard over NBC Radio, Tues., 8 P.M. (All EST)
He gives away his heart

Camera lineup on the stairway of the Linkletter home: Robert, 11; eldest son Jack, 18; Art with youngest daughter Diane, 7; Lois with Sharon, 9; and Dawn, 16.

Art, Sharon and Diane tell us that "Beau," the poodle, and "King," the collie, are part of the family, too. Below, left — Diane and her dad duet a rousing version of "Chopsticks."
Clever Janis knows her needlework—and all the ins-and-outs of home decoration. She often advises friends on furnishings.

Clothes are her business, too. She has a large wardrobe—and so does "Liebchen" (right), world's second-best-dressed dog.

Janis Carter of Feather Your Nest has much beauty and many talents, but one gift outshines all others.
Janis sings, dances, and plays. A two-degree college graduate, she writes her own scripts, gets an early start each morn—tuned to Dave Garroway on Today (below, right).

**By MARTIN COHEN**

Even if you wanted to describe Janis Carter in a few carefully chosen words, you couldn't. It's not that she's a "crazy, mixed-up" lass, so much as that she's a "crazy mixture" of sophistication and soft sentimentality—and she's as practical as she is pretty, as industrious as she is glamorous.

Obviously, she's a gorgeous gal, but NBC's television cameras on Feather Your Nest may be deceiving about height and such details as color, so let it be recorded that she is blonde, blue-eyed and tall—five-seven in stocking feet. When Janis leaves the studio at the Hudson Theater and strolls crosstown—with shoes and stockings on—heads keep turning to catch a second look. Women find her (Continued on page 81)

Janis Carter co-stars with Bud Collyer on Feather Your Nest, as seen over NBC-TV, M-F, at 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive, Cavalier Cigarettes, and other products.
While We Are Young

As Bruce Edwards, he lives in a "secret storm"—but, as Biff McGuire, he knows true "peace of heart"

By ED MEYERSON
Love fills Biff's life... love for GiGi, daughter Gigi and all their pets—including "Teek-ki" and "Ballerina."

Little Gigi shares Biff's joy in simple things... the beat of bongo drums, the happy improvisation of a dance.

ON TELEVISION, Bruce Edwards of The Secret Storm is a young Air Force pilot who was shot down during the war. After seven years, he had been declared legally dead and his wife, Jane, had remarried. Actually, however, as viewers of CBS-TV's popular daytime drama know, Bruce is very much alive—and therein lies much of the excitement now brewing in the dramatic events in The Secret Storm.

But, while Bruce Edwards lost everything in the war, in real life, the young actor who plays the role has had just the opposite experience. Thanks to the Army and a trip overseas, Biff McGuire not only found himself a wife but a new career, as well! And therein lies much of the excitement brewing in Biff's own life. For his new career has made Biff one of Broadway's most successful young leading men, and his marriage (Continued on page 104)

Biff McGuire is Bruce Edwards in The Secret Storm, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway.

whether acting, making music, painting masks.

More pets... Biff and Van Heflin train mice, backstage on Broadway!
As Bruce Edwards, he lives in a “secret storm”—but, as Biff McGuire, he knows true “peace of heart”

By ED MEYERSON

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Bill McGuire is Bruce Edwards in The Secret Storm, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, for Whirllyl Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway.

Little Gigi shares Biff’s joy in simple things... the beat of bongo drums, the happy improvisation of a dance.

More pets... Biff and Van Heflin train mice, backstage on Broadway.

While We Are Young
Honeymoon snapshots from Varadero Beach, Cuba: Betty and Pupi were on their way to Havana, just three hours after their wedding in New York.
Marriage to Pupi Campo has proved to Betty Clooney that a woman's great dream is the greatest truth

By ALICE FRANCIS

I'm happy for Rosie," Betty Clooney told a TV Radio Mirror writer early last summer. "I'm happy for every girl who marries the man she loves and has a family. Career or no career, that's every girl's dream, isn't it?"

Betty was talking then about her sister Rosemary Clooney, about Rosemary's marriage to Jose Ferrer and the birth of their little son Miguel. But, through it all, a listener could detect a new interest in love and marriage, a hint of things to come in Betty's life. And when, only a short time later, her own dream began to come true, with her marriage last September to comedian and bandleader Pupi Campo (a shortened form of his full name, Jacinto Campillo), it was hardly a surprise to one who had felt the warm emotion in her voice that day and watched the happy sparkle in her eyes.

"Before I was married," Betty now continues that earlier conversation, "I said that, no matter how successful my career, I would give it up if it ever interfered with my home life. Now I feel even more strongly about that. I wouldn't be much of a wife—or a woman—if my marriage (Continued on page 101)
I. Nora Drake feels both their futures are at stake as David Brown tries to bring to light the true facts of the murder of which his parents were accused and convicted thirty years ago. But Detective Caudill warns that David's search may prove exactly the opposite of what he hopes.
Innocent or guilty? Nora Drake finds her future hangs on the truth about a thirty-year-old murder

The ghosts of the past are ever-present at today's feasts. Sometimes they are welcome, as with the happy memories Nora Drake treasures of her husband Fred Molina, who died so tragically. But yesterday's ghosts can also come unbidden and unwelcome. . . . With the death of her husband, Nora had begun a new life. But she finds that events of the long-buried past continue to haunt David Brown, the reporter who has become so important a part of Nora's fresh start. In his work as a crime reporter, David has come across a trail which leads him to a murder that took place thirty years ago. But David is on no more search after headlines. Each fact that David uncovers stabs deeply with the aching knowledge that his own parents were convicted for this murder. . . . As David throws himself into the investigation of the death of Jerome Joss, his entire mental balance is at stake. Dr. Robert Seargent warns Nora that David is so deeply involved in the investigation that only by proving his parents innocent will David avoid a nervous collapse. As a nurse, Nora has seen enough of physical and mental illness to know that this is true. She fears for David as he turns a burning intensity on a trail that has grown cold after thirty years. And she is more frightened than she is willing to admit when she receives the first of a series of threatening notes. Evidently David is not the only person concerned with the old crime. One evening, after working late on the Blade, David is attacked and severely beaten as he steps out onto the street. . . . Despite the beating, David is determined to go on. Although his sister Lorraine still refuses to meet her parents, David has sworn himself to prove them innocent. Still, Lorraine is successful in her efforts to confuse David. She warns him that he may only succeed in proving that his mother was innocent—but that his father may still be guilty. . . . This is exactly the fear that haunts David. But he is determined to uncover the truth. Then, when Detective Cauldill intimates that David may prove just the opposite of what he hopes to establish, he wavers. His father begs him to let the past lie buried. Lorraine continues to plead with him to stop. His foster-mother, Amelia Brown, joins the others who want David to drop the investigation. Only Nora and David's mother seem to have faith in what he is doing. . . . David's nerves are stretched taut as he wonders whether he will uncover something even more horrible than the already-established con-

2. Determined to go to Centerville, the home town of the murdered man, and talk to his widow, David pleads with Nora to go with him. When she refuses, David is ready to quit.
3. When Dr. Robert Seargent explains that David's mental health rests on the results of his investigation to prove his parents' innocence, Nora agrees to go to Centerville.
5. When they travel to Centerville, Nora and David discover the victim's widow working in a library. From her, they learn the events leading up to her husband's fatal trip to the city. But then the trail disappears and Nora and David return home to hear a strange confession.
Both Russ and Liza are singers, so they have a large music collection. They’re "fish fanciers," too, and had a lot of fun preparing the tanks for their finny friends.

It was more than fun, choosing fresh furnishings for their new apartment—but pretty discouraging when the wrong color of carpet turned up on their bedroom floor!

Moving was hectic, but had great meaning for Russ and Liza—for now they can spend more time together.

"Home, Sweet Home" will always be the best- loved song on Russell and Liza Arms' own personal Hit Parade

By WARREN CROMWELL

As Russell Arms, the handsome singer of Your Hit Parade, and his beautiful young wife, Liza Palmer, walked through the halls of the apartment house toward their brand-new home, in New York's Greenwich Village, they were discouraged. The building was unfinished, still in the process of being built, and the halls were hopelessly cluttered with the odds and ends of new construction. . . . But, as Russell and Liza approached their apartment, their hearts lightened, because this was a moving day with a difference—a moving day unlike any other they had known—and for a number of reasons. In a way, this new apartment was the fulfillment of dreams the couple had shared for the six and a half happy years they had been (Continued on page 100)
It's a brighter day indeed for
Walter Brooke and Betty Wragge,
now that they have little Tina

By GLADYS HALL

Now they are three: Betty Wragge—whom you know so well as Peggy Young Trent, of Pepper Young's Family, over NBC Radio . . . her husband, Walter Brooke—who's currently enjoying himself as "that horrible old meanie," Donald Herrick, in The Brighter Day, over CBS-TV and Radio . . . and little "Tina."

Betty and Walter had been married for three years, when—on June 26, 1954, at 3:04 in the afternoon—Christina Lynne Brooke gave her first lusty cry. Three years of being just the two of them, and then they were three. . . . What changes has the coming of their baby made in Betty and Walter Brooke, in their happy marriage, in their busy lives?

One of the changes becomes manifest when, as you enter the living room of the Brookes' New York apartment on West Fifty-Seventh Street, you must watch your step lest you skid on a plastic block, a recumbent doll or any one of the various toys with which the handsome parquet floor is strewn. At one end of the long, formal, high-ceilinged room, a play-pen adds what should be an incongruous note, but isn't. Rather, it's the keynote of the cosy, companionable, "together" sort of life they share, the three of them . . . and happily, so happily, with such obviously shared pride and satisfaction as to become, when they talk about it, an "Ode in Praise of Having a Baby."

"She's just everything I ever dreamed a baby could be," said Betty, and her blue eyes were stars. "In the first place, we wanted a girl. Girls, we thought, are more affectionate—and she is. She's loving . . . generous with hugs and kisses. Although she is rather Dutch or Flemish in type—which means she takes after my side of the family (my father, Christian Wragge, is Holland Dutch)—I think she really resembles Walter more than she does me . . . except for her hair—which, while not as blonde as mine, is not as dark as Walter's."

"Leonid Kinskey," Walter murmured. "In her earlier pictures, she looked like Leonid Kinskey, the Russian character actor."

"A few months ago," Betty laughed, "it was Queen Victoria! 'Doesn't she look like Victoria Regina,' Walter kept saying, 'sitting regally in her carriage there.' New fathers," said the new mother, "have to be funny.

"Until her hair began to grow long and curly, as it is now—lucky Tina!—everyone did take her for a boy . . . which used to annoy 'Pop-Pop' no end. That's what we call my dad. Pop-Pop would come in from Jersey, where he lives, three or four times a week, to take her

Continued
Little Christina Lynne meets some feathered friends at a neighbor’s, then goes looking for birdies on home grounds.

Walter and Betty Wragge Brooke take a busman’s—rather, an actor’s—holiday, looking over home films.

for a stroll in the park (he still does—he’s the ideal grandfather!). But when, one day, a passerby chucked her under the chin and ‘complimented’ Pop-Pop by saying, ‘Now, there’s a boy if I’ve ever seen one’—that did it! Pop-Pop bought a doll, all dressed in pink, and put it in Christina’s lap when he took her out in the carriage. The next time anyone called her a boy, he asked indignantly, ‘What’s the matter? A boy doesn’t play with dolls. Dot’s a girl, dot’s a girl!”

“Dot’s a girl, all right,” Walter laughed, “and such a healthy girl.”

“So healthy,” Betty agreed gratefully, “and easy, so easy, so cooperative about everything. And attentive. She really hears what you say, and understands the ‘why’ of things. When she’s being dressed to go out, for instance—or being undressed to go to bed—there’s no fussing about it. She never wakes up until seven in the morning, and never has. In the country, she sometimes sleeps until nine or ten. She even chose a convenient time to be born, the middle of the afternoon instead of four or five in the morning—which, I’m told, is the time most infants choose to make their debuts. This is what I mean—as I’m sure all mothers will understand,” Betty laughed, “when I say she is cooperative!

“If ever she should become a problem child, there are certainly no signs of it now, and never have been. She teether early with little, or very little, trouble. At eleven months, she stood up. At thirteen months, she was walking. Not even a feeding problem...”

“She eats two dinners every day,” Walter grinned. “her own at five o’clock—and, at seven or so, as much of ours as she can wheedle away from us! She never refuses anything—mushrooms, salad dressing doused with garlic, olives...”
Their New Jersey home, according to Walter's count, has 17 rooms—seven-and-a-half bathrooms—100 windows!

“Actually,” Betty broke in, “what she really likes is a good chicken dinner with junior foods . . . a whole jar of vegetables, a whole jar of fruit—on the side, so to speak.”

“The first word she learned, at the age of ten months,” Walter said, “was ‘More!’ She knew the meaning of the word, too—proved it by extending her empty bottle and saying briskly, ‘Take more!’ Her appetite,” Walter added with a grin, “is a double inheritance—from both of us. Betty married me because I have such a large appetite. I married Betty because she is such a superb cook.

“Seriously, though, I (Continued on page 88)
Hour of Glory

Nanette Fabray came as a guest to the Sid Caesar show—and then stayed to become Caesar's TV wife!

By FRANCES KISH

Certainly, Nanette Fabray had little idea of becoming Caesar's "TV wife" when she appeared as a guest on Sid Caesar's program a year ago last November 8. She had been signed for one of Max Liebman's "color spectulars," but through a mix-up in bookings her appearance had been postponed a few weeks. In the meantime, Sid's show was making use of her talents for a guest shot—and, as it turned out, this proved to be something spectacular in its own right!

At that time, Sid had already done six shows of his 1954 fall season, and had been experimenting with new ideas. But something was lacking, some element he knew was needed to make the program the hit he hoped for. "Luckily for me," Nanette says, "Sid had just come up with what proved to be the right idea for a whole new format. Luckily, too, I happened to be the guest star who came on at that point. And luckily, I fitted right into the show."

"Luckily, the timing was perfect—but so was the talent. And the preparation. (Continued on page 83)"

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Nanette Fabray is featured on Caesar's Hour, seen over NBC-TV three Mondays out of four, 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Helene Curtis Industries, Remington Electric Shavers and the American Chicle Co. (for Dentyne, Clorets, Beeman's Gum, and Rolaid).

Commuters Nanette and Sid have their quieter moments in Caesar's Hour (left). But, for a picture of true domestic bliss, see Sid with his own lovely wife Florence (below).

Harmony on the show—from Ellen Parker (at left), Howie Morris, Sid, Nanette, Carl Reiner and Sondro Deel. (But wanna break 'em up? Just say, "Shut up, you crazy gypsy nuts," and watch what happens—particularly to Nonette!)
On TV, Jim Anderson (Bob Young) and Margaret (Jane Wyatt) have one son, Bud (Billy Gray), two daughters —Betty (Elinor Donahue) and Kathy (Lauren Chapin).

At home, Bob and his wife Betty have four daughters: Standing beside Bob—Carol (Mrs. Arthur Proffitt) and Barbara; seated with Betty—Elizabeth and Kathleen.
"Father Knows Best"

But Robert Young himself willingly admits that most of what "Father" knows he learned from his family—either the one on TV or the one at home

By BETTY MILLS

Barbara, Elizabeth and Kathleen (in doorway), Mrs. Young and married daughter Carol (both at window) watch "Dad" rehearsing with his TV wife, Jane Wyatt. Below, Jane and Bob with their TV "youngest," Lauren Chapin.

Rehearsal was underway on the set of Screen Gems' Father Knows Best, for another of the heartwarming family-comedy episodes as seen over NBC-TV. Pipe in one hand, evening paper in the other, Jim Anderson (Robert Young) walked into his living room. His wife Margaret (Jane Wyatt), son Bud (Billy Gray, 17), daughters Betty Lou and Kathy (named after two of Bob Young's own children but played by Elinor Donahue, 18, and Lauren Chapin, 10) were all busy with their evening chores. Mother was darning; Bud, Betty Lou and Kathy were struggling desperately with their homework.

"Who invaded England in 1066?" Betty Lou asked of the room in general.

"I don't know, dear," said Mrs. Anderson. "Ask your father. He knows all the answers."

"Daddy," said Betty Lou, as father Anderson entered, "who invaded England in 1066?"

"Yeah," piped up Bud, "and what's the square root of 64?"

Continued
Father of the Bride: Bob Young's famous smile comes from a full heart as he gets his piece of wedding cake from daughter Carol and her groom, Arthur Proffitt.

“Father Knows Best” (Continued)

“William the Conqueror invaded England, Betty Lou,” said Father wisely, “and the square root of 64 is 8.”

At this point, ten-year-old Lauren gave voice to an explosive “Ha!”

“What’s wrong, Lauren?” asked the director.

“I’m sorry,” she said, “but I couldn’t help it. Mr. Young was helping me with math lessons just this morning—we were doing my ‘four-times’ table—and, when my teacher wasn’t looking, he counted on his fingers to make sure 4 times 8 is 32. So I couldn’t help laughing when, without even trying, he knew the square root of 64!”

That evening, at his Beverly Hills home, Bob walked in to find his own wife, Betty, and daughters Barbara, 18, Betty Lou, 12, and Kathy, 10 (fourth daughter Carol, 22, is now married) gathered around the dining-room table in much the same fashion.

“Oh, Daddy,” said Betty Lou. “I’m so glad you’re here. . . . Will you help me with my homework? I only need one answer to finish my history lesson. Who invaded England in the year 1066?”

“That’s easy,” said Bob. “We had that one on the set today. It was some square called William—I mean it was William the Conqueror. Anybody want to know the square root of 64? I know that answer, too.”

There are not too many fathers in this country who are blessed with seven children—six girls and a boy. But Robert Young points to his seven (four at home, three on the set of Father (Continued on page 75)

Father Knows Best is seen over NBC-TV, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Scott Paper Company. The Screen Gems presentation is also seen in Canada, over CBC: consult local papers.
It isn’t easy being the only man in the family! But five contented faces rate Bob A-plus as husband and dad. Left, Barbara, Carol, Betty; right, Elizabeth and Kathleen (who are also called Betty Lou and Kathy, like their namesakes in *Father Knows Best*).

**Flying** is Bob’s great hobby now, though at one time—like Billy Gray—he zipped around on a motorcycle. **“Poco,”** the poodle, casts a wary eye as Bob enjoys a frolic in the swimming pool with Elizabeth and Barbara.
THE FABULOUS CROSBYS

Bing’s always been his boys’ best pal. Above, with Phillip (one of the twins, now 21) and Lindsay (18 this January).

Gary, Bing’s eldest, is first to follow Dad into show business—Gary’s own idea, but he’s doing the Crosbys proud.

Linny, the youngest, thinks only of college, but takes after Dad in one respect—he’s very good at golf.

Bing and Bob started it all. Now the second generation is proving that it can carry on!

By MAXINE ARNOLD

PART TWO (Conclusion)

When his four sons—first-born Gary, twins Phillip and Dennis, and young Lindsay—were “just kids” and Bing Crosby used to go Christmas-caroling with them, Bing was already kidding: “I have to beat Gary to the downbeat if I get to sing the lead!” About that same time, at the parochial school the boys attended, the choirmaster was stopped in the midst of running his students up and down the scale as he heard one of them reaching for a real low note. “Say, you sound—” the choirmaster began, and a Sister whispered, “That’s Gary Crosby.” Keeping his voice deep down, Gary explained, “I’m a baritone. I’ve got to be a baritone. . . .”

Gary himself doesn’t remember this. His own first memory of singing? “You mean alone, or any kind?” he cross-questions. “I remember being on Command Performance with Frank Sinatra during the war. And Dad taking me with him when he toured Army camps. As I (Continued on page 96)"
Bob and "Mom" Crosby
WHO'S WHO ON

The People's Choice

A bright, new comedy show campaigns for laughs, with landslide, side-splitting results

JACKIE COOPER

Jackie Cooper grew up in Hollywood but, in the same city, he outgrew his career as child star. Yet the famed “Skippy,” who had planted his footprints in front of Grauman’s Chinese Theater, still had his feet planted firmly on the ground. The road to obscurity was not for him. A role in the road company of “Mister Roberts,” then two Broadway plays, “Remains To Be Seen” and “King of Hearts,” marked his coming-of-age. He risked a variety of roles in TV dramas, found footlight maturity and said, “New York is where I grew up as an actor.” As ornithologist Socrates Miller, he’s back in the same studio at which he started his career at the age of 3. Now 33, he has a wife, Barbara, and a nine-year-old son, John, by a former marriage. He likes to swim, fish, beat the drums, and is acclaimed one of the country’s top 20 sports car drivers—and a star twice over.

PAT BRESLIN

Brunette with green eyes, Pat Breslin has the luck of her Irish ancestry. Or is it pluck? The daughter of Judge Edward Breslin of New York City, Pat won her TV role as Mayor Peoples’ daughter Amanda by being photographed in the pilot film from the knees up only. She’d broken her foot and was ignoring a prescription of six weeks in bed. Pat is the girl who started at the top in TV—as Juliet in the NBC-TV production of “Romeo and Juliet”—and stayed there for more than 350 roles in major video dramas. She’s been in training since she was five and debuted in a dancing school program at Carnegie Hall. Following student productions at Ursuline Convent and the University of Rochester, she met her husband, actor-writer David Orrick, in the road company of “Private Lives.” They wed in ’53.

The People's Choice, a Norden Production, is seen over NBC-TV, Thurs., at 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Borden Company.
The indigent artist Pierre is played by Leonid Kinskey, whose friends accuse him of attending a School of Dialect to maintain his old-country accent. Voice and intonations have been his stock in trade through 104 movies and a vaudeville trailer, where he's played Mexicans, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, and Arabs. Back in St. Petersburg, Russia, his banker-father frowned on his acting ambitions. But Leonid joined a traveling revue that wound up in South America. He landed in New York in 1925, joined Al Jolson's "Wonderful" show in 1930. When the show came to Hollywood, he was "discovered" by Ernst Lubitsch. When he wants to beat a hasty retreat, Leonid cues his wife, the former Countess Iphigenie Castiglione, with his first on-stage line: "Why did I come to this castle?"

MARGARET IRVING

Margaret Irving's career began by accident. At the age of 12, living with her widowed mother on a Uniontown, Pennsylvania, farm, she dressed up for a costume party as a "grande dame." A photographer took her picture, entered it in a contest for the world's ten most beautiful women—and Margaret placed seventh. As a result, a New York producer offered her a role and, though he stuttered at her pigtails, he launched a career that had her playing foil to such comedians as W. C. Fields, Cantor, Jolson, Fannie Brice and the Marx Brothers. Another disguise, a black wig and Italian accent, won her the first of many roles in Sigmund Romberg operettas. She's appeared in movies and in My Little Margie on TV. As Aunt Gus, she shares a trailer with Jackie Cooper, which is type-casting. Her husband William James publishes a trailer magazine and they only recently settled down in a stationary home in Long Beach.

PAUL MAXEY

When portly Paul Maxey isn't looking like Mayor Peoples in The People's Choice, he looks less like an actor and more like a stockbroker. He comes by this air naturally, for he worked amid the bulls and bears for sixteen years. Born in Wheaton, Illinois, Paul attended St. Michael's Academy there, then completed his education at Pasadena City College. As a hobby, he joined the famed Pasadena Playhouse in 1926, appearing in 187 of its productions. Shortly before the war, he became an ex-stockbroker and started rolling up some impressive show-business figures, including more than 150 movies, 200 stage productions, and nearly all TV shows originating in Hollywood. He's a veep of the Hollywood actors' club, the Marquers, still lives in Pasadena and, unlike his video role, is a bachelor.

JOHN STEPHENSON

Six-foot-one John Stephenson, who plays the "heavy," Roger Crutcher, left the Midwest twice. Born in Darlington, Wisconsin, he made his debut at 13, with the Kenosha Little Theater. His first departure took him all the way to China, where he did combat duty with the Air Force as a radioman-gunner. Then, having picked up his Bachelor of Science degree, with a major in drama, at Northwestern University, John left again, ne'er to return. Not that he has anything against the Midwest. But there's been no time for visits home. John arrived in Hollywood in 1948 for a visit, has since enjoyed a flood of good parts on radio and in television and the movies. Blue-eyed and brown-haired, John likes swimming and tennis and, after his wife Jean and their North Hollywood home, loves golf most of all.

CLEO

Making her TV debut, Cleo proves a scene-stealer. In private life, her best friend is a raccoon, Davy Crockett, and the way to her heart is with steak and cheese.
Dancer Mary is ideal, as Barrie’s immortal “little boy.” Below, fencing with Lucas Hoving at the Silvermine (Conn.) Guild Ballet School.

Mother Mary and daughter Heller both “had something to crow about,” when they appeared on stage—and TV—in “Peter Pan.”

MARY MARTIN-

A long-time friend—and famous writer—reveals the inner spark which sets a vivid star aglow on TV screens

By RADIE HARRIS

Oh, my heart belongs to daddy, ’cause my daddy he treats it so well!” It was Mary Martin, perched on a piano in a Main Bocher creation of peach chiffon, singing the number that first catapulted her to Broadway stardom, seventeen years ago. And, as I listened to these famous Cole Porter lyrics, the scene before me receded in the distance, like a flashback in a movie. No longer was I at CBS Playhouse 72, among the select gathering of friends invited by Mary and Noel Coward to watch them perform in “Together With Music.” I was suddenly transported back to the Imperial Theater on that November 9th, 1938, opening night of Vinton Freedley’s new musical, “Leave It to Me.”

“A young friend of mine is making her debut tonight,” I had whispered to my next-seat companion that night in 1938. “She’s never played on any stage before, and here she is in a Broadway show with three such veteran performers as Sophie Tucker, Victor Moore and William Gaxton. I’m so

Continued

Party-goer Mary and writer Radie Harris rock with laughter, at a quip from Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein—whose husband wrote the book and lyrics for “South Pacific,” in which Mary starred.
Perennial Peter Pan
Mary first won Broadway hearts singing of "Daddy" in "Leave It to Me." With Ezio Pinza in "South Pacific," she brought new tenderness to musicals. Noel Coward introduced her to London—she shared his TV debut here.

International triumph: George Abbott, Mary, Helen Hayes, Heller, and Don Murray in "The Skin of Our Teeth." Last year’s revival of the Thornton Wilder classic was a hit on both sides of the Atlantic—and on NBC-TV.

Mary stars in the musical "Peter Pan," on Producers’ Showcase. Home base, for Mary Martin Holliday, is their house in Connecticut. There’s also an apartment in New York City and a coffee plantation in Brazil, where Dick and Mary hope to settle, when not flitting about the world.
Viewers wrote Mary many glowing letters, after their "visit" to her home, via Ed Murrow's Person To Person, over CBS-TV.

TV screens showed the needlework rug Mary made, bearing the inspiring Chinese proverb which spells out her dream.

Perennial Peter Pan

were so nervous?" And such is the miracle of sudden success that, by the time we had fought our way back to her upstairs dressing room, the six old friends had expanded to such new friends as Elsa Maxwell, Jules Glaenzer, and Winthrop Rockefeller, who swept her off to supper at El Morocco—but not until Mary had first taken me aside to ask, "Is it all right for me to go?"

Just as they were about to leave, another tuxedoed stranger rushed up to her and, enthusiastically planting a kiss on either cheek, exclaimed, "Darling, you were absolutely mah-velous." (Continued on page 73)

A rare family portrait, from Radie Harris's own collection, taken in 1952: Dick and Mary Halliday, their daughter Heller, and Mary's son Larry (now married). At right, Mary and Heller on their memorable tour of Europe, with "Skin of Our Teeth."
Truly a "Honeymooner"
But Joyce Randolph didn't take much stock in marriage—until she met a handsome broker

Joyce and bridegroom Dick Charles entertain the two who introduced them—designer Peggy Morrison and her husband (on couch). In the kitchen, Dick's an expert "de-froster," Joyce is the rotisserie chef.

By GREGORY MERWIN

Let's face it: It's not easy being married to a man who comes home each day from a sewer—not even in make-believe. So it's little wonder that, when "Trixie Norton" got married—really married—she wed a stockbroker who, although he may have to thumb through some inky old stock certificates during the course of his work, at least deals with things which have a kind of a money smell (and is that bad?).

Just so we don't start off with the wrong impression, Joyce Randolph—who plays Trixie on Jackie Gleason's The Honeymooners—didn't marry a stockbroker just to get away from her sewer-inspector husband on that hilarious show. After all, Richard L. Charles is a young six-footer who is just breaking out of the acting business and into (Continued on page 102)

Joyce Randolph can be seen as Trixie Norton in The Honeymooners, Starring Jackie Gleason, CBS-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Buick Dealers.

Dick thinks his bride buys perfume by the carton! But practical Joyce made the vanity herself—from an old desk. They did a lot of the decorating "on their own," and lacquered most of the furniture in dramatic black-and-white. Joyce loves clothes, and not just at trousseau-time. She prefers vivid colors, simple lines—and "bargains."
Something new has been added to George and Gracie's show.
Father and son set out for work, from the Burns home in Beverly Hills—together. George gave Ronnie every chance to choose any career he wanted, is mighty proud that "show business" proved irresistible!

By BUD GOODE

May we should change the billing from 'Burns and Allen' to 'Burns, Allen, and Burns,'” kidded Ronnie, George's and Gracie’s 19-year-old son, the newest addition to television’s real-life acting families. “No,” said George, “it sounds too much like a legal firm. After all, we are still in show business. Besides, it wouldn’t be fair to Gracie to have Burns mentioned twice.”

Ronnie, over six feet tall and weighing 170 pounds—all muscle, as a result of 15 years of swimming and water-skiing—is the kind of clean-cut American boy who is sure to have sand in the cuffs of his blue-jeans. Handsome, perennially sun-tanned, and with a smile as bright as an ocean whitecap, Ronnie has a sparkle in his eyes at the pleasant thought of having finally found the one job he was best cut out for—acting.

But there was a time not too long ago when Ronnie wasn’t sure what he wanted to do. Acting, as a career, was arrived at only after Ronnie’s “what-I-want-to-be” had bounded around like the ball in a trained-seal a tall, talented son named Ronnie

George and Gracie are enjoying new roles of their own—as grandparents of their daughter Sandra’s baby girl, “Laurie.”

See Next Page
act. George's own personal advice to Ronnie had always been: "Pick any job you like. But try to find one you'll be willing to work at for free. That's the one you're sure to be a success at."

Though George and Gracie never tried to force their children, Sandra and Ronnie, into any special job, when Ronnie, at 17, had not made a selection, George thought he would make a few suggestions. One day he said to his son, "Ronnie, why don't you take up law? I don't care what business you do finally go into, I think you'll find the law a good basis for every job."

Ronnie, always willing to please, said, "Sure."

George recalls, as he tells the tale, "It's not that Ronnie wanted to be a lawyer, you know. But, as long as I wanted him to become a legal eagle, it was okay with him. Ronnie never will do anything to upset the apple-cart.

"He later called up his sister, Sandra, to tell her the news, and I heard him on the phone. He said, 'Hello, Sandy, I'm going to be a lawyer.'"

"She said, 'When did you decide?'"

"Ronnie said, 'I didn't; Dad did.'"

George continues describing Ronnie's would-be careers: "Ronnie was a 'lawyer' for his three weeks and then his mother, who paints water colors as a hobby, saw a picture Ronnie had done in school. She said, 'Ronnie, you paint so well, you ought to be an architect.'"

"He said, 'An architect? Sure, why not...?'

"He called up his sister again, saying: 'Hello, Sandy, I just gave up law, I'm an architect now.'"

Ever since he was a child, Ronnie's always been two things—cooperative and agreeable with his family. Personality-wise, he's something of a diplomat. That's why George says, "Speaking of careers, I've always thought Ronnie should have gone into the State Department. He always manages to make ends meet."

"For instance, when he was four years old and Sandra was five, I bought a new dictionary for $40. The kids promptly got their hands and their mother's scissors on it. Beginning with the A's, they began cutting out all the pictures. When I caught up with them they were half-way through the S's—as in 'stutter,' for that's just what I found myself doing as I bawled them out. I'd no sooner begun than Ronnie turned to his sister and said, 'You (Continued on page 86)"

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**BURNS AND ALLEN Plus**

(Continued)

Family harmony: George leads his favorite quartet in a stirring rendition of his favorite theme song, "I Love Her, That's Why." At the left, son-in-law Young Willhaite, III, and Ronnie. At the piano, Gracie (the song's inspiration) and daughter Sandra Burns Willhaite.

Tuesday night is usually home-rehearsal night for the three show-business Burnses—except when Ronnie baby-sits with his niece Laurie!
Mary Martin—Perennial Peter Pan

(Continued from page 67)

"Who was that?" Mary asked as he rushed downstairs to the stars' dressing rooms.

"That, darling, is Noel Coward!" was my answer. And Mrs. Beaton, the playwright, said, "And he's the only one of Fate that, eight years later, this same Mr. Coward was to introduce Mary to the British public at the most famous theatrical debut in London, the "Delia Smith Circus of 1860"—and, eight years after that Mary was to introduce Noel in his American TV debut as they sang and danced together. What a vast, vast audience, ninety million viewers!

So certain was Bill Paley, CBS Chairman of the Board, of the assured success of this co-starring team that he did what is generally considered a risk in this kind of business. He planned a celebration, immediately following the telecast. It was at this supper party at "21" that Noel said of Mary, "Working with her is like being married..."

Mary—a grandmother—and, if you think that makes us both feel old, you're absolutely right!

Turning back the clock seventeen years, everything is so indelibly printed in my memory that it seems like yesterday, and yet how much water has flowed under the bridge since then! Has Mary changed with the times? Has she come to her? Superficially, yes. When we first met, she was living in a theatrical boarding house on Sixth Avenue. She never went out. We were married in Norwalk, Connecticut, a hotel suite at the Dorset, and a coffee plantation in Brazil—when she isn't traveling to London, Paris, Rome, Martinique, Rio, Jamaica—and her family is international.

Before, she had a limited budget for wardrobe, at one time. She used to have her clothes fitted for her by Main Bocher, and is so exquisitely groomed on all occasions that she is included in the top list of "best dressed women" in the world. She has plates as the Duchess of Windsor and Mrs. William Paley. Where, before, she rode on subways and busses, she is now driven by a chauffeur, and especially imported from England. Where, before, her "heat belonged to Daddy," it now belongs to Richard Halliday and she isChr.; three children—"Little Larry," "Colin," twenty-five-year-old Larry and her fifty-pound Swedish bride. Basically, however, she is still the same endearing, unspoiled person I knew when "Leaves in the Wind."

Now, as you well know, there is no trick to meeting famous people after they have arrived. Success breeds success and everyone climbs aboard the bandwagon then. To me, the greatest thrill to have known Audrey Hepburn before "Roman Holiday" or "Gigi" skyrocketed her to overnight fame—Laura Secord, when she was a housewife at the Stage Door Canteen—Shirley Booth, when she was my fourth-floor neighbor at the Hotel Algonquin—and so many others who has since said, "It was so nice to see you." And so, when I received joy's letter, I immediately called and invited her to lunch with me. I felt a protective interest in Mary before we had even finished the sentence, and if she had not been dressed in "The Great Victor Herbert"—a film, I hasten to add, which conditioned her against movies from then on. It was during the shooting of this picture that the Paramount, I nonchalantly said, "is looking for an executive interested in future properties lined up for her. When she returned to New York for her personal appearance at the Paramount, I nonchalantly said, "You are going to marry Richard Halliday," "What makes you say a thing like that?" Mary corrected me, "because you mentioned his name far too often, far too casually, at lunch today!"

"It wasn't long afterwards that all her other friends were stunned by the "surprise" marriage. She had slung off to marry Richard Halliday. During the fifteen years of their, there's been a partnership, not only dedicated to the business but to the art, and that is what Richard is the guiding light behind Mary's career. He selects her properties, negotiates her contracts, chooses her wardrobe, handles the public relations. She is adored by a secretary, of course—and acts as general buffer between her and the overwhelming demands that normally clutter up the life of a star. In fact, Mary is like--

But, even when Richard isn't along, his influence is felt Mary was looking at my neighbor's house in the country, especially around my legs, and I love slacks," she told me. "But Richard loathes them, so I never wear any. At lunch, she picked up a cigarette butt, said, "I smoke, but Richard says I can have one a day." "If Mary defers to Richard's every wish, it's because she never questions the wisdom of his judgment, or his ability to execute all the manifold duties he assumes to protect the vitality she needs for her work, and the freedom to develop her own career, and their daughter."
When there was no role for Heller in "South Pacific," Heller was miserable. Every time she would go to a performance and watch young Barbara Luana play Ezio Pinza's daughter, she'd come backstage afterwards and whisper to Mary, "Don't you think Barbara's getting too old for the part?" But, by the time Mary took "South Pacific" to London, Heller was no longer interested in playing Barbara Luana. She now wanted to be a ballet dancer, and she was lucky enough to be accepted by the Sadler Wells Ballet School. Her large brown eyes, if everything afterwards, then she'd be. "No, I didn't say. I be. "The best man, and I said that. I can't say. The story that. I am. I hope for the future."

Little did Mary dream, when she ran a dancing school back home and tried so hard to teach her young son a few tap steps, that some twelve years later he would make his stage debut as a "Scabce" in the London production of "South Pacific," dancing the very same steps in the "Honey Bun" number. Uncle Sam soon nipped Larry's career in the bud, however, just as he was getting started, and put him in another kind of uniform. He's still in service in London, in charge of special entertainment for the Air Force.

Larry's married now to a beautiful Swedish girl, whom Mary, Dick and Heller met for the first time when they were in Paris last summer with "Skin of Our Teeth," and the entire Halliday family promptly fell in love with her. Maj (pronounced Mai) is a brilliant clothes designer, but she hopes her greatest talent will be as a mother. She and Larry want a large brood, and they don't want to rely on the precariousness of show business to help lift him, too. They want firm roots, and so Larry has turned to the interest of his childhood again—the good earth. As soon as he returns to civilian life, he and Maj want to run the coffee plantation which Mary and Dick have bought in Brazil—and start their nursery there.

This 300-acre paradise is the "Shangri-La" of her dreams. Dick hopes to retire there in their "lean and slipped years." In the meantime, they hope to spend from three to six months a year there, depending on their schedule, as time goes by. They discovered this remote spot, twenty-five miles from the nearest inhabited post and only accessible by private plane from Sao Paulo, when they visited Janet Gaynor and Adrian there last winter, and immediately bought the only other acreage for sale in this isolated area. "The brilliant foliage is like something out of Van Gogh," Mary glows. "The climate never varies—it is always summer, with no humidity. And the price of the house we've bought cost less than the one guest cottage we added to our Norwalk cottage for Larry and Maj. By the same economics, six servants cost less than one in New York." No wonder Mary's eyes blazed with excitement as she described all this to me. Only two people, very much in love, and with an inner contentment, can shut themselves off from the rest of the world so completely. Mary and Richard are those two people, and I feel no one but they have no interest but their work, Mary has other resources to fall back on. She recently took up painting, and now she can't wait to get to her studio. "The last complaint is that she never gets enough time to catch up on all the books piled high on her shelves. She has a green thumb she'll put to great practical use on her coffee plantation—which is not only decorative but productive, she hopes!

Amazingly enough, Mary never thinks of herself as a star. "I always think of someone like Joan Crawford or Merle Oberon as being a star," she recently told me. "I never think of myself on that scale. It is a little difficult for the last person to deny that she doesn't enjoy the accoutrements of success—financial security and world-wide popularity. But, in spite of all this, she doesn't seem to have come from adulation, fame, beautiful clothes and jewels, but from the talent to make an audience laugh and cry. If she were to look back on her entire career, she would tell you, "It is remembering the sounds of children seeing 'Peter Pan' for the first time."

She won't be hearing those sounds again but will live in memory as she revives "Peter Pan" on TV, by popular request, on January 3. This will be her only TV commitment until fall, when she will reprise the role of hers—never cleared beforehand—"Arnie Get Your Gun." Before she introduces this Irving Berlin-Dorothy and Herb Fields musical on TV, she's planning to tour it on the West Coast. "We played 'Peter Pan' and 'The Skin of Our Teeth' to a live audience first," she observes, "and it was a wonderful break-in—live—and all the time, with every show. Funnily enough, although I've never liked pictures, I adore the medium of TV."

Mary's TV appearances have been deliberately few, and each one carefully chosen for their diversified appeal. Certainly, to run the gamut from co-starring with Ethel Merman to "Peter Pan" to "Skin of Our Teeth" to performing as Noel Coward's song-and-dance partner has proven her extraordinary versatility. Perhaps the one that drew the most fan mail was that night Ed Murrow visited her, Person To Person, at her home in Norwalk. Here was Mary, with all her natural warmth, charm and gaiety, coming into her own, making them glow with her radiant personality.

The next day, Mr. Murrow was flooded with requests for the Chinese proverb Mary had woven into the needlepoint rug she made for her living-room floor, and which she had shown to the TV audience. Because it is the philosophy of life that she lives by—and has made her the great human being she is—I can't think of a better way to end this article than to quote it for those of you who might have missed it: "If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there be beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the family home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be peace in the nation. When there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world."

Is my husband being Unfaithful?

Anxious doubts and fears are likely to creep into anyone's mind. That's why so many houses are thankful for the radio program "My True Story." It deals frankly with such deep emotional difficulties. With stories taken right from the files of True Story Magazine, it shows you how other people have triumphed over life's most disturbing problems. So don't miss these helpful and exciting stories.

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AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

8 She had wished her aunt dead, and her wish had been granted. How could she live with this burden of guilt? Read "GUilty TEEN" in February TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newstands now.
Father Knows Best

(Continued from page 58)

Knows Best, saying proudly, "They're all mine—almost."

What does it take to become a successful father? With his experience in raising "two" families, Bob Young knows best how to teach his children to be responsible and to work hard. After he left the garage to have the carburetor boiled, he said, "That's what I mean—teach them to look after their own affairs."

One of the children of the set is good at reading. The other is good at math. They frequently come upon new words which they write down and, at
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MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 75

the end of the day, the three youngsters and Bob have a "word" meeting, where he explains the word, its history and origin (a practice he developed with his own children):

Etyymology—the study of words—is a hobby of Bob's. And "etyymology" is now one of the words the children have added to their own vocabulary. I remember how ten-year-old Lauren insists on calling Bob an entomologist (which happens to mean "a student of insects").

Lauren's little face just lights up when she says she is the "expert on bugs." Bob loves it, of course, and Lauren eagerly awaits the answer when she asks him about the bugs he has brought home.

When Bob has visitors on the set, or an interview to do, Elinor comes over to stand in the reflected light of Robert Young's special star. Bob understands.

Aside from drama, Elinor's main in- terest lies in dancing. "In this regard," says Bob, "Elinor is very much like my own daughters, Kathy and Barbara—ex- cept that Kathy is a professional dancer!"

And Bob himself is always ready to make his kids dance for the help they want in posture and carriage.

During the time Elinor was studying English and Latin, Bob gave her an elegantly bound book of sonnets for Christmas. Bob had seen her thirty-five-cent copies of the books rec- ommended for her studies. And thought the classics deserved a more elegant binding.

Elinor relies on Bob's help—especially, of course, in History of the Theater. She says impressively, "Mr. Young went to the trouble to send me a book that he knows everything about dramatics."

As for Bob's own history, Robert George Young was born in Chicago on Washing- ton's birthday, February 12, 1899, in a schoolchildren. His father was a building contractor who moved his family to Seattle when Bob was three. At eight, Bob was helping the family do double duty as a helper on a grocery delivery truck. When Bob was ten, the Youngs moved to Los Angeles. All through grade school and Lincoln High School, Bob had odd jobs. He sold news- paper, worked in a jewelry store and in the press room of the Los Angeles Times, drove a cleaning truck, and worked as a grease-monkey in a gas station.

During the six years he was a collector for a building and loan company, then worked in a Lake Tahoe bowling alley, and finally in a Los Angeles stock brokerage house, Bob still found time to play music. During the next four years, Bob appeared in forty-five productions at the Playhouse, and won the lead in the touring production of "The Ship."

He was signed to a movie contract at M-G-M and was immediately loaned out to Fox for "Black Camel," first of the Charlie Chan series, in 1929. He played the part of the daughter of Warner Oland. He next won critical attention as Helen Hayes' son in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." From there on, his acting career was a steady climb. He has appeared in nearly all important roles...

There are moments in the Young house- hold that are just as tender and heart- warming as those on Father Knows Best. Bob is a completely understanding father who has a genuine love for his own children. One recent Christmas, for example, in order to avoid duplication in the gifts from his children, he told them that he would like some sort of alarm clock to wake him on the mornings he reported to the set of Father Knows Best, a half-dozen golf balls, and perhaps, a new electric typewriter. He also mentioned the prices on the gifts to fit his children's varying pocketbooks.

Then Bob took each girl in tow and they went Christmas shopping. Once in the store, the girls had to go off and "buy something for Daddy." Bob didn't know until Christmas morning what that "something" was.

The first gift, from 10-year-old Kathy
was a $1.29 Mickey Mouse-type alarm clock that went "Ding." The second gift was a moderately expensive electric clock with a mellow "Bing-bong" chime. And the third gift was a relatively expensive clock radio which not only woke you to music, but turned on the coffee, too.

Little Kathy's face was all smiles when her inexpensive gift was first opened, because she knew her daddy needed an alarm clock. But, as the other clocks appeared, her face began to cloud up. Finally the elegant radio was too much for her, and her big brown eyes filled with tears.

“What's wrong, Kathy?” asked Bob surprised.

“You're sure to send back my clock,” she stuttered.

Bob looked around the circle of faces. Neither Carol, Betty Lou nor Barbara seemed upset at the duplication. Since it wasn't important to them, he made a quick decision—even as he gave the shiny new clock radio one longing glance. "Don’t worry, Kathy," he smiled, “you're the one I'll be using..." Kathy's smile was more than enough reward.

Having partially raised two families through their adolescent years, Bob well knows the problems that period presents: Allowances...clothes...teen-age telephones...and dating.

“Allowances,” says Bob, “are as important at home as they are on Father Knows Best. Betty and I have tried to teach the children the importance of money, what it will buy, and what it means in the way of work. So we have delegated certain jobs they should do—like putting away the linens, making their own beds, picking up after themselves, setting the table, and occasionally helping in the kitchen.

"On the program, we make it clear that the children have to earn their allowances, too. In fact, Kathy is always needing Jim Anderson for a raise from twenty-five cents a week to thirty cents. She'll do anything short of blackmail to get it, too!” smiles father Jim.

“My Kathy at home is no different,” father Bob admits. “She gets fifty cents a week, but 10-year-olds get wise fast. She looks at the fifty cents and then, with a wave of the hand, she says, ‘It just doesn't seem to balance with all this...’ But I explain that fifty cents is all she has earned and, if she wants more, there are plenty of things around the house that need doing, and she can take her pick of jobs.”

Dating is one of the big problems that come up during adolescence. Though Father seems to be on the outside, looking in on this problem of dating, he experiences the same feelings of loneliness and being left out that his children suffer, both in the script and at home. ‘Between the ages of twelve and sixteen,’ Bob says, "the girls grow, they seem to flower. They get interested in boys. In fact, generally, they are bigger in size than boys. Boys, on the other hand, are in their sandy and gawky years. The girls couldn't be more interested—and the boys couldn't be less interested. So we've tried to explain to our girls at home that, if they'll just be patient, it won't be long before the boys catch up with them in their interests.”

Sex education is another subject that Father Knows Best has touched on, though it is admittedly a delicate problem to be presented on TV. “On the show,” Bob says, “I have started talking to Bud a number of times and he has turned to me, saying, ‘Now, look, Dad, if this is going to be the birds and bees again, I’ve heard all that.’ Of course, we have always gotten a laugh out of that line, but the purpose is to at least indicate that this is something we have talked about.

“At home, it is quite another thing. I owe a great deal to my wife Betty in this regard. She has been alert and wise in handling the girls. We are fortunate that today I have films which we have gotten from the audio-visual aids department of UCLA and which have been a great aid to us. It's such an awkward thing for a father with four girls, yet I feel this is something which definitely is a family responsibility. So, together, Betty and I and the film, ‘Human Growth,’ have been able to explain life—beautifuilly illustrated in color, at that.”

Besides his "two" families, Bob's other interests are golf, flying, PTA, and the Episcopal Theater Guild. Bob is president of the Guild and they have been busy preparing the play, "The Valiant," with Bob playing the condemned man. He hasn’t missed a Father’s Night at the PTA, where he and his friend, Ralph Edwards, supply the talent.

His interest in airplanes has been a long-standing one, though he only took up flying in 1947. "It was kind of an odd parlay," Bob says, "from motorcycles to airplanes. During the war, I used a motorcycle for transportation to save gasoline. After the war, Betty wanted me to give it up, but I rather enjoyed it. Since I had been wanting to take flying lessons for years, she agreed to the flying, providing I would leave the motorcycle in the garage. Now she wishes I had the motorcycle back.”

Whether he’s on a motorcycle, in an airplane, at home or on the set, Bob’s heart is dedicated to the best interests of his own family and his "show family." Bob knows best that a successful father must be all things to all children: Teacher of assorted school subjects from Art to Zoology, and provider of love, encouragement—and allowances!
Monday through Friday

Morning Programs

8:00 Local Program
8:15 John MacVane
8:30 Breakfast Club
8:45 News of America
9:00 Robert Horlegh
9:15 Easy Does It
9:30 News, C. Cecil Brown
9:45 Easy Does It
10:00 Mary Margaret McBride
10:15 10:30 Vincent Peale
10:45 Weekday
11:00 Cecil Brown
11:15 My True Story
11:30 Arthur Godfrey Time
11:45 Fibber McGee & Molly
12:00 Story Time
12:15 12:30 Fibber McGee & Molly
12:45 Weekday
1:00 Weekday
1:15 Weekday
1:30 Weekday
1:45 Weekday
2:00 Weekday
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5:45 Weekday

Afternoon Programs

12:00 Noon News
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1:00 Noon News
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5:00 Noon News
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Monday Evening Programs

Local Program
ABC Reporter
Bill Stern, Sports
Jackson & The News
Lowell Thomas
Fulton Lewis, Jr.
Dinner Date
7:25 Wall Street
Final
Vandenberg, News
Quincy Howe
Events of The Day
Bing Crosby
Edward R. Murrow
True Detective
The World And You
8:25 News
Voice Of Firestone
My Son, Jeep
Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
10:00 Fibber McGee & Molly
10:15 10:20 Carding Conservation Club
10:30 June Pickens Show

Tuesday

6:00 Three Star Extra
6:30 Three Star Extra
7:00 Alex Dreier, Man On The Go
7:15 Fulton Lewis, Jr.
Dinner Date
7:25 Wall Street
Final
Vandenberg, News
Quincy Howe
Events of The Day
Bing Crosby
Edward R. Murrow
True Detective
The World And You
8:25 News
Voice Of Firestone
My Son, Jeep
Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
10:00 Fibber McGee & Molly
10:15 10:20 Carding Conservation Club
10:30 June Pickens Show

Wednesday

Local Program
Bill Stern, Sports
Jackson & The News
Lowell Thomas
Fulton Lewis, Jr.
Dinner Date
7:25 Wall Street
Final
Vandenberg, News
Quincy Howe
Events of The Day
Bing Crosby
Edward R. Murrow
True Detective
The World And You
8:25 News
Voice Of Firestone
My Son, Jeep
Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
10:00 Fibber McGee & Molly
10:15 10:20 Carding Conservation Club
10:30 June Pickens Show

Thursday

Local Program
Bill Stern, Sports
Jackson & The News
Lowell Thomas
Fulton Lewis, Jr.
Dinner Date
7:25 Wall Street
Final
Vandenberg, News
Quincy Howe
Events of The Day
Bing Crosby
Edward R. Murrow
True Detective
The World And You
8:25 News
Voice Of Firestone
My Son, Jeep
Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
10:00 Fibber McGee & Molly
10:15 10:20 Carding Conservation Club
10:30 June Pickens Show

Friday

Local Program
Bill Stern, Sports
Jackson & The News
Lowell Thomas
Fulton Lewis, Jr.
Dinner Date
7:25 Wall Street
Final
Vandenberg, News
Quincy Howe
Events of The Day
Bing Crosby
Edward R. Murrow
True Detective
The World And You
8:25 News
Voice Of Firestone
My Son, Jeep
Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
10:00 Fibber McGee & Molly
10:15 10:20 Carding Conservation Club
10:30 June Pickens Show
### Saturday

#### Morning Programs

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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>8:30 World News Roundup</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
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<td>News</td>
<td>Local Program Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Doug Browning Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
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<td>News</td>
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<td>No School Today</td>
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<td>Monitor</td>
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<td>American Travel Guide</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>News</td>
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<td>No School Today (con.) Mopeds &amp; Melody 10:55 News</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<td>News</td>
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<td>12:05 How To Fix It 101 Ranch Boys Van Voorhis, News 12:35 American Farmer</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>News, Jackson 12:05 Romance</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
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<td>Opera (con.)</td>
<td>News, Bancroft</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
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<td>Wismer, World Of Sports</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<td>News</td>
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<td>Monitor</td>
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### Sunday

#### Morning Programs

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<td>6:00</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Wings Of Healing</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>9:05 Great Moments Of Great Compers 9:25 Van Voorhis, News Voice Of Prophecy</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Back To God</td>
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<td>9:45 Art Of Living</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
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<td>10:00 National Radio 10:15 Pulpit</td>
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<td>Christian Science Monitor</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Monitor</td>
<td>Northwestern Reviewing Stand</td>
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<td>11:30 New World News Action 11:45 New World News Action</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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See Next Page →
The Greatest Glamour

(Continued from page 39)

stunning. Men are just stunned. However, if you are a man, and lucky enough to have a date with Janis on a weekday, you'd have to get her home by nine-thirty.

"I like rings on my fingers and maybe even dangling from my ears," she says, "but under my eyes, no!"

Another thing: If you take Janis out, you're most likely to have a chaperon—for Janis doesn't quite live alone. Her constant companion is a dog which definitely doesn't lead a dog's life. Liebchen, a mahogany-hued dachshund, is a gentle lady. She goes with Janis to the best restaurants and the lush supper clubs. Liebchen is one gal who seldom stays home on a Saturday night.

Liebchen lives in a fashionable hotel apartment between Park and Madison. The service is fine and the location handy to a fine curb—and the television studios. In Beverly Hills, her friend Janis had a lovely home furnished on the outside with trees and inside with antiques. Everything stayed behind when they came east, but no tears are shed by Liebchen.

Together—and Janis and Liebchen are together most of the time, for Liebchen makes frequent guest appearances on Feather Your Nest—they make a study in contrasts. It's quite a tribute to them both that two beings who travel at such extremely different altitudes can love each other so much.

Naturally, Liebchen finds much to admire in Janis, for Janis Carter is a woman of many accomplishments—she was once introduced by Eleanor Roosevelt as "the girl who has traveled more than I" (that year, Janis did 250,000 miles, which included two trips abroad and personal appearances in twenty-nine cities). She's a bit of a daredevil. A sport-car enthusiast, she has jockeyed her Jaguar up to one-thirty, yet she can knit or needlepoint better, probably, than your favorite grandma. She sings almost as well as a Met artist, and has sung, danced and acted her way through nearly fifty movies. She has played in several Broadway musicals and owns two college degrees. She has written songs for Gangbusters and We, The People, and has done several series of articles on women's fashions. She plays piano and has served as semi-professional interior decorator for herself and her friends.

She's a gal of many talents, but her greatest would appear to be that of making friends. When her birthday came calling this year, Janis had been in the show less than ten months but had already impressed everyone with her warmth and charm. So they threw a party for her.

There was a special cake, with a model of Liebchen on the top. That would have been quite enough, but they wanted to give her something, too. They didn't just chip in the usual way. Each person on the show—producer, director, assistants, secretaries, and all the others—bought an individual gift. This is a rare tribute in the television business.

On the other hand, Janis herself was quite a study when she opened the gifts. She took five to ten minutes with each, unknitting ribbons and saving and folding away the papers. She was so touched she flowed a river of tears.

"Janis is the kind you want to do things for," says Louise Hammett, associate producer on the show. "I've never known anyone easier to work with. She's a dear, and there's never any question of what's best for her—it's always the show first. But you can't do much, for Janis isn't the helpless type."

One of the most difficult jobs on the
show is to describe the furniture and car-
peting and household accessories that are
given as prizes. The style varies. It may be
colonial or provincial or period or modern or
or fancy. One day a young woman, a great
broom girl, saw Janis’s possessions up for
sale at auction, Janis went down to buy what
she could afford—towels, napkins, some Venetian
lace, an Italian chandelier. By 1945 she had
four dollars every evening and, one day, the auctioneer
looked at her and said, “Miss Janis says she
has read about you and knows that you
were a toast and she would like
to have you for tea.”

Janis set a date and was met by a woman in
a gown. She had just had the little girl
figure of a girl. Miss Janis was dressed in
a black turtleneck sweater and tights—a
suit considered unusual at tea time,
evertheless she was a success. As one
Miss Carter walked in, Miss Janis did a
split and said, “See, I’ve never got out of
condition.”

Carter went over, stuck down her hand
and said, “How do you do?”

They became good friends and still cor-
respond.

In December of 1950, Janis came East
for several months to work on the big
television shows—Ken Murray’s revue,
the Johnny Johnston show, plus a half-dozen
dramatic hours. As suddenly, she returned to
He and Janis have been
barking acquaintance—mostly because he is
always traveling much too fast to do
much more.

There is also an elderly lady with whom
Janis once was friendly. They used to chat
every evening. The woman owned two
handsome but gray petals and Janis, was
growled, “We girls don’t discuss our real ages.”

Besides New York with its character
and characters, Janis is pleased with the idea
that, when she is East, she is near her
folks. She talks enthusiastically about her
stepfather, Arthur Heiss, saying: “He is
seventy-one and looks fifty-one. He’s the
ugliest one I’ve ever seen. He used to fish
and hunt. When I was a child, he was always
making things for me. I think I was the
only kid in the neighborhood with her
own parallel bars in the backyard.”

She is fond of her mother.

“She’s honest and gracious and nice. She’s
been a terrific yardstick for me.” And
then Janis adds, “A friend I knew in Germany
came to see me here. ‘Mother’ was visiting me, and they met. The friend
called the next day and raved about
Mother. Said she felt as if she had known
her for ten years. She said there was
only one word to describe her and that was
gemütlich—a German word that means
very human and very warm.”

People who have come to know and love
Janis will tell you that it is very much a
case of “like mother, like daughter.” For
all her beauty and talent, she has the
glamour which means more to any woman
than it does to her. But she can sing
Janis Carter has the gift of making friends.
Hour of Glory

(Continued from page 55)

For Nanette is an actress who began her professional career at the age of three and through the years has been developing a unique comedy style of singing and dancing and considerable theatrical know-how. Here was a girl who had already learned to throw away a comedy line as though she had just made it up on the spur of the moment. The girl who departed from the script and Nan has to improvise madly to match this fast ad lib. A girl who can cry in a way to make viewers fracture themselves with laughter— and who can break into a hot jazzy number or a torchy ballad with equal fervor and effectiveness.

It took only a few days of rehearsal, for that first broadcast together, to convince Sid that he had found an actress who responded to his every TV mood. Nan went on the first show to receive instant audience appreciation—and the next, and the next. Securing a release from her commitment with Mr. Liebman, she signed with Sid. And Nanette Fabray began her second season with Caesar last fall.

Nanette must be ready for anything new in the way of lines or business dreamed up on the spur of the moment. While cameras are close up and mikes hover to catch every word, Sid will come up with spontaneous bits of hilariously business and lines that have just occurred to him, and Nanette will match him, bit for bit and line for line. Yet somehow she seems to know the exact second when he is ready to settle down again to the script as they rehearsed it. And all this "live."

"Nan has some kind of sixth sense that tells her what I'm thinking, almost before I know it myself," Sid says. And Nan says: "Sid's funniest lines are the ones he springs without warning." Between them is a telepathic something, a sympathy of ideas, which makes each sensitive to the other's mood of the moment. "Terrific team-work," someone explained it.

Nanette was born Ruby Bernadette Nanette Therese Fabares (pronounced Fab-bah-ray) in San Diego, California. Her father was French. The family's last name was so often mispronounced that Nanette changed its spelling to make it easier for everyone. Her mother was Irish—a "frustrated actress" who had found marriage and three children a career in themselves—but who kept looking for signs of theatrical talent in her growing family. In little Nan, she found a child who could recite a nursery rhyme with the aplomb of a Shakespearean trooper, who could sing with pitch and poise and could hardly keep her feet from dancing. She sent her to dancing school, where her own beliefs were justified when Nan won the school's "kidde contest."

Armed with this distinction, Nan became a professional entertainer before she was four, appearing locally in Los Angeles and later touring in a vaudeville unit with Ben Turpin, beloved comedian of silent films. She put in quite a hitch as one of the succession of golden-haired darlings in the comedies. Today, her hair has grown more darkly auburn.

But the hazel-brown eyes looked out from under brows which had a way of arching a little quizzically at the world even then, as if seeing some of its comedy une the ordinary routine of living, and her mouth was as full and pretty as it is now. "Baby Nan," as they called her, was quite a personality—for a toddler who had not yet achieved the stature of being even a kindergarten miss.

"But things happen to baby-faced little actresses," she explains. "Like front teeth

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falling out, and legs and arms that get scrambling and scrambler as the milk and cereal and spinach go into height instead of breadth. So, happily for me, I was out of the business and just a schoolgirl for a while. Then I was good. A child needs some time to grow up naturally. Then there was that period called The Depression when all jobs were scarce, especially those that would carry one through the age of awkwardness.

In Hollywood High, Nanette began to think about a medical career, having an enormous interest in medicine, but she suspected was far more than a morbid curiosity. She wasn’t sure that she was a good enough student to see it through, and the Armand Hammer Project and his wife never retained all the thousands of bits of information a doctor must have filled in his mind. “I learn a script quickly, it’s true,” she says, “But a script is something you don’t have to remember for the rest of your life. Sometimes, though, I wonder if I could have made it . . .”

To play it safe—no knowing at this point just what she wanted to do with her life—Nan took three years of shorthand and typing in high school. (Sometimes, now, she surprises interviewers who take shorthand or typing tests, thinking she must have jotted down about her.) At Los Angeles Junior College, she was still wondering what she would do later on. But, in the fledgling Mutual Network, she was doing some radio acting, enough to earn a little now and then to help along. It was one of these radio programs which was heard by Max Reinhardt’s Dramatic Workshop, who suggested that she might want to try out for a scholarship. She did—and won two successive scholarships. It is in this way that one of the great turning points in her life, just as her guest shot on Caesar’s Hour was another.

Although her years, as a child performer have undoubtedly given Nan some of the poise and sureness she has now, she doesn’t approve of youngsters going into show business too early. She thinks it’s fine to help develop a child’s talents and is all for doing lessons for those who want them—and also for those who seem to have no talent in that direction, because the latter may just of Central Park, consists of a secretary and sometimes a visiting out-of-town friend. She keeps the house in Beverly Hills, sometimes lends it to Easterners working in the Hollywoods.

The New York place is decorated in what she calls “contemporary mixed—everything, rather than blatant modern. There is no slavish conformity to any specific style of Japanese, some strictly U.S.A. From living room to kitchen there’s a feeling of airiness and light—qualities which she values in the kitchen. Colors are soft, with a pastel quality. Lots of beige in the living room, ice-pink in her bedroom, pale lemon yellow in dinning room. Even the den, though done in orange and brown and beige, is in muted tones.

As a cook, Nan’s sure she would never have turned out good meals every day of the year for her parents, and for guests, and not make any fuss, seem absolutely wonderful to me.” Like most performers who are known for their sharp-edged comedy, she’s a serious person who talks about humor rather soberly. “Sometimes,” she says, “a wife who can laugh at the right moment will keep a small situation from be-
coming a big and difficult one. But humor works the other way, too. A wife can laugh at the wrong time and turn a small situation into a large one. This is the way it usually happens to Sid and me on the show. It makes for comedy, because people see themselves in our sketches, all broadly caricatured for emphasis."

The crying bit that is beginning to make her famous is not a routine thing. "It's a spot comes up where it's natural to have me do a crying scene, I do it. That's the way it started, in a rehearsal of a telephone scene. I started to cry into the phone, Sid liked it, and it was left in. Sid is too great a showman to keep doing the same things over and over, unless they just work in naturally. If it's something audiences like, it's because they know it could happen. After all, aren't tears supposed to be natural to a woman?"

Only once has Sid broken her up when they were on the air, but he did a thorough job of it that time. He and Carl Reiner and Howard Morris and Nanette were doing a gypsy number, with the boys standing behind her singing one of what she calls "those wonderfully crazy songs that Sid helps dream up for the show." She never got the chance to sing her part. Every time she opened her mouth, Carl would begin, in a loud voice, "I love her."

Howie would chime in with, "I love her, too." Sid would yell, in his funny, husky voice, "Shut up, you crazy gypsy nuts, and let her sing"—none of which, of course, was in the script. This went on and on, until the audience was roaring and Nanette was completely helpless, crying and laughing at the same time. "That's the way I went off," she says. "But, most of the time, I can keep a straight face—if I don't look directly at Sid. Although all anyone has to do now is say, 'Shut up, you crazy gypsy nuts,' and we all begin to giggle."

She finds Sid wonderful, but not always easy to work with. Not easy—because he wants the show and everything connected with it to be as good as it possibly can be, and is never satisfied that it couldn't be better. That goes for his part in it, as much as anyone else's, and for everything that is done behind the scenes. But wonderful—"because," she says, "Sid is a wonderful person." The dressing room and office he had fixed for her this year, just off their rehearsal room, is an example of his thoughtfulness. She manages to relax a bit between rehearsals and drink the endless cups of weak tea on which she survives when she's busy, later making up for it with good, sensible meals when she's finished. Rehearsals go on for days at a time, and of course there are the inevitable costume fittings, the interviews, the thousand and one details of being on a top show and keeping up with all its demands.

As Sid's TV wife, Nan is often asked how his wife-in-fact feels about their scenes together, the violent quarrels and the kiss-and-make-up scenes. "Florence and I are very fond of each other and are the best of friends," Nan answers. "I often 'double-date' with Sid and Florence."

She sighs contentedly. "All I can say," Nan does say then, "is that I feel very lucky to have been in the right place at the right time to become Sid's television wife. It's just great."

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BURNS and ALLEN PLUS

(Continued from page 72) better listen to him. He knows what he is talking about!

"I didn't want him on my side at all. I didn't want him back. But Burns is always been one jump ahead of us."

"Then, when he was six, there was the episode with the stuffed-up wash bowl. Burns gave him some Bassett's, and then, he did always been one jump ahead of us."

"When Ronnie walked into the house from school, he pointed to the wet rug and said, 'Isn't he the snot with me, anyway? I'm six-and-a-half years old, and you'd think I'd know better. Then he tapped his head, saying, 'What the hell is this?"

But the Burnses' home life is not just a continuous series of childish pranks: Ronnie and Sandra both have wonderful relations with their parents. Ronnie says: "We have a close relationship. I used to go to the fights every Friday night. In the baseball season, we went to all the games together. He always found time for my interests."

And George continues: "We're pals. We do a lot of things together—we sit outside and talk. There was a time when Ronnie always laughed. I must have told him my story a hundred times and he's heard the same gags over and over. But Ronnie listened particularly in the early because he was the kind of son every comedian should have."

"Ronnie's a great comfort around the house. He's gallant. For example, Friday nights when we go to the Friars' for a game of bridge, and Gracie plays gin rummy with the girls. But, every once in a while, Gracie's game is called, and all he would do."

On a number of these occasions, when he has a Friday date with a girl, I've heard Ronnie say, "We're going to a picture show, Mother, come and join us."

"He never does, but for his sister, Sandra, now married. The other Tuesday night, Sandy wanted to go out. Tuesdays we usually stay home, study our scarlet fever vaccines, and get up at 6:00 A.M. to start shooting. But Ronnie took his script and went over to Sandy's to baby-sit.

"Ronnie's response to the baby-sitting is: "My niece, Laurie, is a doll. Baby-sitting with her is no chore. Besides, I love music and Sandy has a great record collection. I also have the run of the refrigerator. My brother-in-law pays well. Anyway, until I prove I'm an actor, baby-sitting brings me a steady income."

According to George, Ronnie is bright, but not necessarily the greatest pupil in school. He went to Black-Foxe Military Academy from five to twelve, then to Chadwick. At Chadwick, fifteen miles down the peninsula at Palos Verdes, he "lived in," coming home only on weekends. It was at Chadwick that Ronnie learned his love for marine biology and underwater photography.

After high school, Ronnie went to Santa Monica Junior College, and later to the University of California, where he studied architecture. "Ronnie told me one day," says George, "that he really thought he was smarter than the other fellows who got high marks in school examinations. It's that sort of talk that made him nervous. He used to come home after a test, saying, 'Take this biology quiz, for example. Have I got up here for brains? I will."

"Of course, he knew I couldn't ask him any questions because I didn't know the answers. So Ronnie always got an 'A' from me."

When Ronnie was eight or nine, George and Dad gave him guitar lessons. According to George, Ronnie could be one fine dancer—he's just naturally graceful. George and Gracie both know something about dancing, because they used to dance professionally themselves. In fact, when Gracie began her theatrical career in San Francisco, she was one of the finest Irish jig dancers in the East. And George says, "If you wanted to make a dollar on Broadway, you had to know most of the steps—buck and wing, soft shoe, everything. It was judged to be better for you than I did for pay. And that is why I stopped dancing."

Ronnie's attitude toward money reflects his attitude toward hard work: If you like something well enough to do it for free, then you're sure to be happy. As a child, Ronnie always had chores to do at home; when he was during his high-school summers, he worked as a film-cutter at his father's McCadden TV Productions. Al Simon, in charge of the department, says: "Ronnie was a good cutter. But he's too sharp—the job wasn't enough of a challenge for him. We all loved him here. Though Mr. Burns owns McCadden's, Peter Simon accepted Ronnie as one of them—he never carried tales to his dad. That's a good quality in any man.

As a film-cutter, Ronnie was one of the cutters as a cutter, Ronnie began spending most of his time on the beach. After all, he'd learned what there was to film—cutting. George says, "He had to learn what he do was swim and go skin-diving. He is a great swimmer and all that, but I didn't think you could make much money selling sand."

Earlier in the summer, George called the Pasadena Playhouse College of Dramatic Arts, asking them if Ronnie could go there for a summer session. They said sure, all he had to do was register.

Then George caught Ronnie one day on his way to the beach. "Have you ever thought of acting?" asked George.

"No," Ronnie answered casually with a raised eyebrow and a "what-did-you-have-in-mind?" look in his eye.

George said briefly but emphatically, "Why don't you try the Playhouse this summer? Maybe you'll like acting."

Ronnie gave it six months before he'd like to show business or not," says George. "But I was trying to find something Ronnie could fall in love with—something that would continue.

"Ronnie says, "The classes were all new to me. Even though I had been raised in a show-business family, I found there was a lot to learn. In fact, I was fascinated. First time in my life that I've really been interested."

It has been more than three months now since Ronnie left his show-business needle in Ronnie's arm. But, inside the first week, George knew the shots had taken. It was clear to him shortly after Ronnie was called to the university. Late in the afternoon of the second day of classes, Ronnie left his car in the driveway at home, and stumbled up the front steps, holding his head. Ronnie had a book in his hands and was trying to read by the falling light.
Said George, “Good evening, Ronnie.”

“Stanislavsky . . . ” muttered Ronnie.

“It was then apparent to all of us,” says George, “that Ronnie had finally found something to capture his interest. We had never seen him trying to read in the dark before. I wondered for a moment if we were going to have a theatrical Abraham Lincoln on our hands.

“Ronnie studied his lines and acting theories from the first day, even in his car on the way to the Playhouse. The road carries him at least twenty miles over a freeway, and I was worried about his reading and driving at the same time, so for fear he’d confuse the line in the book with the line on the road.”

Ronnie’s interest in acting was magnified when George told him that, if he were successful at the Playhouse, he would be invited to become part of the Burns and Allen TV show. He had already been on the show four or five times before with simple lines to read, just as a gag, but George had never seriously considered adding Ronnie to the show.

Ronnie was thrilled, therefore, when he was offered the third-act lead in “Picnic” at the Playhouse. “It happened this way,” says Ronnie. “Because there were forty-five kids in the class, and only fifteen parts in the play, we divided the show in thirds—fifteen people in the first act, fifteen people in the second, and fifteen in the third. I had the third-act lead.”

Ronnie was excited about the part because it could be the test which would or would not put him on the Burns and Allen show. But the very fact that he got the lead, not one of the supporting parts, was encouraging in itself. When he came home that afternoon and told his father, George says, “I couldn’t believe my ears.

“We had had an understanding at the outset,” George continues, “that Ronnie would only stay in acting—and, secondarily, come on the TV show—if he was good. If he wasn’t good, acting was the last place his mother and I wanted him. We never pulled any punches in this regard, and Ronnie understood that.

“The afternoon of the show, Gracie and I went to the Playhouse with May Benny and a few other friends. There were only about forty people in the audience, because this was the student presentation—the professional cast worked at night to a full house—yet the small audience couldn’t dampen the dramatic enthusiasm of these kids. Finally, in the third act, when Ronnie walked on the stage, I couldn’t believe my eyes. I said to Gracie, ‘Who is that?’ He did such a great job, I couldn’t believe it was Ronnie.

“A lot of people, when they are new on stage, jump into the furniture or other players. They don’t know what to do with their hands or feet. But not Ronnie. He has a graceful body—I knew that from his dancing—he walked well, he moved well, he knew what to do with his hands. And he didn’t have any inhibitions—when he played a love scene, he played it.

“But then, he’s never had any inhibitions. One time, when he was ten years old, he was on the Art Linkletter show. Art asked Ronnie what his daddy did, and Ronnie said, ‘He’s a ham actor.’ . . . Absolutely no inhibitions whatever.

“Of course,” George continues, “we couldn’t wait to get backstage that night, to congratulate Ronnie on his terrific job. It looked like he’d found his career.”

“Yes,” concludes Ronnie, “I’ve got a job I’m happy with—one I’d work at for free. But, since I’m getting paid, too, I guess that really makes me a success.”

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And Baby Makes Three

(Continued from page 32)

don't see how the baby could be anything but healthy, husky and happy," Walter added, "for, all during her pregnancy, Betty was happy and happy. The happiest she's ever been." "Never felt so good in my life," said Betty.

"So calm," Walter continued, "so well adjusted. She was admitted—after all, a gentle—...in Fifth Avenue, the night the doctor told her she'd better get going to the hospital."

"Even during labor I was very comfortable—most of the time I said, "Oh, I like having my baby, as I did, by 'Natural Childbirth.' All the exercises you're given in the natural—childbirth classes teach you to relax the muscles and, since you are taught what to expect during the different stages of labor, the nervous system is relaxed too. There's as little anaesthesia as possible—although, since I was in labor sixteen hours, I was aeleep part of the time. However, I was wide awake, I'm happy to say, when my baby was born." Walter is afraid that, as the hands of the clock reached the morning, the baby's presence is now here, and we don't mean diapers—a baby can make!

"But I didn't find out," Betty laughed. "Neither of us did. We've always thought of your personal life as simple as possible. We like it that way. No help, I mean, except for a cleaning woman. I've always done the cooking, and Mr. LIEPE on the pound, freezer, do a lot of marketing all at once, decide early in the morning what we're going to have for dinner, defrost it—and get it in half an hour."

"We had a charming, motherly 'practical nurse'—'Mimi' Gunn—when we first arrived home from the hospital. She was with us for two whole weeks, but now we have our nurse for the baby. We don't have a nurse for the baby—she is our baby and we want to keep it that way—but only a mother's helper who comes in from ten to six every weekday. All the while the baby was on the bottle. I gave Tina her seven o'clock morning feeding, bathed her—no, I'm going to miss bathing your baby would be to miss one of the loveliest things—put her down for her naps and to bed at night. Now that she's outgrown the bottle, she has her breakfast and her lunch with us. The only meal I miss with her is her five o'clock feeding—and since NERVINE Younger's Family is on the air from 4:45 to 5:00—I can't quite make. But Tina sometimes 'sits in' with us at our dinner. And, in any case, I have home life, and time to play with her before her bedtime."

"Actually, I'm only away from her for about two hours of the day, five days a week—from afternoon, when I leave for the studio, to 5:15 or so when I get home. Not that this is any particular change for us, either. I've always been at home, wanted to be there, when not working. When we're invited out to dinner, or to play bridge with friends, we always take the baby with us. All our friends take their babies with them when they go out."

"No, no changes," Betty smiled, "except on the toys of the floor, a play-pen where a buried cabinet used to be—'fun' things like that which add to, rather than subtract from, the home feeling and happiness."

"Hear, hear!" said Walter, cutting in, "Second the motion—making it unanimous that the home changes, but only a plus added to our home and happiness. As for Betty herself, Walter continued, "the only change in Betty is that, since the birth of the baby, I'm infinitely greater—sense of security than she ever had before... because, I suppose, when a woman has fulfilled her basic function, she is more temperamental.

"The birth of a child affects a man in a somewhat different way, I think, but also for the better. Speaking for myself, I really am more aware than I ever was before, of the future—as taking out more insurance, being more careful to save money, being anxious to work harder..."

"For seven weeks while I was pregnant," Betty explained, "Walter was in Hollywood playing the lead—the part of Captain Sam Merritt—in 'Conquest of Space' and 'Studies.' In his life, a role of July 26, 1954, he was sleeping. In a chair. In the room the hospital reserves for the vigils of expectant fathers. But sleeping, nonetheless, 'Sixteen hours waiting,' he admitted, 'slowed the traditional pacing of this expectant father to a standstill.'"

"It is when you bring a baby home—especially a first baby," Betty observed, "that you're supposed to have a rather rugged time of it. You'll find out, some of my friends who have been through it, and we don't mean diapers—a baby can make!"

"But I didn't find out," Betty laughed. "Neither of us did. We've always thought of your personal life as simple as possible. We like it that way. No help, I mean, except for a cleaning woman. I've always done the cooking, and Mr. LIEPE on the pound, freezer, do a lot of marketing all at once, decide early in the morning what we're going to have for dinner, defrost it—and get it in half an hour."

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was Tina born than we began to get all sorts of wonderful things..."

"A 17-room, 7½-bathroom house, for instance," Walter interpolated, cocking a comic eyebrow, "on 2½ acres of arable land, within a stone's throw of the sea, in Elberon, New Jersey."

"Before the baby came, even before we knew she was coming," Betty said, "we were planning to buy a house—remember?"

"A town house," Walter laughed, "right here in New York City. Not a rural behemoth with—I counted 'em—100 windows! For this unexpected purchase, let's face it, our daughter was the sparkplug. And rightly so. There's no substitute, really," said Father Brooke, "for a kid being in fields and woods and gardens, among birds and bees and—er, crickets!"

The way the house "happened" to them, the Brookes explained, they just happened to spend a weekend last July with some good friends named Pearson who live in Elberon. The Pearsons just happened to mention that the house next door was for sale. Mildly interested, the Brookes—all three of them—just happened to wander over for a look at the house next door. . . brown-shingled, with white trim, about fifty years old. They liked what they saw.

"The house is ninety-nine percent perfect," Walter said. "It's solid. Built with these big, heavy six-cylinder engines. You could take out every other one and it would still stand! Completely furnished, too, including refrigerator, and even a billiard room downstairs, cue ready to hand. We bought it as an investment, too—a good buy on it. We can open up a retreat, if ever it's necessary," Walter laughed, "for actors, directors, producers, cameramen and crews!"

"In the meantime, we spend our weekends there, go down Thursday nights whenever possible, and will spend our summer vacations there. Although nothing really has to be new to the place, we're having fun painting (since it was rather dark inside, everything possible is being painted white), re-papering, re-doing the bathrooms in ceramic tile (my brother and I completed five-and-a-half of them last summer). Betty wants to make white curtains to replace the heavy dark red and dark blue drapery of Victorian vintage—hung, I suspect, by the original owner. But I tell her, 'Let's take it easy,' make this a place to relax, smell the fresh country air, lace with the smell of the sea, the burning leaves and all . . ."

Above all, Betty and Walter agree, a place in which Christina Lynne, growing up, will fulfill her bright promise.

"She may be a drowsy stroller," Betty said. "She does the split now, points squares, does Arabesques. You have only to say, 'Arabesque' and there she is, leg out behind, doing a ballerina sort of thing. She may be a concert pianist—she loves to bang the piano which we have placed next to her playpen. She may be an actress—she loves to watch children on TV. . ."

"Or a locomotive," Walter broke in, "That is a definite possibility. She loves trains more than anything. Take her to the railroad station in Elberon, as I often do, to watch the trains come in, and you can't drag her away!"

All I hope," Walter adds, "is that she'll be a happy girl with a sense of values and a sense of humor . . . and that, wherever she is, with whomsoever she is, people will be glad to see her. As glad," he smiled, "as we were!"

"So glad," Betty echoed contentedly, "We've found it so fine, such fun, to be the three of us that we hope—a year from now—to be the four of us!"

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(Continued from page 35) each other fondly as "Mrs. Puek"—which, of course, they both are. Marion is a doting "grandma" as far as Norman is concerned. "He's only a little past a year old and just生產性力的 at a sight of this girl she brings. "And he's the cutest, with the most terrific personality!"

Career-wise, Marion's work for Ed Sullivan has had enormous impact. She can't say enough about this for, of course, it did help to add to her all the world of clever Gifts at $1 up.

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toys, for which Marion has such a passion that Larry brings her at least one every time he flies out to where she is filling a booking. Now she has taken to buying them for little tillie. There are plenty of things to play with, when he visits!

There's a little terrace that has the same view as most of the others—a gorgeous vista of the East River, with the little tugs blinking their way up and down and the big freighters sailing majestically to and from New York harbor and the whole world. The planes begin to drop on their way across to LaGuardia airport on Long Island.

This all adds up to comfort, even to luxury—but there's another hint of the old Marlowe in the way Marion reacts to it. Her idea of a fine time is to sit around on the floor with baby Norman, or with friends she feels close to, and dip into a big bowl of popcorn, have a pizza pie when she gets hungry (or her favorite, spaghetti Villanova), and just talk or watch TV.

The old days, when she was in her teens and trying desperately hard to crack the movies in Hollywood, are all just so many memories now. She will be there under very different circumstances this time, a top performer with an assured place in her profession, and with a made-to-order role in one of the most important pictures of the year, working with one of the most skillful, best known and best loved showmen, Ed Sullivan. The eighteen months she spent on musical-comedy stages in England—a homesick, lonely girl who seemed to droop in the British climate—are almost forgotten. The singing engagements she was lucky to get back in this country, but which never seemed to add up to much, are all part of the past, too.

The fortunate circumstance that brought her to Arthur Godfrey's attention at Miami Beach, Florida, and the shocking—what weeks when she first appeared on his shows are part of the past. So is the success she had, and then the awful moment when it was all over, and she was out of a job. "That's history now," she says.

Instead, she talks about the satisfactions of her new work—and more, the happiness of her new life. About the things she and Larry want to do together, the fun they have and will continue to have, the traveling they want to do, the work they will share.

"I can never forget the night last year, when I crested the television program for Ed Sullivan, while he was away. I couldn't imagine why he entrusted such a big, important show—to me at that stage of my career, but he had complete confidence—and so, I might add, did my husband. They gave me all the strength I needed. But a number of things happened. All my dresses for the show were delivered late, because of late ordering. One gown came five minutes before the show started.

"Then, in the opening number, I almost fell, coming down a flight of stairs. I don't think anyone noticed, but it made me jittery. The rest of the program went along without incident. But, as I came off the set at the end, I found Larry waiting right there. The tension was suddenly relaxed, and I fell into his arms and started to cry. 'What are you crying about?' he asked, patting me. Ed was just on the telephone, and all he knew was about everything. You were terrific!"

"I knew then," Marion glows, "that—while being a successful performer is a wonderfully satisfying and important thing, a very big thing in my life now, and I hope always—it's even more important to have Larry waiting, and his shoulder to cry on . . . to laugh on."
(Continued from page 36) standards which he and his pretty wife, Lois, are now instilling in their five “little Linklettes.”

Because of the time difference on the West Coast, Art has most of his afternoons—as well as evenings—to spend with his family. And home is where he heads, the minute his day’s work is done, to be greeted with a “Hey, Dad,” by his brood of five: Jack, 18; Dawn, 16; Robert, 11; Sharon, 9; and Diane, 7. Likely as not, they’ll all head out on a bicycle safari, which will take them on one or two excursions each day.

“The northern route,” Art explains, “takes us up into the Bogarts’ grounds, through Judy Garland’s garage, and around Lana Turner’s driveway. The southern route takes us down to Jane Withers’ yard, through Walter Wanger’s garden, around Bing Crosby’s driveway.”

“But,” he adds, “when we get off our bikes, the kids scatter like quicksilver. They all have interests of their own. I never cease to be amazed at how five children, raised in the same environment, with the same training, can find anybody can act so much as though they each had a different set of parents!”

Art points out that the differences are there—in his family, as well as other growing American families—and parents might as well accept it. He feels the important things are for children to learn what their children are really like, love them for themselves, respect them as individuals, and encourage their special interests.

For example, Art describes his 18-year-old son, Jack, as the most aggressive of the Linkletter children. “He’s the kind of boy who barges ahead on the assumption that he’s going to win. He’s an optimist of the first order. Luckily for him, when the ball bounces the other way, he doesn’t worry about it.”

When Jack was at Beverly Hills High School, for example, he ran for student-body president. He was sure he was going to win—no doubt about it. But he lost. Art says, “Not at all. He threw his full support behind the winner. He became Commissioner for the Student Body Assemblies, instead.”

Reports that Jack is going out in every respect—except with money. “He’s the family’s greatest miser. He spends all his spare time figuring how not to spend money. He’s got little jars filled with pennies, nickels, and dimes, and only puts one jar in every drawer in his room. When it comes to the coin of the realm, he’s a regular packrat.”

Clinging to the assumption that hard work and enthusiasm are worthwhile character traits, Art and Lois encourage Jack whenever they can. For a long time, he’s been training to be an engine-room man. At 15, Art invited him to guest on House Party, later taught him how to deliver a commercial, and, finally, Jack sold himself to CBS Radio as a teen-age disc jockey. Lately, Art has made Jack official roving correspondent for House Party.

Dawn, Art’s and Lois’s 16-year-old daughter, is the opposite of Jack. When Jack is as personality-wise, Art says, “If the two of them came up to a door, for example, and it didn’t open, Dawn would shrug her shoulders and leave. Jack would rattle the doorknob, hang on the door, and, if it still didn’t open, he’d get an axe and chop it down.”

“Jack and Dawn are different in other respects, too. Money again comes to mind,” says Art. “Where Jack’s every pocket becomes a bank, if you were to ask Dawn for a definition of money, she’d say, ‘to spend.’ On the other hand, Art describes Dawn as having the friendliest smile, and one of the most winning personalities of the five children. Art thinks that Dawn has always wanted to do the things Jack does. Being the older and a boy, he has generally been bigger, stronger, faster and prettier. It’s especially difficult for her, since Jack is naturally aggressive and Dawn is naturally retiring. It seems these character traits have been dominant since they were infants.”

Dawn, at 16, has reached the age where she is developing an interest in boys. Again Art points out how Jack and Dawn are different: “Dawn today is interested in the boys—but not much—whereas Jack started going with girls in kindergarten. Dawn’s going out with a few boys, and I think she’s really interested in. Dawn’s very hard to please. That’s an understatement—she’s downright critical! Her dates, for example, have to be more than good dancers. They’ve got to be bright, brilliant and smooth. The other night when she came in, Lois and I asked her if she’d ever had a crush on a boy. ‘Well,’ Dawn said with a shrug, ‘he’s a good dancer, but he’s so silly.’”

According to Art, Dawn is the best dressed of the family. “Dawn today is interested in clothes—but not much—whereas Lois started going with boys in kindergarten. Dawn’s going out with a few boys, and I think she’s really interested in.”

As with Jack, Art and Lois are anxious to encourage the positive aspects of Dawn’s personality. “When a girl is going out, she’d better show that she means to dance myself. Jack is a good dancer, too, but he didn’t pick it up the way Dawn did. She’s a natural.” Then, almost as an afterthought, he adds, “Jack isn’t critical about things. That’s what he has to do. He’s got to get his dates first.”

With Jack, Art and Lois are concerned about his winning smile and friendliness. Art says that Dawn is anxious to work in TV, and certainly has no sense of inadequacy when the boys are rating a starring role in a picture. “She’s much more outgoing. She’s got a whole different attitude.”

In studying dramatics and writing at school—Chadwick High in Palos Verdes—and shows good promise. Art has put her on House Party, where she has done some of the commercials. “She’s got a strong delivery,” he beams. “She’s really good. With that smile, she’s sure to be a winner.”

“Robert at eleven,” says Art, “is a horse of an entirely different color. Except for Lois, Robert is the only one in the family with any mechanical ability. He is always fixing things, engines and motors. He’s always taking things apart. The family has to keep an eagle eye on alarm clocks. Robert loves to act, too. He’d have been a jockey. When he was eight and on his way to bed, might give me a loving kick as he went by.”

According to Art, Robert was also the shy one in the family. Art says that, a couple of years ago, Robert wouldn’t go into a shower—because he didn’t want to be alone. He was timid about going out and playing with other children; he loves his two younger sisters and would rather stay home with them. Lois observed that
this tended to keep him on the young side, so it was decided to send him to a different school than Diane's or Sharon's.

Art and Lois followed a regular course in trying to draw Robert out of his shy shell. A little at a time, they took him out to parties and dinners, introducing him to new people and places. The result of this encouragement was illustrated during the summer of his nine years old.

"The principal of his school invited him to spend part of the summer with her," says Art. We took him to the plane, he flew to New York, where he was met by a friend of mine—though a stranger to him—who transferred him to a plane for Boston, where he was met by the principal. Our report was that Robert was 'one big smile' in both New York and Boston.

"Sharon, our nine-year-old," says Art, "is the 'oldest' one in the family. She is a little mother. She is sensible, understanding, to keep them intelligent, hard-working, gets straight A's, is a year ahead of herself in school, keeps her room neat, is never in trouble, baby-sits with seven-year-old Diane, and is down the middle of the road in 'most everything else.' Art taps his head, saying, "She's got it right here.

"Diane, the baby of the family," laughs Linkletter, "is the temperament one. She's the actress. She's the one who cries easiest, laughs easiest. When she looks happy, she bubbles. When she is miserable, she looks awful. When Diane smiles, even without her two front teeth, you've never seen such a grin!"

According to Lois, Diane is the one who has been clothes conscious for years. "I set the other youngsters' clothes out in the morning," says Lois, "but Diane has to choose her own—from panties on up. When we go to buy shoes, the other children go in, saying, 'We want a pair of school shoes.' That usually means saddle shoes—but not to Diane. She first has to try them all on. Then she says, 'I want dress shoes for school. I want pumps like I wear to Sunday School—I don't want them to have straps. I wouldn't be seen dead in saddle shoes. I want pumps.' So we settle for moccasins. Some compromise!"

Lois describes the two little girls as being as feminine as little girls can be. "They are always playing with dolls," she says, "which makes them different from Dawn, who was too busy trying to keep up with Jack to have time for dolls."

"The big thing in their lives now is nail polish. You have to be firm with some things, and this is one of them. I try to explain that it's a lot of fun growing up. The time will come, I say, 'when it will mean something to wear nail polish.'

"Of course," Lois adds, "I'm happy to have them take enough interest to curl their own hair. Though they sleep with curlers on, and are miserable trying it, they are willing to make the sacrifice in order to look nice for Sunday School."

It is Art's and Lois's feeling that the young ones are too small for allowances. Since they take their lunches to school and there is no place around home for them to spend money, there's really no reason for a regular allowance. "However," says Lois, "if they ever want to go out of their way to make money, we encourage it. Robert, for example, gets a quarter every time he polishes the chrome on the car. And, when he puts on his circus shows, he charges a penny admission."

"During the summer," she smiles, "I have to keep an eye on the three younger children—to keep them from selling the house to tourists. Beverly Hills maps are sold on the highways, showing locations of most personalities' homes. One summer,
it was Sharon's idea—she's the practical one—to take advantage of this 'gold mine.' She, Robert, and Diane filled their wagon with geranium bouquets, wrapped with paper doilies. The tour group bought them as if they were summer violets! When the geraniums were gone from the flower bed, Sharon wasn't stopped. With Robert's and Diane's help, she organized an artificial-flower factory. It was all very enterprising. They figured every angle they could. I was lucky to come home when I did—at least the house was still there.

"We're fortunate," Lois commented, "that there is an age gap between the two older and three younger ones. It's almost impossible to take five youngsters anywhere. So it's handy to be able to tell the older kids with us on occasions, and still be able to explain to the younger ones that their time will come later.

"Of course, there are times when Art and I do go out two by ourselves. Every December, for example, we go to New York for the Pillsbury 'bakeoff,' making a little business-vacation out of that. In February, we try to go to Acapulco. We sail, fish, swim, and lie in the sun. We like the marcaña atmosphere.

"It's pretty hard to tell," says Lois, "if you've been successful in raising children until you get their reactions and relations to you when they grow into their late teens. For example, we think we've been fairly successful with Jack, who's now 18 and in the Navy. We still brings some of his problems to us and is eager to share his new life at college.

"Last Wednesday, for example, I came home from my fraternity luncheon and was upstairs sewing when Jack came in from school. I hadn't seen him since Sunday, except for the few minutes at lunch. When he came in, he made a bee-line through the hallway, past the stairs—and then, sitting on the foot-stool in front of me, bubbled over with everything that had happened during his week. He was only to share events, not to talk it down to the last detail. It's a wonderful feeling."

Such experiences as this make Art and Lois Linkletter feel they've been successful in raising their family of five. Art says, they are all different, they are all individuals, yet they must be loved for themselves, and their interests encouraged.

Art carries this understanding of the similarities and differences between individuals, into the occasional interviews with the featured guests he now brings to House Party mixes and cameras. There are many reasons why Art has developed these guest-interviews. First of all, quite simply, Art wants to give a pat on the back to deserving people who otherwise wouldn't get the recognition. Second, the new House Party feature takes full advantage of Linkletter talents which have never before been shared so completely with his audience. These interviews are not presented as simple newscasts, but reveal Art as the "human interest" reporter he is. There is a keen intellect behind his bluff and hearty facade, and there aren't many people who have his ability for delicately drawing out an emotional story from the heart of his subjects.

Why is Art so good at doing this? Because he has an intuitive understanding of the guests on his show. He has been described as having "perfect pitch" for people—the reason being that, during his early life, he has fought many of the same struggles, and he has given him an understanding of others' problems. An orphan, lonely as a child until his adoption—and then his foster father was an evangelistic preacher. Yes, his experience—Art early on found himself being handed around from one temporary home to another like a pair of scuffed shoes. Later, having worked his way through school, Art married, raised his family of five children—and in the process, achieved his own final security. He knows, therefore, from first-hand experience about the problems common to those whom he interviews.

Who are these featured guests on House Party? Well, not too long ago, Art interviewed Miss Dorothy Middleton, an American missionary who had been imprisoned by the Chinese Communists for four heartbreaking years—the first six months in solitary confinement. Despite humiliation and attempts at "indoctrination," Miss Middleton's faith had never wavered. Under Art's gentle questioning on House Party, she took only a few minutes to tell a story full enough for an average lifetime. But, from coast to coast, you could have heard a pin drop, as Dorothy Middleton read her favorite passage from the tattered Bible which had been her solace and companion.

Another featured guest spoke of the Good Book, too, but from the point of view of a man who has devoted most of his remarkable career to bringing the art of the motion picture together with the best stories of the Bible. Cecil B. DeMille—the forever young, many-problems-director of "The Ten Commandments"—told what it meant to be nearing completion on his grandest epic yet, a dream he'd had all his life. Linked with the gargantuan production problems he faced in producing "The Ten Commandments." He answered audience questions about Hollywood's pioneer days with wit and humor. And, again, as he described a memorable Christmas Eve on the set of his earlier religious film, "The King of Kings," a nationwide audience was silent with awe and respect.

At first DeMille had been a little reticent about appearing on House Party. In forty-one years of movie-making, he had built a reputation for quality, and he was not about to put it in jeopardy at the hands of a stranger. So, before he accepted the invitation to appear, he inquired about Art through his sources in the film industry. To a man, they said: "You can trust Art Linkletter."

This trust, exhibited by all of Art's featured guests, is a result of his many steady years in radio and TV. Art's career has been not rocket-like or sensational. It was never based on a "gimmick." His fans are everywhere, yet they are not the kind to snatch at his clothes
whenever he steps outside the studio doors. Link's career has a broad three-dimensional base, like that of an Egyptian pyramid. And now, more than ever, the respect for his good taste, the knowledge that no featured guest will be exploited—and the trust in Linkletter, the man—are beginning to pay off in the new format.

Among the most interesting couples who have guested on House Party were Danny and Una Schmidt, whose modern "Enoch Arden" story touched the heart of the nation this past year. Dan and Una had been married fifty-seven days before he went to Korea with the Army. He was 29, but bride 17. Three months before Danny, Jr., was born, Una was notified by the Government that Dan was missing in action. Una told House Party audiences how she had written 150 letters to Danny, hoping to reach him in a Chinese prison—but receiving no answer. When prisoners were finally exchanged, there was still no word of Danny, and Una felt certain he was dead. A year and two months later, she married Alford Fine.

Finally, after thirty months of captivity, Dan was released. Una said her first thought, on hearing that he was coming home, was: "Now the baby will be able to see his real Dad." After their reconciliation, when Linkletter offered to send the Schmidts a trip to Los Angeles, where they had relatives, the young Schmidts felt they could make the trip into a second honeymoon—after nearly three years apart, they could get to know each other again. And, like all the other featured guests, they trusted Art Linkletter's integrity. They knew their plight would be presented in good taste.

And it was. "What decided you to go back together?" Linkletter asked Una quietly.

"Danny, Jr. needed more than just a father and mother," she answered. "He needed both of us together."

This was the type of story of sensitive family understanding for the needs of their child which Art, as a father, feels can set an example to the millions in his audiences. But, in addition to pointing out deserving and interesting people, Art also likes to train House Party's revealing electronic eye on deserving causes. That's why Art suggested to his staff that they examine the area of medical quacks and charlatans, to see what could be done about the problem.

The American Medical Association offered one of its specialists, Dr. Joseph de los Reyes, as a featured guest on House Party. He brought with him a machine with thirty-six dials, as a sample of fake therapeutic equipment. Even without the patient present, the gaudy machine was supposed to diagnose and treat every disease in the world. "There's only one thing wrong with it," Art remarked. "It doesn't work."

Dr. de los Reyes told Art and the millions in the House Party audience that a known $100,000,000 a year has been wasted by unsuspecting patients on such "cures." The A.M.A. believes that five to ten times that amount is a more realistic figure. And that's computed in dollars only. The number of deaths and the amount of suffering caused by these fake cures can never be computed.

"We're all human," said Dr. de los Reyes. "If a disease is not curable, we grasp at any straw. We try quacks and are anxious to believe them. To combat this, we should use common sense. Remember, if it really could benefit mankind, it would not be some one man's patented product. A little common sense can save $100,000,000. More important, it can break up the quack's trade monopoly."

If common sense were a marketable product, you can be sure Art Linkletter

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The Fabulous Crosbys

But nobody knew better than Gary's dad how tough the category would be, when Gary would lose show after show. So, typically, without making much ado about it, Bing went fishing—and turned over his summer radio time on CBS Radio and his whole production staff to Gary, to help him over the hump. As for Gary, the call to show business was stronger than the awesome challenge of following his father on the air. And he began making plans to do that...

That same year, the applause she received at a big benefit in Houston, Texas, helped give assurance to a pretty teenager who'd grown up convinced show business was meant for her. But Bing thought otherwise. He'd rather see his daughter "go to Gary's graduating from his schoolmates at Bellarmine Prep—who'd give him the "O-oh, Gary!" routine and make like they were swooning all over the juke-box. He and took a pretty good ride from his family brothers at Stanford University, later on.

"That was a great outfit we had," he says fondly now. "I didn't dare open my mouth. We had some great looks going. To start with, Bing took a beautiful ride, too—particularly after he worked in his dad's television show. Anytime I knew I was due to be on radio (pre-recorded) I'd get them ready, wearing out the stage, the hills and park and listen in on my car radio. I wouldn't dare tune in around the Zeta Psi house. I knew I was really in trouble if I just let them in on what my dad's been doing, because—as he says—he's "blimped up." But, watching him on television later on, Tad DeVine says they're all agreed. "No more 'Buddha.'"

Bing's hope for Gary and all his boys was for them to have a chance at sportsmanship, good taste and humility, so he always stressed both in trying to do something on their own—not as Bing Crosby's kids, but as themselves.

More exciting for me, too," Lois explains.

Art himself says, "We're not trying to preach. And our new feature is broader in scope than just a 'helping hand.' In part, we're trying to give recognition to people who do something. As in the case of Missiveory Dorothy Middleton—to the suffering they have gone through in preserving their faith and in overcoming the physical handicap that besets them."

Art Linkletter sees television as a medium that can offer more than just laughs. It can teach. But it doesn't have to stop there. And Art Linkletter, in the case of the heart of the audience can go out to House Party guests like Dorothy Middleton and Danny and Uma Schmid—and, the next time they are thinking of an inspiring story of faith, they may be thinking of Art's line, "Why, you look as natural up here as somebody waiting to win a refrigerator!"

Without being made uncomfortably aware of his audience's being entertained and taught at the same time. Perhaps this isn't so novel for a man who started out in life to be an English teacher—or for a father who is successfully bringing up five children—but it may be a new slant on the hearty House Party Linkletter, his viewers and listeners have come to rely on. He has grown more intimate than ever to Art Linkletter than giving away refrigerators. He gives away his heart—and the heart keeps growing bigger all the time!

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herself, he commented to her father's manager, "She belongs, all right."

Despite further appearances on her dad's Pet Milk Show, Cathy wasn't at all sure she belonged. Her father went on record with: "I'm not going to do anything about Cathy unless she shows a real desire." Personally, he wouldn't wish the business on anybody—otherwise . . .

Then, a year ago last summer, Cathy decided: "More than anything else, I wanted to be in show business. We were in Houston, Texas, and Daddy and the band were appearing at a big benefit horse show there. One night, Cathy says, "Daddy called me out of the audience to sing. The way the stage was constructed, as I looked out, there were thousands of people in a circle around us. I sang "The Man Upstairs." And the way they received me, I was so thrilled. After that night I gave the same stage or my own for every show, and I knew this was what I wanted to do."

Her father was sold, he says, "when she wrote me a school hallie said, 'I want it.'" Harry Ackerman, of CBS, had talked to her before she left, told her they wanted her and the plans they had in mind for her. Bill Rodin, her father's manager for twenty years—he also manages Cathy today and produces Bob Crosby's CBS-TV show—wanted CBS to talk to her direct, "so she would realize they wanted her for herself."

Her father was convinced she was really serious about show business "when we took the show to Milwaukee—and she proved she could really take it. We did our show, flew out that night, made a parade the next day, rehearsed the show, did interviews for newspapers and television, did two shows a day and two extra shows for the General Mills people. We flew back to Hollywood at 6:00 A.M., and were on camera for TV rehearsals for our show at 9:15. It was very hot and it was real tough duty, even for the Modernaires and me. Cathy's feet got so swollen she couldn't put her shoes on. 'Daddy, I never knew it was this hard," she said once. But she never back ed any more."

While Joanie O'Brien was away from the TV show, Bob decided to have Gary and Cathy on, if this could be worked out. His producer ran into Gary one day at Decca and approached him on it. "I'll love it," said Gary, "but would Uncle Bob want me?" The producer said, "It was your Uncle Bob's idea." There was a problem of meeting the show's budget, in view of the money Gary gets for spectaculars and night-time TV shows, but Gary and his uncle worked out a family rate.

Realizing that, while doors may open faster and easier for Cathy; the road ahead is even tougher for the second generation of Crosbys—who will always inevitably be compared with the first—and that they face far tougher criticism than other newcomers breaking in, Bob and Bing keep a warm and fatherly eye on them.

Although it's true, as Gary says, that his dad "leaves it pretty much to me," now and then Bing throws in a family tip in his casual way.

His father makes no secret of his pride at the way Gary's really leveled on his career, and he was far more concerned about Gary's first personal-appearance tour than if it had been Bing's own.

"Gary's very keen about this," he told your reporter. "He's working very hard, getting his weight down, and getting his musical arrangements made, and rehearsing. I'm finding it hard, right now, trying to convince him he shouldn't level too hard. When he gets there, doing five or six shows a day in that air-conditioned theater—I know from experience what this can do to your voice. Particularly a kid

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who sings like he does—swooning over those rhythm-and-blues specialties. I’m afraid he now have a lost of voice if he ever does it.”

As for Cathy, nobody was more upset than her Uncle Bing (for her family’s sake) when he told her that he and his producer had decided that his niece, Caroline Miller, on our show at that time—and we’ll do it with her . . .

“T’worked Gary’s first TV show with him. Then they had Huang, which wasn’t too good on him then. On his next TV show, they gave him a pipe and a la Bing. I didn’t think that was right, either. I told Bing, ‘We do everything we could on our show to present him properly and give him every advantage. And we did. On the first show, we closed him away completely from the audience, until he got more at ease working in front of a camera. The second show, we had him do a number with Alan Cope- land. Gradually, we moved him on out.”

Gary had also noticed suddenly one appearance—in the family’s Hayden Lake living room, where 12:30 P.M. found his father cemented smack down in front of the TV set, observing with a proud and analytical eye. And both Bob and his TV producer are all admiration for the professional way Gary works a show: “He’s very ambitious, he’s punctual, cooperative, and he has a real desire to make it on his own.”

“Uncle Bob’s helped me a lot.” Gary says now appreciatively. “He’s given me a lot of inspiration, but many times, and he’s helped me become more at ease and more relaxed on TV. Having my own CBS Radio show last summer helped, too. I had a lot of good backing-up. A good band, good local talent, a great producer and writer—the works. You learn something new in show business every day.”

During the winter, Gary’s been scheduled as vocalist on Edgar Bergen’s CBS Radio show and also for some of the network’s biggest TV shows, including the Shower of Stars. But he’s doubtful whether he’ll be able to get the number over of his own now. “I don’t know about that —that would be taking a big chance,” he says.

He wouldn’t even watch his first big TV show with his own family. He watched it alone in the recreation room at home. Later, a little shaken by the experience of seeing himself on television for the first time, he told his friend, Jack Cerni, Jr., “If they ever do a remake of ‘King Kong,’ I’ve got that part cool.”

He still doesn’t think he can sing a ballad—ever. “I don’t think you can have a lot to say,” he says. But he has no hesitancy about really getting off the ground with rhythm-and-blues. As for his ambitions for the future, he says, “I’d like to do more radio, television, movies—everything. There’ve been a couple of movies mentioned, including one with Sammy Davis, Jr.—something about a kid who leaves a farm and joins up in a riverboat. But there’s nothing definite about it. There’s no finished script yet. I’d like to start in small good parts and work up on, I wouldn’t want to start out as the star.”

But in all, Gary’s getting pretty well indoctrinated for show business. All aspects of it. Even unto reading romantic items about himself in the gossip columns—and being reported—“I just got a big box of clippings from the cliffing service. It’s a laugh riot. Some of the girls I’m supposed to have taken out, I haven’t even seen.”

Gary’s the first of the younger Crosbys to experience that axiom of show business—the show must go on. He was rehearsing at the CBS studio at the news that his brother, Phil, had been seriously injured in an automobile accident.

‘That was pretty brutal,” Gary says now, “just as so was doing the show. ‘I found out about it just an hour before I had to go on.” That broadcast is a hazzle to him. Jack Haley, Sr., phoned Buddy Bregman, Gary’s musical director, and told him what was to be a hazzle to him. “I walked in the office while Buddy was talking . . .”

Gary rushed to the news room to confirm it, and he found, to his Horror, that he had chartered a plane at Hayden Lake and was flying to Phil in Raymond, Washing- ton. Gary’s next thought was to call home, and offered: “If it’s Georgia Hardwick, the Crosby’s housekeeper, who was the boy’s nurse until they were grown. She had been Phil’s nurse from the time he was five.

Across the nation, their shock was shared by all those who’ve followed the Crosby boys with such affection from the time they were born. As for Bing—well, if the news of the accident, he shook for an hour. As he says now, “The good Lord really had his arms around Phil.”

Phil’s accident, though serious, wasn’t fatal. But the Crosbys have had to say an earthly farewell to two of their own whose names are dear to them, “Top” Crosby and Bing—the beloved head of the whole fabulous clan is gone. And so is Bing’s wife, the late Dixie Lee Crosby, though her wit and warmth will be ever-remembered.

Crosby spent the next few days just talking about her now. “There will never be anybody else like Aunt Dixie. She had her own personality, her own kind of difference. It’s sort of hard to explain—but everything about her was her very own.”

There are some small desairs in Cathy’s life, too, right now. Like any teenager, her moods and emotions go from tip-top to “I just want to be alone. I want to do a good job, and I know inside of me what I want to do. How I want to sing. Of course, I can’t do the things I want to do—enough for both those. You have to be real good to sing those songs . . .”

There are times when the challenge of singing up to the family name hangs heavy on her head and hopes. “People expect so much of you because you’re a Crosby. Other kids resent you, too. I think it’s partly jealousy. They think that it’s something that you have an opportunity other boys and girls don’t have. It is an advantage and I’m grateful for every opportunity, but it’s sort of a disadvantage, too. They expect you to be twice as good. Another newcomer can make a mistake and nobody notices it. And no matter what I do—the same with
Gary—I’ll always be known as Bob Crosby’s daughter and Gary will always be known as Bing Crosby’s son. Of course, I’m the only girl—Crosby now in TV, and that helps...

On the other hand, there’s the warm thrill of being recognized wherever you go: “People seem to have the same warm feeling for me that I had. I walk down the street and kids, from four years old on up, come up to me. They say, ‘Hi, Cathy,’ and they feel like they know me— and it’s true.”

It’s phenomenal how many feel they know Bob’s Cathy in the few months she’s been in show business. She’s under contract to CBS, who are sponsorizing her education and giving her a start in formation. And, out of the 2,000 fan letters that pour into her father’s office in Television City weekly, some 700 of them are for her.

She’s a starry-eyed movie fan, and nothing pleases her more than for fans to remark about her resemblance to Elizabeth Taylor: “She’s my favorite. She’s so perfect. I’m so impressed when people think I look like her.” When she made the cover of a famous national news magazine, Cathy’s reaction was, “I’d rather be on Photoplay.” And she adds; “It would be a dream come true. You can be a model or anything and be on the covers of other magazines. But, when you make the cover of Photoplay—you know you’re a movie star. You’ve paid your dues.”

She’s “making it” in TV now, as one of the cast of her dad’s tremendously popular daytime television show. Concerning her future, Bob says, “I trust her to be happy. If Cathy’s going to do this, I’m going to do all in my power to help.”

His is a vast audience and, when a friend remarked recently that Bob and Bing’s show was “wholesome” the show is, he agreed. “It’s wholesome all the same. It’s got to be wholesome for my mother and her girl friends— I’ll hear from them.”

Their all-Irish mother, Kate—a handsome woman—takes a loving and spirited interest in her family’s activities. And hers is a respected opinion with all of them. When a columnist quizzed Bob about whether or not his brother Bing was going to marry, as was rumored, he said he didn’t know—“heard from somebody that he isn’t, but I haven’t heard from Mother that he is.” And, as he adds seriously now, “Not one of the Crosbys ever made an important decision without talking to Mother first—she never gives us a wrong answer. I know Bing’s often told her to pay no attention to anything she may read about him—including the exaggerated accounts of anything serious ever comes.” he said, “you’ll be the first to find out.”

Both Bob and Bing are understandably proud of the progress their two offspring have made in the field of show business, in their serious application to their careers.

Thinking towards the future, Bob says, “I don’t think Cathy has it as tough as Gary and I had when Bing was up.” At least they’ll never see her with pigtails again. Bob expects her to sing like Bing. I don’t think anybody is as adored throughout the world as Bing. It’s like climbing Mt. Everest to even hear him talk. On the other hand, the famous fellow who threw his baby brother’s name in the ring, watches Bob’s television show with large admiration. Whether or not Bing does it, Bing has said admiringly, “Five days a week—live TV!”

Bing goes five nights weekly over CBS Radio with his commentary-and-song show. As a friend says, “Bing will be doing radio until they tear the transmitters down.” But he’s moving into night-time television, too, with two big shows scheduled this season, starting with Maxwell Anderson’s “High Tor.”

With Bing singing on Edgar Bergen’s CBS radio show and also appearing on such great TV programs as Shorier Of Stars, Bing’s present—and pleasant—concern is that his boy’s working too hard. “It’s certainly a revelation to me how hard this kid can work when he finds out that he’s doing what he likes to do,” his father says.

Any prospective sponsors who query a Crosby now—“Any more at home like you, I can well count on an affirmative answer.”

There’s Caroline Miller, talented daughter of Bing’s sister, Mary Rose Poole. A major at San Jose State College, Caroline, 21, is now being groomed for a future in motion pictures at Paramount. And she also sings. “I was a voice in The Girl Rush,” she laugh. Her cousin Cathy says, “She phrases—I heard her practicing.” And she’ll be introduced to TV audiences on her Uncle Bob’s show. Larry Crosby’s son, Jack, it very active in the technical end of the trade at Television City. There’s another potential singing star in Bob Crosby’s household. “My son, Chris, has a beautiful voice—but he doesn’t want any part of show business. I can’t even get him to sing around the house any more.”

Bing has three sons unaccounted for as yet in show business. The Army is keeping the twins busy these days. Phil, fully recovered from his accident, is a private at Fort Lewis, Washington. Dennis is even further out of the way of the greasepaint siren. He’s now a GI in Germany.

And there’s Linny, just turning 15, dark-eyed and very talented. The youngest in Bing’s family, already somewhat experienced in show business, he specializes in rhythm-and-blues and frequently guests on his dad’s radio show. “We taped three shows at Hayden last summer,” he says. “I sang one duet with Dad, ‘Rock Around the Clock.’ It was a lot of fun. I don’t know how much talent—but a lot of fun...”

Lin’s a senior at Loyola parochial high school in Los Angeles and presently boarding there and going home weekends—“due to a social summer,” he explains. “You always stay put for good time things. Just say I had a ball.”

As to whether Lin really wants to be in show business, there is for him the same sobering thought of other Crosbys before him. The thought, the fear of whether or not he’s good enough.

“I like show business,” he says. “And it’s real great being on Dad’s show. But I don’t know whether I like it very much or not. I don’t know if I’ve got any talent. I haven’t convinced myself I have. Sure, I get up and sing a song. But I have a name too—and I wouldn’t want to go into it just because of a name...”

Familiar words, these. The doubt whether or not one is good enough to follow the fellow who pioneered it to Holly- wood and the big money that has been spent on Sharp Street, back in Spokane. The fellow whose voice found a home in every family in the land, and who planted the family flag in show business for all the Crosbys who were born to sing.

There’s has been challenge beyond the call of duty—but not of destiny.
Something Old, Something New

(Continued from page 48)

man and the right to love. Essentially, it was being made for the purpose of increasing that happiness.

The Armases moved that day, into an apartment which no one could have ever called "home." Only the day before, the painters had done the walls of the four-room apartment, and many of the finishing touches had not been made. But as soon as the carpet was down, Russ and Liza had ever lived in. Both of them remembered the first flat they occupied after the storybook courtship had resulted in their marriage. They were not only ideal, but also a bit overambitious. Russ called it, "It was small and dark. The two rooms we had would have fitted into the living room we have, and it wasn't anything near as pleasant."

As Russell Arms spoke of the old apartment, Liza smiled ruefully, then looked around the new one and smiled happily. "It was sheer luck that led us to this place," she said. "We were looking for a place here in Manhattan so that it would be easier on Russ. You see, during the winter, Russ has a lot of time between rehearsals of one sort or another, and where we lived before — out in Flushing, on Long Island — it wasn't possible for Russ to get home to the apartment at the same time between rehearsals. He'd just have to waste the time around the city. So we decided we wanted some place closer, where he could come home for lunch, at least in the future.

"Well, we started looking around, and couldn't find anything that we liked. We looked, I remember, at an apartment in a building close by here, but we didn't like it too much. We finally settled on a building which looked as though it was almost finished and ready to be occupied. So we stopped and asked about an apartment. We got the last available one in the building. Just like that. That was sheer luck, because we didn't have any idea we could get in here... You know, luck has played an awfully important part in our lives, much to their amazement."

Both Russ and Liza feel that it was certainly luck which led them to find each other. It happened during Christmas, 1948, when both of them were appearing on the same show. It was the NBC production of "The Nativity," held at the base of the giant, lighted Christmas tree in Rockefeller Plaza. There it was that Russ first saw Liza, fell in love with her, and determined to marry her.

The courtship was not an easy one. Neither of them was working steadily at the moment, so they had to find ways and means of being with each other that didn't cost much money. The old saying goes that love will find a way and, in this case, love and happiness and a great song, six and a half months after they first met, when Russ had started a radio program and things were going a little better, they were married.

Four years later, they are still happy together. Since then, they have often worked together professionally and, at one time, had their own television program together. Russ just celebrated his 25th anniversary at the Alpena Cremelab.

Liza's second book, "Together" is due out in January. It is the love that Russell Arms has had for Liza Palmer and she has had for him from the start. The "new" is a great companionship that they have ever had before.
The Meaning of Love

(Continued from page 43)

didn't come first and foremost, would it? That's my full-time 'job' now. My career is secondary, as it always was to a girl. Pupi doesn't mind if I go on doing television and recording, as long as I want to do, so long as none of it keeps me away from him. I don't want to be away from him. This doesn't mean I am giving up my work—or only the work that I think fits in the way of a happy family life. It makes sense, when you're as much in love as we are, doesn't it?

"We want a large family," she adds, aglow with the news that the first junior member will arrive early this summer.

"We want to be together for the rest of our lives. We both believe that being together is the only way to make a marriage last for a lifetime."

They met on CBS-TV's The Morning Show last year, where they were both regular featured performers. At first, there was mutual admiration for each other's work. Then they were attracted by other personal qualities.

"Pupi impressed me as the kindest, gentlest man I had ever met," Betty explains. "As I got to know him better, I learned how honest he is, how completely sincere. I adored his humorous approach to everything, his humor always ready to bubble over and break the tension of rehearsals or of the difficult situations which came up occasionally on any program. Gradually, I began to admit to myself that he had every quality I had ever admired in a man."

As for Pupi, he had fallen head over heels in love with Betty long before he had any idea that she might reciprocate the feeling. "But I never thought I had a chance," he says frankly. "When I got up the courage to meet her, I still had that fear. But—cause I had to know how Betty felt about me—and she told me she loved me as I loved her, I thought I must be dreaming. I loved everything about her. Her big, dark eyes were the imprint of it. I had never seen, Thinking of them—how they shone and danced with delight, how tender and sweet they were when she was quiet and thoughtful—or when she was almost crazy. I wanted her to look at me like that for the rest of my life."

"I love many, many other things about Betty," Pupi adds. "I love her way of always being a lady. Her intelligence, and the way she is simple and straightforward."

Working on the same show with Pupi, even before they knew each other, had been a happy experience for Betty, although they seldom actually appeared together. Betty was the singer, exchanging banter with Jack Paar on the program, and Pupi the comedian. "Pupi was sensational to be around," she recalls, "because he was always so gay and such fun."

After a while, he began to visit at the little apartment Betty shared with her mother—who would always cook the things he liked best—and then they would sit around and talk and listen to records and watch TV, or go to a movie or to the theater. It never seemed very important whether they went out for a big evening or stayed quietly at home, because they were together. They had a feeling of "togetherness" wherever they were.

For Betty, who had started on radio at thirteen, singing with her sister, and had traveled with Rosemary and with Tony Pastor's band from the time she was fifteen until she was eighteen—after that, doing professional work on radio and television, and in clubs scattered all through the East and Midwest—being at home so much was a new experience. The Morning Show and, when she left that program, The George Gershwin Show provided a new kind of life.

"We got a chance really to know each other," she smiles, "to meet each other's friends and learn each other's thoughts and moods. Most important of all, perhaps, to learn how each felt about the basic things that are so important. And to find that we both felt the same way about things that really matter."

They were married last September 7, in Our Lady's Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. The wedding was set off by a dream of a dress in white organza and she came in on the arm of her Uncle Bridget, who gave her away. It was a small wedding, with only family members and a very few close friends present. A reception, for forty, was held later at the apartment of a friend, Al Rosenberg. "Robert Q. sent the most beautiful flowers with every card," Betty says.

The wedding was at two in the afternoon and, three hours later, they were off to Havana, where they spent three days, then to the Internationa Hotel in Varadero, Beach, Cuba, where they had a glorious week, going on to Miami Beach, Florida, for another week.

Because Pupi planned to do some work in the U.S. that winter, at one of the first-rate hotel, Betty has made few commitments that would take her away even briefly from her husband. Possibly by the time you read this she will have done a dramatic musical on television from New York, or a one-nighter for which she has been paged, and some guest spots on several other shows. There have been bids for Mr. and Mrs. Pupi Campo to appear together and they would like that very much, Pupi's schedule permitting. In addition there are her new recordings—"Ki Ki," made not long ago with Gordon Jenkins, and "Just to Belong to You." Naturally, she confesses, "I want to record with my husband, too."

While they are dividing their time between New York and Florida—the hope to have a permanent home in southern Florida someday—they are living in Manhattan in the apartment Betty has had for some fifteen years. Betty's mother is now in Beverly Hills, California, with her youngest daughter, ten-year-old Gail Ann—and, of course, that's Rosemary's home now, too.

"What we look forward to," Betty says, "is that even though we live in New York and World—bitterness of life—add to the wonder of it."

"We hope the home will be somewhere quiet, set in woods and trees and flowers. But, as I said months ago before—before I realized how much in love I was and how soon I was going to be a married woman—I want to live wherever my husband can be and be happy. That's the most important thing in my life now. Even my own career, for which I worked so hard and which used to seem so terribly important, it is now simply secondary."

"Isn't that the way every woman feels when she is really in love?" she asks. "Don't you think it makes sense?"

It certainly does—especially when a girl can radiate as much happiness as Betty Clooney when she says it!
Truly a "Honeymooner"

(Continued from page 69) the brokerage business. And Joyce married him for any number of good reasons, for he’s a good-looking, outgoing, generous kind of guy. Dick stands six inches taller than Joyce, he was born on Lincoln’s Birthday, and they were married just last October—though there’s positively no similarity between The Honeymooners and these newlyweds.

It's the same size-ten body which is both Trixie and Joyce, but that's all. Joyce is only about two-thirds the age of Trixie. She is twenty-six, an ash blonde with smoky-blue eyes. In all the newspaper shows, she's usually cast as the irresistible siren who must be shot in the last two minutes of the plot so the sweet ingenue can have the hero. That's how Joyce looks.

Actually, by nature, Joyce is reserved, serious—and moody. "I'm a pessimist," she admits. "I see a cloud in the sky and I worry about how fat it's got to get before it rains. I can even worry about going out in a raincoat and not getting it wet."

Sir Dick and Joyce well and the result is kind of a weather forecast: Cloudy with scattered sun—but Joyce considers this an improvement over her pre-marital days. She owns up to once being as skeptical about marriage as she is about an innocent little cloud in the sky. Joyce was in no hurry about marriage.

"Some girls get pressure at home," she observes. "But my mother always argued against early or very young marriages."

Prior to meeting Dick Charles, Joyce had been in the theater business. "I've always been an ancient, just a decade or so older than Joyce. But suddenly she stopped going steady and discovered a whole new world around her—the Gleason gang, in particular. She learned, for one thing, that the bunch had been gathering after the show at the Cordial Bar and Grill.

So, on a April twenty-third, destiny brought Joyce—wearing a lemon-yellow suit and leopard stole—into the Cordial, where she joined a table of friends. Then Peggy Morrison, who is contemporary with the Gleason Entertainers, came over to the table with two men. One of them was Peggy's husband. The other was destiny again—a new young man. And there was a guy and girl sitting beside Joyce and saying to her, "No, Charles is my last name. My first name is Dick."

Then Joyce looked up and around and there was no one at the table but herself and Dick and Peggy and her husband. And they began talking again and, the next time Joyce looked up, there was a third person at the table but herself and Dick. So they went on talking—and the next time she looked up, the owner was standing by the door, key in hand, waiting for them to leave so he could lock up for the night.

Joyce had learned that Dick was from Rochester, New York. He had been a Navy pilot in World War II, a commercial airline pilot after a year overseas, studied at the University of Alabama to escape Yankee snow, served as business manager on a couple of newspapers and several years ago, had come down to New York, done some small TV vision shows and some commercials. He once participated in a razb commercial on the Gleason show, but Joyce didn't remember him. ("Well, his beard was familiar," she says, "but I couldn't place his face."

Anyway, Dick established a secure bachelorhead that first Saturday. The following Monday evening, he began a siege that continued almost daily until they were married. The courtship developed along classical lines—an eager male and a reluctant female. It was a case of hounds and huntsmen. Dick figured that he proposed between thirty and forty times—his voice collapsed from nervous exhaustion at least twice.

Dick had been making an adjustment of his own. Joyce had, in one Saturday, met Joyce. He had decided that he was drifting in the acting business and he decided to get a solid kind of job. He was at work with an agency. Joyce was impressed but kept saying no.

"We'd known each other such a short time," she comments. "Finally, I agreed that I couldn't stipulate our marriage more than six months."

At five and a half months, they compromised because a good friend was sailing for Europe. They didn't want to miss the nuptials. On Saturday evening of October first, Joyce and Dick called their parents and notified them that they were "elopeing". They hoped to be married the next day—no peace, but an old friend who lived in Freeport, Long Island, suggested that they be married in his minister's library in the Baptist Church. This was done on the thirty-first of October, a Presbyterian and Joyce is a Lutheran.

Then a dear friend leaked the news to the papers and, when Joyce and Dick got to the church, there was some realized they had sent out tickets—and so, by popular demand, the ceremony was performed in the church proper. The groom wore a dark suit and a smile of triumph. The bride family a white lace dress—sung to the hips, where it flared out in white chiffon—and plastic gold pumps, and a five-orchid corsage. Because Dick had to be at work the next morning, the wedding party drove back to Freeport for a celebration in their honor and, at two in the morning, the newlyweds retired with two corned-beef sandwiches.

You have gathered, perhaps, that Joyce Raymond is a hard worker, and you will find it hard to believe that she has been able to do so much with a family in New York and to fit her into the picture of the average Hollywood Gloria. However, it is Joyce Raymond who has been able to make it happen.

In high school, Joyce took a special course in tailoring and, on graduation, as one of the better students, she landed a job with Saks Fifth Avenue in Detroit. She worked there for some time, and between jobs, she had a idea of saving enough money so that she might try for an apprentice job at a theater. But her acting career was cut short for, within ten months after her graduation from high school, Joyce had her first legitimate role. She had been doing amateur theater work for years, notably with the Wayne University Workshop. She got fine notices from local reviewers and as a teen-aged...
Sunday's paper had gained a reputation for its ability.

When, in 1944, the touring company of "Stage Door"—under the management of the late Frank McCoy—played Detroit, they got in touch with Eve K. Joyce, who is familiar with the eye that CBS-TV uses for a "station break" and as a trademark. Well, on the side of Studio 50 there is a "CBS eye" that measures at least forty feet high. This is the view from Joyce's apartment. It's like a conscience or a peeping Tom. It is smack up against windows, practically a part of the decorating scheme.

Besides being convenient to CBS studios, Joyce's apartment is handsome and comfortable. The living room is long, with a wide marble fireplace, itself lacquered most of the furniture black and white. There is a large desk against one wall where Dick (now taking special courses in finance) does his studying and typing with a brand new portable, a wedding gift from Joyce. There is a handsome, ninety-pound slab of marble that constitutes a coffee table. The sofa runs thirteen feet and behind it is an open black cabinet that pyramids two-thirds of the way up the wall. Joyce has lined this with a fabric matching some of the sofa pillows. In two of the open shelves are two exotic white and gray pillows and this color continues into the dining and kitchen area.

"I do all my cooking in the rotisserie," Joyce says. "It's a big electronic stove. The meat heats, stews and chicken—period. I'm not much of a cook. In fact, I've been frightened about inviting anyone in for dinner."

Dick isn't much help. He can't cook or bake. He doesn't chop vegetables or make a salad dressing, but he's very good at defrosting frozen vegetables! Along with this specialty, he majors in dish-washing. But he does paint a couple of closets in the bedroom.

The bedroom is on the feminine side, with pink walls and a pink and white vanity that is another homemade job. Joyce has refinished on an old desk and refinished it in pink and white. She has made herself a grand combination of a dresser and vanity. She is loaded with bric-a-brac. Dick, says, "I think Joyce buys perfume the way she buys soft drinks—by the carton."

Joyce likes clothes as much as she likes people. She is one of the few who has an excuse to keep up a fairly generous-sized wardrobe. She prefers dramatic colors, simply cut, and her favorite outfits are in turquoise or emerald or purple. She is a flashy shopper.

"I learned to shop for bargains," she says, "and the funny thing now is that, though I can afford to buy myself an $80 dress, I still get more satisfaction from hunting till I find what I want at $18.95."

Her closets are filled, especially since Dick moved in. She generously gave him one whole closet and two little drawers. Actually, they have had very little adjustment to make—they enjoy the same friends, have similar tastes in books, movies, and music. Sometimes they even work the same crossword puzzle in bed. They agree on the future.

"Most people talk about moving into the country," Joyce says, "but we love the island of Manhattan, this is the city for the rest of my life. Of course, if there were children, you would have to consider what would be best for them."

Dick grins and says, "Tackled us that we can't start that for a couple of years—not until the contract is up, anyway."

Gleason was kidding, of course. But Joyce and Dick aren't, as they play their gay and serious real-life roles as honey-moons.
While We Are Young

(Continued from page 41)

has made him the head of a household with his eight-year-old daughter, a white French poodle, a Siamese cat, a monkey, a parakeet, a pigeon, and one big bowl of goldfish.

As for how it all came about—that’s an amusing story which could only have happened in the twentieth century, and it could only have happened to Biff McGuire. It begins, quietly enough, in a house on the outskirts of New Haven, Connecticut.

Biff’s father, William J. McGuire, is a contractor. His mother, Mildred McGuire, runs the Corner House—a home for underprivileged children. Biff’s brother and sister, one is in government service, one teaches school, and one “was written up in all the newspapers.” (The newsy event which happened during the Korean War, when James McGuire found a two-days-old baby in a rice field. The Marine Corps gave him permission to keep the child, but suggested that he also find himself a bride. James obliged as soon as he returned to the states.)

As for Biff, the eldest—born October 25, 1923—Biff was destined to be a farmer. “Every summer, during vacation,” he recalls, “I would work on a farm. I’d help bring in the crops, trim pea trees, cut off dandelions even then he was somewhat logically. “I used to like walking along behind a team of horses and talking to all the farmers.”

In 1944, when he went to college, it was to Massachusetts State, where he could study agriculture. In his sophomore year, however, the twentieth century caught Biff up in its wake. He quit school to enlist in the Marine Corps. At the end, he was in Germany without enough points to be shipped home, so he took advantage of the Army’s plan to attend an overseas school. It was at Shriverham University in England that Biff discovered he enjoyed acting and started to study dramatics seriously.

That’s how it happened that a young man from Connecticut, who only wanted to be a farmer, suddenly found himself acting on the London stage, touring Europe with a British troupe, and marrying a beautiful Broadway actress in Dusseldorf, Germany. The play in London was Saroyan’s “The Time of Your Life,” “Dance Me a Song,” “Make Mine Manhattan” was in “Here Comes Mr. Jordan.” And the beautiful Broadway actress was Gigi Gilpin, who appeared in the same production as a CAT (Civilian Actress Technician). By the time Biff had enough points to come home, he and Gigi had decided to make the trip together.

To his credit, the trip home meant a return to the life they had known before the war. To Biff, however, it meant returning to a life he had never even dreamed of—and setting up a home in New York, the biggest city in the world. The sensitive young man who liked nature and the simple life had a family to support, and he meant to do it by acting—the last, most competitive business in the world. It was like throwing Daniel into the lion’s den, and yet...

While Biff retired from acting to have a family, Gigi continued her career—as she says—“sort of snowballed along.” Discovering that he could sing and dance as well as act, he appeared in the Broadway productions of “Dance Me a Song,” “Make Mine Manhattan,” and “South Pacific.” He replaced Barry Nelson in “The Moon Is Blue,” receiving his first star billing on St. Patrick’s Day, 1953. After a six months’ run on Broadway, he appeared in the Chicago production, then went to London, where he created the role of Robert Lewis in “Windmill.” It was here where he had first made his professional debut, that his performance earned him the coveted Plays and Players Award. The London Evening Standard, reported that Biff was a national company of “King of Hearts,” in a New York City Center revival of “The Time of Your Life,” and in more than one revered and fifty TV shows.

Biff is not only a regular in The Secret Storm, but has been appearing nightly in “A View From the Bridge,” the Arthur Miller hit which brought Van Heflin back to Broadway. On his Sunday nights off, he usually can be seen in a dramatic show for television. And his first movie, “The Phenix City Story,” is now on view. To make one of God’s creatures feel at home.

The notion may be startling, particularly in the twentieth century, but the reason for Biff’s success? Here’s Gigi’s answer: “Not only is Biff a talent—it’s spiritual. He has the grace of quiet, a serenity “within” which can bring even the outside world into harmony. In spite of it all, he has the strength of simplicity.

“Show business,” they say, “is no business.” It’s crazy, it’s nerve-wracking, it’s tough... I’m sure Biff and Gigi are talking about “I love acting,” he says and, somehow, that takes care of the whole problem for him. In his dressing room at the screen window to the Arthur Miller play, he usually studies the script for next day’s episode of The Secret Storm or for next Sunday Night on Broadway. He can’t be dynamic, poetic—anything the part calls for. But, offstage, he seems more the easy-going gentleman farmer than the dramatics man. It seems to Biff, as he walks down, as though he has all the time in the world, offer you an apple, and start munching one himself. You’ll find yourself wondering—what makes Gigi and Gigi makes.

“I’m waiting for the bell to ring,” Biff says, “and have my daughter walk in with an elephant one day.”

Biff even manages to have the animals that mean so much to him—thanks to a spacious six-room apartment. It’s a regular Noah’s Ark, but the population is increased because Gigi and Biff’s family attend the Ethical Culture School, where children are permitted to borrow pets on a “lending-library” basis. She keeps bringing in new animals, of course.

“Gigi has a wonderful feeling for animals,” Biff explains proudly. “She can help them get to the heart of a situation.”

Then, as he tells how much Gigi has helped him, it becomes obvious that this is one of the happiest marriages in show business. When you ask him about it, he tells you—as simply as ever—“I’m in love... and is talking things over with me.”

Love, it seems, is not only the secret for a successful marriage, but for a successful life, as well. For Biff, it’s the answer to everything. He loves acting, he loves the city, he loves the country, he loves his home. It keeps him happy, and it keeps him free of the disease of ambition. An excellent cartoonist, he doesn’t sell his drawings, but sends them to friends as gifts. “To cheer them up,” he says. And, though he speaks of getting a bigger apartment one day, it’s only so he can have more room for his pets. And sometimes, he says, “I’d like to get a little farm,” he admits, “but I won’t give up acting. One can’t imagine him ever giving it up—not only because he loves it, but because he has no need to. Unlike so many who have to wait till their sixties to take it easy and live the simple life, Biff is doing it right now, while he’s still young—and very much in love.

Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows
Peggy King • Betty Ann Grove
Lawrence Welk • Tony Marvin
All on the cover, in full color—
delivered in exclusive stories in
March TV RADIO MIRROR
on sale February 7

suburbs in a mad quest for the simple life.
Biff manages to live it right in the heart of New York.

“Have woods in Central Park,” he points out. Every day the weather’s fine, he and his eight-year-old daughter, Gigi (Biff actually spells her name with a small ‘g’s,” to distinguish her from her mother), go walking there. “There’s so much here—libraries and museums. It’s the perfect opportunity for us as for fresh air. We try to get there anywhere. In the country, many children spend much of their time indoors, anyway.

When Biff walks down the busy streets of Manhattan, he is looked at as friendly as neighbors back home in Connecticut. Only now they don’t ask about Biff’s family, they ask about The Secret Storm. They want to know: “Why did you do that today?” Or: “What’s going to happen next week?”

55
WIN a valuable prize FOR PICKING THE RIGHT DRESS

JUST CHOOSE THE RIGHT DRESS AND YOU’RE A WINNER!

NOTHING TO BUY!

Just look at these four beautifully dressed ladies. They’re ready to step out in their latest Fashion Frocks. If you look closely, your own good style sense should tell you that one wears a style featuring the new “overblouse look.” Can you tell which dress it is? Here’s one little clue... “overblouse look” means 2-piece look. Now you’re on your own. When you have picked out the RIGHT DRESS (and there’s NO hidden trick to the answer), enter Style Number in coupon below and mail it for your FREE GIFT—a valuable TEA APRON!

Your Chance to Earn up to $100.00 In a Month—Plus Lovely Dresses for Yourself!

We’re running this Style Test to find women qualified for big sparetime money-making opportunities as Fashion Counselors. We offer you the chance to take in $20-$25-$30 and more in a week—plus the chance to obtain latest, exclusive styles... for your own use, and to use as samples. We want to prove how YOU can do this easily, quickly in your free time simply by showing our lovely dresses—and taking orders for them from friends and neighbors. No experience needed! We furnish everything.

Send For Your FREE Gift Now!

In the coupon, write the number of the only dress in our picture with the popular new “overblouse look,” and mail at once. By return mail, we’ll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a stunning, smartly styled Tea Apron. We’ll also send you FREE our Full-Color Presentation Portfolio of gorgeous styles and actual fabric samples, along with full details about our easy earning plan.

Women—Act Quickly! Send Answer Today!

You must hurry to win your FREE PRIZE of a Tea Apron. Do the test right away and get your answer off to us today. Your FREE PRIZE—plus Style Folio, fabric samples, and full instructions, will go out when we receive your entry. Only one entry accepted from each household. Offer not open to present Fashion Frocks salespeople.

STYLE TEST MANAGER
FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. U-2053
Cincinnati 25, Ohio
In Canada, North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 2163 Parthenais, Dept. U-2053, Montreal, P. Q.

You will win by entering the Style Number of the appropriately labeled dress. Double check your Style Number and mail your entry TODAY!

WIN THIS PRIZE! A New, Height-of-Fashion "BILL" TYPE TEA APRON!

Your prize for answering this test is a stunning, super-quality apron such as you have seldom seen before. Made of fine washable fabric and with a roomy side pocket, it’s designed to make you look your best for afternoon wear. Piping materials and extra finishing details give it charming flair. No buttons, no hitch—on in a jiffy. Yours in place. YOURS FREE when you answer our style test. Rush your entry TODAY!

PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD—Mail Today!

Style Test Manager
FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. U-2053, Cincinnati 25, O.

Here’s my answer. Please rush my PRIZE of the “Bill” Type Tea Apron. Also Style Folio with fabric samples and full particulars without obligation.

Name_____________________________Age_____________________________

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City & Zone_____________________________State________________________

If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 2163 Parthenais, Montreal, P. Q.
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It's as simple as ABC

ALWAYS MILDER because Accu-Ray "sees" into the heart of your Chesterfield while it is being made, perfecting the even distribution of its fine tobaccos. So your Chesterfield burns more evenly, smokes much milder.

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James Arness, star of "GUNSMOKE" TV's new hit—CBS, Sat.
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YOUNG AMERICA HAS IT...
YOU CAN HAVE IT IN 7 DAYS!

Fresher-than-Springtime... That Ivory Look
is freshness itself! This enchanting young one has it... don't you want it too?
Then, just remember: the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your skin! Moreover, more doctors advise pure, mild Ivory for baby's skin and yours than any other soap.

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is so fair and clear! And so easy for you to have. Simply change to regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap. In 7 days your skin perks up so prettily! You'll love its clear, radiant freshness. You'll have That Ivory Look!

99.45% PURE... IT FLOATS

It's like getting one FREE! 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps. It all adds up...

PERSONAL SIZE IVORY IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY!
The doctor's deodorant discovery that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream. Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

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Look prettier—through curly lashes in just seconds—with the new soft-cushion

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naturally, it's the best... gold plated
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You must try the wonderful new

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never needs sharpening—spring-locked crayon can't fall out...
Velvet Black, Dark or Light Brown, and now in Dove Grey or Auburn...

79¢ for two long-lasting refills

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designed with a grip that can't slip—straight or slant edge... 29¢

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for long, dark, velvety lashes—Solid Form in gorgeous gold-plated vanity case—or Cream Form in smart kit

$1.25

Look... what's new in eye beauty!

TV RADIO MIRROR
MARCH, 1956 N.Y., N.J., CONN. EDITION VOL. 45, NO. 4

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Cover portrait of Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows by David Workman

BUY YOUR APRIL ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE MARCH 8
Often a bridesmaid... never a bride!

Most of the girls of her set were married... but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly... and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

No tooth paste kills germs like this... instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Every night... before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.
Twins Jennafer and Jeffrey bring the Joneses—Dick, alias Buffalo Bill, Jr.; Ricky; Betty; Melody—to a half-dozen.

Lucy loves them, but she can’t tell Mike and Joe Mayer apart. The twins alternate as Lucille Ball’s TV son.

WHAT’S NEW FROM

By JILL WARREN

Honest Abe will come in for a well-deserved share of TV salutes.

Ford Star Jubilee will present a special Paul Gregory Theater production of “The Day Lincoln Was Shot” on Saturday night, February 11, over CBS-TV. The hour-and-a-half presentation is an adaptation of the Jim Bishop best-selling book of the same name.

Wide, Wide World is also doing a special Lincoln’s Birthday tribute on the Sunday afternoon, February 12 telecast on NBC. And, in addition, the cameras will switch around the country to show actual “live” scenes of the current carnivals and winter festivals, including the famous Mardi Gras from New Orleans.

Curt Massey has taken over the radio time formerly occupied by Tennessee Ernie Ford, who is giving up his CBS show. Ernie asked for, and was granted, a suspension of his contract with CBS Radio, and from now on will probably be seen much more on television than he has been in the past. Since his record of “Sixteen Tons,” which sold well over a million, the “pea-pickin’” Mr. Ford is very much in demand. As for Curt Massey, he
COAST TO COAST

is very glad to return to the airwaves from his semi-retirement and, for the time being, at least, will retain most of Tennessee's talent lineup.

Saturday night, February 18, is the date for the Oscar Nominations from Hollywood, and NBC-TV will carry the preliminaries on the yearly Academy Award contenders. NBC also will telecast the actual Award ceremonies in March, as they did last year, with the date to be announced later.

Imogene Coca is back, and Max Lieberman has got her, at least for one show, Sunday night, February 26. The pert comedienne and her former mentor from Show Of Shows will reunite their talents to do an hour-and-a-half program on NBC-TV. The team will do a satire on the entire television industry, complete with music, production and the works.

Edgar Bergen is back on TV with a new quiz-type program, Do You Trust Your Wife? It is seen Tuesday nights, on CBS, immediately following The $64,000 Question. The contestants on the show are husband-and-wife teams and Bergen's not-so-dumb dummies, Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, assist the ventriloquist-comic in asking the questions.

Biography In Sound, the NBC Tuesday-night radio show, is doing an interesting program on February 21. The subject will be Anne Morrow Lindbergh, the authoress and wife of the aviation ace. This is one of the finest programs on the air, and is always filled with true-life anecdotes and factual happenings about the world's famous personalities.

Filming has been completed in Hollywood on the musical adaptation of "High Tor," from the famous Maxwell Anderson play, and it will be seen as a Ford Star Jubilee show on March 10, over CBS. The production was shot in twelve days at a cost of about $400,000. Bing Crosby, who stars, winds up as owner of the film after two showings on the network. Eventually Crosby intends to release it as a movie feature to theaters outside the United States. Bing held out so long on doing any television, but when he finally did—wow, what a deal he made.

Judy Garland has herself a nice television deal also. She has just signed with CBS on a three-year exclusive contract. Judy is supposed to do one show a year, the first one to be in the fall of this year, and they say the deal totals up to $300,000 as Miss G.'s salary. Who said Judy was "washed up"?

Long-time listeners to Aunt Jenny will be happy that the program is back on the CBS Radio daytime schedule. Agnes Young is once again portraying "Jenny" and Peter Thomas has resumed as the announcer. When the program went off the air in March of 1955, CBS and the sponsor, Lever Brothers, received literally thousands of letters of protest.

Not such good news to daytime radio listeners is that Perry Mason has gone off the air, after several years of continuous broadcasting. Stella Dallas and First Love are also out of the daytime lineup.

This 'n' That:

TV and film actor Jerome Courtland took himself a new bride recently in Newark, New Jersey. She is Janet Gumprecht, daughter of the head man of the Nettie Rosenstein fashion enterprises, Jerome was formerly (Continued on page 15)
TOP OF THE MORNING

From dawn to noon, Peter Roberts offers news and then music as WINS's man about the morning.

Hate to get up? Suffer from mid-morning slump? Want something to perk up your appetite when it gets near lunchtime? The cure for what ails you may very well be a two-word prescription—Peter Roberts—who is by no means hard to take. . . . Peter is on hand from dawn to noontime on New York's Station WINS. Starting at 6:45 A.M., he interrupts the Bob And Ray show every half-hour on the quarter-hour to present Peter Roberts And The News. To retaliate, Bob and Ray do their best to "break up" Peter during his five-minute news reports. . . . Peter is stoic about these shenanigans and delivers the news informatively, authoritatively and informally. Theoretically, this should be the end of his day. Peter came to WINS somewhat over a year ago as Director of News and Special Events. But it didn't take the upper echelons long to recognize that this is a man of many talents. So now Peter's day stretches to include The Peter Roberts Show, a ten-to-noon program of recorded music, news oddities and good will. . . . Born in Montreal, Peter studied at London University for two years, tripping about Europe on holidays and spending his tutoring money on a Budapest spree that is still "memorable." He returned to Canada to graduate from McGill University, still planning to become a lawyer.

But about this time someone told Peter he had a nice voice. Peter mulled this over and decided to try broadcasting in the United States. He went to work at WHAM in Rochester and then, in 1942, moved to KYW in Philadelphia. From there he went to the NBC network, doing both radio and TV announcing. Peter is also well-known for his narrations on the movie newsreel, "News of the Day," and the syndicated "TV Review of the Week." . . . While at NBC, he also met his wife Joann, who was then head of the make-up department. When the regular man was out, Jo came down to make-up Peter for a TV show. It happened again a few months later and Peter found his beautifier really beautiful. They started dating and have been married now for two years. . . . The Roberts' recently moved to "a funny little house" in Rutherford, New Jersey. English Tudor in style, it also houses a championship pug dog, Tarralong Rough Diamond, and a black cocker spaniel, Glory Hill Girl. Peter and Jo have furnished their home in colonial style, with a couple of good antiques, Jo's collection of Lodestock and early American glass. Peter's hobby is railroads, "not models but full-size." He treasures his collection of railroad memorabilia, but New Yorkers need only a radio timetable to get on Peter Roberts' track. Aboard!
Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

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

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

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

Only a Soap This Mild

CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That’s because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here’s the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive’s rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It’s that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That’s why Palmolive’s mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE’S BEAUTY RESULTS!
GREETINGS, good people, and welcome to our monthly turn around the tur- ntable. We're here for the usual reason, of course, to give a listen to the newest record releases. So shall we?

This seems to be the era for hi-fi, so let's lead off with "The Hi-Fi Nightingale," a new album by Caterina Valente. She is the multi-lingual European girl who became an overnight success with her first American release of "Malaquena" last year. In her new album, which was recorded in Germany, Caterina gives full vent to her fabulous vocal range on such standard songs as "Breeze and I," "Begin the Be- guine," "Siboney," "Temptation." (Decca)

Gordon Jenkins, with his orchestra and chorus, can always be counted on for top musical quality on record. His newest couplets two ballads, "You're Not Alone," with a Bob London vocal, and "How Do I Love You?" with Stuart Foster asking the romantic question. ("X")

The big musical movie, "Carousel," is being released any time now all over the country, and about the same time Capitol is bringing out a special sound-track album of the great Rodgers and Hammer- stein score. The film cast is all present and accounted for—Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Cameron Mitchell, Barbara Ruick, Clara Mae Turner and Robert Rounseville. Of course you know the songs, which by now have become practically standards—"If I Loved You," "June Is Bustin' Out All Over," "What's the Use of Wonderin'?" "Soliloquy," etc. The album music is done by Alfred Newman, Ken Darby and the 20th Century-Fox Studio orchestra.

Cadence Records nabbed Kay Thompson, the talented night-club commedienne-singer, and now author, for a wax version of "Eloise," her amusing "child's book for adults." Kay's talk about the little girl who lives in the Plaza Hotel in New York makes for very humorous listening.

Urbie Green, the fine trombonist, and his musical group have done up a good jazz album for the new ABC-Paramount label. It's called "Blues and Other Shades of Green," an unusual title if I ever heard one. Urbie and the lads play mostly standards, such as "It's Too Late Now," "Paradise," "Am I Blue," "Thou Swell" and "You Are Too Beautiful." They give their own turns the sound qualities of jazz treat- ment, with melody always prominent. By the way, at the recording session the powers-that-be were so impressed with the talent of Urbie's pianist, Dave Mc- Kenna, that they signed him as a solo.

Coral released a Steve Allen effort a few weeks back called "What Is a Wife?" And what happens? The "wife," otherwise known as Jayne Meadows, answered back with "What Is a Husband?" and Coral put the two sides back to back. (Please, Mrs. Allen, let us not argue about royalties, hmmm?)

"Here Come the Girls!" is a new album of old records, each one done by a differ- ent feminine singer, and each song closely identified with the vocal career of each gal. Martha Raye sings "Once in A While," Irene Dunne sopranos "Lovely To Look At" and Gertrude Niesen does "Where Are You?" Ethel Merman's "If I Get a Kick Out of You"; "Tonight We Love," by Jane Froman; Connee Boswell's "I Cover the Waterfront"; Mary Martin singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," and Joe Venuti and Live," sung by Alice Faye; Ella Logan's "Something I Dreamed Last Night"; and Bebe Daniels' "Dream Shadows" are all in the album. Also included are two sides by the late Helen Morgan; "Get a Job" and "Good Morning." The immortal Morgan style is heard on "Sand in My Shoes," and Miss Moore's great voice is still alive with her famous "One Night of Love." (Epí-

Decca is very excited about the Conley Graves Trio, whom they have just signed to a contract. This new group, consisting of piano, bass and drums, plays every- thing from classical stuff to jazz, and they do just that on their first release, an album called "Genius at Work." They have chosen interesting musical material, such as "Love for Sale," "St. Louis Blues," "Laura," "The Man I Love," "Humoresque" and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."

February is Benny Goodman's big month, what with the release of the Universal-International movie, "The Benny Goodman Story," and all the platter com- panies saluting the great clarinetist by re- leasing many of the records he has made during the last two decades or so. Whether you like Benny swinging with his fabulous band, or playing it soft and sweet with his trio, or even singing a vocal chorus, you're bound to find it in this month's releases.

Victor has an album called "The Benny Goodman Story," which includes the original recordings of "Down South Camp Meetin'," "Sing, Sing, Sing," "King Porter's Stomp," "One O'Clock Jump," "And the Angels Sing," "Don't Be That Way," and others.

On the Columbia label you'll find three volumes of Benny's famous 1938 Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert: "The King of Swing," "The Vintage Goodman" and "The Benny Goodman Story." Columbia is also issuing a new set, recently waxed, titled "A Date With The King," and on this album Benny has the vocal assistance of Rosemary Clooney, who does three songs: "Memories of You," the Goodman theme, "Goodbye," and a novelty duet with B.G., "It's Bad for Me."

Decca has the actual sound track from the film, and it, too, is called "The Benny Goodman Story," natch. You'll hear the Goodman clarinet, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, and others of the featured musical performers who did the actual movie music.

On Coral there's "Let's Dance," with Steve Allen and his orchestra, an album of eleven sides of some of my favorite Goodman tunes—and I hope some of yours—"Sometimes I'm Happy," "Mem- ories of You" and "Moonglow."

And, lastly, there's a real collectors' nugget on the Brunswick label—"B.G.—1927 to 1934." In this set are some of Benny's earliest commercial recordings—"Blue," "Muskrat Ramble," "That's A-Plenty," "Indiana," "Farewell Blues," and others. The soloists include such all-time greats as Red Nichols, Edmond Hall and Joe Venuti.

The pretty singinglass from the Hit Parade TV show, Giselle MacKenzie, is becoming more important in the record sweepstakes with each new release, and her latest record will give her stock an extra boost. Giselle sings a slow ballad, "Re- served," and "The Little Child," accom- panied by Sid Bass' orchestra. The latter side is a touching question-and-answer song, adapted from an old French tune, with 10-year-old Billy Quinn doing the asking. This is the little boy who often appears on Your Hit Parade. ("X")

"The Mariners Sing Spirituals" is a fine album by The Mariners Quartet on the Cadence label. There are sixteen selec- tions in all, including the familiar "Get on Board," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I Seen," and "Exekiel Saw the Wheel."

Marion Marlowe, also on Cadence, sings a pretty coupling of "Ave Maria" and "The Lord's Prayer," with Archie Bleyer's or- chestra. Marion chose these two sides, rather than a pair of pop tunes, because these were the two songs she had the most requests for during her years with Godfrey.

Oops, there goes my space again, and I have to get off the page. But I'll be meeting you back around here next month. So long for now.
PLAYTEX PRESENTS FABRICON™... A NEW MIRACLE MATERIAL FOR NEW MIRACLE CONTROL

All New and Beautiful!

Playtex®

Magic Controller

Made of figure-slimming FABRICON... a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex

holds you in beautifully ... in wonderful comfort!

New! Magic"Fingers"!

Hidden “fingers” firm and support like magic... keep you firm, flat and flattered! And Fabricon molds you sleekly and surely into new slimness... no matter what your size!

New! Comfort! “Open-pore” Fabricon lets your body breathe. It’s a pleasure to wear soft, cool Fabricon with its give-and-take stretch. And the non-roll top really stays up!

New! Freedom! Fabricon is f-l-e-x-i-b-l-e... easy-on and easy-off! Not a seam, stitch or bone in it! New Playtex Magic-Controller has detachable, adjustable garters... washes, dries in a wink. At your favorite department store or specialty shop. Only $7.95. Extra Large, $8.95.

P.S. The girl is wearing the New Playtex Living® Bra* "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon, $3.95

THERE’S A PLAYTEX GIRLDE FOR YOUR FIGURE

For wonderful control, Playtex Light-Weight Girdle ... $4.95
For more control, Playtex High Style Girdle with new non-roll top... $5.95
For most control, Playtex Magic-Controller™ with “finger” panels... $7.95

† All Playtex Girdles are made of split-resistant Fabricon

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Beeline to a Byline

Three years ago, Station WICH gathered its news via a teletype machine and a not-too-frequent check with the local fire and police departments. There was one part-time newsmen on duty. . . . Then a young man named Ed Leonard rolled up his sleeves and went to work to give news a definite emphasis and importance at the Norwich, Connecticut station. With Ed as News Editor, the department has grown to three full-time newsmen, plus a staff of other nimble employees who have suddenly become news conscious. Phone calls from listeners light up the WICH switchboard at the first howl of a police or fire siren—or at the faintest whisper of anything that might prove newsworthy. . . . On the scene, tape-recorded reports of accidents, fires and special events; recorded phone conversations with people who make the news; the human side of the story—all these features are now incorporated in WICH newscasts. . . . Ed directs eighteen newscasts a day. Aside from special events, he's on himself with a daily fifteen-minute newcast at 1 P.M.; a daily editorial program, Byline WICH, at 6:30 P.M.; and an interview program, Here's The Story, Wednesday at 6:15 P.M. . . . "We have both the right and obligation to present at least one editorial show nightly," Ed says. On his editorial report, he has had the courage and conviction to call attention to current issues in city government, to openly criticize and praise, and to honestly review entertainment . . . . Born in Northfield, Vermont, Ed first started sniffing after the news when he was a sportswriter for the school paper at Fitch High School in Groton. Then he went on to take a B.A. at the University of Connecticut. "They had a student station where we used to hang around and eat our lunch every day. It looked so easy," Ed recalls, "I decided to try it and got the Norwich job after graduation." . . . Ed, now 25, courted his lovely wife Norma at civic and sporting events. "Some girls were wooed with plain passes," she laughs, "I was wooed with press passes." As we go to press, the stork is racing a deadline on his visit to the Leonards. "Our special interest as of this moment," Ed says, "is trying to pick a name for our first offspring. At the rate we're going, he'll probably grow up with a number instead of a name." . . . The Leonards' home life is closely bound up with Ed's working life. A telephone call may interrupt them at their apartment or at any social event they are attending. The ring means that Ed Leonard is once again off to report the news—as it happens—for WICH listeners in Connecticut.
You can’t see what’s happening underneath your make-up!

But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won’t spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can’t see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

But daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up—but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! Then Dial keeps on working—underneath your make-up! So your complexion is protected all day!

What’s Dial’s secret? It’s AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap.

Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

P.S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!
Limelight a la Mode

Opera star Patrice Munsel, a talented morsel, joins Ray, a "high baritone," for a luncheon-interview at famed Sardi's.

Jazzman Duke Ellington reminds Ray of his own career as a bandleader in the nation's plumpest hotels and clubs.

Really, it all adds up. From billing as the "Ipana Troubadour" to singing in Broadway musicals to bandleading—it figured that Ray Heatherton would then go on to the multiple activities of Luncheon At Sardi's, Supper At Sardi's, Ray Heatherton Theater and Merry Mailman. Vincent Lopez, bandleader and numerologist, foresaw it all. "Within the next few years," he told Ray, "you're going to make a complete turnabout in your career, and you'll be more popular than you've ever dreamed." Ray's own explanation is more succinct. "It all just happened," he says. . . . But his schedule equals undivided enjoyment for New Yorkers of all ages. Weekdays at 12:45, he presides over Luncheon At Sardi's, on Station WOR. Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 P.M., he offers second helpings on Supper At Sardi's. Then, having been one of Broadway's "Babes in Arms," and being the father of two, Ray enchants the younger set on Merry Mailman Cartoon Theater, weekdays at noon on WOR-TV, and Merry Mailman, heard Sunday at 1:15 P.M. on Mutual Radio. And he's just added The Ray Heatherton Theater, weekdays at 6 P.M. on WOR-TV. . . . The limelight brigade interviewed by Ray at Sardi's needs must shine brightly to out-glitter their host's many-faceted career. Born in Jersey City, Ray grew up in Floral Park, Long Island, and, while at Hempstead High, began singing with Father Finn's Paulist Choristers. His discoverer, Paul Whiteman, heard Ray sing at a junior prom and hired him for an engagement. . . . One touch of the spotlight's glare
Himself a star, many times over,
Ray Heatherton serves
New Yorkers a firmament of fun.

Ray may lunch and sup at Sardi's, but breakfast means get-togethers with Richard, wife Davenie and Davy Jo.

Singing was the first note in Ray's varied career and, even with radio, TV, appearances and benefits, he still records.

Puppets such as Mr. Humperdink and The King are part of the enchantment Ray spins as The Merry Mailman.

was enough. After high school, when Ray went to work for the telephone company, he continued to dream of show business. He haunted the NBC studio during lunch hours, hoping for an audition. Finally, he met James Melton in an elevator and, through him, won an audition and a contract. Ray became a regular, singing on all the top network shows. His voice was also heard in such Broadway hits as "Garrick Gaieties," "The Desert Song," and "The Chocolate Soldier." Ray had studied for years for his singing success, but his career as a bandleader was impromptu. The manager of the chic Rainbow Room offered Ray an engagement as a singer, together with his band. What the manager didn't know was that Ray had no band. Overnight, Ray gathered together sixteen musicians to form a dance band that shattered all previous records at the Rainbow Room—and elsewhere. Ray met his wife, the former Davenie Watson, when both were playing in "Babes in Arms." They've fostered two "babes" of their own, Richard, 12, and Davenie Joanna, 11 and better known as Davy Jo. Ray is back on Long Island, in a Rockville Centre home where his hobbies are antique collecting, golf, tennis and "riding to hounds." Davy Jo is "a good hoofer," Ray smiles. Richard is interested in the technical end of show business and turns every box that comes into the house into a camera. The focus of his attention is Ray Heatherton, who lives a glamorous life with understatement, warmth and simplicity—and turns out to be an exciting attention-getter.
**Two For Fun**

Cal and Larry run a dance and disc party six days a week. They often have such show-business guests as Mindy Carson.

Records mean music at home as well as on-the-air for Larry, with Alma and Gary programming the concert.

Cal, the low-pressure member of the firm, enjoys dawdling over breakfast with wife Jean and four-year-old daughter Pat.

**Larry Brown and Cal Milner prance through a daily WPEN party of discs, dance and dialogue**

Like Topsy, the 950 Club just growed and growed. Twenty years ago, music and news programs were a sometime thing. Station WPEN decided to set sail on new and uncharted radio waters and launched a one-hour daily record show. . . . One day, a bright young lad had a suggestion: Why not invite the audience into the studio? When older heads urged caution, the adventurers at the station countered with a suggestion to invite the studio audience to dance while the records twirl. The original radio studio dancing party was born and, feeding on top ratings, the 950 Club grew to its present 1 to 7 P.M. size. . . . Presiding over the Monday through Saturday festivities of pop records, dancing, interviews, refreshments and fun for all are Larry Brown and Cal Milner. This team finds it an easy task to keep the show's ratings frolicking on high. “Just work, work and then more of the same,” they chorus. But it's work both these young men love and they supplement it with almost daily appearances telling stories, making speeches and emceeing benefits at schools, churches, synagogues and civic gatherings. . . . The boys complement each other. Larry Brown is the rambunctious, dynamic, “bopster” partner, while Cal Milner plays the easygoing, low-pressure, chuckling member of the firm. . . . Cal hails from Spencer, Nebraska, but moved to California to major in music at Long Beach State College. He inherits a love of sports from his uncle, Frank Leahy, the famed former Notre Dame football coach. Cal is 27, has a lovely wife Jean, and is the proud father of four-year-old Pat. . . . A native New Yorker, Larry attended Columbia University and first came to Philadelphia and WPEN in 1946. Later, he returned to New York to work as a network actor and announcer. But he liked Philadelphia, fell in love with a local lass named Alma and returned to team up with Cal. Larry tips the calendar at 32, and his son Gary is the same age as Cal's Pat. . . . Cal and Larry like to point out that, though the show has a natural appeal for the younger set, research has shown that more than 65 percent of the listening audience are adults. They like to think of the show as one for the truly “young in heart,” regardless of age. “Cal and I feel like crown princes of radio as co-hosts of the 950 Club,” Larry sums up. “We hope to stay for a long, long time—if the fans want us.”

No “ifs” about it, say applauding Philadelphians.
married to songstress Polly Bergen. Don McNelly of Breakfast Club maestro, has started a nationwide talent hunt for emcees through the ABC affiliated radio stations throughout the country. Don plans to give the newcomers a chance to appear on his show this coming summer.

Actor Gene Raymond has taken over the host-narrator post on the TV Reader's Digest show.

The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet, the popular ABC-TV show, has received the First Annual Della Robbia Wreath Award for Television, from the Boys Republic of California, one of the nation's outstanding youth rehabilitation centers. The award recognizes notable contributions toward a better understanding of juvenile delinquency and teen problems.

Pretty Dorothy McGuire, of the singing sisters, and her husband, Sgt. John H. Brown, decided to permanently end it all, their recent reconciliation having blown up. Dorothy and the sergeant each filed countersuits for divorce in Bunnell, Florida, both charging cruelty. Julius La Rosa, whose name was once romantically linked with Dorothy's, has a new object for his matrimonial intentions in Rory Meyer, secretary to Perry Como. Julie and Rory began engaged on New Year's Eve.

Andy Williams, the singer on Steve Allen's Tonight TV show, has signed a contract to record for Cadence.

TV actress Joanne Jordan, one of the prettiest gals doing the cosmetic commercials, is romancing off camera with Milton Rackmill, Decca Records president.

Also hand-holding these days are Nanette Fabray, of Caesar's Hour, and Bill Tishman, young New York real-estate man.

Frank Parker is about set to make personal appearances and do some night-club dates, as some of the other Godfrey-ites have been doing. He is penciled in to play Las Vegas around the middle of this month, for a three-week date, and at one of those whopping salaries.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. J.F.K., Crown Point, Ind.: Arlene Francis has no children from her first marriage, but she and her husband, Martin Gabel, have a son, Peter, who is ten years old. ... Miss L.R., Detroit, Mich.: Constance Ford is the name of the actress who recently joined the cast of Search for Tomorrow. She is well known on the Broadway stage. ... Miss J.M.F., Arlington, Va.: At the present time there are no plans to bring The Railroad to radio, though I agree with you it was a wonderful musical program. ... Mrs. K.S., Muncie, Ind.: The book you ask about is called The Life Story of Jackie Gleason, by Jim Bishop. ... Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey are being thrilled late next month, though parts of it may appear in some magazines before then. ... Mrs. R.J., Chicago, Ill., and others who wrote about Jeff Donnell: When Jeff returned to the George Gobel show to play his wife, "Alice," she was guaranteed she would appear on a minimum of fourteen shows this season. She was added to the cast after Gobel fans set up a howl and bombarded NBC with letters demanding "Alice" be put back in the format. ... Miss H.D., Dallas, Tex.: The Miss Pepper-dine shows, which Marie Wilson was to have done on television this season, never came off, though she remained under contract to CBS until awhile, tired of sitting around, she will do some night-club work (Continued on page 21)
Everybody's Gramps

I am interested in knowing something about George Cleveland, who plays Gramps on CBS-TV's Lassie. W. D., Agincourt, Ont.

George Cleveland is a performer extraordinary, not only by virtue of 56 years in show business but because his range of abilities is so very great. The long career began as a juvenile actor in 1899, "But nothing in those years can approach the thrill I have received since my role in the Lassie series. At every personal appearance in the United States and Canada, I'm greeted with 'Hi, Gramps, and it's a most wonderful treat for these tired old ears.'

George Cleveland was born 69 years ago in Sydney, Nova Scotia. By 1904, he was living in Vancouver, British Columbia, but left that city for a round-the-world tour with a repertory company. He returned in 1906, in time to experience the great fire of San Francisco. He has toured with stock companies from the Gulf of Mexico throughout the entire United States to Montreal, Canada. With the Louis L. James group, he visited the major metropolitan cities with a repertoire of seven Shakespearean productions.

Motion pictures attracted him in 1936 and he's been in 400 of them. Among the countless stage hits in which he took part are "Lilly Sue," "The Hypocrites," and "Honor Or Be Damned." As a stage director he worked with such stars as May Robson. In 1942, George became a free-lance actor. His leisure time is spent at his home in Mission Bay, San Diego, where he indulges in his chief hobby, preparing Chinese food. An ardent devotee of the sport of kings, George follows the horses' records from track to track. "Bet only once, though," he remarks, "Lost, too, when a Hanover trotter failed me in the Hambletonian." But it's a sure bet that there are few performers who can boast the experience of George "Gramps" Cleveland.

Actor By Accident

I would like to know a little about Billy Gray, who portrays Bud, on Father Knows Best. on NBC-TV. C. W., Cleveland, Ohio.

Here's one actor who doesn't mind admitting that he wasn't wild about the idea. Billy Gray sort of drifted into acting when he went to see his brother performing in a play. An agent saw Billy and asked if he'd like to work in the movies. He said, sure, he wouldn't mind. Billy promptly went to work in a film called "Odd Car Out" and made such a favorable impression in his small role that he was put to work in a bigger one in "On Moonlight Bay." This work wasn't bad. Billy thought, so, without much ado, he proceeded to do important parts in "The Man Who Came Back," "The Girl Next Door," "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" and his more recent "All I Desire." . . . Billy was born in Irish stock in Los Angeles, on January 13, 1938, and attended a variety of schools there, including Brendan's Parish School, Emerson Junior High, Fox Studio School and Universal High. . . . Like most of the other actors on Father Knows Best, Billy's home life provides him with first-hand experience in family relations. His TV older sister is Betty. His real-life older sister is Gloria, a model. On TV, he has a younger sister. Off camera, he has a younger brother. Freddy, who is an actor. And for good measure, just so Billy won't get confused on off camera, he really has an older brother, Frank, who is an artist. . . . When he isn't studying or acting, Billy likes to overhaul bicycles, go deep-sea fishing, swimming and water skiing. . . . And, by the way, Billy's passionivity about acting has passed!

Calling All Fans

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

Pat Boone Fan Club, c/o Barbara Breeding, 658 S. 17th Ave., Buffalo 25, N. Y.
Robin Hood Fan Club, c/o Carol Masarelli, 39 Waltham St., Maynard, Mass.
Johnny Desmond Fan Club, c/o Diane Konopasek, 2512 Euclid Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

Distinguished Target

Would you publish some information about George Fenneman, the announcer on You Bet Your Life, over NBC Radio and NBC-TV?

A. M., Houston, Tex.

Groucho Marx's man Friday, who helps him on Wednesdays (on radio) and Thursdays (on TV), manages to get himself into the bull's eye when Groucho starts aiming well-placed darts. The serious men of Fenneman, is thrown completely off kilter with a leer from the sardonic Groucho.
George Fenneman

George always carefully manages to get thoroughly mussed at his boss's quips, verbally, at least. . . George Fenneman began his radio career in 1942 in San Francisco. His first assignment was in the role of the early California bandit, Joaquin Murrieta, in Golden Days. Two years later he was announcer on the Parade Of Spotlight Bands. Subsequent acting and announcing roles led to winning an audition on Groucho's program. He also handled announcing chores on Dragnet on radio and TV, as well as on the Martin and Lewis show. . . George was born in Peking, China, on November 19, 1919. His parents brought him to the United States when he was an infant. He received his early education in San Francisco and was graduated from San Francisco State College. . . At the ripe age of eight, he produced and starred in his own drama before a distinguished audience of neighborhood youngsters, in the basement of his home. . . Now George lives on a ranch in Sherman Oaks, outside of Hollywood, with his wife Peggy and their three children. His hobbies are numerous—oil painting, gardening, photography, and music. . . Though Fenneman's handsome appearance, perfect diction and dignified personality place him in the straight-man role, You Bet Your Life it provides rib-tickling results.

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

she's wearing a sarong

the criss-cross girdle that walks and won't ride up

It's completely different. And you'll feel the difference immediately—all through the day! Only Sarong's unique, patented criss-cross feature lets you walk, bend and sit with wonderful freedom. Never, never rides up!

Because of its exclusive construction, Sarong actually lifts and flattens your tummy comfortably. Try a lightweight, boneless Sarong. See how different you look and feel. See how Sarong slims you into fashion's glamorous new lines. Sarong girdles from $7.95 at better stores everywhere.
DRESSES 55¢ EACH

MINIMUM ORDER OF 5 DRESSES

NOW READY! GORGEOUS, SMART, MODERN STYLE DRESSES FOR ALL OCCASIONS!

BACKSTAGE WIFE For years Mary Noble has known the heartache of being married to a man so attractive that other women were a constant threat to her happiness. Has she taken the right step to protect herself? Will her determination to build her own screen career under Malcolm Devereux' guidance be the salvation of her marriage—or its ruin? And how will wealthy Hilda St. Clair, the new blocker of Larry's play, affect things? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Nobody knows better than Reverend Richard Dennis how difficult it is to persuade a frightened person to be honest. But once again he has the satisfaction of seeing love overcome fear as Lydia Harrick and Max Canfield face and understand the reasons for the psychological twist that has darkened her life since her husband's death. And her brother-in-law Don's confession is Lydia's final key to happiness. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE If Julie Palmer had to fill out a questionnaire, she would have to answer "housewife" to the query about her occupation. But Julie might question, with justice, whether the wife of a small-town doctor is not actually a non-professional assistant in his career. Dan would be the first to admit that, without Julie's interest in everything around her, he might be a different man—and a different doctor. NBC Radio.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Staggered by Joe Roberts' sudden death, Meta's family is thankful for the fortitude with which she faces widowhood. For her brother Bill needs all his emotional resources to fight a battle of his own—the near-fatal effect on his home life of his mother-in-law. And Meta's step-daughter, Kathy, reaches a new maturity as she and her ex-husband, Dick Grant, finally realize what they really mean to each other. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE When the mute child Carol finally regains her speech, Van and Paul Raven are more than ever determined to adopt her despite the attack they know will provoke. For Carol is the child of Judith Lodge, Paul's vicious ex-wife, and Judith has not only hated Paul but a powerful motif for blocking the adoption. How far will she go—and with whose help? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Ever since Tom's career got on its feet, Fay has been proud and content to be the wife of a successful, highly-regarded writer, with never a thought that success might have its darker side. But how would she feel—Fay Perkins of Rushville Center—as the wife of a man coming with the pressure and pace of movieland life? Particularly if she is, as her sister Evey would say, in an interesting condition? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY When the Brinlays' first meet Marilyn Bennett, neither Sunday nor Lord Henry suspects what their sympathy for the attractive, mysterious girl is going to do to their future together. But young Dr. Keith Palmer is one friend of Sunday's who is not taken in by Marilyn's son or her charm. What is it that Keith hopes to prove about Marilyn—and how is the strange man named Gordon Steele involved? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper, ex-Mayor of Elmdale, finds himself with a surplus of time and energy until he suddenly realizes that once again he is in love, with a young woman who was once his employee. As Pepper plunges into the world of big money and exciting possibilities, does his eagerness blind him to certain dangers which Father Young is only too conscious? Will Pepper surmount the difficulties, or are Father Young's warnings more than justified? NBC Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Money—the money Carolyn didn't want and refuses to use for herself—may cause even more trouble than she anticipated. For indirectly it has involved her son Skip in a youthful crisis he doesn't know how to handle. And it may make him a tool in the hands of his mother's enemies—the conspirators who have every intention of seeing to it that Carolyn is soon separated from the wealth she finds so distasteful. NBC Radio.

THE ROAD TO LIFE A new baby always means a new, bright view of the future, and the Brent family is no exception. As Jim, Jocelyn and young Janey rearrange their lives to include the delightful newcomer, Aunt Reggie—as is her habit—makes a few plans of her own which may cause trouble. And Hugh Overton tries to protect his sister Sibyl from the shock of the reality he knows she must face—the shattering of the dream world she has built around Jim. CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENTE Hurt and puzzled as Gil Whitney delays arranging a date for attractive, upcoming marriage, Helen is grateful for the new interest provided by Julia and Morgan Clark, who have recently become her neighbors. Will Helen find comfort in Morgan's friendship—or is he just a convenient substitute in her sister's life? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Joanne Tate seldom fails with basically decent people, but she has cause to wonder if Melanie's revolting behavior is really the result of her mother's plotting, as the confused but stubborn girl suddenly refuses to withdraw the lie which will wreck the Bergmans' marriage. Will Joanne's insistence that Melanie is also a victim cost her Marge Bergman's friendship? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry Burton and her husband Stan were delighted when Stan's sister Marcia married Terry's brother Lew, but Terry's vague social background makes the marriage a victory for all of them against the artificial standards that the head of the clan, Mother Burton, seeks to enforce. But what happens when one of Lew's financial transactions involves him with a highly unsavory character in the public light of a courtroom? CBS Radio.
diary

THE SECRET STORM When Ellen Ames was killed in an accident, her sister Pauline fully expected to step into her place, for Pauline had never stopped loving Peter Ames or plotting to win him. When he turned to Jane Edwards, he signed his own passport to months of distress, for Pauline does not know how to stop trying to get what she wants, no matter how. Will Jane's first husband, Bruce, be Pauline's tool—or Nemesis? CBS-TV.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE As Nora and David Brown delve deeper into the thirty-year-old mystery of the murder for which David's parents went to prison, they become increasingly certain that the true killer was never brought to trial. Why is David's sister Lorraine so hysterically unwilling to believe her parents might have been innocent? How is Alan Miller connected with the past? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson realizes that her town holds critics eager to find fault with her household, her children, her way of life and even her undeniable attractiveness. With the help of a sympathetic lawyer and a very new, very good friend, she has weathered the crisis that might have driven her from her home. But has her daughter Diane upset Helen's hard-won security once again? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Her experiment with a small-town paper behind her, Wendy returns to her old job and anticipates a future she knows must leave no time or room for grieving over Mark. But she is hardly prepared for the speed with which new emotions sweep into her life, or for the impact of an ambitious, attractive rival, a neurotic young writer, and a change in her managing editor, Don Smith. CBS Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE A new problem agitates the Carter family circle—a problem involving one of the more self-sufficient junior members. Will James and Jessie Carter find that their old, unconscious recipe still works—the method by which James sets down his verdict in no uncertain terms and Jessie manages to modify it so that it doesn't seem quite so stiff-necked? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE When Jerry adopted young David, he fully realized the boy's fine qualities, but he was far from suspecting how vital a role David was going to take in Jerry's own future. For, as Jill's adolescent bitterness turns her from her father and her stepmother, David is there to fill not only a half-brother's role but a friend's and confidant's as well. Will it be David who guards the Malone family's happiness? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Fate deals Ellen Brown an ironical blow as it offers her the greatest dread she has known together with perhaps the greatest happiness. For, as Anthony Loring stands indicted for the murder of his wife, he and Ellen at last reach the complete understanding that could make their future so wonderful—if they are ever permitted to have one. Will clever criminologist Jason Randall see to it that they never do? NBC Radio.
Get this Beauty Bonus with the top of a Gayla Hold-Bob Bobby Pin Card

Yours! 3 Nylons (a pair and a spare) 60 Gauge 15 Denier

A $0.47 VALUE FOR 1.00

Gayla Hold-Bob with Flexi-Grip, the world's best bobbin pin, offers you a Beauty Bonus of sheer, luxurious, 60 gauge, 15 denier nylons at savings of over one-half. You can get a set of three of these leg-flattering nylons by sending only $1.00 with the top of a Gayla Hold-Bob Bobby Pin Card. Insist on Gayla Hold-Bob, the bobbin pin more women prefer over all others, and send for these beautifully fitting, long wearing nylons today!

Mail Coupon Today!

7133—Charming scenes of an old-fashioned kitchen—captured in embroidery on this decorative panel! Easy cross-stitch. Embroidery transfers, directions for panel, 16 x 19 inches. 25¢

760—Perfect for play! Flower embroidery for girls; teddy bears for boys. To fit 6-month, 1-year, 18-month babies. Tissue pattern, transfers of embroidery motifs, directions included. State size. 25¢

7086—A full-blooming flower is this beautiful apron—fashioned from remnants in two different colors! Embroidery transfers, directions for apron, 16-inches long. 25¢

891—It's easy to crochet this lovely cover for any size TV set—in pineapple design! Directions for TV cover, 25-inches in No. 30 cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in mercerized bedspread cotton. Four make a 50-inch cloth. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 137 Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft catalog.
Chic on a schoolteacher's budget, Eve Arden has Rhea Schmitt's help.

and is teaming in an act with her old boss, Ken Murray. They'll debut their stint in Las Vegas any minute. . . . Mr. D.W., Peoria, Ill.: The girl you mean is Julie London, and her record of "Cry Me a River" caused a big stir in the music business. She has been appearing in clubs in and around Hollywood, and has done a little television. Julie is the ex-wife of Jack Webb of Dragnet. . . . Miss F. P. Atlanta, Ga.: Mel Allen didn't get married, but his brother, Larry, did, and Mel was the best man. The popular sportscaster is still regarded as one of the most eligible bachelors in the broadcasting world.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Lanny Ross, who was one of the most popular singers in network radio a few years ago? Lanny is not heard on any regular network air show at the present time, but does do a Monday-through-Friday local broadcast over WCBS Radio in New York, as a disc jockey-singer.

B. A. Rolfe, the veteran bandleader who conducted the Hit Parade on radio for many years? Rolfe hasn't been active at all lately, as he has been ill. He recently underwent a series of operations in Walpole, Massachusetts, and is now recovering.

Kate Smith, whose friends have been clamoring for her return to work? Public demand has coaxed Kate from the quiet life at her home in the East. She's signed for five appearances on the Ed Sullivan Show and may eventually also take part in several CBS spectacles.

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

add
to your poise when it's "time-of-the-month" for you. Use Tampax internal sanitary protection. It's completely invisible when in place; you have no fears of telltale bulges or edge-lines. And even your uncertainty about the possibility of odor vanishes. Tampax positively prevents odor from forming!

subtract
from your discomfort—Tampax eliminates the chafing pad, the binding belt. In fact, Tampax is so comfortable that you can't even feel you're wearing it! Yet though it's only 1/9 the size of an external pad, it's even more absorbent! You always feel secure with Tampax.

multiply
your activities. With Tampax, you're even apt to forget there's a difference in days of the month. Unlike any other kind of sanitary protection, it can be worn in shower or tub. Disposal is easy. Your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug or notion counters. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

The Ten Best Dressed Men on TV

Thousands of readers—our prize winner among them—voted to name these stars as video's best dressed ten

Here they are! You, the viewers, cast your ballots by the thousands in TV Radio Mirror's poll to name the ten best dressed men in television. And when the votes were tallied, you had elected the ten stars pictured here—each to receive the Eagle Award for the well dressed figure he cuts before the cameras.

We launched this contest this year because we think it's important for every man to be well dressed—
whichever side of the television screen he’s on. You agreed with us in the very good reasons with which you completed our contest sentence: *I think a man should be well dressed because...* The exciting prize—a suit, topcoat, sports coat and slacks, all hand-tailored by Eagle Clothes, Inc., long-time leaders in men’s fashions—goes to Mrs. J. E. Fisher of New Cumberland, West Virginia, for the best dressed man in her life.

The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY
(former Beauty Editor of “Glamour” magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor’s desk, there is none so urgent—so heartbreaking—as letters from young people with disturbed adolescent skin. That’s why I feel it is important to alert mothers to the double dangers of this teen-age problem.

Psychologists tell us that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can even cause permanent damage to a child’s personality. Skin specialists warn of another danger: acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave the child’s skin permanently scarred.

Fortunately, today there is a modern scientific medication developed especially for pimples. It is called CLEARASIL... and CLEARASIL has been actually tested and proved effective. In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

Greaseless, fast-drying, antiseptic... CLEARASIL may be said to “starve” pimples because it helps remove the oils pimples feed on. Ends embarrassment immediately because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples as it works.

So, if you have a teen-age girl or boy, watch carefully for the first sign of pimples... then take action. CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you as it did in doctors’ tests or money back. 69¢ and 98¢ at all druggists.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 15¢ in coins or stamps for generous trial size of CLEARASIL to Eastco, Inc., Box 12 HL, White Plains, N. Y. Expires March 15, 1956.
I dreamed I was
an International Figure in my *maidenform* bra

I've whirled 'round the world, and caused a sensation in every nation! When I pass by, ex-kings and sultans sigh over my fabulous Maidenform lines! Yes, wherever I happen to be—there's international agreement about me! The dream of a bra: *New Maidenform Intermezzo*—the bra that's designed to round out your lines! Look! It's a lovely, lacy, luxurious confection of a bra—with the appearance of the costliest lingerie. Look again! It's made of silky-fine, sturdy-firm cotton broadcloth panels...just where you need them most...for disciplined control! White cotton broadcloth and nylon lace, A, B and C cups...2.50, D cup...3.00
Togetherness is the Key Word

By BETTY FREEDMAN

As every TV viewer will guess at first sight, this is a Steve Allen story—and a Jayne Meadows story. But it wouldn't be too surprising, at this particular point in time, if millions of movie-goers also confuse it slightly with "The Benny Goodman Story." On film screens throughout the world, Steve's now being seen as Benny, in the Universal-International saga of a vivid chapter in modern musical history.

That Steve Allen, Tonight's star on NBC-TV, should be portraying Benny Goodman, music's ever-beloved King of Swing, is more than a coincidence of the moment. Benny became leader of a musical trend that took the nation by storm, and he did it very simply with a clarinet and a band. He never did any dancing, never clowned. Benny was the quietest creator of some of the most exciting music ever played.

It's true that Steve was chosen for the current motion picture primarily because a New York columnist suggested to the producers, in one of her articles, that he resembled Goodman physically. But Steve resembles Benny in more than the fact that he, too, wears glasses and has similar features and dark hair. He's also taken the nation by storm, in his own unorthodox way—quietly, simply, as he has done everything in a rather spectacularly successful career. Through TV, Steve Allen has accustomed 4,000,000 normal people to going to bed at one o'clock in the morning, five nights a week! And he does it

Solo stardom is no novelty to Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows, but marriage has brought new challenges—and achievements

See Next Page
Starring in "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen got instructions from Benny himself. Result: Steve not only looked just like Goodman, but looked as though he could swing a clarinet in the same superlative style.

IS THE KEY WORD (Continued')

without fire alarms, baggy pants, or million-dollar giveaways.

Steve was sixteen when Benny Goodman was at the height of his reign as King of Swing. And, at sixteen, he was a Goodman admirer along with all the rest of his generation. But the last thing in the world Steve Allen was thinking about, just then, was being in a movie of any kind. He had to find out a lot of things before that—things about himself—and about the world.

Up to that time, his world had consisted of the Donohue family—aunts and uncles—and Belle Montrose, Steve's vaudevillian mother. It also had consisted of Chicago, which he roamed freely, and nine or ten schools, where Steve did well in composition. The Donohues were an erratic tribe, and Steve was in the unenviable position of being rather quiet and on the sensible side. Not that the Donohues weren't canny, in their way, but they were often prey to whims and temper and temperament.

When he was sixteen, the aunts and uncles thought that Steve would make a good bookkeeper. "I wanted to be a bookwriter," Steve remembers. When he won a journalism scholarship, his writing career seemed assured. It was—but not until fifteen years later. Before his first book was published, Steve had worked on radio stations as an announcer and disc jockey, had become a television personality—and had even (Continued on page 88)
Jayne Meadows is proud of the two books husband Steve has already published (above), gives him hot coffee and warm words of cheer as he writes (below).

Home's a happy place to be, she thinks, as she admires their lovely apartment and the many gifts fans send them. But there are career plans, too—together.

Steve Allen stars in Tonight, NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EST. The Steve Allen Show is seen over WRCA-TV (New York), M-F, 11:20 P.M.
Paying her debt to God, Estella Juenemann could
"Name That Tune"—and repay a devoted husband, too

By MARY TEMPLE

Paying her debt to God, Estella Juenemann could
"Name That Tune"—and repay a devoted husband, too

This is the Juenemann family, for whom the cash prize on Name That Tune meant so much: Gus and Estella, true partners in life; eldest daughter Margie, 14, a talented organist; eldest son Jimmy, 12; Jackie, 11; Roy August, Jr. ("Shorty"), 8; and Mary ("Putsy"), 4, and Gerard ("Jerry"), 3.

$25,000 smiles: Winners Estella Juenemann and partner Louis Brugnolotti beam, as quizmaster George de Witt (left) and Gus Juenemann (right) rejoice with them.
Gus came with her on the second trip, and they phoned the children.

They saw all the New York sights and worshipped at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

They were surprised by the subway—and by strangers who recognized them!

In the Liberty Music Shop, John F. Parks showed them TV sets—the "one big luxury" they bought with her winnings.

Back in their hotel, they listened to tape recordings of their family's voices on a machine lent by Mrs. Harry Salter.

They went window shopping, too, of course. Here, they're admiring Siamese treasures displayed by Vibul Phanich Co.

Toys were what they sought at F.A.O. Schwarz, where Muriel Di Gennaro helped them fulfill the young Juenemanns' dreams.
Lawrence’s success story began with the accordion his father cherished. He’ll never forget the thrill of the first one he owned, back on the farm.

Fate smiled on him so often—though it took more than charm and “champagne music” to win the lady of his dreams.

Today, heaven on earth: Lawrence has plenty of time—and space—to share projects with son Larry and daughter Donna.
Settled "happily ever after," Fern and the children can raise any pets they choose—and vie with each other in pampering a very fortunate father.

Everybody helps, when Dad gets ready to leave for work. And everybody's happy, for they know Lawrence will be coming home the same day—unlike earlier times, when he toured the country.

By ERNST JACOBI

The other day in a Hollywood restaurant, a lady stopped at Lawrence Welk’s table to tell him how much she enjoyed his television program. "As a matter of fact," she added, "we feel that you’re really an old friend. You see, my husband proposed to me while you were playing at a dance in Ames, Iowa, seventeen years ago." She mused for a moment. "Now we have eight children, and a ninth on the way. . . . I can't help wondering what would have happened if I'd stayed away from the dance that night!"

In one form or another, this sort of encounter is an almost daily occurrence with Lawrence Welk. Next to Cupid himself, he’s probably been responsible for more romances and marriages than any other man in America. Rarely a day goes by that Lawrence isn’t approached by people telling him about budding affections which his "champagne music" helped bring to full bloom, and nostalgically requesting old tunes—"their" songs, over which they fell in love. Considering the melting pot of residents and visitors in the Los Angeles area—where Welk has been playing a continuous engagement for the past four years at the Aragon Ballroom on Santa Monica’s Lick Pier—(Continued on page 82)

The Lawrence Welk Show, with its "Champagne Music," seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M. EST, is sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America.
Cinderella Story

Once a wallflower, Bonnie Bartlett blooms in Love Of Life—and has found her own Prince Charming, too.
BY LILLA ANDERSON

Just like a storybook princess, at sixteen, Bonnie Bartlett had a drift of golden curls, deep blue eyes framed by a dramatic sweep of dark lashes and a delicate skin as fair as ermine. But, on that dismal day in 1946, she also had a fervent wish that some storybook magic might whisk her right off the face of the earth. As she opened the door of her parents’ comfortable, square white house on Forest Hill Court in Moline, Illinois, she heard a neighbor, the mother of a classmate, saying to Bonnie’s mother, “Honestly, Carrie, it’s a shame Bonnie’s not going to the junior prom. I should have insisted that Bud take her.”

Mrs. Bartlett’s pride-saving protest was quick. “Nonsense. You know Bonnie doesn’t care about boys.”

The neighbor was a worrier. “I’ve a good mind to make him break his date. I can’t understand, anyway, why he asked that girl from Davenport.”

That, for Bonnie, was the absolute end. She tucked her head down into her coat, fled to the secure loneliness of her own book-lined room and glared at herself in the mirror. Bonnie knew very well why (Continued on page 77)

In her own life, Bonnie finds the happy-ever-after ending with Bill Daniels, her college sweetheart. An “ugly duckling” in her teens, Bonnie has gained increasing confidence as she and Bill achieved success in both marriage and acting careers.
Once a wallflower, Bonnie Bartlett blooms in Love Of Life—and has found her own Prince Charming, too.
Tuning her violin for a duet with Joey Gordon, widowed Helen Emerson forgets false rumors—and false friends. Her son Mickey, daughters Diane and little Kim cluster happily 'round Joey at the piano. But, as usual, Elliott Norris has eyes only for Helen.
Sometimes, it seems to Helen Emerson that those years had never been—those happy, sheltered days when her husband was still alive and their three children were so small that a stubbed toe was the greatest tragedy they knew. Now, they are learning there are heartaches which even Mother can’t “kiss and make well.” And Mother is learning, too, under the pressures and anxieties of widowhood. . . . Helen smiled a little, at the thought, for she has never believed in self-pity. She has too much of both gallantry and humor, for that. But—added to all the rumors and suspicions which seem inevitably to surround an attractive, still youthful widow—any sensible courageous woman would find legitimate cause for worry in the complex situation which now confronts the Emersons. . . . It wasn’t, she mused, that she hadn’t always known it would be a gigantic task, being both father and mother to Mickey, Diane and Kim. She realized how necessary it is for girls—as well as boys—to have a man in the house “to lean on,” when they face first love or a budding career. And, for them, the gap in their lives had been broadened by financial need. Helen hoped with all her heart that at least the problem of making a living would be solved by the new dress shop she’s just opened. In order to keep a roof over their heads, Helen had once had to take in a boarder. . . . It was this pretty “paying guest” who had brought heartbreak to Mickey Emerson. He loved Bonnie Withers, despite her unfortunate marriage to a man who had been sentenced to prison, and was desolate when she died so suddenly. Deeply touched when Bonnie’s “last will and testament” gave her baby into his keeping, Mickey had faced up to his responsibilities well, Helen thought proudly. But—what will

See Next Page——

3 Joey beams as Diane mothers the baby so tragically left in her brother’s care. But Helen can’t encourage his love for Diane—and has reason to fear for the baby’s fate, too.

Helen Emerson must summon up all the courage and understanding at her command, as she faces challenges that threaten the lives of her family.
Mickey do when Roy Withers is released from prison and sets up a clamor about his child—as such a man is sure to do? . . . Helen is also proud of the way her daughter Diane is trying to live down the teen-age marriage which had to be annulled. Diane is a lovable girl, and there’s no doubt that Joey Gordon—who has taken a job on the same newspaper with Elliott Norris, so he can keep in close touch with the Emersons—loves her very much indeed. But Helen’s own heart tells her that Diane doesn’t really love Joey. In becoming engaged to him, is she about to make an even more tragic mistake? . . . Even Kim—who was just old enough to know her father, and just young enough to miss him most—has found her faith in the world shaken as false friends, little and big, deserted the family. Will Helen, alone, be able to give Kim all the warm security she needs? . . . In her concern for her young ones, Helen spares scarcely a thought for herself. She knows she can depend on Lawyer Wilcox, her late husband’s good friend, for counsel and guidance. She feels sure of Elliott Norris’s friendship . . . or is it more than friendship? She’s grateful to Martin Cook, who lent her money she desperately needed—but how far can she trust this brilliant, unpredictable man? And there is Bill Fraser, family friend, so helpless since his accident—so dependent upon the kindness of such valiant women as Helen Emerson. . . . There are more men in Helen’s life than she realizes. And one, at least, may come to mean more to her than she dreams. Then Helen Emerson may need all her courage and charm to meet what fate has in store for her—as well as for her children.

However, they both know that a threat hangs over the baby. Bonnie’s husband, a vicious criminal, is due for release from prison soon—and may try to claim his child.
Keenly aware of the problems which beset her children—for Kim faces a little-girl emotional crisis, too—Helen hasn't much time for her own dreams. She is grateful for Elliott’s obvious affection, but will it be a bulwark against troubles as yet unknown?
Tony Marvin at Home

To Arthur Godfrey, he's a fountain of knowledge . . . to Dot and Lynda, a well-spring of infinite love and understanding

By MARTIN COHEN

Tony's noted as a well-read man—and a best-dressed one, too! So Arthur Godfrey gets a special kick out of seeing him arrayed in outlandish costumes (near right), along with gaily garbed Frank Parker and Janette Davis.

O
n a clear day, from Tony Marvin's house you can see Long Island Sound, six maples, a wild cherry tree, and Perry Como. Add Mrs. Como and Mrs. Marvin to the landscape and you've got something very much worth looking at . . . Mrs. Como is a petite, pretty blonde—but this isn't her story. Mrs. Marvin is a pretty, brown-eyed brunette, about five-six—and this is her story, as much as it is Tony's . . . for Dorothea Marvin is one of those gals devoted to her guy, her family and her home. She's outgoing, charming, and constantly on the move. She is accurately described by friends as, "There goes Dot Marvin." ("I'm trying to slow down," she says. "And I'm trying to improve on my worrying. I am trying to worry only about those things I can do something about.")

Since Dot doesn't believe in mixing into Tony's business, there's no chance of her "dropping" into the studio and holding hands with Tony in front of a camera. But she does like to hold hands with Tony. And, after nineteen years of marriage (come this June), she still gets a whole galaxy of stars in her eyes when she talks about him. "Tony's clever and good-natured," she says. "He's a regular guy, with consideration-plus."

Arthur Godfrey seems to have a high opinion of Tony, too—although, with all that ribbing among Tony

Continued
His wife Dot may be saying: "Rise and shine!" Those daily morning shows mean getting up bright—and early.

Tony—that "good-natured" man, according to Dot—is all smiles and rarin' to go, when it's time to leave.

Off to the studios, from the Marvin home out at Sands Point, Long Island—just "forty-five minutes from Broadway."
and Arthur and Frank Parker, you're never quite sure. When the boys get to buzzing each other, you can't see the trees for the bees. And not one of the lads is an amateur at teasing.

"How do you like Tony's jacket?" says Arthur. "It looks like a bottle of catsup."

"I'd say chili," notes Mr. Parker.

"It's raspberry red," says Tony, "and it's magnificent." Tony plays the role of a man who has a colossal gall. When Arthur kids him about being so handsome, Tony returns with: "Well, I'll tell you, Arthur, you either have it or you don't."

There's no one else in show business, outside of Bing Crosby, who dresses as vividly as Tony, but that's a small part of his role. He is also a walking encyclopedia. When Arthur wants someone to explain the fifth dimension, he turns to Tony.

But when the boss gets to talking about Tony—and Tony isn't around to interrupt—there is no kidding. Couple of years back, the Marvins were taking a thirteen-day cruise to South America. To catch the boat, Tony had to leave in the middle of the show. When he was well out of the studio, Arthur turned to the audience and said, "You know, I think the world of Tony. He's a great guy. I don't see how we're going to get along without him."

The respect, admiration and affection is mutual, for Tony does not give his loyalty by halves. He is Arthur's friend all the way. Of that, there is no question. And he's a good man to have on your side, for he's as strong as a middle-sized ox.

"Just for a gag," says his wife Dot, "I've seen him pick up the front end of a car. Once, in a camp, he got his arms under the forelegs of a full-sized horse and lifted the horse right off the ground."

"Haven't done it lately," Tony says. "They just don't make horses the way they used to."

Perhaps being around Mr. Godfrey has been a civilizing influence, for Tony has switched from horse wrestling to golf. But he's still in exceptionally fine physical condition. Regardless (Continued on page 93)

Dot says Tony doesn't have much time for gardening but he's a whiz at "vacuuming" the swimming pool, in season!
Tony has everything he wants—gracious home, lovely wife, lively daughter—all life-size and in full color, too!
Peggy’s in the pink

There have been gray skies for "the little King" of George Gobel’s show, but now everything’s rosy

By FREDDA BALLING

Pretty, perky Peggy King is a pink pixie. (If you can say that without faltering, probably you can also say, "George Gobel picked a peck of pickled peppers," but you won’t get as much out of it!) Peggy’s hair is tangerine-pink, her cheeks are apple-blossom-pink, her lips are carnation-pink. And if she isn’t wearing a pink dress—or a pink blouse, or a pink sweater—there has been a momentary mixup in her laundry arrangements. She lives in a sky-hung apartment in which there is an enormous rose-pink sofa. On the walls are several Huldah prints in which the accent color is pink, and the exquisite Noritake tea set with which she serves visitors is decorated with pink roses.

The tea set has a history. Peggy had emerged from the hotel where she was staying with the rest of the Johnny Grant troupe in Tokyo in December, 1952, when she spied four disconsolate soldiers. They were gazing up and down the winter-chilled street, exchanging fragments of melancholy conversation. Peggy read their shoulder patches and realized that they were freshly in from Korea on “R & R” leave. (“Rest and Relaxation,” in case you’ve already forgotten the lingo of Korean war days.)

Perky Peggy’s eyes were pink-rimmed from lack of sleep—who wants to sleep when there are shows to be given for homesick soldiers, and who can sleep on the bucket seats in the military planes which transport entertainment troupes from one sector to another?—and her nose was pink from cold, but she put aside worries about

Continued
Two homes has Peggy: California (above, in her apartment)—and Ravenna, Ohio, where she recently visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd King (below, left).

Reunion in Ravenna: Peggy unpacked, ran to the old tree where she'd played as a child—then hung clothes out to air, before discussing a new wardrobe with her mother.
Calling up old friends was a pleasant "must," when Peggy revisited Ravenna.

Ravenna has backyard barbecues, too—hot dogs tasted as good as ever.

Peggy in the pink

(Continued)

personal appearance and trundled up to the bewildered quartet. "Hi, boys," she said.

Funny how suddenly spring comes to northern latitudes. The boys looked as if they had just been bombarded with roses in bloom. "An American girl!" they yelled. "Gosh all hemlock, where did you fall from?" They crowded around all one-hundred-pounds and five-feet of this miracle, and feasted their eyes upon her.

Peggy gave them the details of her arrival along with that of Johnny Grant, Debbie Reynolds, Walter Pidgeon and many other such luminaries, and added that she had an Army car at her disposal and was going shopping. Would they like to come along? She would help them select some gifts to send home to their folks, if they thought it was a good idea.

It is likely that they would have followed her to Siberia if she had suggested it. They quizzed her about football standings, popular songs, dance bands, recordings, and home towns—in the course of band touring, Peggy had visited practically every medium-to-large city in the country for which the boys yearned. Between conversation and commerce, the happy quintet spent most of an afternoon at the Takashimhya Department Store.

Peggy enjoyed every moment and she felt that the boys had themselves a ball. As she and the troupe were leaving the hotel the next day, Peggy was given a hint as to how precious her companionship had seemed to the boys. They had pooled their resources and selected three gifts for her "to remember us by."

In one carton were six Noritake cups and saucers, a matching teapot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher. (Noritake china is the Japanese equivalent of American Lenox or English Spode.) On each piece of china there appeared a pink rosebud—in recognition of Peggy's confessed fondness for pink. In a second carton there was a linen luncheon cloth and four napkins, and in a third carton there was a monkey made of fur. When wound, the monkey solemnly clashed a pair of brass cymbals.

(Continued on page 68)

Peggy King sings on The George Gobel Show, as seen over NBC-TV, three Saturdays out of four, 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Armour and Co. (for Dial Soap) and Pet Milk Co. (all products).
It was like old times when Peggy greeted Dad, coming home from work. Sandy Lake was lovely—but changed since Peggy sang there as a youngster. Peggy filled in at a counter in the five-and-ten, where she once worked.

Always, she has the simplicity of early days—plus the glamour which comes with talent and fame.
Every time Bob goes to Europe, he brings back more Venetian glass figurines for his "clown collection."

Robert Q. Lewis's terrace apartment has a view of New York's East River—and ample room for his many "trophies," including the Indian headdress pictured below. It has a kitchen, too, but Bob admits that steak—and eggs—are the only things he can cook.
ROBERT Q.'S HIDEAWAY

Lewis's home is his castle, where he lives and breathes show business every hour he isn't at the studio

By GREGORY MERWIN

One thing about Mr. Robert Q. Lewis of CBS-TV and Radio—he never does anything halfway. When Mr. Q. sets out to have a home, he has a home. Not just "rooms," or a place to hang his hat. Mr. Q.'s castle is a beautiful duplex apartment, stocked with almost (but not quite) everything which can make life pleasant for a man who's given his heart to show business. It has a piano, a deep-freeze, two television receivers (including one for color), plenty of blankets and soap, records and books, a typewriter, lots of chairs to sit on. (Continued on page 70)

The Robert Q. Lewis Show, CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Lanolin Plus, Inc., Ralston Purina Company, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. (for Viceroy Cigarettes), and others. The Robert Q. Lewis Show, on CBS Radio, Sat., 11:05 A.M. EST, is sponsored by Milner Products Co. (Pine-Sol and Perma-Starch) and others.

Main show now going on! And, on stage, Lee Vines, Judy Johnson and Merv Griffin await their cue from Robert Q.

At home, Bob still entertains—or is entertained, for no one has greater appreciation of other people's talents.
At five, Christopher (known as "Kit" Carson, of course) is the oldest son. Richard (Ricky) is three and a half, and Cory just past two.

The Carsons outgrew other houses, but their new one's large enough to hold them now. It's in San Fernando Valley. Says Johnny: "Jody and I wanted the boys to have the same chance to run about that we had when we were kids."
Johnny Carson finds love and laughter for everyone, in his life with Jody and their three boys

By HELEN BOLSTAD

For Johnny Carson it had been the kind of day which every hard-working television performer needs to enjoy once in a while. He had slept as late aS a father can sleep, with three small boys in the house. He had helped his pretty wife Jody with those tasks which they always saved up for his day off. And, finally, he had gone out to the garage to work on the equipment for a new magic trick. He hadn't shaved, the jeans he wore had become a walking sampler of every shade of paint he had ever brushed on a wall, and his T-shirt, too, had reached that nothing-more-can-happen-to-it stage.

In this happy domesticity, the pressure of the CBS Hollywood studios seemed a million miles away. What was more, he refused even to think about television until it was time to switch on his friend Red Skelton's show. Besides doing his own local comedy program on Station KNXT, Johnny had been writing some material for Red and wanted to see whether that gag which had seemed so funny on paper would come out equally funny in performance.

His lazy mood was broken by a sharp summons. From the doors of the house Jody called, "Johnny—telephone!" As he came in, she added, "It's Cecil Baker and he sounds upset."

For Baker to get excited was most unusual—as executive producer of The Red Skelton Show, he had kept his head through every commotion TV could throw at him. Johnny loped to the phone and inquired, "Hi, what can I do for you?"

"Do?" sputtered Baker. "You can do Red's show for him, that's what."

"Red's show?" said the astonished Johnny. "How come?"

Baker gave him the news. "Just now, in rehearsal, a break-away door failed to break. It fell on him, instead. Red's got a concussion and he wants you to take over for him."

Johnny's eyes sought the clock. "But, Sees," he protested, "there's only ninety minutes until air time and it takes me forty-five minutes to drive in."

"What are you waiting for?" said Baker. "Move, guy, move."

See Next Page
Johnny and Jody mix paints—Cory mixes himself in the blend.

With tape-recorder and trusty wife as his aids, Johnny goes over weekly show scripts.

Cory keeps a sharp lookout for bugs, as Johnny gardens.

It was, Johnny realized as he rushed to the studio, a regular "Rover Boys to the Rescue" situation, the kind of crisis and challenge every aspiring young performer dreams about—at the age of thirteen. Carried into Johnny's considerably more realistic late twenties, however, it took on the more tormenting elements of a horror nightmare.

"I'll never know," he says, "exactly how I got dressed, booted the car through traffic and stumbled out in front of the cameras. I couldn't use Red's script because I didn't have time to read it. I had to make up my own material as I went along. Even after we were on the air, I was scribbling stuff on little pieces of paper and sending them around so that we'd all know what to do next."

Ensuing events had an even greater Horatio Alger quality. Johnny not only saved the day, but he so effectively impressed the network officials that they offered him his own program. The Johnny Carson Show became the fresh, new comedy which CBS-TV introduced as a summer replacement and then retained in its regular Thursday-night schedule.

As befits a comedian, Johnny expressed his thanks to Red in an upside-down fashion. "I sent him a 'stay-sick' card. Now it has turned into a running gag between us."

Like most reputed overnight successes, John Carson's show-business career was a long time building. His preparation for it actually began when he sent away for his first magic kit. That kit was then most impor-
Johnny sometimes feels he has four sons—counting "Eddy." Cory's sure he has three brothers! Ricky and Kit love to play with Eddy but are beginning to wonder why he "lives in a suitcase."

tant in Johnny's life—for, just as adolescence set in, he also had to cope with a new town. His father, Kit Carson ("Dad would scalp me if I said his real name is Homer"), is operations manager for a public utility company which covers the central western states. Johnny was born in Corning, Iowa, went to grade school in Norfolk, Nebraska—and, just about the time he entered high school, his father was transferred again.

Johnny's sister Catherine, who is two years older, had all the excitement of being the new pretty girl in the school. His brother Dick, who was four years younger, was still content to play cops-and-robbers and got his biggest kick out of the days their father took the two boys out hunting. But Johnny had begun to realize that life held items of interest beyond the fun of kicking up a good covey of pheasants deep in a draw. At the most bashful age of all, Johnny was a stranger in town—and just discovering (Continued on page 86)

The Johnny Carson Show is seen and heard over CBS-TV, Thursdays, at 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Jell-O.
All for the Family

(Continued)

It was, Johnny realized as he rushed to the studio, a regular "Rover Boys to the Rescue" situation, the kind of crisis and challenge every aspiring young performer dreams about—at the age of thirteen. Carried into Johnny's considerably more realistic late twenties, however, it took on the more tormenting elements of a horror nightmare.

"I'll never know," he says, "exactly how I got dressed, booted the car through traffic and stumbled out in front of the cameras. I couldn't use Red's script because I didn't have time to read it. I had to make up my own material as I went along. Even after we were on the air, I was scribbling stuff on little pieces of paper and sending them around so that we'd all know what to do next."

Ensuing events had an even greater Horatio Alger quality. Johnny not only saved the day, but he effectively impressed the network officials that day and offered him his own program. The Johnny Carson Show became the fresh, new comedy which CBS-TV introduced as a summer replacement and then retained in its regular Thursday-night schedule.

As belts a comedian, Johnny expressed his thanks to Red in an upside-down fashion. "I sent him a 'stay-sick' card. Now it has turned into a running gag between us."

Like most reputed overnight successes, John Carson's show-business career was a long time building. His preparation for it actually began when he sent away for his first magic kit. That kit was then most impor-

tant in Johnny's life—"just an adolescence set in, he also had to cope with a new town. His father, Kit Carson ("Dad would scold me if I said his real name is Homer"), is operations manager for a public utility company which covers the central western states. John-
ny was born in Corning, Iowa, went to grade school in Norfolk, Nebraska—and, just about the time he entered high school, his father was transferred again.

Johnny's sister Catherine, who is two years older, had all the excitement of being the new pretty girl in the school. His brother Dick, who was four years younger, was still content to play cops-and-robbers and got his biggest kick out of the days their father took the two boys out hunting. But Johnny had begun to realize that life held items of interest beyond the fun of kick-

ing up a good covey of pheasants deep in a draw. At the most bashful age of all, Johnny was a stranger in town—and just discovering (Continued on page 86)

Johnny sometimes feels he has four sons—counting "Eddy." Cory's sure he has three brothers! Ricky and Kit love to play with Eddy but are beginning to wonder why he "lives in a suitcase."

The Johnny Carson Show is seen and heard over CBS- TV, Thursdays, at 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Jello.
Betty Ann Grove discovered that falling in love can be the happiest accident in any woman’s world.

Bride and groom cut their cake (left)—and "cut a rug" (below).

Marriage is THE BIG PAYOFF
The new Mrs. Ed Brown admires the oh-so-new bridal monogram.

Gifts already in place, Betty Ann starts measuring for needed drapes.

Her music and other mementoes of a busy TV life must find space, too.

By FRANCES KISH

There's an impish, reddish-haired vocalist on The Big Payoff by the name of Betty Ann Grove, who has a winning way with all sorts of songs—comedy numbers, rhythm and blues, romantic ballads. Especially with the love songs. Especially lately. Because Betty Ann herself is in love, a bride of a few months, and certain that she's the happiest girl ever to get a chance to sing about it.

Betty Ann's own love story began winter before last, when she was vacationing at Nassau. It wasn't the first time, however, that she and Edward Brown, Jr. had met. Ed is with the agency which represents the sponsor of Betty's show, and they had been introduced during rehearsal backstage.

"The first thing I noticed about Ed was the twinkle in his eyes," she says. "And the way they slanted up just a little at the corners. He seemed nice, too. But I was too busy to notice him much."

"The first thing I noticed about Betty Ann was her sparkle," Ed says. "I was busy doing my job, too. Whenever we met on the set, we would say hello and maybe talk a minute or two, and that was all. I still liked that sparkle, and I thought I had never seen a girl so alive."

That's the way it was until, in February of 1954, Betty Ann went off for a postponed vacation (postponed because she substituted on one of Jane Froman's television programs when (Continued on page 72)

Betty Ann Grove is seen and heard on The Big Payoff, CBS-TV, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Company.

Ed and Betty Ann have big ideas for that first home of their own.

She can't help being surprised when dinner turns out "as ordered."

Similar tastes, dissimilar jobs—sure-happiness recipe (serves two).
What makes a Person

That's the fascinating question we face on This Is Your Life. And we've found the answers even more fascinating—and very, very human!

By RALPH EDWARDS

A few weeks ago, a middle-aged woman from Steubenville, Ohio—on a visit to Hollywood—approached me while I was having lunch at the Brown Derby.

“What are your criteria for selecting people for This Is Your Life?” she asked me. “Primarily because they are interesting,” I told her.

She paused for a couple of seconds to think over my reply. I should have expected her follow-up question. “And just what makes one person more interesting than another?”

It was a difficult query to answer, because the elements couldn't be outlined like the rules for a contest. It is a combination of attitudes, and a way of life.

Of course, in applying this question to my show it is impossible to give a completely unbiased opinion, for in each instance I have to ask myself: “What makes the subject interesting as a person?” and “What makes him interesting for the show?” Luckily, the two criteria go hand in hand most of the time—but not always.

Take our first televised This Is Your Life subject—a sixty-eight-year-old farm woman by the name of Laura Stone Marr. As I went through the records of her life, she appeared to be a “natural” for us. She had crossed the country in a covered wagon, fought Indians, run out of food—almost anything that could happen to a person had

Love those letters telling me that viewers find our subjects on This Is Your Life as interesting as we thought when we chose 'em!
Close to my own family, I feel close to all other families, too. This is my wife Barbara—and our children Christine, Lauren, Gary.

occurred to her. On top of it, she was very humble, a quality which is appreciated highly by any audience.

Yet, after her early experiences and all she'd been through since then, it was impossible to get her particularly excited about anything any more. It came as sort of an anti-climax.

Consequently, when we brought on stage some of her relatives whom she hadn't seen for more than two decades, her reaction was almost stoically calm. Certainly, she was glad to see them. But she didn't show the type of emotion the audience had anticipated. They were disappointed because they didn't think she was appreciating what we had done for her—which she did. What's more, I felt we had done her a disfavor, too. From then on, we were doubly careful to select people who were interesting because of their reactions, as well as their experiences.

For that matter, a sudden, unbounded enthusiasm will help tremendously in making a person interesting. We selected Joan Caulfield, for instance, not simply because she is a star, nor because we found any extreme highs or lows in her life. But she has the type of (Continued on page 80)
The man who gave Alice this advice, John Seaman Garns, has since become a minister, with a church in New York. But Alice knew him then as her instructor in dramatics in her home city of Minneapolis, and as a man whose ideas on many subjects she respected.

"His words have been of great importance to me. He taught me that one cannot change the world, but one can change oneself. Keep working to make yourself better, and your world will keep changing for the better. Start with yourself.

There were so many obstacles ahead, until Alice Frost realized that she couldn't change the world, but—

By FRANCESCA WILLIAMS
Real-life pets are a cocker spaniel called Chris’s Boy Laddie and a parakeet named Kate—for Shakespeare’s “Taming of the Shrew” heroine—whom only Alice can tame.

Alice in Wonderland almost literally comes true in her library, decorated with characters and scenes from Lewis Carroll’s book. It all started with the map pictured above.

Colorful figures of her little fictional namesake—and her Wonderland friends, from White Rabbit to Ugly Duchess—are dear to today’s very much alive and lovely Alice.

Alice Frost found it hard to choose between acting and singing as a career. Now, as an actress, she has won fame on Broadway, as well as her regular roles on radio and TV.

Alice Frost is Marcia Archer in The Second Mrs. Burton, CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST.
The doctor in your house on Monday nights—Dr. Konrad Styner on NBC-TV’s Medic—is a former college boxing champion, an ex-oil field roustabout and a seventh-generation nephew of Daniel Boone. A craggy-faced, husky six-foot-two, Richard Boone has studied art and acting—and shrewdly observed the bedside manner of his family physician, who lives and practices in Pasadena. He knows more about patching up things about the house than about patching up broken bodies, but Richard Boone’s stern portrayal of Dr. Styner is as real as a heartbeat. “There’s a different pace involved in working around actual doctors and nurses,” Boone says of the real-life case histories filmed at hospitals and clinics. “The perspiration is honest—not glycerine.” In the pilot film of the series, Boone portrayed a doctor performing a Caesarean section. At exactly the same time, his wife was in St. John’s Hospital in Santa Monica, giving birth to their first child—by Caesarean section. “We always strive for realism on Medic,” he grins, “but I thought that was carrying things a bit far.” The “rusty nail realism” of his current role comes easily to Richard Boone. Born in Los Angeles, he was educated at the Army and Navy Academy in San Diego and at Stanford University, where he studied drama. Summer vacations working on a fishing boat or in the oil fields built the muscles that won him the college light-heavyweight boxing championship for two years. After graduation, he went to work as an oil-field roustabout and studied art at night. Then came four years in the Navy and a decision that he definitely wanted to be an actor. He enrolled at New York’s Neighborhood Playhouse, understudied John Gielgud in “Medea” on Broadway and toured as “Yank” in “The Hasty Heart.” In 1948, he turned to the comparatively new medium of television and starred in nearly 100 TV dramas in the next two years. He continued to study, working with Elia Kazan at the famed Actor’s Studio. Through Kazan, Dick was chosen to play a scene with an actress who was being screen-tested. Only the back of Dick’s head was visible but Darryl Zanuck was so intrigued by the actor’s voice that he signed him to a contract. Beneath Dick Boone’s stethoscope, there beats a home-loving heart. He and his wife Claire bought a big, old house in Pacific Palisades, within shouting
distance of the ocean, renovated the seven existing rooms and built on four new ones. There’s usually a roaring wood fire going next to the built-in barbecue, over which Dick presides. Last year, the Boones introduced three couples around their hearth and all three ended up around the altar . . . . Dick is an accomplished bullwhip-handler, an art he learned while filming “Kangaroo” in Australia, and is also a master of the gentle art of bull fighting. He owns a string of race horses, but his fondest hobby is photography. He has more than a thousand pictures of Claire and his son Peter, age 2½. . . . Dick still likes to go to the fights. But he remembers a riot he himself nearly caused last season. One night, the referee announced there would be a delay because the physician hadn’t arrived. Then the fight fans spotted Richard Boone. The referee’s protests that Boone was not an actual M.D. were drowned by the crowd chanting: “The Medic’s here!” As usual, Dick Boone was the main event.

Dick played a real-life hospital drama when he and Peter visited Claire after an attack of appendicitis.

He-man Boone tackles a script. Dick likes to take time between “takes” to play ball with youngsters.

Richard Boone stars in Medic, seen on NBC-TV, Monday at 9 P.M. EST, for The Dow Chemical Co. and General Electric Company.
LITTLE SINGING BEE

It's all such fun for Molly, at 16, being on Tennessee Ernie's TV show, havin

Molly, who goes to Hollywood Professional School, gets off the phone long enough to catch up on her homework.

There's only space for "snacks" in their little dining room, since Mother gave Molly a piano for her birthday.

Cliffie Stone, who discovered both Molly and Tennessee Ernie, has watched Molly literally "growing up on TV."

Childhood traditions linger in the stuffed toys Mother gives her when Molly's ill. Wee skunk is "Jose Aroma."

Molly Bee sings on The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show, over NBC-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, as sponsored by Drefit, Tide, and others.
At about 8:30 one summer’s evening in 1948, in the dressing room of Tucson’s largest banquet hall, pigtailed Molly Bee—just nine years old—sat tapping one ballet-slippered foot, humming along, ear up to her portable radio. In 1948, Molly was one of the West’s biggest little dancing stars, but it was a singer she wanted to be and not a dancer. Molly glanced at her reflection in the dressing-room mirror, imagining herself in front of a microphone singing to the millions in America’s radio audience. At the touch of a magic wand, her dancing costume changed into a sequined evening gown . . .

Then the door opened and her mother entered, saying, “Why, Molly, are you still here? If you don’t hurry, you’ll miss your dance cue.”

“Oh, Mother,” Molly said, “I don’t want to go out there tonight . . . I don’t want to be a dancer.”

Her mother was silent for a moment as she examined this sudden unhappiness in her daughter’s eyes.

“All right, Molly, honey—but I thought you enjoyed dancing.”

Molly struggled briefly with the words, as she said, “I know . . . but I really don’t. I know you like dancing, Mother . . . and I wanted to make you happy. But I don’t (Continued on page 65)
LITTLE SINGING BEE

It's all such fun for Molly, at 16, being on Tennessee Ernie's TV show, having dates—and always making music.

By BUD GOODE

At about 8:30 one summer's evening in 1948, in the dressing room of Tucson's largest banquet hall, pigtailed Molly Bee—just nine years old—was tapping one ballet-slippered foot, humming along, ear up to her portable radio. In 1948, Molly was one of the West's biggest little dancing stars, but it was a singer she wanted to be and not a dancer. Molly glanced at her reflection in the dressing-room mirror, imagining herself in front of a microphone singing to the millions in America's radio audience. At the touch of a magic wand, her dancing costume changed into a sequined evening gown.

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"Oh, Mother," Molly said, "I don't want to go out there tonight. . . . I don't want to be a dancer."

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"All right, Molly, honey—but I thought you enjoyed dancing."

Molly struggled briefly with the words, as she said, "I know . . . but I really don't. I know you like dancing, Mother . . . and I wanted to make you happy. But I don't (Continued on page 65)

Bedtime's early, after a busy day, but Molly gets warm milk for a restful sleep.

Molly, who goes to Hollywood Professional School, gets off the phone long enough to catch up on her homework.

There's only space for "snacks" in their little dining room, since Mother gave Molly a piano for her birthday.

Cliffie Stone, who discovered both Molly and Tennessee Ernie, has watched Molly literally "growing up on TV."

Childhood traditions linger in the stuffed toys Mother gives her when Molly's ill. Wee skunk is "Jose Anoma."

Molly Bee sings on The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show, over NBC-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, as sponsored by Dreft, Tide, and others.
Married to Charles Underhill, mothering little Nancy—and living in the country—Julie has found a fulfillment beyond girlhood dreams. She has even "discovered that cooking is a creative thing." (She adds: "I want Nancy to learn, as she grows up.")
TRUE HAPPINESS FOR Helen Trent

Away from her beloved career, away from the busy city, Julie Stevens finds the greatest joy of living

By ALICE FRANCIS

Lovely Julie Stevens—who is Helen Trent on CBS Radio—sat in the living room of her own little house in the country, talking about the way her life had changed during the past couple of years. She had just come indoors and was still dressed in slightly mud-spattered blue jeans and a warm blouse and old sweater, a colorful scarf tied loosely around light gold hair. Her cheeks were rouged by the nipping breezes, her blue-green eyes bright with excitement. She and Charles and little Nancy—who is going to be five next June—had been riding the jeep around their eighteen acres of meadow, ponds and virgin woods, deciding what work had to be done at once, what could wait until the ground thawed out and the weather (Continued on page 89)

The Romance Of Helen Trent is on CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST.

Home is a house they planned themselves, in loving detail. There is a spring-fed pond for swimming, and part of a larger lake where they go boating—and Nancy has her very own island.

Nancy has all a child's heart could desire. And, this spring, she'll watch daffodils grow from bulbs which she herself helped to plant!

Julie has everything she wants, too—from a house so compact "I could take care of it myself"—to the role she loves, as Helen Trent.
Steve Allen says: "On or off camera my style choice is EAGLE CLOTHES. They give a feeling of vital presence... radiate sophistication and good taste to your audience." See Eagle's brilliant new suit collection... soft lines; exclusive fabrics; wondrous new weaves; all meticulously hand tailored. For name of nearest dealer and free style chart, write to Eagle Clothes, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.
Little Singing Bee

(Continued from page 61)

want to dance. I really want to sing."

Today, at sixteen, Molly Bee is one of television's brightest young songbirds. Every weekday, on the NBC-TV Tennessee Ernie Ford show, Molly bounces with energy. Her blue eyes snap and her long blonde pony-tail vibrates with rhythm. Molly is singing with happiness.

Molly was born in Chico, California, Oklahoma, in 1939. When she was four, the family moved to Tucson, where Molly began studying dancing under Gertrude Schwab. She was an excellent pupil, and soon was called on all of the children's shows, in church and school, and in demand for all of Tucson's important banquets and functions. At all times, she was completely at home on the stage. Though her mother didn't realize it, Molly's interests lay in singing and not dancing, even then.

When Molly was nine, she and her ten-year-old brother, Bobby, loved to spend part of their afternoons singing along with the cowboy records spun by Rex Allen, Tucson's radio idol. Mrs. Molly recalled: "They made a fair trio—Molly, Bobby, and the record. Their singing wasn't so good. But, when Molly yodeled, it was just great."

Shortly after she was ten, Rex Allen heard Molly sing "Lovesick Blues" in a school play. He invited her to be on his radio show, where, a few days later, she sang it again. From there, Molly's been a busy little songbird ever since.

Not long after her radio debut, the Beachwood family (you think the name to Bee) moved to Temple City, a Los Angeles suburb—and the first chance she had, Molly tried out on an amateur TV show called Hollywood Opportunities. Again singing "Lovesick Blues," she was the first week's winner. When she came back for the semi-finals, she didn't win. But, with her heart set on singing, Molly just knew that another Hollywood opportunity would come along.

Fate almost made Molly miss that next opportunity. By chance, Cliffie Stone, the Western representative for Hollywood TV star, had seen her on the radio show program. As he now recalls, "I didn't catch Molly's name, so I called the station's directory. I finally had to call two or three times before I was able to get Molly's telephone number, so I could ask her to guest on my show, Hometown Jamboree.

When Molly came on the stage for her first appearance on Jamboree, she was so small she couldn't reach the microphone. Cliffie found an apple box, and Molly sang "Lovesick Blues" while sitting in it. Out-digilated Molly, singing on the big box-top, was immediately accepted by the Jamboree gang and taken into the hearts of the Greater Los Angeles radio and TV audience—and, as a sentiment which Cliffie Stone still has that box.

Molly—featured nationally for the past year on Tennessee Ernie Ford's NBC-TV show, which is also broadcast in California—has been seen now has been on Hometown Jamboree with Cliffie for six years. "Molly has grown up on TV," says the jolly, robust producer. "In the age of twelve, Molly already wanted to be 'grown-up.' She felt the long blonde braids falling five feet down her back made her look 'young.' Last week before her fourteenth birthday, we promised Molly that, when she turned the teen-age corner, she could cut off her braids.

"Molly was so excited at the news," he recalls, "that, for the first time she dropped a line in her song, 'Over the Rainbow.' Standing on a bridge in the middle of the set, her usually perfect memory failed her and she sang 'When all the world is a . . . mess!' Molly had to stop, walk over the bridge to the piano and look at the lyrics."

Cliffie added: "Most young performers outgrow the cute period. But, with her hair sheared, Molly made the transition without even shifting gears. She went through an awkward stage. As soon as Molly's braids were cut, she was a grown-up little lady." (Cliffie says she still has the same long, curly-blonde braids that had thick, and he's going to put them in a special Molly Bee Hall of Fame, along with the apple box.)

Just as it was for Cliffie Stone's other find, Tennessee Ernie Ford himself, Hometown Jamboree was an excellent training ground and showcase for Molly Bee. Appearing before a live audience helped smooth out the rough spots in her delivery, increased her poise on stage and her own self-confidence in singing solos and duets.

Describing Molly's personality, Cliffie says: "This is really a funny thing. She's never upset by constructive criticism. She never gets mad. No temperament—Molly will sing solos, duets or in a quartet. "Billings, Fool or Valentine and Now I'm a Fool." Molly never does anything halfway," continues Cliffie. "She's one of the fastest studies in show business, learning as many as ten songs a week for the Tennessee Ernie Ford show. She never uses cue cards on our show and seldom uses them on the Ernie show. If you gave a twenty-year-old experience and the same much, he'd freeze up at the prospect. But not Molly. She just doesn't know it's tough."

Molly's day begins at five in the morning, when she's up for rehearsal on the Tennessee Ernie Ford show, which is seen from 9 to 9:30 A.M., Pacific time. Preparation for the next day begins immediately after the show at noon. Molly then goes to the Hollywood Professional School from 12:45 to 4 P.M. She gets good grades.

At school, Molly returns to the Hollywood Hills home she shares with her mother (now Mrs. Lou Adams), and her little brother, Butch. (Molly's father is dead, and her older brother Bobby still goes to school.) Their house is always filled with friends. Molly acts on her friends like a chemical catalyst. When she comes in from school, things begin to bubble. After dinner, she studies—between constant chemical phone calls from boys. At 8 P.M., calls are restricted by her mother, and Molly is in bed by eight-thirty.

Molly frequently rehearses at home with the Jamboree gang, in preparation for the once-a-week Saturday night show. Half of Saturday is devoted to rehearsals for Jamboree, which originates from Anaheim, California, and is seen in Los Angeles over Channel 5. Parents and teenagers alike flock to the Jamboree show. As Cliffie says, "Parents look at Molly and say, 'My teenager is just like her.' Teenagers look at Molly and say, 'That's just like my girl!' " Cliffie attributes to Molly much of Jamboree's continued successful family following, because of the personal identification the audience finds in the girl. And Molly and her mother have always been very close. "We're good friends," Molly says. "We're the real 'together' kids—together in school, home, and church."

But, because mother accompanies her to the shows and drives her back and forth to work, this gives us plenty of talking time."

Mrs. Adams and Molly share a joint bank account. They never disagree over funds. "At least," says Mrs. Adams, "very seldom. Molly tends to be over-generous. She loves to give—with any opportunity, she'll spend hours picking out just the right gift—though I have had occasions to suspect her motives!"

Molly bought her new car. But, with Molly and I got to the show room, her eye was caught by a fire-engine red convertible. On the way she walked right up to it. I had a hunch she knew it was there all along.

"She said, 'Mother, isn't this convertible just the dreamiest . . . what blue would be more practical?" I replied."

"But it's my gift to you," Molly said. "I think I should pick out the color!"

Not two years later—Mrs. Adams says, "To keep from attracting attention, I still hide behind trucks and busses while driving. It's like trying to hide in a spotlight on center stage!"

Molly's mother reports that, at sixteen, Molly is a good driver. She thinks children should be taught to drive as early as possible. Lately," she observes, "Molly's been thinking more about the color of the red Ford than I have. She sings as much as she drives. I don't feel too badly about it. I'm sure this is what Molly had in mind when she checked out '32 Molly Childers' Day's gift." With Molly at the wheel, Mrs. Adams has developed an 'I'm just a passenger in this car—it doesn't belong to me at all' expression which she puts on when they drive in to work.

Lately, Molly has been hinting for a new Thunderbird of her own. Her mother says no. "In fact," says Mrs. Adams, "I suddenly find myself when it comes to that!"

"Yes," smiles Molly, "it's the only thing we've ever disagreed on. Oh, look! There goes a Thunderbird now. Isn't it just gorgeous Ford?"

"What were you saying?" says Mrs. Adams, still making a valiant effort. Molly is described by her mother as a great family gal. "She loves her two brothers, Butch and Bobby. I'm awfully sorry for the favor. I'll tell you how much she loves those boys. Last month, Molly and I took a trip to New York. Molly got so homesick her brothers that she started writing them letters before we got out of town! I thought she would die before we got home again."

Describing her younger brother, Butch, Molly says: "He's a riot! Exuberant is the word. He really comes on. He isn't pretty, but he's cute. When he sees me practice, then he wants to play guitar, too. But . . ."
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4816—You’ll live in, love this pretty ensemble! Cool scooped-neck dress, brief cover-up bolero. Misses’ Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 dress takes 4½ yards 35-inch fabric; bolero takes 1½ yards. State size, 35¢

4865—Look taller, smarter, slimmer in this attractive casual. See how it flatters the shorter, fuller figure! Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4 yards 35-inch fabric. State size, 35¢

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he thinks it’s sissy. Someday, he’s going to get some brains, though, and I think he’ll be a good musician.”

Molly’s brother Bobby, now seventeen, still lives in Temple City near his high school. When he comes in on Saturdays, the family takes frequent weekend trips together. The “Bees” are quite athletic—though Molly refers to herself as “left-handed awkward”—and they like Palm Springs, because they can ride and swim there.

Last trip out, Molly caught a cold and the family rushed home to put her to bed. Then Mrs. Adams went out and bought her a fuzzy toy skunk which she gave to her daughter with a note reading: “You’re a skunk for being sick.” (The gag gifts are a holdover from Molly’s childhood, when her mother gave her an assortment of fuzzy little toys to cheer her whenever she was ill. Molly named the skunk, “Joe Aroma.”)

At sixteen, Molly’s reached the age where she has discovered boys. “In fact,” says Mrs. Adams, “boys are the biggest problem in the house. But I’m sure it’s a common-teen-age phenomenon. From four to eight P.M., the phone goes as automatically as Molly’s record-player.”

Mrs. Adams enjoys having the house filled with kids, and encourages Molly to bring her friends to the house, where they dance and play table tennis in the rumpus room. The family doesn’t have many big parties—“Just sort of a continuous small carnival,” says Molly’s mother.

Friday, and sometimes Sunday, are Molly’s nights for dates. Most of her beaux are school acquaintances or come from the ranks of her brother’s friends. “For more reasons than one,” she remarks, “an older brother is handy to have around.” Molly likes fellows who can talk music, and she loves to dance. “I have this one friend,” she says all in one breath, “whom I’ve known for years and he’s such a great dancer and every time I get a chance I twist his arm and make him go dancing with me!”

At present, Molly is going out with a young man who does the lighting on the Jamboree show. He’s nice looking, has a pleasant personality, and is tall. Molly likes her beaux tall. (She thinks she’s too tall herself—five-foot-four—and sighs, “Oh, I hope I stop growing soon!”). Molly is also interested in sports cars. The new beau owns an Austin-Healey that takes them out for ice skating and dancing. Around the house, he’s referred to as the “Austin-Healey Kid.”

Molly also has a crush on Tab Hunter, the young Hollywood actor. Knowing this, Tennessee Ernie had Molly sing a love song to a life-size picture of Tab one morning on the show—and, on the last note, Tab stepped out from behind the picture. Was Molly surprised? “I nearly died!” she says.

The one thing that Mrs. Adams is strict about is Molly’s coming in on time when she goes out dating. Mrs. Adams feels that midnight is a reasonable hour for any sixteen-year-old. But one night Molly didn’t get home until three! She’d gone to a “very special party” which hadn’t started until midnight, and there was no way she could phone. “I thought Mom would blow her top or the roof would explode,” says Molly. But Mrs. Adams listened to Molly’s explanation, saying merely, “Of course, I understand. Sometimes these things just happen. However, it would be nice next time if you could make sure your parties are near phones.”

At sixteen, Molly is not interested in going steady. “I enjoy meeting lots of people,” she says. “It’s half the fun of growing up.” Molly thinks she’d like to be at least twenty-one before marrying, and again adds, “He’ll have to be some
Around home Molly picks up in her own room. Otherwise, she doesn't do any household chores, because she's too busy concentrating on her singing. But Molly does like to cook. "I don't mind her in the kitchen," says Mrs. Adams. "But, when Molly cooks, she uses all the pots and pans within reach—then suddenly she's tired and you—know—who cleans up.

"Molly really is a good cook," she continues. "Though last year she made a batch of brownies that didn't turn out so well. She guarded them with her life when they came out of the oven, so her brothers wouldn't gobble them down. When they cooled off, she put them in a box and took them over to the Tennessee Ernie Ford gang. Generally, they are all drawn to Molly when she first comes in. But, when they saw those hard, burned cookies, suddenly everybody was on a diet, and they all went back to their music."

Molly is careful of her own diet. She never raids the ice box, is proud of her twenty-two-inch waist, and collects wide belts which show it off. She loves clothes. Smart plain things without frills are her favorites, although she has half a wardrobe full of wide skirts and petticoats, too. She adores fore-and-rear pants, sweaters, and shoes. She has a closetful of high heels, in all colors, though her mother doesn't allow her to wear them too often. Molly says, "Just let Mother say the word—I've got heels to match any outfit!"

During the year Molly was on the Pinky Lee Show, her clothes were supplied by Junior House. She was given three new dresses each week, and she was in seventh heaven. "That was the problem," she says now. "The dresses were size seven—and now I'm size nine!"

Molly and her mother and younger brother Butch live in a modern two-story house above Barham Boulevard in the Hollywood Hills. Molly's mother spent six months searching before she finally found a place she thought the family would like. When Mrs. Adams found their present house, Molly and Tennessee Ernie went back with her after the show. Molly liked it at once. But Ernie, who has a protective attitude toward his sixteen-year-old singer, tried his best Tennessee horse-trading on the owner to bring the price down. After the first compromise, Molly sang out with a bright, "Golly, we'll take it!" Later, Ernie told Molly, "Honey, that song cost you a thousand spankin' good dollars!"

The family has been in the house three months and already has exchanged the Early American furniture for modern. In doing so, the small dining room was left bare. Mrs. Adams had promised Molly a piano when the family purse could afford it and, on her 16th birthday, Molly came home from school to find a grand piano filling the dining room. It was a duper surprise. The first thing Molly does now, when she comes in from school, is head straight for the piano—it's her pride and joy. She says, "Now we all eat our meals in the kitchen. We'll sacrifice anything around this house for music!"

Molly says the piano has been a great help with her singing. Though she actually doesn't play yet, because of her many years on the guitar, she has already learned to do chords on the piano. "Also," says Molly, "it's a lifesaver at parties. When the conversation gets dull, the kids gather 'round the piano and sing."

But, with Molly Bee, it doesn't matter if it's with the kids around the dining-room piano... before the microphone on the Tennessee Ernie Ford Show... or on Cliffie Stone's Hometown Jamboree... Molly Bee's happiest when she's singing.

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At cosmetic counters everywhere. 8 rinses 60c; plus tax.
Color applicator 40c.
Also professionally applied in beauty salons.

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Peggy’s in the Pink

(Continued from page 44)

Peggy was inclined to sit down and have a
good cry. She was restrained from
collapsing just in time to spare the life of a
cuckoo clock she had bought at the Taka-
shimaya—a clock she was destined to cart
together over six thousand miles of ocean
and a stopover in Honolulu, only to have it
put away in storage after a year of usage.

“That clock got me tossed out of three
different apartment buildings,” she says
now. “Nobody’s going to mind it during the
day, but at night—that was something else
again. Even so, I don’t think there
would have been much trouble if it hadn’t
done me. That was Peggy’s nasty habit of ham-
pering it up—at four A.M., if you please.

One night it cuckooed seventeen times.
That did it. When I moved into this apart-
ment—which I love madly—I realized that,
if I hoped to stay, the cuckoo had to go.
It went.”

Among other delights, the new apart-
ment boasts two sumptuous bathrooms,
one decorated predominantly in black,
gray and white, and the other in a sym-
phony of—what else?—pink. “For a girl
who has sung with bands in towns where
the moon-on-the-door variety,” she likes to
announce with a pixie grin, “having two
bathrooms is an unendurable lux-
ury!”

Peggy was born in South Greensburg,
Pennsylvania, but when she was ten her
parents moved to Ravenna, Ohio, where
Peggy’s father became (and still is) an
in-
spector in a rubber-goods factory. (In case
you don’t read trade magazines, Ravenna,
Ohio, is the Baby-Rubber-Goods Capital of
the World—everything from nipples to
quantities—both considered vital in junior
circles.)

Peggy graduated from Ravenna Town-
ship High School with top grades in her
business course, and quickly found a job
as legal secretary. She held this position
for two years, working at stenography
during the day, and spending weekends
and evenings trying to get a break in show
business. As she remembers it now, “I was
a has-been at seventeen.”

All of Peggy’s life has been marked by
odd coincidences, and the geographical lo-
sation of Ravenna was one of the first. It
is about halfway between Cleveland and
 Akron, both of which have excellent radio
stations and an active dancing life requir-
ing name bands and perky band singers.

Peggy was convinced that if she could
just get a radio job, all else would open
up. So, every time there were tryouts an-
nounced, she would try out. Inevitably,
she became a finalist in a Cleveland com-
petition. But, also inevitably, that final au-
dition was scheduled for the night of a
Kent State Teachers’ College formal, where
Peggy’s father was going—she was under-
standing. He agreed to take Peggy to
Cleveland for the tryouts, then return to
the prom.

The niece that night was Henry Pid-
ner, and one of the celebrity judges was
Lex Barker, who listened while Peggy
sang about eight bars of a song, and an-
mmediately offered her a place for her
in show business. A week later, she
was offered a network job at fifty dollars
a week, which seemed positively princely.

However, when Peggy heard that George
Sterney, playing at the Bronze Room of
the Cleveland Hotel, was auditioning vo-
calists, Peggy tried out for that job, too,
singing some of the hit tunes from “Kiss Me
Kathy” and the radio hits of the time (in
“Silent Night”) and got a crack at the gig.

She was fairly certain that nothing much
would come of the audition. But, being a
courteous type, she telephoned the next
day to thank Mr. Sterney for his time and
patience. She was almost blown off her
feet by the telephonic blast from Mr. Ster-
ney. Peggy had a beau. Luckily, he was un-
romantic, and when he learned Peggy had
just broken a leg. Could Peggy go on that
night?

Peggy could and did, which meant that
she switched and operated two jobs. She
sang with the band from nine until two
each evening and morning, and she re-
ported to the radio station at 8:15 A.M.
for an eight-hour shift—somewhat pink-eyed,
to make her favorite dress clothes. This went
on for nearly ten months, until budgets
were cut at the radio station and at the
hotel simultaneously. Peggy fell back to
Ravenna to regroup and get some sleep.

George Sterney had made extensive im-
provements in his singer: He had placed
Peggy in the hands of a makeup expert.
Her hair was cut in the very short, slanty
bohy fashion she has continued to use; her eye-
brows were shaped into slender half-
moons; a bright pink lipstick was recom-
dended. She was equipped with her first
French-heeled slippers, and she soon ac-
brained poise and sophistication enough
to enhance the gentle charm native to her.

And so, after meeting his new daughter
at the door and hugging her soundly, Mr.
King held Peggy at arm’s length, studied
her, then shouted toward the kitchen to
Peggy’s mother, “Margaret! Come here
and see what this kid has done.”

Peggy wasn’t much interested in what
she “had done.” She was fascinated by the
dilemma of her future. What should be
her next move? Network show? Band
singer? Actress? She didn’t care, just as
long as she could remain in show business.

After a false start or two, she landed the
valuable with Charlie Clevak and started
out on the old band routine—touring the
one-night stands. It was fun, and it was
murder. Peggy has always been inclined
to get bored easily never in-
tended by fate to be coupled with profes-
ional touring. Somehow she managed to
retain enough health to sing every night,
but those were the days when the band re-
named itself every night. After more than
one night still stand out, glisteningly, in Peggy’s geography.

Especially memorable (in reverse English)
is Meadowbrook, New York, where Peggy
was taken ill to the hospital, and her appendix was extracted, and eight
days later she was back on the road.

It was in New York, during the engage-
ments at the Orpheum, that Peggy was
noticed by scouts from 20th-Century
Fox and invited to take a screen test. “It’s
every girl’s ambition to be a big, gorgeous,
important movie star,” she says. Peggy
agreed to the test. When Charlie heard about it, he fired me.”

For four terrible months after that, she
worked the “little clubs”—gin mills where
unknowns can get a rose until the floor, when
the giddy conversation was so loud that
Gargantua’s roar would have been lost as
a sigh on the opaque air, and where one
hundred sounds of someone who could only say
her best and pray fate would rescue her.

On New Year’s Eve, Ralph Flanagan
called from Akron to ask if Peggy could
join the band in Wichita, Kansas, on Jan-
uary 7, 1931. The band, he said, was bound
for California and a month’s playing date
at the Palladium. (This would be the logi-
cal point at which to announce that Peggy
was spotted on the Palladium stage by a
major studio—for the second time—w
signed to a long-term contract, won the
lead in a major musical when the star was
drowned in a high C. However, it should
be plain by now that Peggy never does
things the easy way. Nothing happened
during the Palladium engagement.)

A year later, Peggy was singing in New
York, and this time she was signed by an
executive at M-G-M, who arranged
a long-term contract . . . with annual op-
tions. Peggy went to work at the Culver City
theater, and was engaged to start work there
on February 1, 1933—after having sung just
one song in one picture: “Don’t Blame Me,” in “The Bad and the
Beautiful.”

Peggy shed a few tears but no blood
over her withered film career. Nowadays
she says, “My year at Metro was the best
thing in the world for me. I had always
been a pop-off, and my experience there
taught me to hold my tongue. I had al-
ways been a driver, and that year taught
me patience. Also, I learned to discipline
myself in the studio, and even when I
went on a week or so of training they would give me: Voice, dic-
tion, acting, pantomime, dancing, fencing—name it, I studied it. That instruction has been of permanent value. But, most pre-
cious experience of all, during that year
I made the trip to Korea to entertain troops,
and I acquired one of my dearest friends
Debbie Reynolds.”

To go back into history a bit, during
Peggy’s Ralph Flanagan days, she met a
trumpeter named Norbert (Nobby) Lee
and fell deeply in love. He was a fine
musician, and to the musical inclined
to the musical inclined
and, as soon as it seemed sensible, Peggy
married him. The date was February 2,
1933—the day after Peggy had been noti-
fied that M-G-M was allowing her con-
tact to lapse—and the place was the Lit-
tle Brown Church in the Valley. Peggy

See the PHOTOPLAY magazine

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wore a ballerina-length, pale blue nylon gown and a matching blue veil, and Debbie Reynolds was an exquisite bridesmaid in pink. Harry Prame was best man and the church was filled with the musicians and young actors whom Peggy and Nobby had come to know amid the confusion that is “Hollywood” to those who struggle.

Looking back on it now, Peggy says, “1953 was a lost year.” She cooked and kept house in a rented small apartment, and Nobby worked “on his union card,” which is to say he took jobs as they came in to the union hiring hall—a seamy living.

And then Fate stepped in. Les Paul and Mary Ford went to record the now-celebrated Hunt’s Tomato Sauce jingle, but were delayed outside of California by an automobile accident. Peggy was asked to substitute—and became famous. Because of the coverage—the jingle, like the sauce, was used everywhere—Peggy was named Billboard singer of the year. She went on to work on a late show Else KRCA, won a recording contract with Columbia, turned in an unforgettable guest spot on the Saturday Night Revue, and—historic date—on October 5, 1954, appeared for the first time on the George Gobel show.

Nobby, also, hit pay dirt: He was signed by Liberace.

The Lees’ Christmas in 1954 was everything Charles Dickens would wish for Tiny Tim. Peggy and Nobby set up a ten-foot tree in their living room, and Peggy sent her parents airline tickets for a two-weeks’ vacation in California. Nobby gave Peggy a gold bracelet from which hung a gold angel medallion clasping a pearl.

“We’ve managed to live through the rough spots,” she thought jubilantly. “From now on—a clinic!’

A year has passed since perky Peggy made that statement, but—as is usual in life—things have not been too “eency.” True, her career has expanded so that her pretty, piquant face is known wherever audiences tune in The George Gobel Show on Saturday night, and her voice is known wherever there are juke boxes.

But she and Nobby are living apart, separated by the same demand which confront so many people in show business: Long hours, odd hours, separations necessitated by professional demands, energies channeled to satisfy career ambitions (an unavoidable condition well demonstrated by the fact that, during the past four months, Peggy has done ninety shows), and finally, adjustments that have to be made in the all-too-public aquarium of Hollywood.

Even so, it is a fascinating life and one for which Peggy was obviously destined. Now junior queen of television—or, as Mr. Gobel once observed, “the little King”—she is set for a long and exciting career. Her goals are many, but one in particular should be achieved soon. Peggy’s grandmother had sacrificed a great deal of time to support her granddaughter working in show business. In mentioning this tepid attitude one day, she said the profession was fine for men—just look at Bing Crosby. She said of all the happiness he brought to people, think of all the good he had done—but things were “not quite the same for a girl.”

Come the wonderful day when Peggy appeared on the same show with Bing and told Mr. Crosby of the admiration of his Ravenna fan. Bing sent a tape recording of the show to Peggy’s grandmother.

“So now she’s the one who deserves—just a little bit,” Peggy beams. “Of course, I have a long way to go, but Grandmother believes I may be on my way to worthwhile accomplishment.”

Note to Peggy’s grandmother: Pretty, perky Peggy King is in the pink—in every sense of the word.

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Just look at these three beautifully dressed ladies. They’re ready to step out in their latest Fashion Frocks. If you look closely, your own good style sense should tell you that one wears a style featuring the new “long torso look.” Can you tell which dress it is? Here’s one little clue...long torso means low waistline. Now you’re on your own. When you have picked our the RIGHT DRESS, and there’s no hidden trick to the answer enter Style Number in coupon below and mail it for your FREE GIFT—a valuable TEA APRON!

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matches and ash trays, knives and forks, art collections—and just about every other kind of collection, too. . . . As we said, almost everything. But not quite. No empty vases, no other people's furniture, no tennis, but tennis courts are not allowed in the building. Missing, too, are towels and wash cloths marked Herr. Not that a woman can't wash her face in the sink. But, as everyone knows, Bob is a bachelor.

Careerwise, however, he's a very happy man. Speaking of his show—Monday afternoons on TV, Saturday on radio—he says: "This is such a wonderful thing I have, to be doing exactly what I want to do. There's not a moment in the day when I could say, 'I wish I were doing something else.' I'm very happy. Matter of fact, I know few people who are as happy as I am."

In a very real sense, Bob is married to show business. It's impossible to separate his private life from the professional, just as it's impossible to draw comparisons between Mr. Q. and any other big names in radio-TV. The particular model named Robert Q. Lewis is an individualized, custom-made job. From the highlights of his spectacles to the little lassiness of his five-foot-five and ten frames, there is no other sportswriter in the chauffeured car with a supercharged motor.

Like many other funny men, Mr. Q. is very serious. As a person, he is very human. "Aside from social niceties, which he abides by," says Nancy Robinson, his long-time secretary, "he is a gentleman. He has the same concern for other people's happiness and problems. I remember when my father was ill and I had to go away to see him—well, Bob made me feel comfortable and at ease."

Our Mr. Q. can lose his heart to great talent, and he can lose his temper over stupidity. His tolerance has genuine two-way stretch, but he doesn't pretend to be a simpleton about what he knows and wants.

"Bob isn't easy to work with—he's a perfectionist," says orchestra leader Ray Bernhard, his closest friend. "He tells me exactly what he wants and we go over and over it until we get it. But he's got good taste and he's very imaginative, so it's worth it. And you—fifteen minutes after he's blown his top, he's back to apologizing publicly."

Mr. Q. has ideas and opinions. Anything he touches has the unmistakable stamp of Robert Q. Lewis, and his home is perhaps the best example of his thoughtfulness and his tastes, his interests and his work.

"A home for me has got to be everything," says Bob. "It's my ivory tower, and it's also my place to work. I enter-tain here—or I use it to just get away from it all and rest and relax. It's like a home-seum of my life, with many of my closest possessions." He gives his hand that characteristic flick and continues, "You know, I've never got much into the country. I love the city. What could I do with a tree, if I had one? You can't read it or talk to it."

Robert's Retreat is a man-made mountain. It's the first of its kind in the party of Manhattan's East River. It is a mountain of steel and blond bricks that shelters a lot of other people—including Bill Cullen, Joni James and others. Mr. Q., of course, double-decker cave is some hundred feet above ground level.

As a whole, the house is comfortable, sophisticated, and warm. From the living-room terrace, there is a magnificent view of the river. Tugboats, transport freighters, tankers move along. Sea gulls are the sky. But, if you are no bird, you enter the apartment by way of the foyer and ascendent stairs, which are the hallmark of the house. There is no let-down. There is even an "authentic Irving Noodelman" in the foyer. An Irving Noodelman is a small-type elevator holding a light in one hand and an oar in the other while standing on a miniature gondola. It stands about four feet high and when the Venetian boy is turned on there is a light in the hall. Bob discovered the Irving Noodelman himself.

"I was in a cab, and driving by an antique store, when I spotted this Venetian boy in the window. And I asked the cab driver to cut back—so, at great peril to life and limb, he swung around in traffic. I rushed into the store and discussed the affair about a hundred times," he says. "I considered myself lucky to get it...."

The driver's name was Irving Noodelman.

An L-shaped living room is right off the foyer. It has been furnished in browns, tans and beige.

"Basically, the place is furnished in contemporary," Bob explains, "with access to all the things and takes its name from the French Regency and Italian Empire and French Empire. That part of it—the antiques—I'll eliminate the next time I move."

Actually, the conflict in decor, if any, is subtle, for Bob's modern furniture is so simple that it could co-exist with anything. The coffee table and end tables have marble tops. In one corner there is a table with chess pieces poised for action. (Bob is a bridge and a chess enthusiast.)

On another wall there are two large, oval frames. Instead of holding pictures, they contain miniature busts imprisoned in crystal. They are called "sulfurs," and Bob gathered them over a period of years.

"Maybe you know I'm a collector," he tells you. "It's been going on since I was a kid, starting with marbles and political buttons. I still have those campaign buttons. I've collected dozens of things."

He has a library of old sheet music that includes such rarities as music from "The Golbergs" and the original publishing of "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," with Kate Smith's picture and autograph. He has a collection of cameras, nineteenth-century bathing beauties (pictures only), and French revue posters. He has an assortment of early playbills, totem poles and old records. For the past few years, he has been on a clown kick. He has ceramic clowns smuggled in from Yugoslavia. He has dozens of figurines of clowns and about twenty-five oil canvases on the same subject. In one of the paintings, a gift from Ray Bloch, the clown is Bob himself.

A number of these paintings are in the dining room. It is a distinctive cube. The walls are covered with gold Oriental grass cloth. The floor is of white tile scattered with small black squares. In one section of a wall is a low silver slide upon which Bob's parents brought him from England. On a black cabinet is an assortment of Venetian glass clowns which Bob bought at a time of travel in Italy. The dining table is a circular hunk of marble, and the chairs are gold with unusual carvings.

One of Bob's television receivers is in the dining room. Due to his work, like everyone else he can watch a program while he's eating. Bob watches a lot of television. "I don't think there's any program I haven't seen, I've seen them all," he says. "My favorites? Jack Benny—he's tops. And so is Gleason. They're not just great comedians, but great actors, too."

The office is upstairs in his office. This room is jammed. There is a wall-and-a-half full of books and records. There is a phonograph and short-wave radio, a chair and a convertible sofa. Bob has his trophies, his awards—famed and hung—and a beautiful Indian headress under glass. The room is predominantly green. "Cheerful checked curtains hang from the window, off over his desk, and it is here that Bob does much of his typing."

"I haven't done much writing for the show in years," he says. "My writers, Ray Allen and Bob Cone, have been with me for eight years. They understand me and I understand them. I give them an idea on a show, and they don't have a lot of their own—but, when I give them one, they can take it home and write it just about the way I would myself."

Mr. Q.'s bedroom is right across from the office and the first thing you see, as you walk in, is a Dali sketch which the famous artist made when he visited the show. "It's been furnished in gray and yellow. Again, French and Italian styles predominate in the choice of bed and chests. There is another outdoor porch, which avoids the winter but uses like an old-fashioned porch in the summer. Just inside the door there is another cabinet filled with "sulfurs."

"Next time I move I intend to give the whole batch to a museum," he notes. "You know what I'd like to have next time I move? A small kind of gymnasium. A place where I could get a little work-out and not have to borrow or bring in the case."

Bob is back on topic number-one again. The furniture and the collections are all incidental to show business. Even eating and sleeping are incidental. He gets along on oven eggs, a couple hours sleep a day, and his days are full. He takes dance, vocal and dramatic lessons.

He shows up at the TV studio five mornings a week about eleven o'clock, but he has already put in a couple of hours with a coach or a teacher. Besides this, he devotes two nights a week to a dramatic girls' club, and spends a few more hours on Saturday with a dramatic coach. Usually, another night goes to a benefit and he reserves Friday for the theater or opera. He spends one evening at dinner with his wife, and he has twenty blocks to the south of Bob.

"You'll never hear me complain for lack of time," Bob says. "I don't hold with that attitude nowadays. I try to do everything—lessons, rehearsals, meetings, planning,
promotion. There’s time to be nice to one another, and time to pick out a birthday gift yourself.”

Bob does most of his entertaining and work and studying at home. Teachers are not too strict; rather than go out to a club, he prefers to have friends in.

Mr. Q. has many friends, for he is generous and genial and has an earnest interest in people. He is known for his skills and techniques which he has personally invented) to stay high on each year’s list of eligible bachelors.

“I prefer tall girls about five-eight and brunette.” “I also prefer short girls and blondes and redheads.”

He swallows a smile and continues, “All kidding aside, I like a date who’s got something on her head. Well, not style, but beauty, but I do like a girl who’s put together well… It’s embarrassing to walk down the street with a girl who isn’t put together well—you lose a hand here, an ear there. Pretty soon you’re walking with a bracelet.”

The only real cooking ever accomplished at the apartment is done by a date, for Bob isn’t much good at anything except steaks and scrambled eggs. However, food is of little consequence to him. For breakfast, he has a couple of vitamin pellets and a quart of coffee.

“Lunch?” he says. “Lunch is a soft-boiled egg mashed into a piece of bread and served in a paper cup. Lunch?”

He eats a salad, then learning, and then forgets about food for another twenty-four hours. Once in a while, he takes a day off and forgets about eating.

“I just lock myself in and relax completely,” he says. “I turn on the radio, and just don’t answer the phone.” There is a deep-freeze in the kitchen packed with prepared foods. “It’s like a grab bag. I can take something out in my hand, a frankfurter, a bagel and a pizza, that’s dinner.”

Mr. Q. was born on April 5, 1921, which makes him thirty-four. He’s been in show business since he learned he could turn his father’s garage into a theater. He sang professionally when he was eight and was a member of the Horn & Hardy Quartet Gang. His father, an attorney, loved the theater and took Bob to matinees every Saturday, but they weren’t pushing him. I just learned a few years ago that they were offering me to me. My parents turned it down. For twenty years, they were afraid to tell me.”

Bob lives and breathes his business and every aspect of it. Next summer he may make his first movie. In fifteen years, he may retire from television and handle talent—that appeals to him. In the meantime, there are only so many shows, the show goes on, there are daily lessons.

“Don’t say I haven’t got time for marriage, though,” he warns. “That’s ridiculous. I got time for kids, too. Look, I think you can do anything you set your mind to. Do you have a date?”

He takes a breath and swallows another smile. “Kids. Sure, I’d love to have a wife first. I told you the kind of woman I’d like to meet.”

Bob’s still tall, or medium or short or medium. But she would have to be in show business. After all, they say marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition—and I was only right about fifty percent of it explaining what I was doing. . . . And kids wouldn’t be a problem. Both parents can keep careers and raise kids, too, if they want to know. But, of course, the kids would have to be able to dance or—say at least. . . ."

Meanwhile, Robert Q. has his hideaway—a hiding away from show business, but filled with it—as anything shouldn’t be, which is connected with this avid showman.
Jane had to be out. When she finally got away, the hotel she wanted to stay at was filled up, and she had to settle for another one. That just happened to Ed was scouting for a place to spend a week in the sun and, after discarding several ideas for other trips, decided on Nassau, in the Bahamas, to which he had flown. He knew Betty Ann—although he, too, had asked for reservations at one of the others. Someone connected with the show had told him she was down south and, besides, he had bought her a call some time after he arrived. He would ask her to dinner one night, he thought.

Betty Ann got there on a Friday, ran right into Audrey Marlow in a restaurant next day. Audrey had a beau who was escorting her around. When Ed came down on Sunday, they made a foursome for dinner, and it got to be a habit. They chartered a boat and went deep-sea fishing, they water-skied and swam, and sat for hours on the golden beaches and talked and laughed. At night, they'd all play the dice in cheerful companionship, and danced, and laughed and talked some more. And that sparkle of Betty Ann's which Ed remembered got to be something to think about. It was the fact that she thought she looked simply awful, with her hair hanging rather lank in the sea air, and no amount of combing could make it much, and her nose burned bright red.

Ed wasn't at his best, either. He had gone motor-biking one day and came to meet her, late and apologetic, all patched up. The bruises were bad, and there was a bad spill. For days, he begged everyone not to make him laugh because his side hurt—as well it might, considering that he had a broken rib which he discovered until he had been back in New York a week.

Before the vacation was over, Betty Ann knew she was falling in love. They were on the same flight back to New York, where both had to get right back on their jobs. "It was marvelous all the way," she gloated. "The trip home, the week in Nassau. Ed and I learned to realize how he was always the same, always kind, always a lot of fun. With a terrible sense of humor. When he continued, we got to say he was pretty happy that the whole thing hadn't been just a vacation interlude.

Definitely, it hadn't. They were married one year and seven months later—last September 17—at the Carlyle Hotel in New York. It was a small and perfect wedding, and, if the brilliance of the bridal's sparkle was more apparent than ever, that was the moment at the same time in the world. They left next day for twelve days in Bermuda, where they had rented a honeymoon cottage. (This year they would be celebrating their anniversary of falling in love.)

Betty Ann had been sharing an apartment with her mother, who now had gone back to Benton to live with Betty's grandmother. The apartment had been a three-room apartment on Park Avenue, in the center of all the noise and confusion that is midtown New York, but they didn't mind. Somewhere on the same floor of a big building where noises are muted and there's comparative quiet, and they find the location perfect because of its proximity to stores, theaters, and stores, to all the places they want to reach.

Young Mrs. Brown had some very definite ideas about what she wanted in this first home of her own. Stark white walls and ceilings. Palest mauve carpeting. White drapes. Traditional furniture. The white and gold pieces that her mother had antiqued "while I did the heavy looking on," as Betty Ann says. It was a lot of work, but she was working, antiques of some of the bedroom pieces. I always told myself that someday, when I got married, I would take time to do all the things that make a place attractive, as my mother had done.

The whole project is proceeding more slowly than it might for two reasons: First, she and Ed are both such busy people; second, Betty Ann has a way of succumbing to nostalgia as she unpacks each box she brought from home. Take her old music room, for example. She had intended to dump them out, sight unseen, until she began to dig into a carton and realized there were scores from the days when she was in career, singing, and now working, antiques of some of the bedroom pieces. I always told myself that someday, when I got married, I would take time to do all the things that make a place attractive, as my mother had done.

At that time, Ed Sullivan's show was on the few top shows on television, but already it was very popular. Someone who worked with Ed heard Betty Ann singing, and she was asked to come to New York to appear on the show. When she said yes, I thought I was a very lucky girl. Some weeks, things made it necessary to postpone her appearance a couple of weeks, so she decided to audition for a couple of stage musicals that were being cast. "I got only, "Thank you, we'll call you if we need you," But I did television auditions and immediately got bookings, one of them being on the Beach's Gulf Road Show, besides appearing on Ed Sullivan's program.

She was staying at a hotel for women in New York, and whenever she had to rehearse she would get some of the girls there to listen to her lines. "I would have perhaps ten lines to speak, but I was so excited I thought I was a whole book. Oh, one program, I had to say to Johnny Desmond, 'Johnny, I brought you some honeybuns,' and I rehearsed it a dozen different ways. I wanted to stress 'some honeybuns.' On the night of the show, I picked up the tray and started to bring it on, and then did a double-take. A big box of honeybuns is too bulky, and there was only a glass of milk! I amended my speech just in time: 'Johnny, I brought you a glass of milk.' The girls, watching back at the hotel, wondered how I happened to be rehearsing.

Meticulous as she was about her work, Betty Ann almost refused a final audition as vocalist on Stop The Music. I had been on some ten auditions, and I couldn't understand why she had to be so many. I was tired of doing them. I know now that it had to be, because there were several owners, and producers and sponsors, with different ideas about what I could do. But I almost ran out on that show. Since it was the one that gave her career its first big push upward, this really would have been too bad.

Being on Stop The Music made Betty Ann's face familiar to many, many people. They began to recognize her in the street, and in stores and restaurants. But not quite all—literally—after she did one show called "Bowl for Charity." As a high-school student she had done some bowling, so she was willing to go. Not that it had never been asked. The crack player. On the second play, she went right along with the ball down the alley, and found herself sitting in the middle of the floor, laughing and feeling like a fool. The people on the show thought it was great, so she didn't really mind too much—until a few days later, when the driver asked her, "Haven't I seen you some place?"

"On TV?" Betty Ann suggested. "Sure," he said, smiling delightedly (and she was sure he was going to say something nice about her). "I've seen you all around. The Music, that's all. The TV Radio Mirror, "You bowled on television the other night, and you fell."

During the time she was on Stop The Music, she took Lisa Kirk's role in the stage musical, "Kiss Me Kate," playing...
it for six months. Her television program went on at 8:00 P.M., Eastern time. The curtain rose at the theater at 8:40. On her television night, they held the curtain an extra ten minutes just for Betty Ann, while she grabbed her waiting cab and rushed over and into her costume. One night, the jackpot broke on Stop The Music. Her last number was delayed. She bolted for the cab after it was over and got to the theater—just in time to see her understudy go on.

There was another problem in connection with her dual career. She was used to television and to microphones, and she had to learn to "project" in the theater, so that audiences in the very farthest back seats could hear her. Consequently, it got so that, whenever she started to rehearse on Stop The Music, they'd have to keep shushing her. "We can hear you without the boom," they'd say. After a while, she remembered.

She loved working with Bert Parks, who, as she says, is quick with his praise, when he thinks it is deserved. "He would not only tell me when I did a good job," Betty Ann says, "but he would tell the producers of the show. He would protect my numbers if the show ran too long. Take it from somewhere else, he'd say. 'That's too good to cut out.' He was just wonderful.

So is Randy Merriman, emcee of The Big Payoff. Just great. A perfect host, whether you're a contestant, or whether you're working with him on the show. Just naturally kind and interested in everybody. He is happy when someone wins, or when someone who performs does an extra-special job. It's not a pose, but the real thing. Working with Randy and Bess Myerson is wonderful.

Ed helps her rehearse her songs at home, but— oh, I can't tell you what's about to remain in the background, otherwise ducking out of interviews whenever he can and not wanting to pose for pictures. (He did pose for a couple illustrating this story, as a special favor, but he was breaking one of his rules.) He shares her love for music, although he doesn't sing or play, and he loves jazz—but not too much. They both like opera and go whenever they can. Besides being an excellent photographer, Ed's consuming interest, outside his home and job, is the army, especially the artillery. He joined the service in Europe, was wounded slightly in the Battle of the Bulge, is now a captain in the Army Reserve.

They both feel that being in allied businesses makes things interesting. "Ed sees our business from the advertising-agency side," Betty Ann points out. "I see it from the performer's point. We argue about it, but each has learned from the other."

Right now, Betty Ann is too busy to ponder much about what lies ahead. She just wants to learn as much as I can and be ready for everything good that may come. And to stay right where I am, on The Big Payoff, for as long as possible. When the show is over for the day, I go home now and begin to think about dinner and what has to be started early. During the years in show business she was married, I ate out so much that now I love having meals at home, even the cooking and doing the dishes myself—although I must say that Ed has the perfect excuse for not helping, because his is very, very narrow and there just isn't room for two people to pass each other. I should have thought of that when we took the apartment!"

But that's the littlest "payoff!" Betty Ann has found in marriage. The rest of it has been giant-size—the kind of "jackpot" about which every woman dreams.

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Cinderella Story

(Continued from page 33)

Bud had invited the girl from Davenport. The girl from Davenport was little, cuddly, cute. And Bonnie, . . .

Today's lovely Bonnie Bartlett bears small resemblance to that "dateless" junior. She has become a slender, talented young actress and also a happy, beloved young wife, rich in charm and understanding. Bonnie made her bow to the cameras in a play which Norman Felton, one of the most important of TV producers, wrote especially for her. She has appeared in the big drama shows—and she recently won the coveted role of Vanessa Raven in Love Of Life, on CBS-TV, after Peggy McCoy relinquished the part to pursue other theatrical activities.

Having conquered a problem which besets many a teenager, Bonnie can now take a clear-eyed view of her unhappy high-school days: "This has been the strongest drive in my life. In school, I was the ugly duckling—the big girl who was over-weight and over-tall. I had bulges instead of curves. My hair was thick and bouncy, and I hated myself so much I wouldn't even try to dress becomingly."

Bonnie had grown to sturdy-oak proportions with beanstalk speed. When she was six, people said, "She's tall for her age, isn't she?" At nine, she had outstripped her brother Bob, who is eighteen months older. At ten, when she topped her mother, her parents seriously feared she might become a giant—for she had already reached her present height of five feet, six inches, and was bursting into adolescence.

The tallest child in grade school, she was always at the end of the line when the kids paired off for games. High school was worse. At dances, she cringed against the wall when boys, who were friendly enough in class, passed her by. "I didn't understand they were as ashamed of being short as I was of being tall. I'd sit there bravely for two, three hours, then walk home with another girl."

For the anguished, left-out child, her understanding parents opened three avenues of solace: Books, dramatics, work.

The books came first. "I could never stand dolls," Bonnie recalls, "I suppose it was because they were little and pretty and I wasn't. Even when my father bought me the biggest, most beautiful doll in town—it cost thirty dollars and that was a lot of money during the Depression—I smashed it right away. From then on, they let me make out my own Christmas book list. I'd always find all I asked for—sometimes as many as forty books—waiting under the tree."

Movies and radio, too, became absorbing interests: "I knew every program on the air and in summer I'd go to a show every afternoon. I read everything I could find about the stars. I lived on Photoplay and Radio Mirror."

Her own ventures into dramatics formed the bridge between this world of imagination and everyday life. In the bridging, Bonnie's real world became more tolerable: "Mother started me on the ballet. That helped me manage my bulk." And when the fourth grade staged a play, Bonnie's first role proved prophetic: "It was that fairy tale about the bewitched frog who, when some one loves him, turns back into a prince. Being biggest, I played the frog. I guess I was pretty good. Good for myself, at least. I discovered that when I was on stage I could get away from being my cumbersome self. On stage, I would feel pretty and that people admired me, just like the rest of the kids."

Thus Bonnie became the girl who was

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called on to "speak a piece" at programs, to give the Gettysburg Address on Decoration Day, to appear in every school play. "I was to have the lead roles," she points out. "Those went to the pretty girls. I was always the mother or the aunt and sometimes even the father.

But she went "came natural," as they say back in western Illinois. In his youth, her father, E. B. Bartlett, had joined with his sisters and brothers to form a family stock company in the town of Tonkies, and he was also a student and teacher. He was teaching dramatics at a boys' school in Racine, Wisconsin, when he met and married pretty Carrie Archer, the blonde and pretty granddaughter of a New England ironmaster. Shortly after Bonnie was born, he joined the Dallas Little Theater as an actor and director. To give their family a more secure life than short business success, Bartlett moved to Moline and set up an insurance office. "My mother works right along with dad," Bonnie says. They make a wonderful team.

Bonnie describes her father as a hearty man with a booming voice, tremendous energy and a great love for the theater. Instead of singing in the shower, he used to shout Hamlet at the top of his voice. And, of course, he's into every kind of amateur performance in the Tri-Cities.

Mr. Bartlett's coaching of Bonnie took a significant toll on her. "I knew what I'd done. I'd do it with it. We discussed my themes the same way. When I finished one, he would correct it, but everything I wrote or acted was still there.

Both parents taught Bonnie the satisfaction to be found in hard work. "Although they were willing and able to give me an allowance," she recalls, "I took tremendous pride in knowing what I could do without it. In stores and later I was a receptionist for a doctor."

Perhaps the jobs became unduly important, she confesses. "Doubling was compensating for feeling socially left out. I became fiercely independent and put a miser's value on money I earned. I was so thrifty I would walk a mile to work rather than spend a dime for bus fare."

To ease the pain of the present, Bonnie set her sights on the future. When other girls were engrossed in sports, she was interested in the theater. "He loves me, he loves me not" conversation, Bonnie was all too likely to assert herself by saying, "When I'm on stage . . ."

She now realizes its effect. "That didn't endanger me to the other kids. They didn't know I hurt, inside, because I had no dates to talk about. They thought I felt I was too good, that I had no bones of the fact that I could be Moline.

That chance came between her junior and senior years, when she won a declama- tion contest. One of the cute girls did comedy. I picked a tear-jerker and made everyone cry," With the prize came a scholarship to the summer high-school in- stitution of the school of speech of Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. "For the first time," she says, "I felt I belonged. The other kids were interested in the theater. I was. I found the magic in minute of it. I knew, too, that Northwestern was the school for me."

Her high-school graduation year was made memorable by another honor: "At the First Congregational Church, people take over the entire service on Children's Day. Our minister, the Rev. Mr. Oliver Black, asked me to preach the sermon. The topic was 'You're a Christian, So What?' I admit I got off my chest quite a few ideas about hypocrisy and unkindness.

Preparing to go to Northwestern, Bonnie guiltily sought to avoid matriculation. "I studied the catalogue and had my schedule made out before I left home, but my mother couldn't get me to go shopping. I didn't want to do it. I didn't care what I wore. I bought one green dress—an awful thing—and I believe I paid three dollars for it.

When I got to Moline, she didn't realize that her assets were beginning to come into their own. Thanks to the Bartlett family life, she had acquired the social graces. "We had fun at our house. Friends liked to visit. I guess I knew how to play every kind of card game there is. Following Mother's example, I could always make an effort to look and feel comfortable."

Physically, too, as the other young people were growing up to Bonnie's height, Bonnie was beginning to grow up to herself. In fact, she found she had too much fun when she entered Northwestern, her golden curls, her lovely complexion and her pretty face drew admiring glances. Bonnie, who is the granddaughter of a New England ironmaster, describes her intelligence and willingness to work marked her as coed of promise.

The exceedingly critical young ladies of Kappa Gamma, one of five sororities on campus, were touched and pledged her. Bill Daniels noted them, too, and asked her for a date.

In 1947, a year when a number of present-day television's outstanding people were on the Northwestern campus, Bill Daniels' matriculation had about the same effect on the young man as an initial All-American signing for football.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. David Daniels, Bill was born in Brooklyn, inheriting the good looks, the charm, and the wit of the Irish. Recognizing this as an explosive combination, his mother had determined her children would never roam the streets in kid gangs, so long as show business offered a constructive outlet for their energies.

Bill and his sisters, Jackie and Carol, first sang on children's radio programs and then progressed to professional engagement. With his charm and wit, Bill had acquired a reputation in Italy. Entering Northwestern under the GI Bill, Mr. Daniels was a freshman to watch.

Bonnie had no thought but to watch from afar, when they were assigned to the same drama workshop crew. A "crew" at Northwestern is a group which does everything necessary to produce a play, the first reading to the final curtain. Ever- inescapes. In the particular play they were involved in, he had directed one that was a tear-jerker. "For me, it might have been a flop," he said.

Bill when he first heard her read, thought Bonnie was a good actress. Her way of forgetting herself and becoming the character she sought to portray pleased him. He had had enough, he explains, of the ingenue type—the girl who is so busy staring as the belle of her personal drama that she doesn't realize others are looking at her. "I had no thoughts in mind. She goes on forever playing no role but herself."

Shy Bonnie was unaware of his interest. "We had a 9 A.M. matriculation session, Bill asked to walk me home," she recalls, "I was so flustered I couldn't say yes or no. I went into an absolute panic. I was afraid he was interested in me."

Bill, who is five-foot-eight, had no such concern. He was intrigued rather than rebuffed by her shyness. With man-of-the-world adroitness, he suggested everyone one else to come to you and say 'You're It. Just the actress we've been looking for.' You don't realize that, when you're new, that you must take yourself time to adjust—to get ready to make an impression."

One producer, a family friend, suggested she study "until she was ready." Bonnie says, "was shocked. By my way of think-
ing. I was 'ready' right then. Didn't I have that nice new degree from Northwestern, plus a scrapbook of glowing reviews from campus publications? What's more, I had never heard of Lee Strasberg, the coach this producer suggested."

Strasberg, who has schooled many of today's leading young actors and actresses toward fame, is artistic director of the notable Actors Studio. He also teaches a number of private classes. "It's a wonder he ever accepted me," Bonnie says now. "I went in and announced I merely wanted to 'kill a little time until I started working!'"

Once started, it didn't take bright Bonnie long to understand that while Northwestern had given her a sound foundation, she hadn't yet learned all there was to know about acting. Once she did, she changed her plan. "Although I had a family subsidy--an allowance--I wanted some independence and I also wanted to concentrate on studying. I stopped making rounds and took jobs which wouldn't tie me up too much--working in stores and offices. For a while, I was Mr. Strasberg's secretary. It helped with the tuition."

A short while later, Bill joined the class, too. "And it's a good thing he did," Bonnie says. "Otherwise we would have had no time to be together."

Their separation was an unhappy slap of circumstances. Mrs. Bartlett had arranged for Bonnie to stay at an ultra-respectable hotel for women. Bill was living with his family, who had moved out to Valley Stream, Long Island. When his TV role evaporated, he found a number of small parts, but he couldn't afford to stay in town to dinner. "For three years, we had been together most of our waking hours. Now we didn't have a place to drink a cup of coffee alone," Bonnie says. "Evenings, I'd go to a movie all by myself.

The only bright spots were the weekends I spent at Bill's house."

It was there, on a Sunday in May, that they reached the conclusion they had had enough of this. "Neither of us had a job or a dollar, but we just decided we were going out to get a license and be married in June," Bonnie says.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, when informed, insisted Bonnie be married at home. The date was June 30, 1951."

"That was quite a wedding," Bill says drily. "Bonnie's dad stage-managed it and even Nature cooperated. The garden was in full bloom and, just as Bonnie came out of the house, the sun burst from under a cloud and a bird began to sing. Everybody cried. Everybody, that is, except my mother. She merely said, after the ceremony, 'It looks as though you didn't give a very convincing performance.'"

In their four years of marriage, Bonnie and Bill have had the usual feast-of-famine of young actors. Once, when jobs were scarce, Bonnie's parents urged them to come home. "My brother had gone into the family insurance business," Bonnie says, "and they thought Bill, too, would be an asset to the firm."

"The offer was tempting. "But," says Bill, "we talked it over and decided that, win or lose, we were in show business to stay."

"Our friends helped turn the tide," Bonnie adds. "We were lucky enough to have known, at Northwestern, a number of people who have made their mark in television production. Dan Petrie, now at the Theater Guild, is one. Through him we met another Midwesterner, Norman Felton, and it was Norm who gave me my first part."

Felton--now also at the Theater Guild, but then director of Robert Montgomery Presents--recalls: "I didn't 'give' Bonnie the part, I wrote it for her. I'd met her when I had Bill in a show, and she was so sweet, so unspoiled, so young and yet so mature, it sort of precipitated a plot I had in the back of my head. That became our Christmas show in 1953."

With that start, Bonnie--as well as Bill--began garnering major credits. She has appeared on Armstrong Circle Theater, Justice, United States Steel Hour and Philco Television Playhouse. Her present role of Victoria Raven in Love Of Life ("Again, it was Dan who recommended me") marks an important professional step because, as she points out, "People get to know you when you have a day-to-day role. Besides, I just love the show."

When her success began to come, she was ready for it--since, at last, she had finally licked her old problem of surplus weight. She credits another friend from Northwestern, Georgann Johnson--who was Mrs. Harvey Weskit on Mr. Peepers and now appears in dramas--with supplying the incentive.

"I've always admired Georgann tremendously," Bonnie explains. "When she undertook to help me with my hair and my clothes, I went back to studying ballet and really trimmed myself down. I was so thrilled when people began saying I looked enough alike to be sisters."

While such friends have been important to Bonnie and Bill, it is Georgann Johnson who, in turn, evaluates what Bonnie and Bill mean to their friends. She says, "They're the ones we all turn to for help and advice. Because they had a rough time getting started and solved their problems so well, we all bring them our troubles and value what they have to say. In our crown, Bonnie and Bill are known as the healthy, happy young couple. They never need a psychiatrist, for they're so very much in love."

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What makes a person interesting?

(Continued from page 55)

bubbling—over with curiosity. We made her fun to be with at a party, at work—and therefore on our program, as well.

Joan's excitement about being on the show and her reaction to my questions were so spontaneous that we overlooked the fact that we had provided a better situation. When I mentioned her husband, producer Frank Ross, she exclaimed, "You'll never get Frank to come here!" Thirteen years later, when he did, she looked at him, back at me, and cried out, "You not only got him here, but he didn't even shave!"

Clearly, we've learned one thing—but the fact that a person has accomplished a great deal doesn't make him or her interesting. If we were to use that as a sole criterion, it would be fun to record every successful businessman, boxer, soldier—or what-have-you—expounding on his exploits.

Our criterion for success is an entirely different one. Maybe I can more easily explain it by giving a comparison. If I were a teacher and had to grade a student for his effort having an "A" to the brightest boy in class, who has managed to get a perfect score with comparatively little effort—I'd hand it to the student who had done the best within his capabilities.

Apply this idea to life in general, and you see what we mean: We don't care whether a person dons a week or a week thousand, whether he is an executive, a bricklayer, a deep-sea diver or the corner druggist—so long as he has lived up to the best of his ability, and has thought of his fellow men (if necessary, at his own expense), while getting ahead.

One good example of that type of person is Mrs. Clarinda Mason of Los Angeles. During the war, she sold her home in order to bring home his buddies for a day, a weekend, or even a longer furlough. Mrs. Mason saw how much the boys enjoyed a home-cooked meal and the type of affection they would find in Los Angeles. So she, with the help of a fellow worker, opened a restaurant. And so, on her own, she asked servicemen to visit her.

By the time the war was over, some eight hundred had eaten there. The Masons were an average, middle-class family—neither particularly wealthy, nor poor—who could not easily afford such enterprising. But the Masons cut a lot of corners in their own expenditures.

Furthermore, Mrs. Mason wasn't satisfied with just having the boys over to her house. She kept in touch with them by mail and phone calls, and sent presents on their birthdays and at Christmas. Her contribution to the war effort was a pinnacle of achievement.

Amazing that she immediately recognized every one of the voices of the fifteen ex-servicemen we brought on the show. How great her popularity really was became apparent after we had given her a car to tour the three counties. All the boys she'd practically adopted during the war. In almost every town, newspaper headlines proclaimed her arrival with "Mama Mason's a Girl in Town to Visit One of Her Boys!"

Mrs. Mason wasn't the only one who looked after servicemen during the war. Millions of American families received the same, even if not to such an extent. Consequently, when she appeared on our show there was the added excitement of self-identification. The women and ex-GIs who watched it relived their own lives. And that is another, very important point that we constantly keep in mind.

Actually, there is a show in almost every person, because of this feeling of self-identification. We find other persons interesting because in them we recognize a part of ourselves, and of our own experiences—whether it is the loss of our first tooth, a high-school prom, a battle in which we have ever fought, or any other experiences we have ever faced, or a struggle for personal achievement—particularly by someone who started out with the same handicaps (or even worse) than ourselves.

A typical example is the story of Roy Rogers. We considered him an outstanding personality—not because of his tremendous screen success, but because of the way he got where he is.

He came across the country at the height of the Depression, the old, rickety truck carrying him and his family broke down in Albuquerque, New Mexico. To get another vehicle that would at least move, Roy got himself a job to pay for it. He bought his first guitar in a pawnshop, for two dollars. There are dozens of episodes like that which identified Roy with thousands of our viewers to whom his story is a personal inspiration.

And not more so, is the fact that Roy accomplished all this without stepping on anybody else's toes. On the contrary, he helped his fellow man in an almost incredible manner, during his prosperous times, as well as during his years of struggle. That is the true success story of Roy Rogers—and much more interesting than a listing of how many pictures he has made or how big a bank account he has.

In selecting people for our show, probably the single, most important characteristic we look for is personality. We look for that frank approach to life, a person who isn't trying to hide anything about himself, his family, or his past experiences. Like Roy Rogers.

Bill, who is doing extremely well today, doesn't even try to hide the fact that he once worked for the WPA, counted people crossing a bridge, was a clerk for a steamship company, worked for a farmer, worked in a canning house, and a salesman for a newly invented hot-water bottle. He is not ashamed of anything that happened to him.

This same honest, down-to-earth approach is obvious in his everyday life. Because of it, people enjoy being with him, like to listen to what he has to say. At the same time, they give more of themselves after the example he sets. Doing research on his life was one of the easiest jobs we ever had to do. It was like an open book, with all the information readily available. There was so much of it, we could have stretched the show to twenty-four hours!

While, so far, most of my examples refer to very nice, very wholesome people, I don't want to give the impression that we take a " Pollyanna" type of approach. We like gusty personalities, whose past experiences would of necessity arouse the interest of almost everyone.

We did the story of Emma Jo Wengert, of Las Vegas, falsely accused of murder, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for fourteen years before she was acquitted. Clyde Lamb, an habitual criminal, was another person we covered. Clyde was involved in almost everything from holding up to armed robbery. His life was spent during the subsequent years in prison, realized the folly of his actions. "It was like awakening from a long sickness," he told me. In prison, he started to concentrate on what he considered "more constructive work" for which he had a talent—cartooning. And, after his pardon, he got a job with the Des
interest, John should former is person on it, shut considered for him, to him, we suggested on the program that viewers should each send one dollar to him for an endowment fund. Within a couple of weeks, the fund had grown to $775,000.

Dorothy Lamour is another person who stands out by what she has done for others. When we checked into her life story, we found that everyone with whom she had ever been in contact had something to say in her favor.

For instance, there was a wardrope woman whose hospital bill was paid by Dorothy. And Dorothy's stepson, Bill Howard—who was in the Marine Corps at the time of the show—had the greatest appreciation for a woman who married into his family when he was twelve, which is probably the most difficult age to accept a new stepmother. Yet Dorothy handled herself in such a manner that she won his love and devotion, and also the admiration of thousands of women who were fascinated by her story as we were able to tell it on our show. Once again, it was a common, almost everyday problem which she had faced and conquered, rather than her success in show business, that made her interesting.

One of the most amazing people we have come across to date is Dr. Kate Newcomb, of Woodrow, Wisconsin. "Dr. Kate," as she is called, has gained no outstanding success in the medical field that occasioned headlines, medals, or even recognition beyond her own immediate environment. She didn't make much money—in fact, a great deal less than most city doctors. Yet she was a fascinating subject because of the type of success and popularity she enjoyed, and the generosity with which she gave of herself.

She was the only doctor in a one-hundred-mile backwoods territory with extreme climates and poor communications, which often necessitated walking on snowshoes for miles to deliver a baby, or operating on kitchen tables with the simplest of instruments.

Dr. Kate retired when she got married, to become a housewife and raise her son. But a few years later, the doctor who had taken her place prevailed on her to resume her practice, because he had grown too old to look after all the patients. Naturally, her experiences as such were interesting to hear. Even more fascinating was the story behind what made her do it: Her devotion to her fellowmen.

I could go on and on, mentioning people like Victor Mclaglen, who had five careers in his lifetime—actor, circus performer, boxer, soldier, and adventurer. (And I should add a sixth: Being a wonderful family man.) Or Rene Belbenoit, who escaped from Devil's Island and wrote a book about it, not just for personal profit, but to change a system that condemned his fellowmen to such miserable existence. Or Harry Potter, whose ship went down in the icy waters of the Atlantic, and who kept himself and twenty-six others alive by his tremendous spirit.

To me, no matter how successful a person is or how exciting his life has been, if he talks about nothing else, if he puts himself constantly into the foreground—once the novelty of his story has worn off, he is nothing but a bore.

On the other hand, a person who has lived to the best of his ability, who gives of himself and who is interested in the well-being of others, will also be of interest to those because in him we see what we are. Or, at least, what we want to be.
"A nurse showed me the way to marriage happiness!"

(A continued page 31)

these romances might have originated almost anywhere in the United States. But chances are that they did so in the Midwest, where Welk for many years played, thousands of popular ballroom engagements, many of them one-night stands in small towns.

In this sprawling area, there are few people in their thirties today who haven't at one time or another been exposed to the charm of Lawrence Welk's warm personality, or felt at least the regret of missing dancing at the firm yet gentle beat of his caressing music. There is something irresistibly romantic about the style which made Lawrence Welk one of the most popular and successful bandleaders. But, in his own life, music alone wasn't enough to win the affection of the girl who's been his loyal and devoted wife for the past almost twenty-five years, the girl who became the mother of his three children.

"I had to have my tonsils clipped twice in order to get a date with her," Welk recalls with a smile. "If I had to do it over, I'd gladly have my appendix out as well. It would have been worth it!"

Back in 1930, young Lawrence Welk was already something of a celebrity in the town of Yankton, South Dakota, where he'd been some time. Station WNAX, one of the midwest's pioneer radio stations. Among his most ardent admirers was a group of young student nurses, some near-by hospital who'd always flock to the station in break time, flattening their noses against the glass panel which separated them from their listeners.

In their nurses' quarters, the handsome and charming young bandleader was invariably the principal topic of the girls' conversation. "I bet I could get a dozen of them to take me out to dinner," teased Fern Renner, a slim, pretty brunette who was the lone holdout among the girls, refusing to succumb to this unusual admiration.

Next day, Fern accompanied her friends to the broadcast. But, when Welk actually noticed her, came round to join the crowd after the show, and asked to be invited. Fern got cold feet and refused him a date.

"All the girls were making such a fuss over him," she says now. "I took it for granted he must be pretty conceited. And the way he traveled around, I figured he must have a girl in every town—and I didn't want to be one of them."

Intrigued by her coolness, Lawrence became all the more attracted. He began making inquiries about Fern and seeking other opportunities to meet her. Miss Renner, however, remained impervious to the charm of her fellow student. Finally, Welk hit upon the desperate expedient of having himself hospitalized in order to become better acquainted with the unattainable girl.

"I'd had my tonsils out once before," he recalls, "but a little piece had grown back. I thought this was as good a time as any to have her played with!"

The operation was performed by a friend of his, Dr. Ephraim Eghts, who obligingly arranged for a room on Nurse Renner's floor, giving instructions that she personally caress his private parts.

Reporting for duty that evening, Fern found the once debonair and volatile Welk sadly transformed. He had hemorrhaged. He had surgical clamps on his mouth and could speak only with great pain. Melting at last, Fern put a cool hand on his forehead. "Don't say a word," she cautioned. "I'm going to take care of you."

She did—and she has ever since.

Following his act of heroism, Lawrence said he was willing to use his powers of persuasion before Fern agreed to marry him. But marry they did, the following spring, and neither of them has ever regretted the decision.

"Lawrence has always known what he wants and gone after it," says Mrs. Welk, still youthful and pretty despite her prematurely gray hair. And he was born with a rare gift. He'd always brought nothing but luck and happiness—not just to himself, but to everybody around him, too.

The first year after they were married, however, Fern Welk had some misgivings about her own ability to attract luck. "I was a regular jinx for Lawrence," she says.

Up to the day he was married, Lawrence Welk had always been lucky. He was lucky to begin with, in the kind of parents he had; lucky being one of a large, bustling, affectionate family of four boys and four girls; lucky in growing up on a North Dakota farm which gave him a sound body and an even sounder sense of values.

His father, Ludwig Welk, had left his native Alsace-Lorraine in 1878, after it was annexed by Germany, and came to America. He settled on a fertile plot of land near Strasburg, North Dakota. Among his treasured possessions—and practically his only one—was an old-fashioned, heavily fastened bible which he handed down to him by his grandfather.

A musician at heart though a farmer by trade, the elder Welk loved nothing better than to play his fiddle as the day's chores were done and play the tunes and dances he'd learned in the old country. Larry, the next to youngest of his children, was fascinated by the instrument and never left his father's side when he played it, watching and observing him constantly.

By the time Larry was thirteen, he played the instrument passably—well enough, at least, to play occasionally at community dances, on school programs and for the local dancehalls. His father scraped together four hundred dollars, which he advanced Larry, to be worked off in time, to buy his own accordion.

"If I live to be a hundred, I'll never forget the day it arrived," Lawrence recalls. "It had sparkling rhinestones and the new-type piano keyboard. I was thrilled—ventured practicing like mad."

At twenty-one, he left his father's farm, determined to earn his livelihood as a musician despite dire predictions of failure. Although by then he had played for hundreds of dancehalls, Larry's family had to scrape together four hundred dollars, which he advanced Larry, to be worked off in time, to buy his own accordion.

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wood Lake, a picnic and resort area near Aberdeen, North Dakota. Instead of a fixed fee, he had to agree to take a percentage of the gross.

However, he was in luck. By three in the afternoon, the sky began to cloud over and within an hour, it started to pour. Seeking shelter, the crowd packed into the dance hall where a happy Lawrence Welk and his four-piece band played for them until the early hours of the morning.

Totaling up the receipts next day, he found that his net share of the profits came to $280.00—approximately one-third his earnings for the entire previous year. He thereafter traded his jalopy for a brand-new, shiny Model-T Ford and drove back to his home town of Strasburg, returning in triumph instead of defeat.

From that point on, Lawrence Welk's career proceeded smoothly for the next few years. Working almost without a break, he built up an enviable reputation throughout the Midwest as an engaging and personable young man with a pleasant manner who somehow managed to infuse his musicianship with his own enthusiasm and played the most danceable music this side of Guy Lombardo. His band, increased to six pieces by then, became known as "the little band in America." It was enormously popular and never lacked for work. While he wasn't "big time," he nevertheless did very well indeed, especially in the twenties. Along with talent, ambition and energy, he also had that famous luck. But his luck seemed to break exactly the day after he and Fern were married in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, on April 18, 1931.

They were about to head East that day for a long engagement at the De Witt Clinton hotel in Albany. New York, still looking forward to spending their honeymoon in comfort and luxury, planning to visit Niagara Falls en route. Just as they were leaving, the telephone rang. Fern picked it up and handed it to Lawrence. His face fell as he listened. The engagement was cancelled.

There was nothing else in sight except a few one-nighters at out-of-the-way places. He had no way to avoid telling his bride the truth—he had to have right next to him. Sadly, they left on what had promised to be the most wonderful trip of their lives.

Back in Chicago, after a period of idleness, Welk managed to secure another booking for his band at Twin Lakes, Wisconsin. The total pay for the six-man band was $200.00 a week—less than $35.00 for each—plus room and board. When he saw the "bridal suite" assigned them by the hotel, Lawrence felt like quitting. For the first time in his life, "I felt terrible," he recalls. "We had a cubbyhole in back of the ballroom. It was littered, untidy, full of dust and cobwebs."

Mrs. Welk, however, proved herself to be as good a trooper as her husband. Without a word of complaint, she went to work with brushes, mops, disinfectants and plenty of hot, soapy water, transforming their honeymoon abode into at least clean, if not luxurious, quarters.

Another surprise awaited them that fall, as they packed up their Phoenix, Arizona, for a four-weeks' engagement at one of the big clubs. While they were living on their way, the club's creditors had closed and padlocked its doors, leaving Welk and his band stranded upon arrival. It was in this desperate situation that Lawrence Welk was to prove his mettle to his bride—who was six months pregnant.

Pawning all of his possessions as first
step, in order to provide eating money for the seven people dependent on him. Welk then made rounds from creditor to creditor, twenty in all, persuading them to reopen the club and let him play. At length, he succeeded—not only in having the club reopened but also in pulling its operations back into the black.

"This was our hardest year," says Mrs. Welk, "but I gave the boundless confidence in Lawrence’s ability and resourcefulness. I never worried about finances after that."

By the time their daughter Shirley was born in Dallas, Texas, the following spring, Lawrence had the situation once again firmly in hand, despite the Depression, which was getting steadily more severe each day. "Shirley was the turning point," he says, "it couldn’t get over the miracle of having fathered such an exceptional creature. And she brought my luck back again."

But their luck was good, more popular than ever, and confident of finding plenty of work for his band in and around Dallas and Fort Worth, Welk decided to invest in a small residential hotel that has been named "The Lawrence," where Mrs. Welk made the first permanent home for the family. But, because a bandleader’s life is necessarily peripatetic, the word "permanent" turned out to be purely relative term for the Welk family. During the twenty-old years that have elapsed since then, they’ve had other homes—always meant to be “permanent”—in Yankton, South Dakota, and Omaha, Nebraska, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and for twelve years—the closest approxi-

mation to their dream of a full-time suburban forest section of Chicago. At present, and for the past three years, they live in the Brentwood section, one of the most lovely in town, in a house the Watts built in 1942. "God willing, I hope to spend the rest of my life right there," says Welk.

The house is not grand—neither of them is anything but compact; its pretentiousness—but it is roomy and comfortable, with a beautiful garden and terrace (and, incidentally, no swimming pool). Mrs. Welk has felt herself with only occasional help, and she still does all her own cooking. She missed her friends and her former home in Chicago after she moved to California, but, too, even the most tried person in California means at last an end to the long, lonely separations that Lawrence and Fern Welk had to endure during the first twenty years of their marriage.

A bandleader must go where his work takes him. He is responsible not just for himself and his own family, but for his musicians and their families. Should, upon the occasion, it be absolutely necessary, he must accept a season of one-night stands or of protracted engagements away from home base. It is the bane of a musician’s career permitting himself to have a home away from home and family life. Fern Welk might have hired a nurse, of course, and let her take care of the children while she was away. But, gently, very gently, in California means at last an end to the long, lonely separations that Lawrence and Fern Welk had to endure during the first twenty years of their marriage.

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Another time Welk’s "disciplinary instincts were aroused was when his first-born, Shirley, then a teenager, went out one night with a boy from Omaha who’d been introduced to her by letter through a mutual friend. When the Welks reached Omaha during one of their frequent tours, the boy quit the road trip. The Welks agreed that the welfare of their children was their first concern and that no substitute mother could do as well. Fern Welk, the appliance salesman, stayed home with them, and both she and her husband were lonely for each other much of the time.

The Welks have kept their homes close to his principal field of activity. When they lived in Chicago, Lawrence usually had long engagements at the Trianon and Aragon Ballrooms, permitting him to spend several months of the year at home. But, even then, there were often long spells when he had to be away from home. At one time, toward the end of the war, a continuous series of repeat engagements kept him in the San Francisco area for thirteen consecutive months.

Like so many other men, Lawrence Welk was caught in the treadmill of success. He was doing well, extremely well, but he had to pay his price for it in heartache and loneliness. Only four years ago did he finally get his chance for a continued rest in Long Beach, near Monterey, California, and these past four years have been the happiest and most successful of his entire life. Though he gets up at 11 P.M., like other men, he feels that he has settled down at last and is enjoying a normal, happy family life.

It is reasonable both Lawrence and Fern Welk’s unusual strength of character and devotion to each other, that, despite all obstacles, they have managed to establish and maintain a closely tied and loving family relationship through all these years. Aside from their love for each other, the love for their three children, Shirley, Donna and Larry, they have held them firmly together. "We’re three wonderful youngsters," Welk smiles proudly. "It’s by far the best thing I’ve ever done in my life."

Being an absentee father much of the time had its compensations for Lawrence Welk, in that it gave him much of the fun and all the pride, yet few of the irritations that usually go with fatherhood. He enjoyed his children when he came home, giving them a good deal more attention than the average full-time father can usually afford to spare. He played with them, took them places, and bought them all the ice cream and soda they could want; but, in turn, were area. "God willing, I hope to spend the rest of my life right there," says Welk.

On a hot July afternoon the family took a trip to the drive-in movie. They had been at the theater for a couple of hours when they suddenly realized that they had forgotten the parking meter. Mrs. Welk turned to her husband and said, "I think we should leave the car here and go visit the gas station." Mr. Welk looked at her and said, "But dear, we can’t do that. We don’t have any money left."

"Oh, but we can," Mrs. Welk replied. "I have $3.00 in my purse."

"I know," Mr. Welk said. "But how are we going to get there with that much money?"

"That’s easy," Mrs. Welk said. "We can take the bus."

"The bus," Mr. Welk said, "is a dollar."
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All for the Family

(Continued from page 51)

the existence of the opposite sex. Like many another shy lad, Johnny felt certain he had found the sure-fire solution to his problem the day he flipped the pages of a magazine and read: Be Popular at Parties—Learn Magic! "It was that promise of being popular that got me," Johnny says with a boyish grin. "I sent my dollar and held my breath until the postman delivered my package. Then I read the instructions, learned the jokes that came with the kit and began practising."

He expected a miracle, of course, but he admits results were far from instantaneous. "In the beginning, at least, I wasn't invited to many parties." That failed to daunt so determined a youth as Johnny. He continued to work at the tricks and to study the mail-order catalogue, which offered everything from disappearing handkerchiefs to equipment for sawing a woman in half. Money to buy such wonders came from his assorted jobs. His father paid him seven dollars a week to clean the utility company's plant. At other times, Johnny worked at a furniture store and a grocery and was a car hop.

As deft of hand as he was of mind, Johnny began inventing his own tricks and constructing the equipment needed to do them. Eventually, too, he mastered the great trick of getting the other kids to watch and be mystified. He turned professional the night a young men's club asked him to entertain and paid him the princely sum of three dollars.

He denies, as "a press agent's dream," the story that he once broke up a milking contest by making a cow talk back. "I didn't do much about ventriloquism until I was on Guam. There I had plenty of slack time in which to practice..." He is too modest to add, "between battles." Johnny, in 1945, became one of those "prairie sailors" who joined the Navy before he had ever set foot in anything bigger than a rowboat. He attended midshipmen's school at Columbia University in New York and, upon being commissioned, was assigned to the U. S. S. Pennsylvania. It was to entertain his shipmates that he ordered from the States his first ventriloquist's figure, the forerunner of his present "Eddy."

The old mail-order ad's promise of popularity paid a dividend in 1945, when the handsome young hero came home from the Navy and enrolled at the University of Nebraska to major in radio and speech. In addition to his magic and ventriloquism, Johnny learned a new skill for keeping any show rolling. It brought him a part-time announcing job at one of the radio stations in Lincoln and it also brought him the honor of being the first male ever to be invited to emcee the women students' annual revue, "The Coed Follies."

That campus production became the most important show of his life for it was there that he met his Jody—Joan Walecott of North Platte, Nebraska. With the appreciation of a husband who is still very much in love, Johnny recalls: "She was in a sorority ski, and by far the prettiest girl in the show. She still is. She's small and dark-haired, just five-foot-one, and weighs exactly a hundred pounds.

Love at first sight had led to their engagement by the time Johnny received his degree and went to work for Station WOW in Omaha. "Even though we were 430 miles apart, that was a romantic summer," Johnny recalls. "Her family had a cottage at the lake and, when I finished at the station at 1:00 A.M., I'd start driving. The major highways in Nebraska are straight and wide. With little traffic, I could cover the distance by 4:00 A.M.—and, at dawn, reach Jody and the lake. Both of them were beautiful in the sunrise."

Johnny and Jody were married October 1, 1946. The happy telegram describes it as "a big, white-satin sort of wedding, with everyone in town coming to the reception at her folks' house."

And they settled down in Omaha, Jody soon learned she had to share her husband's time with television. A fellow graduate of WOR-TV, Dan Petrie—who now is one of the Theater Guild's directors on The United States Steel Hour—remembers that Johnny was always on the run: "He was a whiz, even then. All the sponsors wanted him to do their shows. We knew it was only a question of time until he went to a network."

That opportunity occurred in 1951, when Johnny and Jody spent their vacation in California and he learned that an-

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Be sure to read "THE KILLING OF WILMA ALLEN"—the crime that rocked Kansas City—in March TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE at newsstands now.
The boys, officially, are co-owners. That resulted from one of Johnny's first network programs, in which he did a take-off on Edward R. Murrow and combined film and live scenes so that himself could "visit" the Carson family. An actress took Jody's part, but the boys had their real-life roles. "That meant they had to be paid union scale, take out Social Security, and pay taxes. When their taxes were reported in my tax return, each one—since he was a minor who had not reached the minimum—received a refund of thirteen dollars."

Jody and Johnny made a little ceremony of adding those checks to the purchase fund for the new house. "We told the kids that with those checks they paid for part of the house and that each one actually owns part of his own home."

The pool and yard were major factors in their selection of the house. "Jody and I," says Johnny, "wanted the boys to have the same chance to enjoy those that we had when we were kids. We do most of our living outdoors. Our best friends are Jack and Mary Lou Narz. They have four children—and, when the boys go up with our play bills, I believe me, no house would hold them!"

He finds the boys unfailingly interesting. He is particularly intrigued by their attitude toward Eddy, the ventriloquist's assistant of whom Johnny quite carefully says, "We never call him a 'dummy.' At least, not in front of the boys."

Kit and Ricky are beginning to wonder just what Eddy is, Johnny says. "They're now realizing he is different from them. They also know he lives in a suitcase, but they'll go to it and talk to him and ask him to come out to play. Eddy has such definite character around our house that sometimes even Johnny finds I think of him as sort of a fourth son."

The boys also give Johnny a ready source of comedy ideas. "We did one program as a satire of the child-care advisor. Needless to say, the kids practically wrote that one for me."

Altogether, the Carson's form a happy, lively family—a family which is a sure antidote for any enlargement of the ego which might result from future Horatio Alger-type overnight successes—a family which, by its everyday living, is certain to continue to supply—at home and on screen—all the laughs which come from loving and living.
Together Is the Key Word

(Continued from page 26)

been in two movies before the present big one about Benny Goodman. How many people remember Steve as a disc jockey in 1927? Five or six.

Now, everybody knows Steve Allen. Half of the small bric-a-brac in his house has been sent by fans. The very coat he wears (a woolen gray overcoat) was a gift from fans in Minnesota. Steve Allen is an enterprise, a national habit, an actor, author, singer—you name it!

The famous dressed man who steps out of the elevator on the ninth floor of a Park Avenue apartment building seems to be anything but a show-business luminary. There is nothing of the usual performer. Basically, Steve's the kind of man who is the quiet fellow at the party—the one who can play the piano and wouldn't mind doing it, if you came to listen—who has a pretty good sense of humor and would like to make you laugh, if you're interested.

Tall, you know, is a big man—six-foot-three—but he moves gracefully, as if he were used to being a big man and is quite comfortable in the frame. "Which, of course, I am," he might say, "so why should Steve Allen get impatient with the obvious. The living room of their apartment, planned and decorated by Jayne Meadows Allen herself, is a blend of gray, light beige and touches of chartreuse. It is also a suitable room for the man of the house, because the furniture is upholstered for legal and is designed to stretch out, and the pieces are ample enough for a tall man to be comfortable."

A serious-faced man? "Why, I am completely serious about seeing myself as a serious man," he says. "I've never written a book about TV, serious about movies, serious about writing. How could I seriously enjoy any of it, if I wasn't?"

If there were clock with chimies, it would probably be tolling in the morning. The light in the Allen apartment would be the only one in the building. It comes from the study where Steve Allen does work at all. He has no particular thoughts on comedy and comedians, one of the few thousand ideas that interest him. Jayne has brought in some coffee and sits down to talk to me.

His first two books, "Bop Fables" and "Fourteen for Tonight," have already been successfully written, published and reviewed. "I never really relaxed about my books until I read the reviews," he has confessed, "because I know that reviewers are unlikely to care if a writer is a TV performer or not, and they have a way of being honest." It can honestly be said that the reviewers honestly liked Steve's books.

If two o'clock seems to be late working on another book, after a full evening's work before the camera, Steve Allen would only say: "I don't work very hard in front of the cameras, and my day just starts later and ends later, so there's really nothing to worry about."

Jayne worries about this, though. She thinks her husband works hard enough for two men, and insists on taking care of him. "I've never been sick before," she says, with a smile many another wife would understand. "But he requires taking care of, so that he'll stay that way." Jayne, who is a successful actress and one of the stars of the highly rated "Tonight" show, "The Steve Allen Secret," realizes that no performer is invulnerable—not even Steve.

Steve doesn't ask much of his audiences, but there's one thing he appreciates: Respect. It's a quality which Steve himself has in abundance. Whether the guest on his show is a famous poet like Carl Sandburg (who once stayed a whole half-hour past his expected time on the program), or a man who sells stocks in a corporation to an old lady at the supermarket, Steve is always careful of his feelings. He believes in sharing, without ifs or but's...

One of the things that make our marriage so happy is our ability to share each other's lives. We've both been married before, and in each there was certainly a lot of heartbreaking in between and that's out of the experience. And Steve has three children whom he loves very much. The wonderful part of it is that I do, too..."

The first summer Steve and Jayne were married, they decided they'd like to go to Long Island so that the three boys, who spend their summers with Steve, would have plenty of room to play. Jayne did most of the cooking. The only complaint is that she spoils the boys.

When David came to their apartment for a visit, shortly after Jayne had her baby, he complained that the youngest Allen learn to roller-skate on this smooth surface, rather than the sidewalks, because she didn't want him to fall on the pavement. "The white carpet was a mess," she laughs. But David wasn't, and that's all that mattered!"

It is likely that, in the near future, Steve and Jayne will move to the West Coast. Their reasons will be those Allen boys.

Jayne realizes that, if the Allens settle in California, she will have to give up her "I Got A Secret" assignment. "I'll miss the show," she admits. "But, somehow, since Steve and I have been married, I feel less driven toward my career. That's a fortunate thing about my situation."

"I don't do another movie part or a TV show—or that I won't continue to work with Steve on our own projects. But the assignments will have to be near home. My marriage comes first."

If Jayne is Steve's watchbird, Steve is Jayne's "follow-through." She's apt to have millions of ideas, and just let them fall. Every once in a while, Steve takes up one of her ideas and works on it. One of Jayne's ideas was The Psychiatrist, a series of TV programs based on psychoanalysis. Steve made her watch it, and worked on it with her. The result is that there's a very good chance this series will soon be seen regularly on TV. Steve premiered the first two on "Tonight" and they were received with raves.

Another joint venture is a new record called—aptly enough—"What Is a Husband?" and "What Is a Wife?" The Allens will probably record other records, but now that this one is such a success. "As a matter of fact," says Jayne, "I feel that nothing can stop us—together. Together is the right formula always..."

One thing has already been proved: Nothing can stop Steve Allen. Steve can do just about anything he sets out to do, and do it well. Each new job he takes on only adds to his list of accomplishments. "I'm not as straight as you think," he quips. "In that picture, Benny Goodman does the clarinet playing!"

Well, there's no question about the clarinet and Benny's special claim to it. There will, of course, be other records. They have a whole truckload of them. About "The Steve Allen Story," how are they going to decide which one of Steve's special claims to fame they'll concentrate on? All his talents plus Jayne's, too!—it's going to be hard to find a simple story-line.
True Happiness for Helen Trent

(Continued from page 68)
became more conducive to outdoor work.

She was still thinking about the things she had learned at the school when she
bought the small house in the middle of the new flower garden at the back of the
house. Already she could see it taking shape in her mind, filling every window with
bright beauty. But now she glanced through the large, glass windows in the living room, out past
the redbrick terrace that is walled in with
very different, and swimming and having beach parties, and back to the three-sided fireplace
that was keeping the room cozy and warm. Outsides, the three-sided
dangerous—
the evergreens fringing the pond, to all the soft
dröwens and grays and tawny yellow colors of a winter landscape.

You can change your whole way of
life," Julie would say. "You can become interested in all sorts of new things. I
know that now. Before I was married, it was doing and painting that seemed to be
important. As a woman, an actress—
the very best I knew how to be. That
always came first.

After I was married, on our honeymoon, Charles and I bought the property
now own. He showed it to me and wondered if some time we could own a little piece of it, maybe five acres to
build on it. I wasn't sure. I had never owned property, and I thought of myself as a city girl and career woman who
had to live in New York to combine her work with her family life. Yet, here I am now, still working in New York, commuting daily except for
weekends, still loving my work, but living in the country and loving that,
too. Wanting to be a definite part of the community seems to suit me. In some way, however small, I want to make model
friends among the people who live here, to participate in more activities. It's a whole new
life. A happy life.

The Underhills (Charles being Charley Underhill, an executive of United States
Steel who handles public relations with television), and the (movies) might never
ever have traveled through their plans to build
on the property—except for the weekend
prefabricated cabin they first put up—if it had not been for the discovery
that they must not grow up in a big city like New York and miss all the fascinating things
a child can do and learn in the country.

Julie worried most about Nancy's play
time. I've never lived in a city, commuting daily except for weekends, still loving my
work, but living in the country and loving that,
too. Wanting to be a definite part of the community seems to suit me. In some way, however small, I want to make model
friends among the people who live here, to participate in more activities. It's a whole new
life. A happy life.

A permanent home in the country was the answer—or so they thought until they
began to run into snags. To Charles, a
permanent home meant a large house, with modern conveniences but with the look
of belonging to the gentle hills and fields and the outcroppings of lime-
stone rock that surround it. Charles was an outdoor fellow, who had been brought up
in small communities, although his background was far from rural. His
father was a well-known educator, who had a fine car, and they traveled the
summers, and Charles had spent his early years learning practical skills and,
later, as a counselor, teaching them to
younger people.

Later, too, Charles had worked in an architect's office for a while, before entering
Harvard, and he thought he knew exactly the kind of house Julie liked. So
they set out to make their own plans.

Only, when they finally took it to an
architect and began to talk about costs, it began to fall apart. Everything they
had decided upon was "special" and had to be. Even the regular costs were prohibitive. The architect sug-
gested a compact, modern house with simple exterior and interior, and few frills.
"We have seen ours sunken at first, and almost abandoned the whole idea," Julie recolled. "Until we reminded ourselves of the life we wanted for our little girl. I knew, too, it was what Charles wanted—and more. And I wanted it, although it wasn't so sure, even yet. All I can say is
that I'm glad the big house never materialized.
A small one takes much less care. From outside, the three-sided, de-


to care of me before I was married and who takes care of all three of us so beautifully now. I have
Helen, who comes in weekends to give
Pearl an extra touch. But the three of us plan to do on a place like ours. And, if necessary, I
could take care of this house myself. Someday, we plan to open up a corner of the house and add a wing, but it's comfortable and ade-
quately as it is now."

The exterior is wood, painted a soft
grey-green which blends into the greens of the landscape. The trim is white.

Charles and Julie cleared the land itself,
riding the bulldozer through woods of pine and spruce and cedar, cutting through wild grape and swamp willow,
draining off the lowland waters to reveal broad meadows which can be made produ-
cive, and beautiful. They built their
own bench on the far side of their acre-
and-a-half, spring-fed pond, put in a diving board, built a barbecue near by. To-
give a bit of variety, they put the steps that lead down from the hill on which the house stands to the garage area below. They even had to put in a road so the power company could bring in electricity. Telephone poles nearest the house are their own property, provided by
them so lines could be brought in. And it was a city girl, who wanted no out-
side fades, or enchantments that she could avoid, who helped do all this! She
admits there were a few weeks in the beginning when she felt completely
upset and confused, but far longer than she expected, on a business trip to the
West Coast. Julie had an accident with the car. Pearl had to be away. She
wondered if, after all, they had done the right thing in putting leisure from all their city
ties. "But I found out I could adjust my-
self, that everything worked out when I
was patient enough to let it. And I never felt footed again, after that first adjust-
ment."

The architect had encouraged them to
leave the living-room area as they had planned it, rather than put a larger house's
L-shaped room, partly finished in light
picked pine, partly wallpapered in a soft green design with ferns. It seemed to re-
quire a three-sided fireplace, so Charles decided one of white brick, with a black metal
hood, which is quite stunning and equally practical, because it radiates heat
in every direction. A niche on one side is for a built-in bookcase. Charlie has plans to build, with room for Hi-fi, the TV
screen and radio.

At one end of the living room is one of the new electrically-heated cherry
wood desks, complete with fascinating
secret compartments, handed down in
Charles's family from the year 1804. Light-
ing it is a huge pouring white Japanese
pavilion with black-tined roof, the white ceiling. Charles designed some in-

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encouraged by a new-found friend, Sun-
ny Valky, a woman who lived in an
long experience in the art of interesting people and holding their interest, "Why
don't you try some of the stock com-
panies operating out of Chicago?" asked Alice. "But don't try to
get a job. Her father had passed on before the
Chautauqua tour, and now Alice burned all her bridges behind her and concen-
trated on the show. She went back to Chicago, read for a role and got
it.

The company played Miami, Florida, that
time, and one day they sud-
neously passed on and they were
left with inadequate funds, they all
decided to stick it out and work for mini-
num pay. "We loved the climate, and we
were together," she remembered. "It was
like having Christmas in July."

When the season was over, and the need
for a job became a pressing problem, a
legacy of $1300 from an uncle made Alice
feel like a millionaire. "I went home and
brought my mother back to New York with me. Then I started to pound
pavements, although most say I didn't set
New York on fire and it was almost a year
before much happened. In the first place,
the Depression years were barely over.
Besides, I was shy and reticent, and al-
most painfully honest about my inexperi-
ence.

"One producer went so far as to tell me
to 'come back ten years from now, and
you will look old enough for your height.'
I was told so often that I was too tall that
I began to get a complex about it, although
I am only five-feet-seven in my stocking
heels. At first, this was considered too
small for an actress. It isn't now. My height
and blondepess seemed like handicaps to me.
Once, I remember, a casting director told me,
'We're not looking for any showgirls to-
day.' I drew myself up and said—rather
forcefully for me—but I am an actress!'
It didn't seem to make much difference."

Gradually it began to dawn on Alice
that her approach to her work was too
negative. She was trying not to look too
tall, not to seem too blonde, not to act
romantically, or have that desperate feel-
ing about what would happen if she
didn't get a job soon.

She began to "pray over" her problems,
as had been her training, and to build a
more positive attitude. She remembered
that she couldn't change the world, but
that she could change herself. The panic
she felt whenever she entered a casting
office and her fear of being discovered as
false seemed to have been driven out to be a
new joy she found in her adaption to being
rewarding and wonderful experience. When
she gave it up, it was because it had led
straight to a role in "A Roomful of Roses," a
play by Edith Sondheim and Soderberg on
Broadway this winter. This time, a com-
dy part again.

For as Marcia Archer, in "The Second
Mrs. Burton," and Aunt Trina, in "Mama,
Aunt Trina."--In portraying them, she
nor for that matter, any other radio or TV
opportunities she can manage to squeeze in.
"Marcia is wonderful to play," she says.
"All the girls are so different, and the
two qualities that are a challenge for an
actress. Aunt Trina is just as interesting
in her way, a gentle girl from a home
background which I understand. As we are bothScandinavians, Aunt Trina is
Norwegian, and I am Swedish, and even
her accent is easy for me. I love being
both these women."

And she loves being Alice Frost Tuttle, the
woman who learned long ago that, even if you can't change the world—at
least not very much and not very quickly—
you can change yourself. And
then your own world will change, always
for the better.
Tony Marvin at Home

(Continued from page 40)

Tony and Dot live in the Perry Como family, and it was by way of the Comos that Tony heard of the house. He and Perry have known each other for years. They both took part in a sustaining network show, when both were "making peanuts" and sweeping up the shells. But, just a few years back, the Comos and the Marvins were both on vacation. Dot met Roselle Como and they became friends, and the talk turned to homes. Roselle was enthusiastic about theirs at Sands Point and invited the Marvins out.

"It was beautiful, and I thought so and said so," Dot tells, "but I never dreamed we would one day be living right across the road from them."

It is certainly a tribute to the Marvins that, when the house across the way was vacated, Perry and Dot took it. Tony. What greater compliment can you pay someone than to suggest that you’d like to have him as a neighbor? In May of 1954, the Marvins moved in: "We knew we wanted the house instantly, and we were as charmed with the outside as the inside."

There are many trees—maples, silver birch and a wild, wild cherry with fruit too good for any purpose. The front terrace is kept green, and the walk into the house is edged with flowers from early spring to late fall.

To the side of the house there is a rose garden, but it is in back that the family lives during the summer. Here are more trees, particularly a rare tree called a gordonia which fills with huge white blossoms. There are flower beds planted with marigolds, aegeratum and sweet alyssum.

Tony works out before a huge outdoor barbecue and serves in a glassed-in porch which is furnished with a picture chairs and a glass-topped dining table. The back terrace slopes down into a small, kidney-shaped swimming pool with a diving board. The Marvins are all expert swimmers. On that same American cruise, Dot and Tony took all prizes in swimming contests aboard the ship. As a matter of fact, Dot was a swimming instructor at a summer camp some years ago. She tells: "The pool is Tony’s job," Dot tells you. "He doesn’t have time to help with the gardening—that’s a routine, demanding job—but he’s been a swimming manager. And I wouldn’t let anyone else hang a picture frame for me. But, as I said, he scrubs down and vacuums the pool and keeps it clean through the summer. Believe me, he doesn’t look much like a fashion-plate when he’s in his dirty denims and that faded terrycloth shirt."

The Marvins are "informalists." Around the house, everyone wears slacks—slacks, Bermudas or jeans. But, when you glance into the closets, you wonder if maybe the reason for moving into a large house wasn’t merely to accommodate Tony’s clothes.

For example, in the hall closet, off the foyer, there must be a couple dozen of his hats. This collection includes a genuine Arabian headdress, a derby and a couple of hunting caps. "But he seldom wears them," Dot says, "except for the golf caps."

The closet also contains a twenty-five pound dictionary, two women’s umbrella-hats which Tony brought his gals as a gag, a number of topcoats and overcoats and jackets. He wears once every two or three years—plus a music stand, a couple of cameras, a flute and a saxophone. The flute is Lynda’s. Tony, who used to blow a saxophone, recently bought himself another, after an envious evening of watching neighbor Como work out on the drums.

But now to Lynda Ann, who prefers to be called Lynda in the Marvins. She is fourteen and attends the public high school in neighboring Port Washington. She’s bright, independent, and winsome whenever she is introduced as Tony Marvin’s daughter. She has confided to her mother that she wants to make good on her own. Besides the flute, she plays the piano well—takes after Dot. SixtiesS "It was a six-footer."

He’s a six-footer."

A banana grows an inch a day but can’t find them anywhere.

"When he finds the idea of buying an old, beat-up antique table, having it refinished and sliced down the middle to make a pair of consoles."

The cedrella, made of burl walnut, took two months to recondition, but it’s a beauty. The coffee table is another item that developed in the brain. Dot began with two panels of grayed-birch. The drawer, hanging in a twelve-foot bay window are a cheerful charrette, and it is by this window that the grand piano stands.

But wanted two long, matching consoles for one wall, but couldn’t find them anywhere. So she hit on the idea of buying an old, beat-up antique table, having it refinished and sliced down the middle to make a pair of consoles.

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symbolic of things to come. Eventually, the dining room will be in 'traditional' like the other rooms, Dot says.

There is a small breakfast nook off the dining room, then a large kitchen. Dot has help with cleaning and gardening, but does all her own cooking.

"Tony's easygoing about meals," she says. "He doesn't have to be served at specific times and never makes a fuss about what we're going to eat. Tony is ready, he enjoys a chicken sandwich as much as a roast turkey. During weekday evenings, he gets home at irregular hours, so I can't even plan the cutting of menus that have to be served on time." The family always has a big, leisurely breakfast together, which gives them all a chance to catch up. There is one guest Tony was working late the night before.

Dot gets up after fifteen minutes after seven. Tony gets up a half-hour earlier and at the same time wakes Lynda. Lynda has a sign she uses occasionally: If she sticks her hand out of the blanket with all five fingers extended, that means she is requesting five more minutes of shut-eye. And he gives it to her, although, generally speaking, he is a serious kind of father who doesn't believe in giving in to every whim. He is definite in teaching Lynda to be a considerate, thoughtful of others, and they have always been very close.

For quite a few years, until it became a little too tiring, she and Tony spent many an evening after the school was out and wiring up trains. Lynda, like Tony, is good at hand skills. She always designs and makes her own greeting cards for the family. And, like Tony, she's not bad with words and makes up her own verses.

"They have the same quality of stick-to-it-the-end," says Dot. "If you find Lynda doing a jigsaw puzzle, you can bet it's complete. She is considerate, thoughtful of others, and they have always been very close.

They all like to do crossword puzzles. But only Tony works them with a pen—he never has to erase. He is instructing Lynda in the art of play and remembers the shared experiences together in the cellar game room. This is a large, paneled room, and is generally reserved for Lynda and her friends and her gatherings.

"You know, both Tony and I are New Yorkers by birth," says Dot. "Maybe that's why we love being in the country now. Tony says it's the extreme opposite of the city and he loves it here as he feels as if he's really getting away."

Tony is a golf enthusiast but he limits his playing to Saturday. However, he starts off the weekend Friday evening by getting home early for dinner and, from the moment he returns from the club on Saturday afternoon, he becomes friendly, helpful. On Monday morning, he gives all of his time to the family.

Tony belongs to the club in Sands Point and he plays sol- mool with Pat Connolly. Now that Connie has his Saturday night show, Perry gets in his eighteen holes on Sunday.

"But we still see Perry on Saturday," Tony says. "Never mind his show if it means eating dinner in front of the television set."

When Tony begins to watch television, he can't get enough. On Saturday night, he hangs on right through Perry's Show, a movie that runs out around one-thirty A.M. Tony may take a catnap now and then, but he stays with it until the season goes by. There is never a catnap during commercials," he says, loyal to his colleagues. "The commercials are the best part of any show."

When Tony finally goes upstairs to sleep, he enters one of the loveliest bedrooms east of Milwaukee. Dot has furnished it with the same discrimination and taste she followed on the lower floors. The wall-to-wall carpeting is an off-white, on the cream side. The walls are pink and some of the furniture, the huge Provencael bed and dressing table, have been finished in silver gray with gold touches. There is an old French waxer and two fine French chairs made of papier-mache with mother-of-pearl inlay. There are two small, green platform-rockers and plenty of furniture in the exactly casual, easy going, large, comfortable family room with early American furniture and gold carpeting. There is a second guest room that is deceptive, for it is made up like a small upstirs living room— which it is until friends arrive.

But the smallest room in the house is the most popular. It is on the first floor, at the rear. It isn't much bigger than a six-cylinder car, but it is a warm room with knotted-pine paneling. This is the library, but a modern library—for, in addition to books, it has a television set built in one corner, and rented from previous tenants. Tony has a special lounge chair that fits the body's contours, and there's a large sofa and another chair for Dot and Lynda. Tony has had the room so well arranged that just being in the same room together is a treat.

While their home is grand, the Marvins have the simplest kind of pleasures. Usually, Tony is working on their anniversary date. But, if they do celebrate, they go to the theater. Sundays in the summer, they often take a walk in the winter, they go for walks in the snow. Tony may take them out for a Chinese dinner on Sunday evening, if it doesn't mean getting 'dolled up.' He is thoughtful of old friends, of aniversaries and birthdays. He remembers Dot with perfume and jewelry and candy—and he demands that she share the candy.

It's a problem finding a gift for Tony himself. In the library there is a rack of his pipes, some of them from Lynda and some from Tony is a gag "trophy cup" they bought him in New York, with a different club swinging a golf club. But there are any number of things in the house that have come from friends, too.

"People who get to know Tony," says Dot, "are spellbound by his warmth. I've seen it happen so many times. We have planted tulip bulbs that came from a friend, with Tony in New York. And the carved elephant on the library mantel—well, Tony got to talking to an airlines pilot on a trip, and that was all, but the pilot just had to give the right of friendship and sent Tony a gift. People like to do things for him. There is a handsome cigarette lighter in the living room made of mahogany, a cigar case from a man in Manhattan who was wiring some lamps for Tony. Tony offered to go over to his shop on an errand one day to save me a trip, but when I called for the lamps, the owner showed me this lighter he had made personally—and it was a gift to Tony.

Dot is very proud of him, and Tony is not less proud of Dot and what she has accomplished in their home but she doesn't see it that way.

There's nothing about the house that is particularly Lynda—or Lynda, as she sums it up. "There's too much of a oneness about us, to make any such distinctions."
A Song of Faith

(Continued from page 28) parish since her marriage in 1940. . . The church, she explained earnestly, was having a Mission all that next week. It was not only she who had the usual place in the choir, but she had solo assignments.

This was a dilemma no one had foreseen, especially with such important prize money at stake. Pete had pinned his hopes on the Juenemanns—on two young girls, of course. It was suggested—someone else in the family could come to New York and take her place on Name That Tune for the one night? Maybe the oldest, Margie? If not Margie, then Gus, her husband, about whom she had spoken so glowingly?

Quiley, thirty-six-year-old Estella Juenemann, brought her decision. Margie couldn't possibly replace her, because she had her own duties as church organist, and the five other children were too young. Gus couldn't replace her on the program, because he, too, had his own duties, as choir director. Even when it was later suggested that an opera singer might be asked to go to Selden to take Mrs. Juenemann's place, they were told that the service would be in Latin and had been carefully rehearsed for many days. . .

No, she could not possibly let anything, not even a large sum of money, influence her decision—much as money meant to the Juenemanns at that moment. None of the folks in their farm community had a crop that season, because of a disastrous hail storm which had struck suddenly. (The Juenemanns themselves had lost their entire wheat crop, the result of two years' work.) The parish had almost decided to cancel the Mission, but Mrs. Juenemann's decision completed, Mrs. Juenemann herself returned, and teamed successfully with Mr. Brugnolotti, for three succeeding weeks, to guess the additional tunes and run the prize money up to $10,000, by correctly guessing the titles of a significant portion of the program. Mrs. Juenemann herself returned, and teamed successfully with Mr. Brugnolotti, for three succeeding weeks, to guess the additional tunes and run the prize money up to $10,000, by correctly guessing the titles of a significant portion of the program.

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Probably Louis Brugnolotti is still wondering if it really happened. He, of course, Estella Juenemann . . . back on their 570 acres of Kansas farmland, back to being a farm wife whose only outside interest is her children. He, of course, could never know how much they appreciated all that wise and loving leadership.

And there's the brand-new TV set which has changed and enriched and broadened their lives . . . the one big luxury the Juenemanns allowed themselves after all their debts were paid. And the excitement that still surrounds the whole wonderful New York adventure . . . the first time, when Estella Juenemann went alone . . . and the second time, when Gus went.

It all started quite casually, as big, momentous happenings do. The Juenemanns live in what is termed a "fringe area" for TV, where reception hasn't been good and stations have been established within sixty miles of their farm. They had no television set then, but Estella had heard of the program. After it transferred to TV, and had enjoyed it. One washday, she sat down to rest for a few moments and picked up a magazine that mentioned the prize money for sending in a "Golden Medley" of tunes to be guessed by a contestant on the show in New York.

My goodness,” she said out loud to herself, “wouldn't it be nice to win some money and pay off some of our farm debts!” She had no idea, at the time, that winning would involve going to New York and leaving Gus and the kids. In fact, it was only half in earnest that she made up a list of tunes—seven in all, as requested—and wrote them on a postcard addressed to the show. When she thought that the days were over, she forgot all about it.

Until . . . well, until two months later, when she was out in the yard helping Gus with a new grain plot in the windfall. Margie came running out to tell her she was wanted on the phone. Mrs. Juenemann's hands were covered with grease, but she wiped them hurriedly and went into the house. It was a Mr. Kelly iPhones, and she realized the name was one of the "Gold Medley" winners. Mrs. Kelly wanted to know if Mrs. Juenemann had been watching television. If so, she must have seen a postcard from New York, and heard her name mentioned as the person who sent in the "Golden Medley Marathon" that had been chosen that evening. She knew that she had driven to New York to see the Juenemanns, and had guessed the names of all Mrs. Juenemann's tunes and won $1,000—$500 for himself and $500 for his partner—and that she was invited to New York. She had answered with her partner for more prize money!

Listening to Mrs. Kelly, Estella Juenemann couldn't quite believe it all happened. "I sure am glad if I am something, but I think it must be a mistake," she told Mrs. Kelly, explaining that she had not seen the program. When she went to the combine to tell Gus about the call, they both decided that, if Mrs. Kelly had got the right name, they would hear from New York. But they didn't really believe it. They felt there must be some mistake.

Next morning, October 19, was Gus's birthday. When he came in from the corral, the family was waiting at the breakfast table to sing Happy Birthday," but Gus himself almost forgot the happening in the excitement of a quite unexpected present: New twin calves and a single one—the first time that twin calves had been born in the sixteen years the farm had been farming. The excitement was so great that Estella had all she could do to get the older children—Margie, 12-year-old Joan, and 6-year-old Marcia—out of bed. Gus, August Jr., age 8 and nicknamed "Shorty"—off to school on the bus . . . and the younger ones—four-year-old Mary, nicknamed "Putt," and three-year-old Gerard, called "Jerry"—fondly embraced enough to play by themselves for a while.

The excitement was only beginning, however. An hour later the telephone rang and the operator said New York was call-
He was a Slave of PASSION!

There are some things people won't talk about. But radio's "My True Story" frankly attacks the emotional problems of life. It brings you stories taken right from the files of True Story. America's most talked about program. You get such revealing—sometimes almost shocking—into the lives of other people. So be sure to listen to this thrilling radio program. It has brought many millions to understand their most soul-stirring problems.

Tune in Every Morning to MY TRUE STORY

American Broadcasting Stations

She traded her happy home for fool's gold. Don't miss "MONEY MAD!" in March TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newstands now.
Beautiful Hair

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions.

Beautiful hair has natural softness and lustre. A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves the hair clean, lustrous and fragrant.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.
Now one of America's most popular cigarettes!

Smokers are switching to Winston faster than you can say: "Winston tastes good—like a cigarette should!"

This easy-drawing filter smoke brings you real tobacco flavor, full and rich. And the Winston filter works so well the flavor really gets through to you. Join the big switch to Winston.

This filter cigarette tastes good—like a cigarette should!

Smoke WINSTON the filter cigarette America enjoys most of all!
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Mother talks back to GEORGE GOBEL
EDDIE FISHER'S Day in the Sun

PAT BOONE
He's Living It Up

HAL HOLBROOK
Brighter Day

LORETTA YOUNG

JANIS PAIGE
It's Always Jan!
AT LAST! A LIQUID SHAMPOO
THAT'S EXTRA RICH!

IT'S LIQUID PRELL
FOR 'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Exciting surprise for you—magical new Liquid Prell! It's extra rich—that's why Liquid Prell leaves your hair looking 'Radiantly Alive'! And how you'll love its unique extra-rich formula. Bursts instantly into richer, more effective lather—rinses in a twinkle—leaving your hair easier to set. Shouldn't you try Extra-Rich Liquid Prell today? There's radiant beauty in every drop!

And you'll love PRELL CONCENTRATE—leaves hair extra clean... extra radiant! Not a cream—not a liquid—but a clear shampoo concentrate that won't run off wet hair like ordinary shampoos. Instead, all the special ingredients work throughout your entire shampoo. That's why Prell Concentrate leaves your hair extra clean, extra radiant!
The doctor’s deodorant discovery that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

You’re serene. You’re sure of yourself. You’re bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.

Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day.

So safe you can use it daily—won’t irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant without M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum with M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!
"I've taken a load off my mind!"

"I'm a Tampax user now—and is it ever wonderful! I didn't even begin to realize how much I must have worried and fretted over 'the other way.' Tampax makes you feel like heaving one big, heart-felt sigh of relief—suddenly you seem as free as you do on any day! I've certainly taken a load off my mind by adopting it."

Internal sanitary protection has that effect on many people. By freeing you from the bulk and inconvenience of an external pad, it frees your mind, too. In fact, many Tampax users insist they tend to forget completely about time-of-the-month. All sorts of nagging reminders vanish—no odor problems, no disposal problems, no carrying problems! No wonder the restrained little Tampax package is tucked away unobtrusively in millions of bureau drawers, dressing tables and medicine chests.

Why delay any longer in getting this more modern, much more comfortable form of sanitary protection? Pick up a package of Tampax at your nearest drug or notion counter and try it! (3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior.) You're bound to like it! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Cover portrait of Loretta Young by Bruce Bailey

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**BUY YOUR MAY ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE APRIL 5**
She had adored him from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him.

What she didn’t realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but they’ll get you nowhere if you’re guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

No tooth paste kills germs like this ... instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it’s easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning ... every night ... before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.
Salutations and hello again from the music department. We've got everything this month from rock 'n' roll to rhythm and romance, so let's forget about the March winds for a few minutes and give a listen to the new records at hand.

Let's start off with Barry Gordon, the little "Nuttin' for Christmas" boy, who is front and center with a new novelty called "Rock Around Mother Goose," which he sings in junior-style rock 'n' roll. The backing is also a novelty, "Seven," and seven-year-old Barry tells you how you get to be that way. Young Master Gordon gets top-notch support from Art Mooney's orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers. (M-G-M)

Vicki Benet is a brand new name on the Decca label with an album called "Woman of Paris." Vicki is a French girl who looks like a combination of Jayne Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe—and she sings, too! For her first American records, Vicki does such well-known romantic songs as "Mon Homme," "La Seine," "Parlez Moi d'Amour," "Autumn Leaves," and others, in French and in English, accompanied by Charles Dant and his orchestra.

Epic also has a new lady on their list and they're releasing her first album as "Introducing Rita Moss." Rita is a versatile musical artist from Akron, Ohio, who sings, plays piano, drums and organ and also composes. In her album, she does a little of each on such tunes as "Jungle Drums," "I Only Have Eyes for You," "Take the A Train," and a cute thing she wrote called "Bopligator." (Epic)

Julius La Rosa has cut his first record on his new deal with Victor, and it looks like a fast hit for the popular crooner. The big side is "Lipstick and Candy and Rubber Sole Shoes," which should be a teen-age delight. Julius belts it out strongly in rock 'n' roll rhythm. The reverse is a pretty, new ballad, "Winter in New England," done in the usual La Rosa romantic style. Joe Reisman's orchestra. "A Tribute to Eddy Duchin" is a new album issued by Columbia in memory of the late popular pianist. There are fifteen tunes in all, including many standards such as "Misty Morning." "You're My Everything," "Smiles" and "Just One of Those Things." Of course the Duchin piano solos, in his distinctive style, are featured. Incidentally, the movie, "The Eddy Duchin Story," starring Tyrone Power, will be released in July.

Remember Richard Hayes, the young baritone who was doing fine in his career when he had to go into the Army? Well, he's just about to leave Uncle Sam's pay-roll and has made his first civilian record in a long while. It's "The Street of Thirty-Nine Steps," a rhythm love song, and "Please Say Hello for Me," a torchy ballad, with Sid Feller's orchestra and chorus. (ABC-Paramount)

The Four Aces seem to make one hit record after another. Their "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" has sold over a million copies, and "A Woman in Love" is still going strong. Now they've got a novelty called "The Gal With the Yellow Shoes." The backing is a ballad, "If You Can Dream," Jack Pleis' orchestra. (Decca)

Inspirational songs have found great favor with the public the last year or so, and Coral has now combined several popular artists and selections into one album called "He." It includes Don Cornell's "The Bible Tells Me So"; Johnny Desmond's "In God We Trust" and "The Lord's Prayer"; "One God," sung by Dorothy Collins; Steve Lawrence's version of "The Lord Is a Busy Man"; "These Things Are Known (Only to God)", by Buddy Greco; and The McGuire Sisters' "He." With NBC-TV premiering "Richard III," the William Shakespeare opus starring the great Laurence Olivier, RCA Victor gets into the act with two releases—one a package of three long-playing records containing the complete sound track of the film, the other a single LP disc of highlights from "Richard III," also taken directly from the sound track.

Movie star Susan Hayward has cut her first single record, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," and the old Cole Porter tune, "Just One of Those Things," with Johnny Green's orchestra. Actress Susan really started something by doing her own singing in the film, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," and now it looks like she may be a permanent name on the M-G-M label.

The Honey Dreamers have waxed a very cute record, "Supermarket Party," all about a little boy who gets locked in a market overnight and comes face to face with all the soups and cereals that he hears advertised all the time on radio and TV. You'll hear just about every commercial jingle and tune. (Columbia)

The seat man, Cab Calloway, has a new coupling, but without a single hint of hi-de-ho. With his daughter, Lael, who is eight years old, he sings a tender vocal of "The Little Child," and on the reverse Cab goes serious on an inspirational song, "The Voice," Don Costa's chorus and orchestra accompany. (ABC-Paramount)

Sammy Davis, Jr. has been busy with his Broadway show, "Mr. Wonderful," but not too busy to do a new Decca duo. "Frankie and Johnny," with Morty Stevens' orchestra, and the old tune, originally waxed by Vaughn Monroe, "Circus," with Sy Oliver and his band.

Percy Faith and Mitch Miller, two famous gentlemen with a baton, have combined talents to do an album, "It's So Peaceful in the Country." The conductors have chosen five compositions by Alec Wilder and six by James Van Heusen and given the lush arrangement touch to each of them. "While We're Young," "I'll Be Around," "Love Among the Young," "Could Happen to You," "Imagination," and "Moonlight Becomes You," are some of the songs. (Columbia)

This month Victor is releasing another one of those big specials—The Golden Age of Swing—Benny Goodman and His Orchestra—Limited Edition. It will sell for $24.95, but it's worth saving your pennies for if you want the greatest of Good- man, all in one package. There are five long-playing records which include some sixty melodies—from "Organ Grinder's Swing" to "Blue Skies." And of course all the great instrumentalists he made famous are in it, too. The vocal names—Helen Ward, Martha Tilton, Frances Hunt, Margaret Maerz, and Johnny Mercer.

Benny Goodman! His first album on the Decca label under his own name, "A Golden Age of Swing." This album has sold over a half million copies and has been followed by another, "Benny Goodman and His Orchestra." His new album, "Benny Goodman and His Orchestra—Limited Edition," will sell for $20.00 and is a must for every jazz fan. (Decca)

Steve Allen's TURNTABLE

Maestro Benny Goodman lends Steve his licorice stick—and Steve finds Benny's big new album something to toot about.

See Steve on Tonight, NBC-TV, 11:30 P.M. EST (11 P.M. CST). Steve Allen Show starts on Station WRCA-TV (New York), 11:20 P.M., M-F.
Doctors prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

Gets hidden dirt that ordinary cleansing methods miss!

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

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

Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!
Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Duet for trombones as Ernie Ford marks his first TV anniversary in tune with Jack Bailey of *Queen For A Day.*

Chief Thundercloud wears the headdress here, but a new CBS-TV show is a feather in the cap of Will Rogers, Jr.

**WHAT'S NEW FROM**

By JILL WARREN

This is the month to brush up on your Bard. NBC-TV will follow its three-hour premiere of "Richard III" on March 11 with another Shakespeare classic on Sunday afternoon, March 18, when "Taming of the Shrew" will be on view on Hallmark's Maurice Evans show. Lilli Palmer will head the "Shrew" cast, making the trip from England especially for this telecast. Music has been especially written for the production by Lehman Engel, and Tony Charmoli directs the dancing.

March 13 is the date for Eva Marie Saint's appearance on the Tuesday-night Playwrights '56 series over CBS. Eva will star in a new dramatic play by N. Richard Nash, her first television appearance since "Our Town."

The Voice Of Firestone has scheduled a special one-hour simulcast on ABC, Monday night, March 19, on "The History of American Music." Various stars of the classical world will appear, and the gala proceedings will be narrated by Helen Hayes.

NBC has scheduled a most interesting hour-long radio program, beginning Tuesday night, March 6, and running for eight weeks. It's called *Politics And Primaries—Dateline:* with a different...
state featured each week. They plan to profile the individual states where the preferential primaries are important in the election year, such as Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Florida and Ohio. Herb Kaplow, of NBC's Washington News Bureau, will narrate, and there will be taped interviews with the governors of the states, local and national political figures and the man in the street.

Omnibus will not be seen on Sunday afternoon, March 18, and in its place CBS is presenting a very special show. It's "Out of Darkness," a ninety-minute actuality drama probing the world of mental patients. It was produced in consultation with the American Psychiatric Association and the National Association for Mental Health. The program's medical narrator will be Dr. William C. Menninger, one of the country's top psychiatrists and former Director of the Neuropsychiatry Consultants Division for the U.S. Army in World War II. It took four months to film "Out of Darkness," most of which was shot at the Metropolitan State Hospital in Norwalk, California. Actual patients, relatives, doctors and nurses were used.

NBC has programmed another documentary TV film for their Project 20 series, on Wednesday (Continued on page 14)
ON THE GO!

All the Wallaces are talented, Mike says proudly, then proves it at jam sessions with wife Lorraine and youngsters Pauline and Tony.

Manhattan is a hustle-bustle town, but even on this busy island, Mike Wallace deserves special recognition as a young man in a hurry. Not that he hasn’t time to swap a good story—or ask about the wife and kids. But, in this jet age, Mike moves at the appropriate speed.

Currently, Mike’s pace includes a twice-nightly news telecast for Station WABD, Mike Wallace And The News, seen at 7 and 11 P.M. This is a “straight reporting” job on the international scene, the domestic scene, and the scene Mike loves best—East Side and West Side in Gotham. Then, because, as Mike says, “I’m happiest when I’m busiest,” Mike keeps happy as co-host with Margaret Truman on NBC Radio’s Weekday.

Born Myron Leon Wallace in Brookline, Massachusetts, on May 9, 1918, Mike’s been gathering speed for his current schedule through seventeen years as announcer, actor, newscaster, sportscaster, interviewer, reviewer, moderator, narrator, host, and even continuity writer and salesman. Throughout this always-upward spiral, Mike has been well-known for his ease with an ad lib. But he makes sure that plenty of time for the family is written into the script.

Mike encamps in a New York apartment during the week, then heads for his home at Sneden’s Landing for weekends. Here, his favorite activity is taking long walks through the Palisades countryside with his wife, artist Lorraine Perigord, and their children, Pauline, 9, and Tony, 16. When Mike’s sons by a former marriage, Peter and Christopher, visit for weekends, they join these explorations which, even during the winter months, may cover as many as fifteen miles on a weekend. Mike also likes to play tennis with Tony, skate with Pauline, or putter around the ferns and orchids in the greenhouse with Lorraine.

“All my four kids are talented,” Mike says proudly, “and at the moment they’re all interested in doing something in radio or television.” To Mike, this is a fine idea—as long as a good liberal arts background comes first. This is the route Mike Wallace followed—a thruway to success.
DON'T EVER SHAMPOO YOUR HAIR

without putting back the life shampooing takes out.

Restore life, luster, manageability instantly!

If you hate to shampoo your hair because it flies all over your head and looks terrible for days, why don’t you face up to the facts?

Every shampoo you try makes your hair too dry, doesn’t it?

So what happens? After you shampoo, you have to wait two or three days for the natural beauty oils to come back. Then, just when your hair begins to look and act alive, it’s time for a shampoo again.

Now isn’t that silly!

Half the time your hair is so dry you can’t do a thing with it. Simply because modern shampoos wash all the beauty oils out of your hair and scalp!

But you aren’t the only one who has this problem. Millions of women hate to shampoo their hair for exactly this same reason. That’s why Helene Curtis invented SUAVE Hairdressing. And look what it does!

The instant you finish washing and drying your hair, rub a little SUAVE over your palms, and stroke through your hair thoroughly. Then brush and arrange your hair... and look at the amazing difference!

Suddenly your hair combs, sets and arranges like magic! It’s manageable! No wild wisps. Dryness is gone!

A miracle has happened!

Your hair is silky soft, bursting with highlights... with the prettiest, healthiest-looking glow you ever saw!

And it stays wonderfully in place, without the slightest oily look or feel!

That’s the miracle of Helene Curtis’ beauty discovery—greaseless lanolin—now in new SUAVE... a hairdressing so wonderful that it makes your hair soft, beautiful, radiant and manageable in 20 seconds after shampoo!

So do as Helene Curtis tells you

“No matter if you are 16 or 60, don’t ever shampoo your hair again without using SUAVE to restore the beauty oils you just washed out. Do this, and I promise you your hair will be so beautiful, so satín-soft, so eager to wave, you’ll get compliments galore!”

Start using SUAVE today! Choose the liquid or new creme SUAVE, whichever type you prefer. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.

HELENE CURTIS

HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Choose Liquid or new Creme

59¢ and $1

(plus tax)

*Trademark

Copyright 1955 H.C.I.
Swinging and singing, the *Midwestern Hayride* gang accent Americana as they surround Hugh Cherry with talent.

Urban or suburban, just try to keep the toes from tapping when fun and frolic trip over each other's heels on *Midwestern Hayride*. Originating from the heart of the Midwest, from the Cincinnati studios of the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation, this show gambols its way from Portland, Maine to Portland, Oregon—every Wednesday night at 10:30 via the NBC-WLW Television Network.

A coast-to-coast joyride, the *Hayride* caravan features lively country and Western folk music, dizzyly-paced square dancing, frantic fiddling, gay mountain ditties, sentimental ballads, and light-hearted comedy. And the caravan overflows with talented passengers, including such regulars as Bonnie Lou, Rudy Hansen, The Geer Sisters, Clay Eager, Dixie Lee, Bobby Bobo, Jeanie and Lefty, The Hometowners, The Hayriders, The Kentucky Boys, The Willis Brothers, The Midwesterners, and Phyllis and Billy Holmes.

The emcee who sees to it that this half-hour program bubbles along with all the gaiety, sparkle and rural atmosphere of an authentic country festival is a handsome Kentuckian named Hugh Cherry. Hugh took over from Bill “Willie” Thall last March when Thall’s health forced him to give up the job as “driver” of the *Hayride* caravan. Before that, Hugh had been the emcee for the radio version of *Midwestern Hayride*, also heard over the Crosley Broadcasting facilities.

Hugh was born in Louisville, Kentucky, October 7, 1922, and has more radio and TV experience than his years might suggest. His five-foot-seven, 165-pound frame has faced a microphone in Glasgow, Chattanooga, Louisville, Nashville and Memphis. Rated among the top twenty country and Western-platter-spinners, Hugh was program director and deejay for one of Nashville’s leading radio stations for three years, before joining Crosley.

While in Nashville, often called the “Hillbilly Capital of the World,” Hugh was a member of the board for the Circle Theater; a member of the Nashville Community Theater, where he once won the “best actor” award; and played the lead in such productions as “Othello” and “The Country Girl.” Hugh also was featured in Disneyland’s television production of “Davy Crockett.”

When Hugh is asked for encores, he always makes a bow in the direction of Pee Wee King, who, he says,
With Hugh Cherry as “driver”
of the NBC-WLW Hayride Caravan,
it's a coast-to-coast joyride

taught him all he knew, when Hugh was discharged from the Army after the war. Hugh served in Europe during and after the war as an investigation agent for the Counter Intelligence Corps.

When this thirty-three-year-old Kentuckian hears the cry of “swing your partner,” the partner he'd most like to have in hand is his lovely wife Mary Ann. And, on the grand promenade, his son Michael, now four, might come tripping along close behind his doting parents.

Hugh's hobbies include woodcarving and collecting records. At the present time, he has more than 16,000 recordings, going from country and Western to classical. His ears perk up at almost any combination of musical notes, although Hugh admits he's somewhat partial to country and Western.

His own enjoyment is contagious as city slickers and country squires join in ever-increasing numbers to tune in to Hugh's lively program of Americana—and to send its ratings zooming. It seems that whether the man's in a gray flannel suit and his partner's in a chic black dress—or whether the costumes are blue jeans and calico—everybody's partial to Hugh Cherry and Midwestern Hayride.
Calling All Fans

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

Richard Kiley Fan Club, c/o Rosalie Galossi, 34-34 30th St., Astoria, N. Y.
Joni James Fan Club, c/o Jo Ann Adivari, Arlington St., Westerly, R. I.
Don Hastings Fan Club, c/o Sandy Dunlap, Central City, Iowa.

Midget Or Moppet

Could you please tell me whether Barry Gordon is really a little boy—or is he a midget?
R.M., Levittown, N. Y.

Here are the facts, ma'am. Barry Jones is really and truly seven years old, having been born on November 1, 1948... Ten months later, when Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gordon were carrying their baby to his crib, they heard the little one carrying a tune—perfectly! At the age of two, Barry sang pop songs. Even his deejay Pop flipped... Then Barry made his stage debut at a local minstrel show in the Gordons' home town, Albany, New York, with a take-off on Johnnie Ray, singing "Cry." When Ted Mack travelled that part of the country looking for talent for his show in New York City, he was bowled over by the tot, who won easily over 600 contestants. Appearances on Star Time and the Horn and Hardart show followed. Then "Uncle" Millie Berle heard him and invited Barry to perform on his show. Art Mooney guested that same night and the two pooled their talents to record the now classic "Nuttin' for Christmas." Sales of "Nuttin'" were really something, reaching the million mark in three weeks. Guest shots with Jack Paar, Jackie Gleason and Perry Como left little doubt that a star had been born. Barry and his folks—Sam Gordon is now in the jewelry business—now live in Manhattan and Barry attends Professional Children's School.

All-Around Boy

I would appreciate some information about Jimmy Hawkins, who plays Tagg Oakley in the Annie Oakley series.
J.N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

How many young boys can rope, ride and shoot, as well as act, and yet be as natural as the boy around the corner? These were the requirements for the role of Tagg. For Jimmy Hawkins, they were easily met... The freckle-faced boy has appeared in more than 75 films and countless television shows. Born on November 13, 1941, in Los Angeles, California, Jimmy was christened James Francis Hawkins. He has an older brother, Tim, and a younger sister, Susan... In 1943, when Jimmy was two, he appeared in "The Seventh Cross" with Spencer Tracy. Lana Turner spotted him and he was immediately signed to play her son in "Marriage Is a Private Affair." Movies followed, as well as more than 200 live television shows. In "Yankee Pasha" Jimmy captured the feel for Westerns and capitalized on the years of tutoring by Mark Smith. Jim's love of horses and his abilities in handling them came to the attention of Gene Autry. It had taken Gene two years to find the proper personalities to cast in Annie Oakley. But when Jimmy came around, the search was ended—they had found the perfect Tagg. Jimmy's uncanny ability to memorize stands him in good stead both at the Holy Trinity Parochial School and at work. He is a ceramic hobbyist and also raises tropical fish... In real life Jimmy is the same all-American boy he portrays.

Native Son

I would like to have some information about Dwayne Hickman, who plays Chuck MacDonald on The Bob Cummings Show on CBS-TV.
M.O., Miamiusburg, Ohio

Dwayne Hickman considers himself a pretty rare species in California, for he is a native son, born in Los Angeles on May 18, 1934. He waited until he was ten years old before he made his camera debut. This was really postponing things, since his brother, Darryl, rushed into show business at the tender age of four. The only one of the Hickman children who hasn't shown an interest in show business is Deirdre, Dwayne's sister, who's happy being sweet sixteen... Dwayne has had considerable success on the silver screen, including "The Boy With the Green Hair" and "Happy Years." In recent years, he has been devoting most of his time to television and has received wonderful notices for his many appearances... Dwayne is managing to complete his economics and dramatics studies at Loyola University and even finds time to play tennis on the University's team. He is also interested in golf, dabbles in painting and is an avid reader of fiction and biography... Here's a story of hometown boy making good in home town!

Greene of The Forest

I would like to know something about Richard Greene, who stars on The Adventures of Robin Hood on CBS-TV.
S.F., Boyceville, Wis.

The storied outlaw of Sherwood Forest is well-known to millions of filmgoers for his swashbuckling parts in movies. Handsome Richard Greene, who is 37 years old, was born in Plymouth, England. His family has been represented for four generations on the London stage, his own career beginning with a walk-on role at the age of three. Later, as the proverbial spear carrier in "Julius Caesar," he attempted to enlarge his role by gesturing broadly at every opportunity. This caught the eye of the producer, who promptly hired him... At 22, Greene was spotted by a movie talent scout at the Royal Theater in Birmingham in a touring company of "French Without Tears." He was flown to Hollywood and a screen career... When the war came, Richard returned to England and served with the Royal Armoured Corps in France, Holland and Belgium. He was discharged in 1944 as a lieutenant, because of injuries. The following year, he played his first role on the London stage in "The Desert Rats."... But Hollywood was still Richard's goal and he returned, to do many more films... Then TV caught his eye. The attraction was immediate—and mutual.
(Continued on page 26)
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL!
And Colgate's with Gardol gives up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER, FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY with just one brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE
DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And—at all times—get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!
night, March 14. This one will be "The Twisted Cross," and it’s the story of the career of Adolph Hitler. The producers have found some never-before-seen photo clips of the dictator, which will be shown on the program. Alexander Scourby will narrate and Robert Russell Bennett has composed an original musical score.

Saturday night, March 17, is the date for the annual Emmy Awards show, at which time the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences will present the awards for outstanding performances, programs, scripts, direction and so on for the past year on TV. And on Wednesday night, March 21, there will be a special two-hour telecast of the annual Academy Awards for Motion Pictures. Both shows will be seen on NBC, and part of each program will be broadcast on radio.

Will Rogers, Jr. has been signed to an exclusive CBS-TV contract, and is taking over the early morning coast-to-coast program formerly known as The Morning Show. The son of the late humorist has appeared in two motion pictures, "The Will Rogers Story" and "The Boy From Oklahoma," is also the former publisher and editor of the Beverly Hills, California Citizen, and an ex-Congressman from California. He plans to devote all his career time to television.

Spectaculars are still with us and the next one on the list is Max Leibman’s Sunday-night production on NBC, March 25. Pat Carroll, the network’s up-and-coming comedienne, will star in a musical titled "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl." It will be a satirical contrast between working conditions for girls of fifty years ago and the present time.

NBC plans to televise New York’s famous Easter Parade on Sunday, April 1, with an on-the-spot report of the Fifth Avenue fashions, and the usual in-person celebrities in and around Manhattan’s gathering places. Later in the day, Wide Wide World will do an hour-and-a-half program of Easter festivities around the country.

This ‘n That:

Julius La Rosa and Rory Meyer, Perry Como’s pretty secretary, finally announced their engagement officially. Dorothy McGuire, of the singing sisters, and Julius’ one-time heart, said only "No comment," when told of the impending marriage.

CBS is planning a big buildup for Stuart Foster, beginning with plans for his own program. Stuart, who has been heard on the Galen Drake Show, and On A Sunday Afternoon, got his start as a band vocalist with Ina Ray Hutton and Tommy Dorsey.

It is doubtful whether Frank Sinatra will do any television this year. When he finishes "High Society" at M-G-M, he takes off for a five-week good will tour of Europe, under the auspices of the State Department. Next he returns to Hollywood for another movie, and then he'll tour abroad for seven more weeks. All his pals are wondering whether he'll manage to get to Spain to see his estranged wife, Ava Gardner.

Eddie Fisher has signed a new fifteen-year radio and television contract with NBC, so he’s sure of a microphone for that length of time—at least. Meanwhile it looks set for Eddie and his bride, Debbie Reynolds, to co-star in their first movie together, "A Bundle of Joy," for RKO, though the starting date has not been announced. And there’s been a rumor floating around that Mr. and Mrs. Fisher have been tagged by Mr. Stork. The stork has very definitely announced that he is visiting Gertrude Warner and her husband in a few months. It’s their first package from the long-legged bird. Gertrude, who plays ‘Molly’ on Young Dr. Malone, is married to Carl Frank, who is Newt Geiger on Road Of Life.

George Gobel’s perky singer, Peggy King, and her estranged husband, trumpeter Knobby Lee, have been dating again, so maybe they’ll have a reconciliation instead of a divorce.

Comedian Jerry Colonna, of ABC-TV’s Super Circus, should get some kind of an award from the airlines. Jerry travels no less than 6,000 miles per week in order to appear on the television show in New York each Sunday. He is commuting back and forth to complete his movie chores in "Hinky Dinky," in which he is co-starring with Mickey Rooney and Wally Cox.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis inked the team’s name to a five-year contract with NBC for their exclusive services on radio and TV. But, though the team is honeymooning, Dean and his wife Jeanne parted once again, this time with a statement that the rift is permanent.

Having made one of six scheduled appearances on the Ed Sullivan Show, Kate Smith postponed the others when Ted Collins, her long-time manager-friend, was stricken with a heart attack.

Joan Davis has been signed by ABC-TV to do a new situation-comedy series, slated to originate from Hollywood this fall. Joan’s been missing
Deejays staffed Le Cupidon to aid the Damon Runyan Fund. Al Collins tended bar for Terri Stevens and Betty Reilly.

from the nets since I Married Joan went off.
Cast as Sgt. Friday's secretary, Marjie Millar deserves much of the credit for Dragnet's climbing ratings.

Mulling The Mail:
Mrs. W. B., Washington, D. C.: Meredith Willson lives in California, where he has been very active with the Big Brother movement. From time to time he is heard on NBC's Weekday radio show, but he is not conducting on any regular television program at the moment. . . . Miss J. L., Cleveland, Ohio: Singer Johnny Johnston has done very little TV work lately, since he has been busy working in the Columbia Pictures musical, "Rock Around the Clock." When the movie is finished, Johnny is set for some nightclub appearances. . . . To those readers who have written asking whom Jimmy Durante refers to when he says, "Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are," at the end of his TV show, To: the best of my knowledge, Jimmy is referring to his late wife, Jeanne, who died in 1943. . . . And lots of you wrote inquiring about the girl who played the part of "Jocelyn" on Road Of Life; "Jocelyn" was played originally by Virginia Dwyer. Since July of 1955, however, Teri Keane has had the role. Her voice undoubtedly sounded familiar, because for years Teri was "Chichi" in Life Can Be Beautiful. . . . Miss J. B., Salt Lake City, Utah: Unfortunately there are no plans to run repeat films of the late James Dean's performances on television. . . . Mr. T. McH., Springfield, Massachusetts: Anne Whitfield plays "Penny" on One Man's Family, and has for the past ten years. She recently was cast as "Harriet Conklin" in the radio version of Our Miss Brooks. . . . To the many who wrote asking about First Love: First Love went off the air around the end of December when Queen For A Day moved to that time spot on NBC. At the present, the popular daytime TV show is not scheduled to be seen this season. The Charles Ruggles show, The World Of Mr. Sweeney, which followed First Love on the network, was also canceled.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?
Shay Cogan, the blonde singer who appeared on the Vaughn Monroe television show several seasons ago? Shay hasn't done any TV at all, but has been singing in night clubs in and around New York City from time to time.
Sid Stone, the comedian who did the pitchman commercials on the old Milton Berle Texaco show? At the moment Sid is with the touring company of the show, "Damn Yankees," playing the part of the baseball manager-coach. He hopes to resume TV work next fall.
Harry Marble, the well-liked personality who did many news shows on CBS-TV, and also was heard on radio on the Emily Kimbrough program? Harry retired completely from all broadcasting work early last year, and has no plans to return.
Patsy Campbell, who used to be "Terry" on The Second Mrs. Burton? Patsy played the role for ten years, up until October 26, 1955. At that time she took a leave of absence for an extended rest. Jan Miner has been starring as the new "Terry."

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.
Bud Palmer sounds like a pro,
looks like a matinee idol,
as he calls the plays for WPIX

Domestic spats over TV were solved when Bud turned the femmes into sports fans.

Playing or announcing, Bud's always on top of the action. Here, he scores on Rochester's Andy Duncan.

The usual battle of the sexes over what to watch on TV has notably diminished in the New York area since Bud Palmer began his play-by-play telecasts for Station WPIX. Now, a Geneva-like spirit reigns. . . . At first, the women were won over by the half matinee-idol, half ivy-league good looks of Mr. Palmer. But the femmes who at first simply stared soon found themselves listening intently to Bud's lucid commentary and colorful background information. . . .

Bud learned his way about sports from the inside out. All-American at Princeton U., Bud was a starring player and team captain for the New York Knickerbockers basketball team. As a player turned announcer, Bud handles all sports events telecast from Madison Square Garden, except boxing. Add to this newscasts, commercials, guest shots and a regular sportscast on Weekday and you have a picture of one of the most versatile commentators in the business. . . . John "Bud" Palmer was born in Hollywood, where his father starred in silent films as Lefty Flynn and, off-screen, was quite an athlete. After studying in Switzerland, Bud prepared for Princeton at Phillips Exeter Academy. At Princeton, he majored in Romance Languages, contemplated a career in the diplomatic service, and won All-American honors in basketball, soccer and lacrosse. Then, after a stint as a Naval Air Force pilot, Bud became a pro hoopster for the Knicks. . . . Even before his sportscasts, Bud was heard on radio as "Palmo the Magician." He's still quicker-than-the-eye when it comes to heading home to wife Daisy, an eye-catching lass he met on a blind date. Daughter Betty is a five-year-old whose interests are TV and horses. Fireplaces inspire Bud to steak—cookery and he can dish up a subtle salad dressing and fancy dessert to go with the sirloin. . . . Currently, Bud is at work on a book that is planned as an encyclopedia on basketball. With the author's knowledge on the inside, and his picture on the cover, it's bound to be a best-seller.
Light up a Lucky—it's light-up time!

MORE FUN. Why are Luckies more fun to smoke? One simple reason: they taste better. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...mild, good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. You'll say a Lucky is the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER
Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

©A.T.Co. PRODUCT OF The American Tobacco Company AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES
AUNT JENNY
Littleton is a small American town, quiet on the surface, as most such towns appear to be. But, to someone who knows it as well as Aunt Jenny, Littleton is far from uneventful. In the lives of her neighbors and friends, and in the surrounding towns and near-by city of Metropole, Aunt Jenny finds more than enough material for her real-life stories about people just like the people next door. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE
Hope St. Clair, the wealthy backer of Larry Noble's new play, has her own plans for Larry's future—plans that involve the breaking up of the Nobles' marriage by fair means or foul. Will Larry and Mary discover the truth about the mysterious envelope Hope has entrusted to Larry? Or will Mary see her marriage crushed by the combined attack of Hope and Malcolm Devereaux? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY
Reverend Richard Dennis' dream of a Youth Center for New Hope at last achieves reality, and revives another dream as well for Max Canfield and Lydia Harrick, both of whom had lost belief in love until they met. All the bars between them, even the neurotic opposition of Lydia's brother-in-law Donald, seem overthrown—until Althea Dennis returns to town. Is Althea destined to bring trouble once more? CBS-TV.

DATE WITH LIFE
A newspaperman, by training and opportunity, is better equipped than most people to find out about all the different kinds of lives that are being lived around him. Tom Bradley, editor and publisher of the Bay City News, knows all the inside facts about the stories that make the headlines, but he also tells stories about the quiet, hidden dramas that never make the front pages. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE
Dr. Dan Palmer's wife, Lila, has, no doubts about the real feeling between Marie and Dr. Dick Grant. Why then do Marie and Dick seem so unwilling to admit what seems so obvious to everyone else? And how will Dick's friends, Bill and Bertha Bauer, solve the mother-in-law problem that has rocked their family peace and perhaps done more permanent harm to their young son Michael than they realize? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HOTEL FOR PETS
Mr. Jolly, a retired mailman, realized a life-long dream when he was able to turn a rambling country house into a shelter for animals. And when he found Paulina to share his dreams, his happiness was almost perfect. But no human being ever lived without problems—and, as a matter of fact, no animal did, either. Mr. Jolly would be astonished indeed if he had any idea how many trouble-some questions are worked out every day by his animal guests. NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE
Van and Paul Raven knew they were taking on trouble when they sought to adopt little Carol, but when her psychological muteness was cured they were even further behind them. Why is Hal Craig so terrified of the picture Carol glimpsed in his mysterious locker—and how will he use Van's sister Meg to create a worse threat against Carol, Van and Paul than any of them can yet imagine? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS
Ma's daughter Fay is furious with herself when her pregnancy keeps her from going to Hollywood with her husband and thereby, as she sees it, interferes with his career. But Tom's refusal to see her behind opens the door to an even greater success than he was promised—and a greater problem. What will happen if his book is made into a movie by a famous star—right there in Rushville Center? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY
When Sunday and Lord Henry opened the doors of Black Swan Hall to Marilyn Bennett, they had no suspicion of the trouble they were inviting into their lives. For, even after the defeat of her initial effort to get the Kenilworth diamond, Marilyn—inspired by her boss, Graham Steele—manages to create a terrible and frightening dilemma for the Brinthropes. CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
Pepper, becoming increasingly absorbed in the oil business, is excited by the enormous prospects for the future. But his father, who was the first of the Youngs to become interested in the possibility of oil on the old farm, now wants nothing to do with it, because he cannot forget the terrible trials visited upon the whole family through his misplaced trust. NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE
While Sibyl Over-ton Fuller was doing her best to break up Dr. Jim Brent's marriage, she had an incidental effect on the marriage of his foster-son, Dr. Jennis, and his wife. But no means negligible. Now that time and understanding have done their work, Johnny and Franxy want to make another try. Can they rebuild what they once had—or ever, if Aunt Reggie will let them, achieve something better? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT
With the growth of her interest in her fascinating neighbor, Morgan Clark, Helen also develops an increasing resentment against his sister, Julie, who appears to be moving heaven and earth to prevent an attachment between Morgan and any woman. When will Helen realize the shocking truth—that Julie is really trying to protect her against a fate so hideous she cannot even imagine it without Julie's help? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW
It was largely through Joanne's testimony that the sinister V. L. ended up in prison, and neither he nor his still-free henchmen have forgotten it. What happens when Harold Small turns up in Henderson—Harold, the bookkeeper who looks so much like V. L. that nobody can tell them apart? Is Huxley, grooming Harold for a dupes role, seriously mistaken about Harold's brains—and his friends? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON
When Stan Burton's sister and brother-in-law, Mary and Lew Archer, acquire a new apartment on Gramercy Square, Stan's wife Terry acquires a new interest—an interest of which Stan is vaguely suspicious. It's true that Terry's talent for decorating can help Marcia—but does she have to spend quite so much time away from Dickston? Is she recalling her own New York student days—and perhaps some of her fellow-students? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM
Believing that at last her past is behind her for good, Jane dares to plan for a happy future with Peter and the ready-made family she loves so deeply. But Peter's vengeful sister-in-law, Pauline, has found the key back to tragedy for Jane—found it in Jane's first husband, Bruce, who was supposed to have died during the war. How will Bruce play his part in Pauline's scheme? CBS-TV.

THE ROYAL DOVE
Nora and David, trying to unearth the truth behind the twenty-year-old murder of Jerome Joss, find that David's parents spent years in ignorance, learning that an ex-reporter named Jimmy Powell may have the answer. But before they can reach him, Nora and the murdered man's widows are subjected to terrifying threats that prove (Continued on page 69)
suddenly...you're glamorous!

Life is always more exciting when you're more exciting to look at! And now you've a lift you never had before! It's the Playtex Living Bra...beautifully styled in Long-Line with all-elastic Magic Midriff. Gives the curve allure, subtle cleavage and wonderfully smooth line so necessary for today's styles! You'll love the difference it makes in your figure and fashions!

Playtex living Bra

Long-Line with Magic Midriff...or Bandeau
Long or short — Playtex Bras glorify your figure, are wardrobe musts! Nylon cups stay high, round, in beautiful shape —wash after wash! Elastic body adjusts for heavenly comfort!
Long-Line, white...$5.95
Bandeau, white or black $3.95
32A to 40C. D-cups from $4.95
In the Playtex package at your favorite store

*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low, holds the separation.

*Elastic Magic Midriff "magics" inches away for the long, lean look!

*Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back.

©1956 by International Latex Corporation

**Spinning Around**

*Bob Brown, WAAT deejay, has a formula for success that begins, “if you can share...”*

Bob launched his airwaves career and his marriage in the same exciting year—1947. Now life revolves about a turntable at work and young Joanne and wife Teri at home.

For a fellow who never knew he would be a radio announcer, Bob Brown is doing mighty well. In fact, had Bob planned from the toddling stage for a radio career, he'd still have every right to be pleased with his success in Newark as Station WAAT's host of Melody Show, a deejay program heard Monday through Saturday from 3 to 5 P.M. . . . If Bob wasn't born with a yen for the microphone, he was born with a love of music. “So crazy is his love for music,” his wife Teri laughs, “that he walks around the house with an old Sammy Kaye baton leading the orchestra.” Bob shares his musical enthusiasm at his Saturday “Queen Teen Club” at Klein's Department Store in Newark, giving teenagers a chance to meet their favorite recording stars. Bob's success has a solid foundation in his belief that “if you can share with others the desires and pleasures that you enjoy, popularity and success will ultimately follow.” . . .

Bob's chance to practice this preachment was purely accidental. While attending Temple University in Philadelphia, his home town, Bob was introduced to Byron Saam, dean of Philadelphia sportscasters. Saam, who is known as the father of advice in the city of brotherly love, gave Bob the opportunity to see if he wouldn't like an airwaves career . . . This was all Bob needed. After a detour into the Marine Corps, he landed a staff announcer's post at WFPG in Atlantic City. In 1948, Bob switched to WMIC in the same city, then joined WAAT-WATV with Musical Jackpot, a giveaway show. Next he handled the annual WATV “Miss TV” contest, during which beauties in bikinis paraded by with never a whistle from Bob Brown. “What's the sense,” Bob laughs, “when your wife's an ex-Conover model?” . . . At present, in addition to his two-hour record show, Bob also handles staff duties for the radio and TV station. And there's never a question of what to do with off-hours, with wife Teri and daughter Joanne, 7½, getting first call. To round out the family, there's Brandy, a cat, and Sponsor, a non-talking parakeet . . . After the family, Bob ranks Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and the Philadelphia Phillies in the number two and three spots. When the “do-it-yourself” craze is mentioned, Teri interrupts with: “Do-it-yourself? Bob's the only guy I know who can knock down a wall while hanging up a picture!” Seems Bob Brown is handiest at a microphone.
You can’t see what’s happening underneath your make-up!

But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won’t spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can’t see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

But daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up—but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! Then Dial keeps on working—underneath your make-up! So your complexion is protected all day!

What’s Dial’s secret? It’s AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap.

Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

P.S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!
### Sunday Programs

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fibber McGee &amp; Molly</td>
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<td>Roger Perry, News</td>
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<td>America's Composers (con.)</td>
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<td>Fibber McGee &amp; Molly</td>
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### Friday Programs

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<td>News Of The World</td>
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## Inside Radio

### Saturday

#### Morning Programs

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#### Afternoon Programs

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#### Evening Programs

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### Sunday

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<td>World News Roundup</td>
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<td>National Radio Pulpit</td>
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<td>10:05 Message of Israel</td>
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<td>Voice Of Prophecy</td>
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<td>Frank And Ernest</td>
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<td>New World</td>
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<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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See Next Page→

23
**TV program highlights**

**NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 11, MARCH 8-APRIL 4**

**Monday through Friday**

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<td>Will Rogers, Jr. - Mild &amp; mannered</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:05</td>
<td>Today-Garage with Garwood</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Mountain - Great for kids</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:35</td>
<td>Tinker's Workshop - For kids, too</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>George Skinner Show - Variety</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:05</td>
<td>Herb Sheldon - With Jo McCarthy</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Room or More - For kiddies</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Barry Morrow - Hour-long for adults</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Ding Dong School - For kids 3 to 5</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Tune Any Time - 3 continuous showings of feature films at 4 P.M.</td>
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**Tuesday**

<table>
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<td>Gildersleeve - Willard Waterman</td>
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<td>Nome That Tune - Tinkle of $55</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Waterfront - Preston Foster stars</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Wunner Bros. Presents - Films</td>
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<td>Phil Silvers Shows - Silko's grandiose</td>
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<td>Milton Berle - Mar. 13 &amp; Apr. 3</td>
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<td>Bob Hope - Mar. 20; Martha Royce, Mar. 27; Dinah Shore, Apr. 10</td>
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<td>Larry Log - True tales of U.S. Navy</td>
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<td>Wyatt Earp - Hugh O'Brian, hero</td>
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<td>Meet Millie - Gay Elena Verdugo</td>
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<td>Jane Wyman's Fireside Theater</td>
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<td>Danny Thomas - Fine &amp; Danny</td>
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<td>Red Skelton Show - 36 Circle Theater</td>
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<td>Cavalcade of Theater - True drama</td>
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<td>$64,000 Question - Hal March</td>
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<td>Conover Theater - Live</td>
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<td>Do You Trust Your Wife? -???</td>
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<td>Big Town - Mark Stevens stars</td>
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<td>Where Were You? - Ken Murray</td>
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**Wednesday**

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<td>Brave Eagle - Of Indian bravery</td>
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<td>Moviethe - Double features</td>
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<td>Disneyland - Fantasy &amp; Fable</td>
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<td>Godfrey &amp; Friends - Red's revue</td>
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<td>Screen Directors' Playhouse</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Father Knows Best - Robert Young</td>
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<td>Archer - Jay North's show</td>
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<td>Badge 714 - Vintage Jack Webb</td>
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<td>The Millionaire - Starring $5000</td>
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<td>Kraft Theater - Highly recommended</td>
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<td>Mosque Pottery - A treat</td>
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**Thursday**

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<td>The Goldbergs - Gertrude Berg stars</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Bob Cummings Show - Farceful</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Groucho Marx - Quipmaster</td>
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<td>Bishop Fulton J. Sheen - Talks</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Climax - Suspense drama, Shower</td>
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<td>Of Stears, Mar. 15</td>
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<td>Draget - New look Marjorie Miller</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Secret Files, USA - Robert Alda stars</td>
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<td>The Stop the Music - Parks perkin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Life with Father - Leon Ames</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>It's a Great Life - Dunn's fans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>The As You Asked For - Art Baker</td>
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**Friday**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Champion - About a horse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Moom - Peggy Wood charms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Truth or Consequences - Wow!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Show Boat - Private eye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Ozie &amp; Horlait - Great!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Our Miss Brooks - Carrie's cookin'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Life of Riley - Bill Bendix comedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Cross Roads - About clergymen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>The Crusader - About Red menace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Big Story - Headline dramas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Dollar a Second - Jon Murray quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Sky House of Stors - On film</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Star Stage - Half-hour play series</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>The Vise - Tight &amp; suspenseful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>The Line-Up - Frisco police in action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Boxing - With Jimmy the Powerhouse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>The Hunter - Defender of innocent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Ethel &amp; Albert - Male vs. female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Person to Person - Visit the famed</td>
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**Saturday**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Basketball - Mar. 10, Globetrotters, Mar. 17 &amp; 24, Natl. Invitation Tournament</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Gene Autry Show - Shoot-em-ups</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Henry Fonda Presents - Drama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Steeplechase - Stars contest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>The Big Surprise - $100,000 quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Stage Show - Darsie Brothers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Cinema - 7:45, 8:15, 9:00 hour revue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>The Homymoons - Gleason</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Two for the Money - Shiner quiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>People Are Funny - Except Mar. 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>People's Choice Awards</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Lawrence Welk - Pop music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>It's Always Jan - Except Mar. 10, &quot;High Tor&quot;, Bing Crosby on Star Jubilee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Durante Show - The Schnez</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Gunsmoke - Taut from Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>George Gobel - Gobs of Gobal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Life Begins at 80 - Barry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Donny Runyon Theater - Stories</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Your Hit Parade - Top tunes</td>
</tr>
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**Monday P.M.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Highway Patrol - Brad Crawford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Robin Hood - Richard Greene</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Topper - Comedy of errors</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Susie &amp; Ann Sather reruns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Burns &amp; Allen - George vs. Gracie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Caesar's Hour - Sid with Nanette Fabray, April 2, Producers' Showcase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Big Digest Drama - Gene Raymond</td>
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**Tuesday P.M.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Million Dollar Movie - Mar. 5-11, &quot;Steel Trap&quot;, Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright; Mar. 12-18, &quot;True &amp; False&quot;, Signe Hasso</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>News Corovan - Swaysou's suave</td>
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</tbody>
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**Late Night**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Million Dollar Movies - See 7:30 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>News &amp; Weather</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Late Show - Feature films</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Steve Allen Show - A romp</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Sunday**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Noon-Easter Parade - April 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Richard III - Mar. 11, film premiere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>NBC Opera - &quot;War &amp; Peace&quot; - Apr. 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Front Row Center - Live, hour-dramas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Maurice Evans Presents - &quot;Taming Of Shrew&quot;, Lilli Palmer, March 18; Mar. 25 &amp; Apr. 1, Wide World</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Omnibus - Distinguished</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Circus - Jerry Colonna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Meet the Press - Celebrities fried</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Are You There - History alive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Life with Father - Leon Ames</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Lassie - The canine pin-up queen</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>It's a Great Life - Dunn's fans</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>You Asked For It - Art Baker</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Jack Benny - Alternates with Ann Sothern's Private Secretary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Frontier - Adult Westerns except Mar. 25, 7:30-9, Max Liebmann Presents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>George Washington Carver - &quot;People's Parking Girl&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Famous Film Festival - Screen hits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Ed Sullivan - Easter in Hollywood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>NBC Comedy Hour - Jokers wild</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>G-E Theater - Ronald Reagan, host</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Television - Fine, full hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Chance Of A Lifetime - Variety</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Alfred Hitchcock Presents - Drama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Original Amateur Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>More Stories - Stories</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>What's My Line? - Job game</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Justice - Based on Legal Aid Society</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Lustre-Creme Shampoo...

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Doris Day. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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

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

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Doris Day

co-starring in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

A Paramount Picture in Vista Vision.
Color by Technicolor.
Warning to patient: beware creeps bearing gifts! Even if they’re his boon cronies, they’d best sharpen up on hospital p’s and q’s. Do you arrive with fragile posies requiring daily care? Goodies that need special heating, or ice? Spare the harried nurses! Bring a plant, a book, or ice cream. P. S.: the considerate visitor doesn’t smoke without permission… doesn’t sit on the bed. Rules are for patients’ comfort, quick recovery. And for your own comfort (at calendar time) choose Kotex—get softness that holds its shape, doesn’t chafe. You see, this napkin is the one made to stay soft while you wear it.

You know the girl with the lethal giggle (byena brand) at someone’s expense? The gossip, as she tells it, does get laughs. Trouble is, her dates feel uneasy, wonder who’s next, and shy away. Boys prefer a brand of humor they can trust. On certain days, you can stay at ease with the sanitary napkin brand that gives trustworthy protection… the complete absorbency you need. That’s Kotex! And you can wear Kotex on either side, safely.

Out to rack up another eager heart? Here’s an old feminine wise still new and startling: wear a dress in a color that exactly matches your eyes. It’s a spellbinder known to set even the worldliest ticker off beat! You can take admiring glances serenely at any time—with Kotex; those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And why not try all 3 sizes of Kotex to learn which one exactly suits your needs? Regular, Junior, Super.

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they’re designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So light-weight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Dry in a wink. Buy two belts… for a change!

When visiting a hospital, should you—

- Razor up
- Remove your shoes
- Bring your buddies

Would he rate your sense of humor—

- Witch’s brew
- From outer space
- Trustworthy

To intrigue a new date, try—

- Eye matching
- Eye catching
- Boosting your Eye-Q

More women choose KOTEX than any other sanitary napkins.
nine, because of a display of temperament against a bandleader whose arrangements she thought needed improvement. . . . Temperament or no—Carol had talent. And, at 15, she went on to vocalize at an Indianapolis, Indiana radio station. Meanwhile, she continued her formal education, studied dramatics, sang in the girls' glee club, edited her high-school paper, made the debating team and was president of her junior-year class. . . . The big chance came when she won a contest on Bob Hope's show during his engagement in Minneapolis. It was a big day for the petite, hazel-eyed songstress, Bob liked her performance so much that he brought her to Hollywood to guest on his show. She went on to be featured on the Edgar Bergen Show, Lux Radio Theater, Stars Over Hollywood and her own network show. . . . As a recording artist, Carol has made four platters with Bing Crosby, including "Silver Bells" and "Sunshine Cake." Her record albums include "Call Me Madam," "The Robe," and "Brigadoon." . . . In August, 1954, Carol joined Bob Crosby as a temporary replacement for Joanie O'Brien, who had gone on her honeymoon. Audience reaction was so enthusiastic that Bob asked Carol to remain with him. . . . The five-foot-three-inch, 110-pound lovely lives with her two children in an unpretentious three-bedroom house in North Hollywood. A talented decorator, she has paneled her living room with knotty pine, papered her own bedroom and created a circus motif in her daughters' room. . . . Her hobbies are sculpturing and reading poetry. She likes to watch football, enjoys swimming and the outdoor life. But mostly, she loves to sing.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
You can have **That Ivory Look** in just 7 days

Take a beauty tip from this little angel, and you’ll have a heavenly complexion. Change to regular care with her beauty soap... pure, mild Ivory. Remember, the milder the soap, the prettier your skin will be. In only 7 days you’ll have that fresh, young, satin-skin look—That Ivory Look.

Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Mild enough for baby’s skin—so right for your complexion.

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!
For Blessings Received

Loretta Young thanks God for the loving lesson her illness has taught her

By BETTY MILLS

ONE DAY last fall, a very pretty girl, tanned and glowing with good health, drove her sleek Cadillac through the gates of the Samuel Goldwyn Studio. The gate-man stared at her uncertainly. She drove directly to the entrance to Stage 6, braked her car and, grinning brightly, called, "Hi, Harry!" to Harry Keller, one of the directors of The Loretta Young Show, who was just opening the stage door.

Keller turned, without a sign of recognition. The girl kept her smile, her huge gray eyes dancing with delight. As she got out of the car and walked toward him, Keller's puzzled expression changed to one of absolute, blank disbelief.

"Loretta?" he ventured tentatively—then, "Loretta!" he shouted, with a smile as bright as all the sunshine in California. "God love you, you look wonderful!" Arm in arm, Loretta Young and Harry Keller went through the stage door.

Keller's reaction was only a forecast of Loretta's reception by the other members of her show's cast and crew. It was a wonderful, heartwarming welcome for Loretta Young, with laughter bubbling over tears of happiness.

Wardrobe mistress Carey Cline, appraising Loretta's full, new figure, said, "You really have put on weight!" And now Loretta was

Continued
Loretta wishes she could thank—in person—all those who sent her inspiring letters while she was ill.

She thinks she's "fat" now! Carey Cline, wardrobe mistress, is only grateful Loretta is healthy today.

Producer Bert Granet kept her show going, as famous stars volunteered to substitute for Loretta.

Back in the swing of things, Loretta revels in the work she loves—and the backstage jokes with Carey Cline and production-staff members John London and Nate Levinson.

More plans and chatter, with two important people on The Loretta Young Show—Harry Keller, who directed her return program, and Lowell Hawley, one of the writers.

Close friends like Helen Ferguson—who's also her public relations counsel—know that Loretta is a thoroughbred, always eager to "race" again.

For Blessings Received

(Continued)

boastful: "I weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds," she announced, "six more than I ever weighed in my whole life before! Isn't it wonderful? All my clothes have to be let out—I'm fat!"

But it was early in the dawn of November 16, before the sun was more than a promise in a brightening sky, that Loretta really came "home." It was then that she sat before her makeup mirror, for the first time in eight months. Her makeup finished, she walked from her dressing room, pushed open the heavy double doors, stepped briskly onto Stage 6 and entered her stage dressing room, where she changed into the new Werlé gown she was to wear for her first entrance.

All things were as usual on any Wednesday morning on
Welcome home! Norbert Brodine, cinematography director, shows Loretta how everyone on the set feels about her return.

The Loretta Young Show set—except that she was there! Excitement was in the air, despite the determination of all on hand to treat this day like any other... to treat Loretta as though she'd been there all the eighteen weeks they'd been shooting without her.

At exactly ten minutes of nine, Loretta calmly took her place outside the door of her TV living room and waited for her cue to enter, in the usual friendly, familiar introduction of her show: The set is Loretta's living room. She opens the door, whirls through it, closes it, and walks straight toward the camera—straight into the hearts of her viewing audience... In the weeks Loretta was absent from her show that door, symbolically, had remained closed, mutely awaiting her return to the series.

Now, Harry Keller called "Camera." And, sweeping through the door on this morning, Loretta held her breath—as if to distill this moment in her memory. As she had been missed, so had Loretta missed her show. She was thankful that God had let her come back to the work she loved so dearly.

With the TV lights shimmering over her emerald satin gown, she was stopped in her tracks by the spontaneous, heartfelt applause of the company. For two full minutes, every member stood and gave their star an applauding welcome. The thunder of that (Continued on page 86)

The Loretta Young Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sundays, 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Tide and Gleem.
Hugh Downs has two “households”: One on TV—all women!—and one in the country, with his own family

By WARREN CROMWELL

It's not the easiest thing in the world, being the only man in a galaxy of women—especially such talented women as the feminine experts on NBC-TV's encyclopedic daytime program, Home. Hugh Downs, the host on the show and general man-about-Home, has found it a “humbling” experience as well as an exhilarating one. But it comes from Hugh's heart when he says simply: "I love women."

“It's wonderful to work with the girls on the show," Hugh adds. "They're really great people. And Arlene Francis is one of the easiest people to work with you can imagine.

“It goes without saying that I've learned a lot about women from being on the show. For example, I've always been a 'single standard' man, myself. I've felt all along that women should be allowed to do anything they want to, in the way of running the world or holding down jobs. Now I find that there is not only a 'double standard' so far as men are concerned, but with women, as well. I've (Continued on page 82)
Hugh Downs is a man of many interests—on or off the air—but Ruth and the youngsters lead all the rest.

Father and son find lots of room for adventure—and plenty of wood to chop—in their own territory.

Hugh's always been proud of his cooking—isn't so sure, now that he's met those experts on Home!

He enjoys explaining scientific matters to Deirdre—and, in fact, to anyone who'll look and listen.
Melba Rae looked beyond the mountains and found rainbow’s end, as Marge Bergman in Search For Tomorrow

By GREGORY MERWIN

Melba, who began collecting Oriental curios in the Far East, goes over a "find" with Gil Shawn, art executive.

She enjoys cooking, adores picnics, loves to get ready for a real outing.
She paints, too, both on the easel and on her furniture—when necessary.

No, not a "do-it-yourself" girl—but she can always do what has to be done.

Shelves above her bed hold pictures, books—and an alarm set for 6:30 A.M.

The Blue Horizon

On her wrist is a charm bracelet, and among the dangles is a Phi Beta Kappa key—honoring the lady for her brains. Next to the key is a gold wristwatch—honoring the same lady for her beauty. The wrist itself is pretty enough, but let's take a full-length view of Melba Rae, in person: She stands five-foot-three, from her size-five shoes to her auburn hair. And, in between, there's a size-eight figure. As if this weren't enough, nature added an extra-special feature—the lady has genuine almond-shaped eyes the color of a summer sky.

Melba Rae is known to millions, for she has been Marge Bergman in Search For Tomorrow, over CBS-TV, for more than four years. She has come to be loved for herself, as well as for the part she plays. A mother named her baby after Melba, because she was so taken with Melba's warmth and charm. Other parents write about their children, too, and send her pictures of them.

"I've exchanged dozens of letters with some," Melba says. "People are wonderful. They make you feel so good. They tell you that they like (Continued on page 70)
His mother knows: George Gobel is a very philosophical comedian—or is he a humorous philosopher?

By ELSA MOLINA

Because people think of NBC-TV's George Gobel only as a comedian, they frequently say to his mother, Mrs. Herman Gobel, "I'll bet George keeps you laughing all the time with his clowning." However, according to this woman who knows him best, George is a quiet, serious young man, a hard worker whose philosophy has always been: "You only get out of life what you give." Lillian Gobel laughs at the misconception that George was an overnight success. "Nothing," she says, "could be further from the truth. George has been a professional since he was twelve—and an enthusiastic amateur since three. . . But George hasn't always been a comedian. Music was his first love. As a baby he slept in a buggy alongside the family piano. My folks were musical and my brothers all sang harmony as I played the upright. They said about George, sleeping there as he did, 'If he doesn't grow up to be another Caruso, it will be a miracle.'

"In his free time, he sat by the hour listening to the victrola. His favorite song (Continued on page 87)

Dad may not know it, but Georgia and Gregg realize he is wasting his breath on that sunflower. And they're a little skeptical about the way George strums a guitar—though wee Leslie and mama Alice listen most politely.
"You Get What You Give"
As Hal Craig in Love Of Life, as Steven Gethers in person, here’s one man who knows what he owes to the Ladies!

Above, Steve says everyone on Love Of Life is "just great"—definitely including director Larry Auerbach and lovely Jean McBride, who is Meg. Below, Steve’s own charming wife, Judy, helps him rehearse at home.

Thanks to the encouragement of two women, Steve has turned out to be a successful playwright, too.

Steven Gethers is Hal Craig in Love Of Life, as seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmaceutical Company, Boyle-Midway, Inc., Chef BoyArDec.
Judy—the girl he almost "missed"—is the woman in his life. But he's glad to share her with their two lively boys, Eric and Peter.

By FRANCES KISH

There's a lurking glint of humor in Steven Gethers' eyes which gives him away, when you meet him "in person." Steve could never be the tough-minded, tough-hearted fellow he plays so often . . . not really that fellow, Hal Craig, he has been for three years now on television, in the daytime dramatic serial, Love Of Life. Steve acknowledges that Craig is a suave type of villain. "But," he adds, "the guy has charm, too, along with the villainy. He knows he has appeal for women, and he trades on that to get him out of scrapes. There's always the feeling that someday he might turn out to be better than he seems. It's what keeps him interesting."

The way Steve Gethers came to be this complex character Craig is the way most important things (Continued on page 72)
a Day at DISNEYLAND

Spring Byington and Bobby Diamond visit a wonderworld of fancy-free enchantment

WALT DISNEY is a dreamer—and twenty years ago he first had the dream of building a magic kingdom that would offer a new and lavish kind of entertainment for all the family. The dream grew and grew until it finally came true as Disneyland, a wondrous world for the young of all ages, located in Anaheim, California. Here, Disney created four realms—Adventureland, Frontierland, Fantasyland, and Tomorrowland—peopled with memories of the past, real or imagined, and with the challenge and promise of the future. He had the young-in-heart in mind... people such as Spring Byington, the effervescent star of December Bride, and Bobby Diamond, the all-boy hero of Fury. Together, Spring and Bobby spent an exciting day at Disneyland. It was a day crammed full of the sights and sounds of adventure and, as Spring and Bobby traveled from one "land" to another, it was impossible to say which one was having the more fun.
8. Before searching for more adventures, Spring and Bobby enjoy lunch in sight of the "Mark Twain," an authentic replica, in 5/6 scale, of the riverboats of the 1900's.
9. A little boy lost is taken in hand by Bobby and Spring, who lead him to Lost Children Headquarters—and his folks.

10. At Adventureland, the "Congo Queen" takes them down a tropical river past 'gators, rhinos and cannibals.

11. Spring and Bobby couldn't pass the Mickey Mouse Theater without stopping to see some of Walt Disney's cartoons.

12. No traffic problem in Tomorrowland's Autopia, where Bobby takes Spring for a spin down a futuristic freeway.

Spring Byington stars as Lily Ruskin in December Bride, CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by General Foods for Instant Maxwell House Coffee. Bobby Diamond stars as Joey in Fury, NBC-TV, Sat., 11 A.M. EST, for the Post Cereals Division of General Foods. The show, Disneyland, is seen on ABC-TV, Wed., 7:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by American Motors Corp., Derby Foods, and American Dairy Association.
13. They plan a trip to the moon with "K-7, Space Man," before taking off on a make-believe excursion in a rocket.

14. Going from tomorrow to yesteryear, Spring and Bobby board a stage coach to cross Frontierland's Painted Desert.

15. Spring Byington and Bobby Diamond sight Disneyland as they end their day on the bridge of the Pirate Ship restaurant.
Vicki adores answering the phone, says: "Our baby's fine!" Thanks to Hal's and Ruby's plan, she wants to share everything with wee David.

Professionally, Hal and Ruby Holbrook have played to thousands, but they staged the most important performance of their lives for an audience of one—their cherished daughter Vicki, who will be all of four years old this April.... Viewers and listeners know Hal as Grayling Dennis, editor of "The New Hope Herald" in The Brighter Day on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, a young man constantly beset by troubles. In contrast, Hal himself displays a pleasant confidence in being well able to handle any (Continued on page 77)

The Brighter Day is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EST, for Cheer, Gleam and Crisco. It's heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Actress Ruby helps Hal to prepare for The Brighter Day, in which he plays Grayling Dennis.

Hal's enthusiasm is Mark Twain, and he does a remarkable impersonation of the great humorist.

When Twain costumes proved too costly, Hal and Ruby whipped up their own clever reproductions.
Mr. BOONE goes to town

Pat’s still busy studying the “three R’s,” when not on the Godfrey shows, but he’s always known how to sound an A!

By MARIE HALLER

Today, young Pat Boone knows his way around New York—and Tin Pan Alley, too. He’s a college boy who’s rapidly becoming Big Man On Records, as well as a most popular guest on Godfrey’s great shows over CBS-TV and CBS Radio. But Pat came mighty close to not even registering for the course, that day in February, 1955, when he answered a phone call from Hugh Cherry. “I’d certainly like to cut a record for you, Hugh,” he said earnestly. “But a rock ’n’ roll number is Continued

Going to college is something Pat started—and intends to finish. With New York as the center of his TV and recording activities, he’s transferred to Columbia University, its famed library (above) and campus-in-the-city (right).

Pat’s heard on Arthur Godfrey Time, CBS Radio (M-F, 10 A.M.), CBS-TV (M-Th, 10:30 A.M.)—under multiple sponsorship. Also, Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, CBS-TV (Wed., 8 P.M.)—sponsored by The Toni Co., CBS-Columbia, Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg Co. (All EST)
Mr. BOONE

goes to town

(Continued)

Pat's a straight-A student. He wants to do whatever will help other people most, whether as a singer or a teacher.
Cherry is the older of the Pat Boones' two little girls. Not yet two, she already has a taste for music—country-and-western style, that is!

wants with a teacher's degree—in speech—it's simply a case of a man finishing what he started out to do.

Pat Boone never thought he'd turn out to be a singer. His object in life has always been to help people as much as he could, and long ago it occurred to him that teaching would afford him this opportunity. So he set his sights accordingly. Even though his career seems to have gone far afield from early intentions, Pat is determined to follow through on the preparation, at least, for those original plans. It certainly isn't that he's changed his mind about helping people... rather, it's that he's discovered that, through the medium of entertaining, he can accomplish what he set out to do.

"For lots of people," Pat explains, "life is no bed of roses. And, if I can make them smile and enjoy themselves for even just a few minutes a day, perhaps I am helping after all. But there is one thing for sure: If I find my career as a singer and entertainer turns out to be simply mediocre, I'll go back to teaching so fast you won't be able to see me for the dust."

At the moment, a mediocre career for Pat seems hard to envision, for this is a young man with determination and with both feet on the ground. His present goals are three-fold: One, to finish college with good grades. Two, to be a success as a singer. Three, to have his own TV show someday.

Pat Boone started out life in Jacksonville, Florida, on June 1, 1934. He did not come (Continued on page 85)
It's always JAN

It wouldn't be Janis Paige, if she weren't giving TV everything she's got—including her heart

By BUD GOODE

With the audience's applause breaking over her like an ocean wave, Janis Paige danced off the stage of the smash Broadway musical, "Pajama Game," heading for her dressing room for the last time. It was her 458th consecutive performance—tomorrow morning, Janis was leaving the cast to take up the new role of Jan Stewart in the Janard production, It's Always Jan, over CBS-TV.

Red hair bouncing like a jaunty pennant in the breeze, hazel eyes sparkling, Janis danced through the wings, still in rhythm to the score's last syncopated note.

"Terrific, Miss Paige," said the prop man.
"Great show, Janis," called the stage manager.
"Thanks," said Janis, singing (Continued on page 75)

Jan asked only that her new apartment have enough room for her paintings, record collection, and dog Jody (on terrace, below left). Now she needs a whole house!

Reason? She just married Arthur Stander (above left), who not only writes and produces her TV show but also painted the picture on the wall, at the top of this page. Agency representative Jim Pollack is at right.

It's Always Jan, on CBS-TV, 3 Saturdays out of 4, at 9:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Drene, Dreft, Crest.
Precious hours away from the crowd meant a lot to young Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher, down on Miami's Biscayne Bay. But, crowd or no crowd, they had eyes only for each other.

Wherever they go, Eddie Fisher and his Debbie find that two hearts can beat together in . . .

Starting out that day, the newlyweds had a lot of fun pretending they were just learning to water-ski. Actually, Debbie is an expert and had taught Eddie, months before.
Honeymoon Time

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Young Mrs. Eddie Fisher — nee Debbie Reynolds — sat dripping in the rear cockpit of the big twin-motored speedboat, and scribbled the Burbank, California address of her parents on the back of a card. Then, teetering precariously between boat and dock, she passed the card up to the photographer.

"That's my permanent address," she said. "That's where I'm sure the prints will reach me, no matter where I happen to be." She sounded a little wistful. "I'd be so grateful if you'd send me copies. See, I want them for the children someday. We can show them these pictures of us water-skiing all over Biscayne Bay and we can tell them, 'Your folks used to be young and athletic, too.'"

A moment later, the boat went roaring off again so Eddie and Debbie could play some more at water-skiing, this time without photographers aboard. They were, after all, on the closest thing to a honeymoon they'd had since their wedding, barely two months before; they'd given most of this precious free day to TV Radio Mirror's Miami representative and photographers for this story.

You may remember, if you followed the schedule of Eddie and Debbie after their surprise marriage at Jennie Grossinger's resort in the Catskills last September, that the Fishers left the next day for one of Eddie's shows in Washington, D.C. From there they flew on to South Bend, Indiana, and back to New York, and on to West Virginia, and—well, it was a real "grand tour."

There not only wasn't time for a honeymoon, there wasn't time for anything except work. And, if you think Eddie's work consists of strolling up to a mike for fifteen minutes of a weekday evening and singing (Continued on page 89)

Coke Time Starring Eddie Fisher is seen on NBC-TV, Wed. and Fri. at 7:30 P.M. EST—heard on Mutual, Tu. and Th. at 7:45 P.M. EST—as sponsored by The Coca-Cola Company.
Aunt Jenny's "first lady" is justly proud of the stars her dramatic stories helped to create, over the years.

For more than eighteen years, stories which pulsate with the heartbeat of life lured listeners as Aunt Jenny related the happenings around Littleton, U.S.A.; so many listeners that, when she left the air last year, Lever Brothers—who sponsored her on CBS Radio since January 18, 1937—were overwhelmed with pleas to bring Aunt Jenny back! Her return this January was a great New Year's gift, not only for audiences but for actors; because Aunt Jenny's honest, three-dimensional characters are a strong lure for performers, too. Only the best are chosen, whether already established or just starting on the road to fame. Pictured here are a mere handful of Aunt Jenny's noted alumni; graduates of a dramatic series which has always helped today's most promising performers become tomorrow's big stars.

AGNES YOUNG

The modest, friendly woman who has one of radio's most coveted assignments, as Aunt Jenny herself, couldn't have been cast more "true to type"... Agnes Young is a small-town girl at heart who has always found that dramatic success and a happy family life can be very compatible indeed. Although her mother died when Agnes was four, there was love and understanding to spare, in the Port Jervis (N.Y.) home the little girl shared with her grandparents, two brothers and violin-teaching father—and they were all her most enthusiastic boosters when she chose acting as a career... Agnes married actor-producer Jimmy Wells in their early stock-company days, and they've since shared their mutual interest in drama, not only with each other, but with their daughter Nancy—now grown up into an attractive, talented actress who is frequently heard performing in Aunt Jenny.

_Aunt Jenny_ is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, sponsored daily by Lever Brothers Co. (for Spry, Breeze, and Silver Dust) with Campbell Soup Company participating twice weekly (for Franco-American Food Products).
PAUL DOUGLAS
Born in Philadelphia, Paul was a football hero who became a sports announcer—then proved he had dramatic talent...first in radio, with early roles in Aunt Jenny...next on Broadway, as the junk tycoon of "Born Yesterday"...finally in Hollywood, in "Letter to Three Wives." Married to actress Jan Sterling, he now stars in such top motion pictures as "The Solid Gold Cadillac" and "Joe Macbeth."

AGNES MOOREHEAD
This minister's daughter, born in Boston, has an M.A. from Wisconsin U.—as well as many an acting award. Radio still thrills to her "Sorry, Wrong Number"...critics voted her best-of-the-year in the second movie she made...theaters gave everywhere acclaimed her in "Don Juan in Hell," touring with Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Cedric Hardwicke. Her most recent film: "All That Heaven Allows."

JOAN BANKS
She's the feminine half of broadcasting's happiest romance—which blossomed about the time these two were playing in Aunt Jenny!...A native New Yorker, Joan was a most popular radio actress when she wed Frank Lovejoy in 1940. Now in Hollywood with her husband, she still stars in top radio and TV dramas...when not too busy raising their two children.

FRANK LOVEJOY
He studied finance at New York U., took a flyer in "little theater," soon found himself on Broadway—not Wall Street...One of radio's highest-paid actors in the 1940's, he tackled Hollywood next—a single character role, then Frank was a cinema star, too, in such melodramas as "The Crooked Web"...Like his wife Joan, he still finds time to continue acting on the air.

ORSON WELLES
No one had to discover "the kid from Kenosha," who did Shakespeare on his own at six! But radio—including Aunt Jenny—helped boost Orson to fame...Since then, he's electrified Broadway, Hollywood, the world at large (and probably Mars). Picture above was taken in 1946, before he departed for Europe...from whence he just landed to do "King Lear" on stage—and storm American TV.

MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE
Here's one lass who made a name for herself at the mike—then won an Oscar for her first role on the screen (in "All the King's Men")...Born in Joliet, Ill., Mercedes (named for a Mexican grandmother) attended Mundelein College in Chicago, has since lived in many lands...Still active in radio-TV, she can also be seen in the film version of "Giant," Edna Ferber's titanic novel about Texas.
Start with two, as Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy did... add to the family... and mix well for happiness

By GLADYS HALL

Across a crowded room, the other day, a young actor with two marriages behind him (and another coming up) eyed versatile funnyman Peter Lind Hayes and his missus—blonde, brown-eyed, lovely-to-look-at Mary Healy—as if they were visitors from another planet. "Always together, those two," he said, "having fun together, still in love—or my eyes deceive me. And think of it," the man added, his voice dropping at least a full octave, "they've been married for fifteen years!"

Since quite a number of solid citizens (Continued on page 91)

Peter Lind Hayes is Arthur Godfrey's regular vacation-and-holiday replacement on Arthur Godfrey Time, as heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 10 A.M. EST—and seen over CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship.

Home is a haven where they lead a very private life with their children—and a more public one on near-by golf links!
Peter proves himself an ace salesman for the family groceries and such, on Arthur Godfrey Time—then lends a hand or two at the piano, as Carmel Quinn sells a song.

He's got a pearly ear for rhythm, as musical conductor Will Roland gets in the swing—and a pair of tapping feet for a novelty number with Frank Parker and Tony Marvin.

Then it's off on a tour again. "This'll be a breeze," says Peter. Thinking of all the planning ahead, Mary isn't so sure—for reasons given in the story, starting at left.

Part of the Hayes-Healy act, as performed at The Sands, out in Las Vegas: The tuneful Toppers—Bob Flavelle, Paul Friesen, Ed Cole and Bob Horter—with Peter in the center.
Once I had to advise Dinah about everything, including food. Now I'm grateful for her advice about my children.

She was a bit of a rebel herself, so Dinah knows how to handle little Jody when he wants to step out on his own.

Our family were always her greatest fans—though you would hardly have recognized “Fannye Rose” then!

By BESSIE SHORE SELIGMAN as told to Peer J. Oppenheimer

The main dining room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel was crowded with guests who had come to witness the presentation of the B’nai B’rith “Woman of the Year” award to my sister, Dinah Shore. The speeches were almost eulogies in praise of her beauty and accomplishments. “She is young, vibrant, radiantly alive,” the main speaker proclaimed. “Her talent is magnificent. Yet her greatest success is found in the service to her family, her encompassing wisdom, and her humility...” A lesser woman might have felt embarrassed, broken into tears, or let all this praise go to her head. Not Dinah. She got up (Continued on page 80)

The Dinah Shore Show, NBC-TV, Tues. and Thurs., at 7:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Chevrolet Dealers of America. Dinah will also star in The Chevy Show, on NBC-TV, Tues., April 10th, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, for the same sponsors.

Dinah couldn’t have chosen a better husband than George Montgomery. Their "official" family includes Jody (John David), Missy (Melissa)—and their poodle, Sweetie Pie.
When most couples wed, they are "one." When Peter Hobbs and Parker McCormick wed, they were seven! The younger boy is Richie, the older is Dall. The three girls, left to right: Nancy, Ann, and Jennifer.
Close as a Heartbeat

Peter Hobbs of The Secret Storm loves every living thing—particularly his wife and fire beaming youngsters

By MARTIN COHEN

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hobbs, of Brooklyn, Broadway and television, are one of the most charming couples you're likely to meet. Peter has a zest for life, and his wife and children match him zest for zest... Heaven on earth, for this man named Peter, is to have a banjo on one knee, his wife on the other, walls in need of papering, children who need playing with, and floors that need sanding... for Peter Hobbs likes music, carpentry, paper-hanging, gardening, husbanding, fathering—and has such a passion for fixing leaky faucets that he took a correspondence course in plumbing... However, Peter Hobbs is an actor, too, and a fine one. As such, he plays Peter Ames in The Secret Storm—a mature, sober man with grave responsibilities. Peter Hobbs is also a mature man who knows the difference between a subway and a Cadillac convertible, and he has many responsibilities, but his disposition remains conspicuously cheerful.

See Next Page

Double delight: Richie reads the comics, pedals the player-organ.  
Peter dotes on household tasks, from plumbing to paper-hanging.  
Music fills their home—though Parker forgot to bring her harp!

Actor Peter and actress Parker needed a big house for their brood, found just the right one in Brooklyn.
Redecorating the house is forgotten, as they all gather 'round the baby grand ("Peter married me for it," Parker insists). Below, Ann never hesitates to ask her dad, when she wants a "masculine viewpoint" on her teen-age wardrobe.

Close as a Heartbeat

"Pete is easy-going," says his wife, actress Parker McCormick. "Not that he can't be or isn't sensitive and intense. It's just that he's easy to live with and very understanding."

He is a six-footer, handsome, blond and rangy. "I have a permanent weight of one-sixty-five," he says. "I'm kind of a Jack Spratt with the metabolism of a goat. I eat no fat and no sweets. I love lettuce, spinach and vinegar." But Jack Spratt had only a wife. Peter Hobbs has a wife and five kids—too many for a pumpkin shell. So, last year, they went house-hunting, and bought a house in Brooklyn.

"We liked this house at once," he says. "That's right," Parker recalls. "We fell madly in love with the price."

The house is a stately fifty years old. It is handsome, but saw service for many years as a boarding and rooming house. The floors were in terrible shape. So were the walls and the fireplaces and the backyard. Most men would have blacked out, thinking of the work involved, but Peter Hobbs—a pioneer of the do-it-yourself species—was in a state near bliss.  

(Continued on page 83)
Roll that slab, lift that rock! The men of the house want a grassy plot.

Seems like just the ideal time for Richie to add to his rock collection.

Dall co-stars with his mother on the tape recorder, as Peter directs them.

Nobody knows the name of this stirring melodrama—and you can’t tell the players without an official program!
Richard III

Television, the movies—and a playwright named Shakespeare—make a royal pageant

All the pomp, pride and passion of English history comes your way for home entertainment as television makes a little history of its own. In one of a series of "special events," NBC premieres "Richard III," a filmed spectacle with a list of credits that makes royal reading. The author is one William Shakespeare. Producing, directing, and playing the title role is Sir Laurence Olivier, whose previous films of Shakespeare's works gave them back to the people for whom they were originally written. After its first showing on NBC-TV, "Richard III" will be on view in movie theaters. But the premiere will be in your home, an event for all the family.

"Richard III," in color and black and white, on NBC-TV, Sun., March 11, 2:30 P.M. EST, for five divisions of General Motors.
8. Richard has waded in blood to reach this point, but finally he stands before the throne. Unmoved by the distress and collapse of his wife Anne, Richard knows only that he is king—and that he will stop at no evil to preserve and enlarge his power.

9. Edward's sons have been imprisoned in the Tower and Richard has taken their rightful place on the throne. Yet, unable to rest while they live, he hires assassins to murder the two princes in bed.

10. Aroused by Richard's villainy, Henry Tudor challenges him for the crown. Richard displays superhuman strength and courage in the battle that follows, but finally he meets defeat and death.
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Walken have reason to be proud of all three of their talented sons: Ronnie, 12; Ken, 16; and Glenn, 9.
Three Young Musketeers

Ronnie has his laboratory in the upstairs game room, where Ken helps out. (Glenn's lab equipment is in the basement playroom, so experiments won't get mixed up.)

Glenn Walken of The Guiding Light has two brothers who act, too—and they're all for one, one for all!

By MARIAN HELMAN

We didn't plan it this way... it just happened. And, for a thing that just sort of grew all by itself, it's been a wonderful experience and ever so much fun.” This is Mrs. Paul Walken's way of explaining how she, a non-professional, has raised three boys—all of whom have become proficient actors in their own rights... Ken, 16, Ronnie, 12, and Glenn, 9. And when she says it's “ever so much fun,” she's speaking for herself as much as for her boys. She freely admits she “always had a yen for the theater” (her mother had been a professional dancer) but evidently not enough of a desire to strike out for herself. Now, being able to sit on the sidelines in the reflected glory of her three actively acting young men is all the excitement she could ask.

Growing boys must have their collections, and Mrs. Walken is glad that Glenn's hobby is something as educational—and relatively tidy!—as foreign coins.
However, it was certainly not for this reason that any of the Walken brothers entered the acting profession. It all goes back to when Ken was eight and Mrs. Walken took him from their Bayside home to New York to register him with the Conover modeling agency. Ken did very well with his modeling assignments and obviously enjoyed himself. If there had been even the slightest indication that he disliked what he was doing, she would have put a stop to these activities immediately. As Ronnie and Glenn came along, they had a natural entree into the business as a result of their older brother's success. Along with his early Conover jobs, Glenn also worked with the famous baby photographer, Constance Bannister, and you'll find a number of his pictures in her fabulous collection of baby pictures satirizing big business men.

Again following in their older brother's footsteps, Ronnie and Glenn parlayed their modeling careers into TV and radio careers via that bill-payer of all time—commercials. When he was five, Glenn got his first call for a commercial try-out... on TV's Chance Of A Lifetime. Among the other contestants was brother Ronnie. Eliminations were made and eventually it dwindled down to the two Walken boys. Mrs. Walken started worrying. This was the first time any of her boys had been in direct competition with each other. One had to lose! How would he take it? How should she handle the situation should friction and jealousy result?

As it turned out, her worries were all for naught. The directors obviously (Continued on page 79)

Glenn Walken is Michael Bauer in The Guiding Light, as seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST for Ivory, Duz and Cheer—and heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, for Tide and Gleem.
they are getting close to the secret—but may never live to learn it. CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen's dress shop gets off to a starting cheer with the help of her lawyer friend, Mr. Wilcox. But their warm relationship is strained when Wilcox recalls his daughter's death and meets Helen's son, Mickey. And trouble brews in another young heart when reporter Elliott Norris' ward, Peggy, realizes he is falling in love with Helen. Can she do anything about it? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARRN AND THE NEWS Emotionally worn out after his husband's death, Wendy returns to her home near as one ummist on a big New York paper prepared to go about the task of reconstructing her life. Now she finds herself confused and a little frightened at the enanglements she seems unable to avoid...with her boss, Don Smith; with the attractive Kate Macaulay; and with most of all with writer Paul Benson CBS. BOSTON.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES During the years of their marriage, Joan and Harry Davis have weathered ups and downs of many kinds. But now, the solidarity of their love has never been shaken. This background of secure happiness qualifies them now to help others, and a good many of their friends and admirers, even Davises for advice and understanding that has set a life—or a love—on a better, sounder course. ABC Radio.

WHISPERING STREETS Wherever there are people, there are stories being lived, stories of love and hate, mistakes and triumphs that do not always emerge into public light. Every day, narrator Hope Winslow tells such a story, complete in one episode, pinpointing the dramatic events that can build to such emotionally significant climaxes beneath the surface of ordinary-living souls. NBC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jessie Carter has been a mother for many years, a mother-in-law for part of that time, and a grandmother for quite a while. But she still cannot fathom the truth about her oldest son, Jeff—cannot be sure where his happiness lies. Why, anyone, even a mother, can go about helping him find it. For Jeff doesn't seem to be unhappy... and yet isn't he missing too much in life? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE All during his battle to gain control of the Dineen Clinic, Dr. Ted Mason has emphasized his belief that Three Oaks is ready for a new kind of medical practice—his kind. But after Jerry Malone's resignation surrenders the Clinie to Ted's hands, he begins to make an unexpected discovery. What will the town itself have to say about the Mason Clinic—and about Dr. Jerry Malone? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen's faith in Dr. Anthony Loring is at last justified when she is able to prove to the whole town that he is innocent. He is Millicent. But with the solution to this grim problem comes a new disturbance in Ellen's life. The path to happiness, far from stretching clear before her, takes an unexpected turn in the new solution. Does this mean she will have to follow it without Anthony? NBC Radio.

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OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

For advertising rates, write William R. Steward, 9 South Clifton Street, Chicago 6 (April-Wom.) – 69
The Blue Horizon

(Continued from page 35)

your smile or admire a blouse you wore. But the nicest thing is the friendship. The nicest thing they ever write is to close by saying, 'I wish you were my real neighbor.'

Melba's personal friends and real neighbors don't merely say she's "nice." They use words like "outstanding" and "very special." And one of New York's best therapists—Bess Lande, an occupational therapist—said, "Melba gives so much of herself. She never shows it. It's the way she makes you feel."

Later, one of the guests asked me what I did. When I told him, he seemed puzzled, then finally explained that—the way Melba had expressed it—she was trying to say someone he ought to know about, in a 'big name' sense.

If you were really Melba's next door neighbor, you'd need a pretty good pair of legs to borrow a cup of sugar, for she lives on the top (fourth) floor in a walk-up apartment. The apartment is in Greenwich Village, right off Washington Square. I asked Melba what she did to New-Yorkers who got in love with the Village, Melba says. "It reminded me of the kind of Paris I dreamed of, as a kid."

She answered the answer to the kind of a dream that comes to a girl who grows up in another kind of village—one in the Rocky Mountains. You go back several generations, to her mother, Melba Rae got there. Melba's forebears were Mormon pioneers who pushed their way in covered wagons from the East Coast to Utah. One of these grandparent's, Christian Christiansen Hansen, still lives in Melba's home town of Willard.

"He was in his teens when he made the trek," Melba says. "They told the story that during the journey, he turned his horse and wagon over to a man whose wife was pregnant, and then walked and lugged his own gear. He's a fine man and will approve of Melba."

A few years back, he built himself a new home.

The town of Willard is at the mouth of Red Rock Canyon, and Melba grew up in a rock and a rock and a rock.

"The people there were afraid of Indians..." Melba says. "I don't mean they were afraid of Indians..."

"They were afraid of Indian raids. Her father was a rancher and a farmer. Melba remembers that, as a child, she spent many summer nights watching her brother and cowboys work the cattle. Her father was a builder, too, and put up dikes and dams. Her family was not rich, says Melba.

"But my home was cheerful, except for the long illness of my father before he died."

Melba's mother is an intelligent, happy woman, and there is a great deal of resemblance between mother and daughter—they even share the same birthday. Her mother was an admirer of Nellie Melba, and it was for the celebrated opera singer that she named her first-born.

Her next-door friends when she comes to visit. She calls me, 'Melba Rae,' because Rae is my middle name. My last name is Toombs, and I always liked it—even though some people made grave errors in spelling."

I think I was in New York. She told me she had dropped my last name from the program, and I thought someone was suggesting tactfully that she was my relative.

Melba says that she owes a great deal of her education and development as a child to the Mormon Church. The church opened a school from the church, and all social activities centered around the school. Things. There was a movie once a week, and singing, and craft classes in sewing and building useful things.

Melba's theatrical career began as a child. Her bedroom door opened on the porch, and she used to stretch a rope from her door to a big tree and hang a quilt across the line as a curtain. One of her specialties was a "veil dance." She was her own costumer. For Clavellera's ballet, she sewed patches of tinfoil on her grandmother's cape.

"The children came at a penny a head," she recalls. "I never charged pins—never less than a penny."

Melba was the older of two children and her brother Bob did not approve of the shows. Frequently, he expressed his own creative talents by turning the lawn hose on the audience. For this, there was no extra charge.

But a girl in a small town does a lot of daydreaming, and Melba thought a lot about the world beyond the mountains. Since Melba left Utah, she has traveled widely in Europe and Asia. She has toured almost every state in the union. But she has never experienced anything as grand as the backdrop she could see from her bedroom window in Willard.

The walls of the house were as thick as a fort should be. The window ledge in the room was deep enough to set two adults. As a child, I stretched out there alone and looked straight up at three mountain peaks. It wasn't awesome so much as it was cozy. The first time I left home was to go to Stanford University—after I had turned twenty."

Her first experience away from home was frightening. She was awed by the education and versatility of her classmates. At the end of the first semester, when she went home for the Christmas holidays, she packed her trunk and took all her belongings with her. "I was convinced that I'd flunked out of school," she explains.

Her grades came by mail, and she learned that she had earned nothing but A's and B's. She went back to school and established quite a record, both scholastically and dramaticaly, in the country. She started off by interviewing female Phi Beta Kappa. She went to KFRC, but not for long. The Elin Watch Company began a search for the most beautiful and brainsiest gal in the country. They started off by interviewing female Phi Beta Kappa—and, naturally, chose Melba. They brought her to New York for two months of interviews and promotions. She was paid well and, as a memento, was given the gold wristwatch.

"Of course, I stayed on in New York," she remarks. "This is where every actress wants to be, anyway. And I had saved my money. I began looking for dramatic work, but it was six terrible months before I heard of "From Tomorrow.""

Her subsequent success as an actress is impressive. Melba charmed Broadway in "Janie," "Happily Ever After," and "Days of My Youth." Her role was hardly a dramatic program she hasn't worked on—Philco, Kraft, Big Story, Circle Theater, and many others. She has been on more radio shows than there are radio shows. And Melba has "dubbed" in English voice for many foreign films.

For the past four years, she has been Manager of "Search For Tomorrow."—a role she very much enjoys. "People sometimes say, 'That must be tedious, playing the same part, day after day.' They are wrong. It's wonderful to get so intimate with a role and grow with it."

Melba stays in training for her work, like an athlete. She must be up at six-thirty to make the eight-o'clock rehearsal. To do this thing, perfectly, she must be at least thirty-eight. If she is at a party, she leaves early. If she is going to the theater, and can't be in bed before midnight, then she takes an afternoon nap. "I'm afraid of sleep. I get worried if the telecast is over at twelve-forty-five, there are auditions and rehearsals for other shows that keep her working."

Her apartment consists of a bedroom and living room, an efficiency kitchen, and a kind of dressing room between the bathroom and living room. The apartment has been furnished with thrift.

"To me," says Melba, "a home is something special. It's a place where I study and sleep and eat and read and entertain. It's got to be furnished right—but the radio show, for then you wouldn't have money left over to enjoy it."

Melba does her own housekeeping and neatens. She does "cranky work" and does all the cooking when she entertains.

"I've become proud of my cooking," she says. "Maybe because I had so little to do with it."

She's a French dishes best for guests. I don't know whether there is anything special about her recipes. Like most women, I start with something from a friend. She's something I liked. After I've made it a half-dozen times, it's changed a little and becomes my own."

Melba likes to give small dinner parties, and likes everything to be white and pink. She uses a white cloth and pink napkins and pink candles. She likes seasonal flowers on the table—violets in spring, dahlias in fall. The white and the pink and the flowers go well with the green she has chosen for her walls and rugs. The decorative theme, itself, is Oriental. "The Oriental 'kick' began when I toured the Far East. I fell in love for the Armistice Forces and did some shopping in Tokyo."

She brought back Japanese prints of the Kabuki Dancers and these are hung in the living room. She bought a large, a pink and the Oriental screen of which she is particularly proud. It is a short screen and she uses it on a dresser to camouflage a lot of personal effects—trunk, dresser—a trinity—has been placed in one far corner and practically painted right into the wall.

Centered in one wall is a woodburning fireplace. On the mantels are Oriental carvings, vases, and jade. On either side of the fireplace is a chair in functional modern and, on the side tables, large, black lacquered bowls. Opposite the fireplace is a studio couch covered in gray-and-green striped chintz.
Melba made the cover, as well as the matching drapes. She also designed and made the glass and wood coffee table.

Centered between her living room windows is a handsome chest, in natural oak with Oriental pulls. The chest was originally finished in yellow fumed oak, stood five feet high on randy legs and had peculiar pulls. Melba sawed off the legs, sanded the chest down to its natural grain and then lacquered it. She went into Chinatown and found Oriental brass trivets which she sawed in half for handles.

"I'm not a legitimate 'do-it-yourself' person," she says. "What I mean is that I don't do it as a hobby or for relaxation. I just do these things because they have to be done."

On top of the chest is a television set—and, at the set, an unframed portrait of Melba. An artist friend who did the portrait is dissatisfied with it and so won't let Melba frame it, but she likes the painting and doesn't want to destroy it. Her bedroom has the same green wall as the living room. She made the bedspread of nubby yellow cotton and, over the head of the bed, a set of shelves attached to the wall. She says: "It looks like a DC-6 control panel."

She has a radio clock to turn on the news at six-thirty and an emergency regular-clock set, in case the electricity goes off. On her shelves are many books, including a dictionary for ready reference, and a picture of her mother. On one shelf, there's a picture of her three nieces. On another there is a collection of stuffed animals. One is a Stanford dog with a big letter S (how he earned it is rather obvious). Then there's a teddy bear with a painted nose like Winnie The Pooh's. "This bear must be over three hundred years old," she says. "It belonged to one of my great-great-grandmothers, and my grandmother Tomkins brought it West with her in one of those pioneer wagons."

Around the apartment, Melba relaxes in shorts, even though she cuts a sophisticated figure when dressed and she gets many compliments. "I like good clothes, simply cut and well-made," she says. "But it's not expensive, for I keep them forever."

For recreation, Melba reads and paints—and, in season, she's crazy about picnics. Like most single girls, she particularly favors dating as a recreation and likes the theater and movies and horseback riding. She rides very well.

She's a good conversationalist, but considers herself a business at the theater. She cries buckets, at sad movies or plays. When she saw "Summertime," she was sobbing so hard that she hardly had strength enough to leave the theater. But, crying or laughing, the theater is her favorite entertainment. Her friends range from grocers to art collectors, but she particularly enjoys the company of actors, because she loves the theater and her career. "But it could never be a career and nothing else," she says. "I can't close people and things out of my life. Everything comes in, and I can't be trivial about these things."

She is never less than earnest about any part she plays and her aim in Search For Tomorrow is to make Marge Bergman as real as can be. "Marge is a wonderful person," Melba says. "She's lovable and loves everyone and yet she's assertive, quick to get angry and go to someone's defense. She cries easily but has a lot of spunk. She's very, very nice gal with lots of pep. I can't help like the part."

As the old adage says, "If the shoe fits, put it on." "The Trole of 'nice, peppy' Marge Bergman fits Melba Rae like a dream. And everyone loves the way she wears it."

The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES

NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Psychologists tell us that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave permanent scars on the skin.

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cream parlor. Someone told me to grab a date, too, and Judy happened to be the girl sitting next to me. She said she would come. That was the beginning."

Like many other actors, Steve didn’t have time, Jan knew. But one night, Jan walked into the Army. "He took me into a neighbor- 

hood bar one night and pulled a ring out of his pocket, without preparing me at all. He said, ‘We’re married now,’ and we were. It was just wonderful about giving me advice and teaching me. She does more nice things for people than anyone could count up, and I had never asked her before. She is my mother, and I was 

tired to a great guy who is an actor, too—Terry O’Sullivan."

The way Steve got into Love Of Life was through his agent, who was Love Of Life’s producers that he had just the right actor for the role, one who perfectly fitted the physical description and had enough of the capabilities to play Hal Craig. They had asked for two other actors to test, however, and felt time was too short to bother with seeing Steve. Neither actor got the job, nor did any of the others they tried out. Finally, they had about decided on one, although not completely satisfied with their choice. At this point, Steve’s agent suggested again that he try. Steve’s. "Just let me send this guy over and you can take a look at him," he asked. Reluctantly they agreed. Steve read for the part on a Thursday, went into their hotel room, watched the tape, and signed for the usual thirteen weeks—which have now lengthened into three years.

With separation from the service, finally, the real work went for Steve. Things seemed rough for a while, but his training and his background of summer stock led to his getting a job as stage manager and understudy in a Broadway play, "The Miracle of Macha Dike." He toured after that with another play that "died" in Boston before ever reaching New York, and he went on to Chicago with O’Sullivan and Sylvia Sidney. His one big chance to act on Broadway was with Mary Boland, in a play called "Open House"—but it closed in four weeks.

Kids he knew in show business were doing all right for themselves in radio, and Steve yearned to join them but didn’t quite know how. My career, I don’t know, to him, was a dead-end street. He didn’t think he could cut it in radio, so he went into television."

Steve himself always knew what he thought he wanted to do, even at an early age, although the idea probably took definite shape when he played roles in school dramatic shows at New Utrecht High School (in Brooklyn, where he was born on June 8, 1922). He wanted to be an actor, and he knew—after he graduated that he matriculated at the University of Iowa, majoring in drama. After about two years, he came back to New York to enroll in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, from which he graduated and went on into summer stock.

There was another reason for coming back to New York, which may have outweighed the others. Judy had emerged as the girl, not merely a girl, and Judy lived in New York, a long way from Iowa. They met at the same summer camp the following summer, "... and we fell in love this way," Steve says. "We said hello at the beginning of the season and goodbye at the end. That was about it.

"One night, four years after our first meeting, there was a concert at the camp and all the fellows had dates afterwards. They were going to the local ice
writing. For he finally submitted his play to Marion Searchinger, script reader for an important agency.

"Once more, however, I might have held back," he says, "if it had not been for Judy. One Monday, when I was going to rehearsal, Judy reminded me to take the script along to Miss Searchinger. It was late in the season to sell anything on the theme of baseball, and maybe it wasn't good enough. Take it in," Judy said. "You have nothing to lose."

Later, Steve learned that Miss Searchinger had agreed rather reluctantly to read the script, only because someone else in the office had asked her to, because someone had asked him. "As far as she was concerned," Steve notes, "was just another actor who thought he could write. Next day, shortly before Love Of Life went on the air, I had a call from her at the studio, asking me to get over after the show. The sum of what she said was that—even if she couldn't sell that particular script—she was willing to sell others, if I were willing to work hard.

"She did sell that script, five days later, to the U.S. Steel Hour, in time for the World Series, produced under the name of 'Baseball Blues.' Between her help and that of Mark Smith, who is editor for Maurice Evans and does the adaptations for his shows, I learned more about script writing than I imagined there was to know. I have since sold to Kraft Theater, NBC Matinee, Theater, Lamp Unto My Feet, and others."

The way things were happening to Steve could hardly have been a surprise when Long Island University asked him to teach a class in playwriting this season. He wasn't sure what kind of teacher he would make, but he liked the idea at once. In his opening speech to his class, he said that it seemed to be a choice perhaps of getting a teacher who couldn't write, or a writer who couldn't teach, but he would do his best.

At home, the family watches television together when they have time. Steve never misses a major sports event if he can help it, and Eric is right there next to him when it doesn't interfere with school work or bedtime. Peter, of course, likes the cowboys and spacemen. They see as many of the dramatic shows as possible, too, and all the big productions that everyone likes. And daytime dramas, when Steve isn't working.

Much of the time at home he's back in the room, pounding on his typewriter. As the keys click to the rhythm of his ideas, life goes on in the apartment around hi. Peter brings his favorite pounding toy into the hallways and starts banging big colored pegs into the holes designed for them, until Judy gently draws him into the farthest corner of the apartment where the sounds grow muted. Or she tactfully substitutes something less noisy. She doesn't even fuss if Peter jumps up and down a little on the big living-room sofa and leaves his sticky fingerprints on the edges of the mirrored wall behind it, as long as he keeps quiet so Daddy can work. Eric may come bouncing in from school, hungry as only a boy can be, wanting to talk about the day's doings and the plans he has afoot. The telephone has been ringing, there is marketing to be done, but Judy has managed to keep this state of confusion well under control.

So... even if, on Love Of Life, Hal Craig is a suave, devil-may-care sort of fellow—the kind the movie ads used to say "you love to hate"... at home, Steven Gethers is a hard-working actor-writer who wouldn't change his own satisfying life for that any day in the world. That glib of good humor which lurks in his eyes tells you so.

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520—It's easy to build your own wooden lawn or patio chairs! Simple directions, actual-size paper pattern pieces included, with easy-to-follow number guides. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N.Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
It's Always Jan

(Continued from page 51)

her way into her dressing room. Her managers and two closest friends, Ruth and Lyle Aarons, were there waiting.

"Janis," said Lyle, "you continue to amaze me. After 458 shows, I think you'll begin to get tired. Yet that was a real, live performance."

"You're right," said Janis, "but I'm not tired," said Jan, dropping down on a chaise longue.

"There are times in life when we all do. But I've learned that's the time to give it all you've got!"


Jan was still "giving it all she's got." Janis accepted TV as a demanding medium and, as with everything else in her career, she turned her heart over to the American TV audience with no strings attached.

Jan's enthusiasm for her new role is illustrated by the way she accepted it. With only six days to report to Hollywood, she had to sub-lease her apartment in the East, pack her prized paintings and records, fly to Los Angeles and find an apartment that would take only a few days. Too. "Before I'd leave Jody," she said, "I'd sleep in the streets."

Once in Hollywood, Jan barely had enough time to hang her paintings, sort out her report to her studio. Sixteen weeks later, still living out of a suitcase, Jan was all enthusiasm: "I'm continually amazed to think we've been making a new picture picture every week for the past four months. Isn't it terrific?"

But if Jan was too busy to unpack, there was still time to fall in love. At first sight, she met Arthur Stander in the fall of 1954, when he came to New York to see "Pajama Game" and to talk to its lovely lead about starring in a television show. And that, they were partners in Jan. And Productions, a company formed to produce It's Always Jan, with Miss Paige as star and Mr. Stander as producer.

By the time the new year rolled around, Jan and Arthur were set to extend the TV partnership to include marriage. The ceremony took place January 18, in Las Vegas, and their TV wedding schedule allowed time for a twenty-four-hour honeymoon.

"My cup is spilling over," Jan glows, "I don't know how any woman can be happier than I am. But now I have my own television, buy more important, a wonderful husband. He's not only my producer on stage, he's also the kind of guy who wears the pants at home—and that's what I need."

"It'll be wonderful getting out of the apartment and into a house. We're moving into a little place in Bel Air just as soon as it is ready for us." Then the brand-new Mrs. Stander adds: "My marriage will not affect my career in the immediate future. But sooner or later, it's bound to. I know I'm going to be a busy girl, and when I have them I don't want to have to farm them out during the day while I go to the studio. To my way of thinking, there is nothing more important than a successful career, and that is a successful family. I mean to have one."

Before her marriage, Jan had talked about a desire for roots and for a home, after her year of show business circuits. "I'm not looking for any dream man, not a Prince Charming on a white horse. I've never conceived of ideas even on what the prerequisites such as understanding, gentleness and humor should be there."

Arthur Stander has these qualities—plus modesty. When a friend congratulated the couple with "You two lucky people," Arthur answered: "I know Jan could have done a lot better, but I know I couldn't have."

Jan's personality reflected in her many interests, is as varied and bright as a spring garden. She's a study in contrasts: She has a passion for the diverse arts of romance languages and baking; she collects more paintings than knitting; she's satisfied with a few possessions, but has many friends; she's generous to a fault, and gets a blank check from her business manager only at Christmas; she is忠实 to all her classical records—racy new Thunderbird—and elegant crystal; she would like "any small house with a view"; on rainy days, she reads psychology—while listening to pop records.

Music constantly surrounds her. She had an RCA portable in her "Pajama Game" dressing room. When Manny Sachs, vice-president of RCA, walked in after a show to congratulate Jan, he saw the portable and said, "Since music is your life, you should have a bigger player than that. Next day he sent an elegant mahogany, three-speed, hi-fi player, plus albums and records. Jan is a bug on education. "I thought I'd never get through high school," she says. But her books and magazines cover every subject. Jan has a wide fund of knowledge and interests, many of them developed as a result of the travel she has put in with appearances across country.

"I am grateful to Warner Bros.," says Jan, "for they gave me my first train ride to Chicago and New York, for the opening of the picture, The Time, The Place, And The Girl."

Because Jan had been such a hit on the personal appearances, Warners' sent her to New York's Bergdorf Goodman to buy two new outfits—and, Jan adds, "two Walter Florel hats. The treatment spoiled me. I was very unsophisticated about the whole thing. Instead of eating in the dining car on the way home, I spent all my time looking at my reflection in the window—to make sure my new hats were on straight. But I learned on that trip that, when you travel alone on a train, you can't help meeting and talking to interesting people. I thank Warner Bros., for those train rides—a terrific education."

Later in 1949, Jan went to Italy for five months, to do a picture, and there she developed her strong interest in both foreign languages and painting. She learned to speak fluent Italian. "But when I came home, I would talk in it with me," Now she wants to brush up on the Italian, and then learn Spanish, too.

While in Rome and Naples, Jan's interest in painting developed. She is now an avid art fan. "My favorite boulevard in all the world is New York's Madison Avenue," she says, "because of the many shops and sidewalk artists, you can get all kinds of education just walking down Madison Avenue."

Once, while strolling down the street, Jan spotted a painting that appealed to her in one of the galleries. "Before I left," she checked the price: "Four hundred dollars," the dealer said. Jan swallowed hard. That was too much. Then another picture, titled "Miss Oils Egregia," caught her eye. "How much is that one?" she asked. "Sixty-five," said the dealer. "I'll take it," said Jan.

"Miss Oils Egregia" was Jan's first painting to be owned by a show business executive, Ivan Rose, and Arthur Stander's painting of Jan's name in lights on the marquee of the St. James Theater, where "Janie" is seen.

Ruth Aarons, Jan's manager and one of her closest friends, knows that Jan is Now you can look smart and stylish with sensational low priced glamorous used dresses that have been cleaned and pressed—in good condition for all occasions! A tremendous assortment of gorgeous one and two piece modern styles in all beautiful colors—in a variety of luxurious fabrics of rayeens, cottons, garderines, woolens, silks, etc. Excesive dresses—original value up to $40! FREE! 12 Different Sets of Button Cards 5 to 8 matched buttons on each card. Worth a few dollars—but yours FREE with dress order.

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basically a sentimental gal. Ruth has made sure that Jan is home for every Christmas, since that bleak Christmas in 1950, shortly after Jan's return from Italy. Jan then lived in a bare New York apartment without rugs or drapes—coke bottles on the dining table. It was the first Christmas Jan had been away from home, and one of the loneliest periods in her life. Then, on Christmas Eve, Ruth and Lyle drove into the apartment loaded with gifts and a tree. Jan dissolved into tears of happiness. "These two," she says of Ruth and Lyle, "never left me alone when I was young. They have been through every happiness and crisis with me—they are like my own family.

There have been times in Jan's career when she has been afraid, and times when she was low, but she has always had the courage to wade in and battle. Born Donna Mae Tjaden, one September 16 in Tacoma, Washington, she says, "I lived a hard way. "We were always apartment dwellers—we never lived in a house. I slept on the day bed, and I was always falling off. Later, in New York, the first thing I bought was a king-size bed.

Rut and Lyle's "biggest regret is that her grandmother died just as her career hit the big time.

"Grandfather was always there when I needed him," she recalls. "He was the biggest single influence in my life. I remember one day when my sister Betty and I were coming home from school and Ira, the bully on the block, started to push us around. He twisted us every day and I decided we'd had enough. I hauled off and hit him on the nose. When he spouted blood, he was so surprised he ran home. I was scared to death—I thought I'd killed him. Betty and I turned and ran, too.

"We flew into the house looking for Mother. She wasn't home, but Grandfather was. 'Granddad,' I cried, I've been in a fight.

"Grandfather asked, 'Why?'

"I said, 'Because he teased and pushed us and I hit him and gave him a bloody nose.'

"'That's good enough for me,' Grandfather said. 'Forget it and go wash your face.'

"Fifteen minutes later, Ira and his parents rang our bell. When Grandfather opened the door, they said, 'Tell your grandmother what your granddaughter did to our son.'

"Grandfather laughed, 'Isn't that a shame?' he said. 'In the future, you tell your children to leave you alone. And if she picks on her sister, don't make me hit her—or she doesn't hit him back—I will.'

"Then Grandfather closed the door on their surprised faces, saying, 'Ruth, don't look any more shocked than I do. I haven't been knocked down, that's the time to swing back the hard time.'

As a child Jan was always singing. She had a rich voice. Both family and friends noticed it and urged her to make a career for her. As a teenager, her singing won her the lead roles in Tacoma Stadium High School's annual musical comedies.

"I remember many a time when I was at the store and that one evening she was just too ill to eat. "But I learned from my grandfather," she says, "that, with life, you've got to go out and try. Even if you get belted, so what? You're learning."

Rut and Lyle were prominent as a secretary in a Seattle plumbing and supply store. But she wanted to sing. Knowing a singing career wouldn't come to her first without--after it. In 1944 she and her mother bought a second-hand car and drove to Hollywood.

In Hollywood, in the middle of the war, Jan donated some of her time to pouring coffee and making sandwiches for service men at the Hollywood Canteen. Then, one night, one of the scheduled performers couldn't make it and Jan stepped in with a song. The next thing she knew, she was under contract to M-G-M.

From M-G-M, Janis went to Warners' where she starred in many of their leading musical productions from 1944 to 1948. It would be nice to say Janis Paige became a big Warner's movie star and lived happily night-club circuits, playing all the big spots. By 1948, Jan had become a star, had made many great pictures—and several not so good. She was unhappy with the contract and finally bought back her contract.

Then began a trying period in Jan's life. Her savings shrunk to nothing, she was forced to sell her possessions to live. Because of her own personal integrity and honesty, she had dropped from stardom's peak to a valley of ill health and despair. Then Jan remembered her grandfather's advice: When you're most down and out, that's the time to swing the hardest.

Jan built up an act and left Hollywood for the vaudeville circuits, playing all the small spots across county, and a few of the big ones. "Night-club audiences differ," she says. "One night, they cheap and laugh. The next, they sit on their hands. You run hot and cold. But if you give up on your first bad night, you're lost forever. The only thing you can do is take the good with the bad. At least, if you keep trying—when your big break comes along, you are ready . . .

Jan's act had been building for a year, and was beginning to receive a great deal of acclaim. "Yet I was a long way from either California or New York," she says, "and this didn't exactly make me happy."

Then she was suddenly offered the starring role in 'Remains To Be Seen,' on Broadway.

"Lindsay and Crouse, Breitagne Windust and Leland Hayward were like fathers to me," she remembers gratefully.

"They knew the headaches that went into putting a stage show together. Having no experience, I wasn't prepared. I was frightened to death every night I walked on the stage. But with 'Remains' I learned again that you can't be afraid to make mistakes. You get swatted down—so what? Just as I've always believed: As long as you're trying, you're learning."

"Did I finally get over my fright?" Jan, eager and alive, said in Chicago.

"After 'Remains To Be Seen,' Jan went back to the night-club circuit. One night at the Copa in New York, Hal Prince, Buddy Griffith and Frederick Brisson, the producers of Broadway's 'Pajama Game,' came to hear her sing. Janis, we haven't any money for our new show yet— but, when we get it, we'll call it 'Pajama Game.' What kind of a part is it?" asked Janis.

"'She's a pajama factory grievance committee leader,' said they.

"Then I knew Janis was back on top. "A what?"

"That's the reaction of the money men," Prince and Griffith and Brisson went on. "Inside a pajama factory they say, 'What kind of a musical?"' But, believe us, Janis, it's going to make a great show. And, when we get the money, we'll call you. Okay?"

"Okay," said Janis, who promptly forgot the interview and went back on the road.

In February of 1954, Jan was in Windsor, Ontario, playing the Casino Royale. "It was a stormy day," she says, "and I was mugging a suddenly my scene manager, Ruth Arons, called. 'Bob Hope has asked to have you on his show,' she told me. 'How would you like to come back to California?"

Jan's appearance on Bob Hope's Hollywood TV show was a great success. To top it off, Jan received word that she was to go into rehearsal for "Pajama Game.

"I was so excited with all the good news," she says, "I nearly flipped! At the Burbank airport waiting for the plane, I was having such a great time celebrating we completely forgot to get the plane—and I missed the plane!

"I was terrified! It was the biggest chance of my life, and here I was sitting 300 miles away! I was even afraid to call the agent in New York, for missing a first rehearsal is unforgivable. But I finally got up enough nerve to call Ruth.

"Well, Jan, Bob's nickname for Janis' expressive visage), 'well, Face, it's about time you missed something!'."

As Ruth later explained, "Janis is the regular 'On-Time Gal.' I was glad she was taking and having a ball—it was about time. And missing one rehearsal didn't really mean so much . . .

The rest is history: Janis Paige was a smoothly running hit in 'Pajama Game.' Her reviews were the sort of thing Hollywood stars dream about but seldom get on Broadway. Jan became the toast of the town.

"If I never win a Tony would happen to me," she says. "I'm the biggest optimist in the world—but, when you think of people like Jackie Gleason and Bob Hope, you can't even think of yourself in the same breath. Besides, so much had already happened to me in the last year that having my own show on TV, too, was almost too much to expect."

After winning her life, Jan has given her all to her new career in television. Recently she made a flying trip to New York to see "Pajama Game." She called in to talk to her old manager, Rut Arons, "Bob Hope never called, 'Miss Paige,' when I got off the plane, the stewardess said, 'Nice having you aboard."

Goodbye, Jan."

When Jan greeted her with, 'Hello, Jan,' the stage manager said, 'Why, look who's back to see us—it's Jan!' And on the streets, in the subways—it seemed everyone was saying, 'Why, it's Jan!'
New Baby To Share

(Continued from page 44)

situation . . . "until," as he says, "it came
time to consider the matter of Vicki and
the new baby." And so it came, then, both Hal
and Ruby were concerned.

Ruby, who is taking a few years' hiatus
from the footlights to star in her impor-
tant real-life role of being a mother,
explains: "The matter was separated
from Vicki. We knew she was bound to
suffer a shock if ever she thought she
might have a rival for our affections."

To prevent a recurrence to Vicki into
their confidence many months before
the baby was due, seeking to share the
coming child with her. "When she asked
questions, Hal says, we'd tell her
straight. We didn't go in for any of this
stork stuff."

On the whole, their approach was most
successful, but it did produce certain
small consternations, Hal recalls: "It was
bad enough when Vicki would run up to
strangers on the street, bend backwards,
and announce proudly, 'See, I've got a
tiny tummy—just like Mummy's!' But, the
day she almost broke up a friendship, we
wondered if we had gone too far."

That happened during a weekend spent
with another young couple who had just
bought a new home in Connecticut. The
place adjoining was one of "estate"
portions, owned by an older woman who
most kindly let us use the swimming
pool. Hal and his friend were lounging
against the stone fence, talking with her,
when small Vicki dashed up, all eyes.
Surprising the woman's amplitude, she
shivered in penetrating childish treble,
"You have a big tummy."

Hal says, "Thank heaven, our host was
quick-witted. Pretending to misunderstand,
he replies, 'Yes, Vicki, Ruby does have a
big Tommy. A beautiful big tom cat.
Let's go try to find him.' That saved
the day. Later, when I found out how self-
conscious the woman really was about
her size, I shuddered to think what Vicki
nearly did to a fine friendship."

Noticing a small undercurrent of fear
in Vicki's growing excitement, Hal and
Ruby realized they must plan the actual
homecoming of the baby as carefully as
they would a second-art climax in a play.
Vicki went to stay in Illinois when Ruby
left for the hospital and, on July 1, 1955,
David Vining Holbrook made a
safe debut into the world via Caesarean
section. When they arrived home, Ruby
put tiny David in his crib in the bedroom
before Hal went to fetch Vicki. On meet-
ing her, he had much to say about "Mum-
my's anxious to see Ruby—but flat a word
about the baby. After opening the door
for the excited child, he vanished. "We
wanted Vicki to have her mother all
to herself when she came home," he
explained.

Mother and daughter were left alone
in the living room and, for half an hour,
they talked and played just as they always
had. At last, to her Ruby—"Yes, a very
happy and calm, she asked, "Do you re-
member, Vicki, what I promised to bring
to you from the hospital?"

Vicki's eyes went delighted recol-
lection, "Oooh, my baby!" she exclaimed.
"Mummy, did you bring me my baby
brother? Where is he?"

Ruby replied gently, "He's waiting for
you in his crib," but it was, in hand, the petite,
light-haired woman and the sunny, sand-
yellowed child walked in to meet the
new member of the family.

Drawing on their skill as actors, Hal and
Ruby had controlled a crisis and brought
it to a happy conclusion. "From then on,
David was Vicki's baby," Hal says proudly.
Instead of having a rival, she had some
one new to love and share generously
with us. She feels secure and her nose
was never 'out of joint,' not for a minute."

Hal, Ruby and their children live in a
modern apartment with large rooms
and big windows, high above Manhattan's
busy streets. It is conveniently close to
a park, a playground and a good nursery
school—both Vicki attends. But, like many
young parents, the Holbrooks are con-
sidering a move to the country. "It sounds
as though it would be good for the chil-
dren—until we realize how it would cut
time we have with them. My schedule
would make commuting difficult, and
Ruby would have a real problem when
she goes back into show business
eventually."

Ruby, whose present contact with the
theater is restricted to a class in modern
dance, has no immediate plans beyond
the hope that, when she does return, it
will be to some production where she and
Hal can work together. That's what they've
always done, since they met on the bare
stage of The St. John's Players, a civic
theater group in chilly Newfoundland.

Hal was then in the United States Army
Engineers, born in Cleveland, Ohio, the
son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Hol-
brook, Sr., he had been reared in Boston.
He prepped at Culver Military Academy
in Indiana, from which both his father
and his uncle had been graduated. "There's
where I got lured into a play," he says.
"And, from then on, it was show business
for me."

Joining a summer stock company in
New York, Hal became his director, for
its director was Edward A. Wright, head
of the drama department at Denison
University, Gran-
ville, Ohio. Hal says, "Ed persuaded me
to go to Denison, and we've been friends
ever since. He was best man at our wed-
ding and he got us started in the theater."

Hal had a year at Denison before the
Army called him and sent him to St.
John's, Newfoundland—the jumping-off
place for Europe. Ruby was a native of
St. John's, the daughter of Emanuel and
Amelia Johnston. "My father," she smiles,
"was the only member of his family who
didn't know salmon. He broke away from the fishing village
where they all lived and went to the big city
(pop. 67,000) to become a traveling sales-
man."

In high school, Ruby appeared in
Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, learned to be
a stenographer, and wondered how she
would ever get from remote St. John's
to New York and they were married.
September 21, 1945, at the Episcopal
Church of the Transfiguration. For them,
the place held a double significance. Hal's
favorite uncle had been married there.
It also was beloved and famous among actors
as "The Little Church Around the
Corner."

As soon as Hal completed his Army
service, they both enrolled at Denison.
They were graduated in 1948, and the
two left on tour immediately. The idea
for this had its germ in one of Ed Wright's
class assignments. "He gave me Mark
Twain's 'An Encounter With an Inter-


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viewer’ and suggested I work it up into a sketch,” Hal says. “I read it through, then grabbed the telephone to protest this was utter corn and I couldn’t do a thing with it.”

With Wright suggested Hal take a second look, paying particular attention to the philosophy behind it. “That’s the way I discovered Mark Twain a third time, a fifth time, a seventh time. It’s just as sharp, just as funny today, as it was when he wrote it. I’ve been a Mark Twain fan ever since.”

The resulting skit became the foundation for a series of small dramas, based on historic characters or scenes from famed plays, which Hal and Ruby worked into two hours of entertainment—a show, which one friend describes as “a sort of Rust Draper, doubled.” They loaded two costume trunks, a sound system, and a trunkful of lights into a station wagon and hit the road.

Hal sums up those eventful and hectic years: “Between 1948 and 1952, we gave over 800 performances. The only states we missed were Arizona, Oregon and Florida. We did go into Canada. We played everywhere from the swank women’s clubs of the North Shore, outside Chicago, to high schools in tank towns where they hadn’t seen a live show since Chautauqua. We’d reach a place in the afternoon, install our lighting and sound equipment, set the stage with the furniture, had asked the local committee to provide, eat a hasty supper, play our show, catch a few hours’ sleep, and get going for our next location. Our schedule while playing high schools was even worse, for then we’d do twelve or thirteen shows a week.

“We drove a thousand miles a week, forty thousand miles a year. In all of that, we missed only one date. A flood marooned us in a town in Texas and we were a day getting out. But we reordered the week and made up the show. The pace was so furious that once Ruby fainted. Fell right down flat in total exhaustion.”

“It sounds almost foolish now,” says Ruby, “but we were young, and we took ourselves seriously—almost too seriously, perhaps—and it was wonderful experience.”

That phase of their lives ended when Ruby became pregnant. As Hal says, “We didn’t want to take any risks, so another girl took Ruby’s place to fill out the remaining dates we had booked. Then a summer-theater job in Massachusetts helped us make a transition to New York.”

That most important young lady, Miss Victoria Holbrook, arrived (also by Caesarean section) on April 22, 1952. Ruby’s only non-maternal assignment that summer was to spend two weeks apartment hunting in New York, which she returned tired out and discouraged. “I was the lucky one,” says Hal. “I got two days off and came in late one Saturday night. Sunday morning, before going to look at the advertised apartments, I stopped to see a friend. An apartment was just being vacated in his building and I got it.”

For two years, Hal has played the role of Grunting Dennis on The Brighter Day. He particularly enjoyed the sequence last summer when Grayling married Sandra Talbot: “It was such a contrast to Ruby’s and my hasty ceremony, away from home and minus the usual trimmings. The wedding on the show went on for days and it really was done beautifully.”

My father, the Reverend Richard Dennis—Blair Davies—read the service, word for word, with absolute solemnity. It was so moving, in fact, that, if Blair actually had given ordain, I’d feel like a bigamist.

While this was being broadcast, Ruby was appreciating it, too: “That’s when I was in the hospital with David, and Ruby was just the nurse I said, ‘My husband got married yesterday.’”

Apartment living had been difficult for Ruby at first. “I felt alone and cut off from home,” she recalls. “I had always worked.” Shortly, however, the closeness of Hal’s and Ruby’s partnership provided an antidote. She became what Hal calls, “My chief audience and critic. We work out our material together.”

Most of this new material concerns Hal’s increasingly important characterization of Mark Twain. As this is written, he has only begun to introduce it, for national viewing, on the Ed Sullivan Show, but the exact date has not been set. Nightly, however, New Yorkers enjoy Hal’s performance as Mark Twain’s Hall of Fame, called “Upstairs at the Duplex.” Downstairs at the Duplex is the bar, but the parlor floor of this charming old house which dates back to the American Revolution is Upstairs. Where Colonial ladies once danced the minuet, Hal and several friends, who have a participating interest in the room, stage their show. It is a quiet, intimate little place, so delightful indeed, even the premiere of the “Guys and Dolls,” Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Wally Cox and a group of friends came in “for a few minutes and stayed.”

In such a place, Hal’s Mark Twain is as much at home as if that sharp-witted gentleman had just strolled over from Tenth Street, where he once lived, to have a bit of conversation with friends. For Hal’s impersonation of him is amazingly accurate, from snowy white curls (Hal wears a wig) to the rich, resonant voice. It was Mr. Samuel Clemens made Mark Twain’s trademark. With such an illusion of reality, it is not surprising that a beloved humorist repeats himself too often, and Ruby continues to increase his repertoire.

Hal, now an intense student of Mark Twain’s writing, admits he gets carried away. “I want to include everything, But—delightful to know, the premiere of a new play, and when, of course, we compose our show, we write to the other direction and cut it too tight, assuming that everyone else also knows what has gone before. Moreover, often, that can result in people not even knowing what I’m talking about. That’s where Ruby turns critic. Whenever I prepare a new Mark Twain piece, I try it on her and we work it out together.”

“Working it out” involves far more than memorizing Mark Twain’s words. The characterization takes a great deal of life because Hal and Ruby are the growing group of college-trained young actors who are capable of working in all dimensions of show business. Not only can each play a part, but they are also able to do virtually anything, so that we do everything necessary to produce that scene. They can write or edit a script. They are equally adept in “mounting” that show of theirs. A stage design, a set, paint, a flat, install the scenery, arrange the lights, hook up an amplifying system. When, in large productions, such work is not required of them, the confidence which comes from knowing how it should be done. They also can design and sew a costume. While costumes usually are Ruby’s responsibility, Hal did his own for Grunting Dennis.

“It became sort of a dedicated thing, once I had started,” he explains. “I had a couple of white suits when we were on the roads. The time we reached New York, they were worn out. I went to a costumer and the price they wanted was staggering.”

So Hal went to a costumer, and Hal shopped: “We found some white linen of a quality which Mark Twain would have liked. Then we bought patterns for slacks and vest and sport coat. We ordered them to suit the style of his period. Then I cut them out and sewed them. I intended to do every stitch myself, but, when it came to the buttonholes, I was stumped. Ruby had to do those.”

It’s needed to be done with such careful attention to detail, that Mark Twain has become as much a member of their family as a great-uncle. While neither Hal nor Ruby admit to having any plans to have any of their youngers try impersonations of Becky Thatcher and Tom Sawyer, Vicki’s hair is turning the right pinkish-blonde color, and David’s eye is already beginning to reflect Mr. Samuel Clemens’ mischievous twinkle.

With the Holbrook talent and the Holbrook habit of sharing every experience with each other—which they do not, as with the Holbrooks, Mark Twain’s wondrous dream children—as well as Mark Twain himself—may again come to life. What would it be a brighter day for all devotees of Americans, as well as for the many admirers of Grunting Dennis!
Three Young Musketeers

(Continued from page 68) liked both boys, but the decision was made in favor of Glenn... Ronnie was a little too old and too tall. Upset? "Not one bit," smiled his father. "After being the older and more experienced of the two—he had already done a number of commercials—Ronnie willingly did all he could to help Glenn over this first hurdle. In fact, it's been said that he's the only Young Musketeer who's not afraid to take a beating with the strenuous schedule.

"Despite the difference in their ages," says Mrs. Walken, "Glenn and Ronnie sound very much alike. And until very recently, when Glenn moved out to the West Coast, Glenn had a running part in it, as well as his current assignment as young Mike Bauer in The Guiding Light. There will still be much of Glenn so he'd be able to "duplicate" his own performance for the TV version of The Guiding Light! Ronnie takes great pride in his brother's success.

Just to keep the records straight, the "sibling" department is neither new nor one-sided. Two summers ago, Ronnie picked up a part in Exploring God's World—with the understanding that, if it presented a conflict with previous commitments, brother Glenn could substitute... which he did. For one so young in years, Glenn has shown a remarkable flair and ability dating right back to his early modeling days. "He always seemed to know just what to do," his mother reported. And the cameraman who could tell him what pose to strike, Glenn would seem to sense that in this picture he probably should have his head in his jacket pocket, his thumb tucked in his gloves, or whatever the case might be.

When Glenn went into TV and radio, this ability stood him good stead, as did his quick memory. He not only memorized his own lines quickly but, by the time rehearsals are over, he's apt to know most of the lines of the other characters. "Actually," Mrs. Walken continues, "all three boys have been known to get together and work on our script for next week. We're studying scripts at night I'm always pleased to see how they honestly try to help each other and accept all criticism in the spirit in which it was intended.

This somewhat formal atmosphere in the Walken household is quite the talk of the network casting departments, for when one is called in for a tryout and told he is either too big or too little, the casting director is sure to hear: "I've got a brother..."

Being the eldest, Ken has had a hand in the professional development of both of his younger brothers. Whether or not this has any effect on his future career thoughts, he is now of the mind that—after college—he would like to get into the directing and producing end of the business. And, he continues to get as much experience in as many phases of acting as possible, and for the past several summers has sweated it out on the straw-hat circuit in Woodstock and Atlantic City. On Broadway, he appeared in "The Climate of Eden" and "Anniversary Waltz." His TV credits would make many an older actor envious, and include such popular shows as One, Kraft Theater, Your Show Of Shows, Mama, the Jackie Gleason Show and Treasury Men In Action—to name a few. This is not to be taken lightly, much as their ages necessitate; Ronnie and Glenn can list many of these same shows on their casting cards. In addition, they both appeared in the movie, The Marrying Kind.

starring Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray. And Ronnie—the only musical member of this Walken trio—also appeared in Broadway's "Madame Butterfly." To other, fun-loving youngsters, this may seem like a lot of work, but not to the Walken boys, who all agree they're having a ball. School? Well, that's another thing. Even the Walkens are enrolled in New York's Professional Children's School, which they attend—except when on an acting assignment—from 10:00 A.M. to 2:15 or 2:30 P.M. Because of his running part in Guiding Light, Glenn cannot attend the school and must be tutored after hours.

One of the questions most frequently asked of Mr. Walken concerns what people think of as the "irregular" lives of Ken, Ronnie and Glenn... don't they miss the activities most boys include in their growing-up days? Actually, there are very few "regular" activities of the boys' brothers. As mother-secretary-manager of her brood, Mrs. Walken sees to it that their assignments never cut into their boyhood.

Just like all the other boys, they have certain and definite responsibilities around the house. Glenn, for instance, rakes leaves and helps with the chores. During the rest of the year, he sweeps out the garage and driveway to earn his spending money. Last summer, Ronnie religiously mowed the lawn of a neighborhood Saturday morning for sixty-five cents.

Like most of their neighborhood friends, they, too, have pets... the only difference being they have a few more than most—including two dogs of questionable ancestry, named Blondie and Penny, and a cat. As with most boys, they have their collection of old model cars, a few vintage stamps, and Ronnie, knives. Both younger brothers are boat and plane enthusiasts... if you ask Glenn what he wants to do when he grows up, quick as a flash he replies: "Be an actor and buy a yacht for all the family."

There's a game room on the fourth floor of the Walkens' ten-room home in Bayville, Long Island, which houses an elaborate train set and a complete lab. Glenn's lab equipment is installed in the basement playroom, for it's in this one activity that Mrs. Walken has found evidence of brotherly rivalry. "There have been a few experiments to take place, how it should be handled and the division of clean-up chores.

No, there's very little these three boys have missed because of "working." Rather, there's a great deal they have missed. Although they've always enjoyed their "working" hours, they've learned to make the most of their leisure. And by working together, they've developed a family pride that will stand by them throughout their lives.

When it comes to Walken family pride, perhaps nothing compares to Papa Paul Walken, who owns his own bake shop in Astoria, Long Island. Three or four times a week, there's sure to be a large platter in his shop window reading: "Be sure to see the new Ken (or Ronnie) today in The Guiding Light (or Studio One or Robert Montgomery Presents, or whatever the show may be)."

So... it's no wonder that, no matter in the acting profession after they've grown up or move on to other vocations... Mr. and Mrs. Walken have the satisfaction of left-winging this—because of the loyalty developed in their formative years—Ken, Ronnie and Glenn will remain a one-for-all and all-for-one trio... three happy musketeers of the acting profession!

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POMPEIAN MILK CREAM
My Sister—Dinah Shore

(Continued from page 38)

from the table and headed for the kitchen, poised and charmingly graceful in her full-length mink coat, she didn't de
serve it," she said with sincerity and mod-
esty, as she accepted the award, "but you have given me a goal to work for. ..." Any further mention that she might have had on her
mind was cut short by a thunderous ovation.

As I watched Dinah leave the podium, I couldn't help but remember those days
together. To Mother, to Dad, to me, and to the rest of her family and friends, she
was just little Fannye Rose then—and
hardly the charming, well-organized
girl I'd developed.

I'll never forget the day Mother called both of us to her room, before we took off
for a birthday party. Fannye Rose was then three, pretty and peppery and full of the
dickens. ... "Now you listen to your
sister," Mother implored upon her. "Do
what she tells you to do, behave like a
little lady, and don't stuff yourself."

One hour later—along with almost two
dozen other boys and girls—we were
seated around the huge, beautifully deco-
rated table, crowded with cakes, cookies, ice cream, and chocolate. Before Fannye
Rose and I were at opposite ends of the

table, she had to yell at the top of her
voice to get my attention above all the
noise there.

The chatter immediately died down.
Everyone looked at her. Fannye Rose
picked up a scoop so heavily laden with
ice cream that her head drooped. When she
sides "This isn't too big a bite, is it, sis-
ter?"... Embarrassed—I was then
at the very "proper" age of ten—I pleaded
with her to take a little less. With a sigh of
disappointment, she dutifully obeyed.

In a way, it isn't surprising that my
sister developed into a self-assured, suc-
cessful performer. Even as a child, she
loved an audience. There were occasions,
however, when her timing was a little dis-
turbing! ... One evening, my boyfriend
and I were in the foyer of our apartment,
feeling as romantic as only teenagers can
get. Suddenly the upstairs window flew
open, Fannye Rose stuck out her head, and
started singing "My Old Kentucky Home"—
that almost ruined my first romance!

Before my boyfriend came back, I made
my little sister promise to refrain from
using Seligmans—when I later married
—me to take Fannye Rose along on our
date.

Having decided to go for a ride, we
bundled her into the back seat, where
she soon fell asleep. On the way home, we
stopped at a drive-in for a bite to eat.
"You hadn't had his dinner, felt starved.
Rather short of money at the time, he
seemed quite happy that Fannye Rose
wasn't awake.

Instead of the hop brought the menu, Fannye Rose woke up. It didn't
take her long to make up her mind what
she wanted, "I'd like a chicken sandwich,
shorts and a root beer," she said.

I noticed that Maurice began to squirm
in his seat. It was the most expensive item
on the menu. But Fannye Rose wasn't
through. "And a malted milk shake,
please! With three scoops of ice
cream.

I'd already ordered my hamburger, so
the waitress turned to Maurice. "And your
order?" "A coke," he said unhappily, be-
cause that was all he could still afford.

Of course, little Fannye Rose didn't
realize what she was doing, at that time.
Actually, she's— and has always been—one
of the most generous persons I have
ever known.

As Fannye grew up, she developed into
such a likeable, popular young girl that
the telephone would buzz at our house
at all hours of the day or evening with
her ardent admirers at the other end of
the line.

In those days my sister had a particular
weakness for football players—big, strong,
muscular hunks of men who looked as
though they might win the Miss America
contest. It was about one of these
Mother became a little con-
cerned one evening. "Bessie, you have
to talk to Linda. She told me when I came
back from a date. "When your dad and
I came home we found her in the
living room—necking!"

I couldn't see anything droolingly wrong
with that. "You're so young and|thoughts were a bit more
conservative. However, the idea of
my giving my sister a lecture made me feel
 uneasy. "Why don't you talk to her?"

I knew it'll have more influence
coming from you. "

In those days I didn't realize why, but
I do today. There's often a bigger gap
between sisters—or even girlfr"end
tween sisters—or even girlfriends who
are closer to each other in age and out-
look. This holds just as true today with
my own daughter, Linda, who is just one-
twenty-three. "Yes, I'm lifting my head,"

Many times, Linda prefers to talk about
her problems to her Aunt Dinah, whom
she considers "more her age," than to
me. As for John, he thinks me a moron when
it comes to his favorite subject, cars. But
Aunt Dinah—particularly since she started
to sell Chevrolet on her bi-weekly tele-
vision program—trolls their car winner
in the courtroom, and he can discuss the subject with her
for hours.

Considering Dinah's present character-
istics, it is not unlikely that she could have changed that much, in
some respects. For instance, nowadays she is
the best organized woman I know. It is
amazing how she runs her house,
hold and integrates her motherly duties
with her career obligations. She never
seems rushed, always manages to keep a
cheerful disposition, no matter how many
problems we all have.

Her sense for organization was more
than evident on a recent trip to Oregon.
During her two-day stay, she let herself
be interviewed by forty editors of high-
school papers in southern Washington and
northern California, saw every disk jockey
in the area, had lunch with Governor Paul
Patterson of Oregon and dinner with
Mayor Fred Peterson of Portland, spent
one hour signing autographs in a depart-
ment store, and another hour for the
Masonic Temple. She was also
appointed temporary Fire Commis-
sioner in Portland, had a meeting with
her old friends, interviewed a scroll
from 7,500 girls and, all along, made
certain that her husband, George Mont-
gomery—who accompanied her on the trip—
and enough time to go duck hunting!

She'd have believed this could ever
happen, recalling the time Mother scolded
our maid for picking up Fannye Rose's
clothes. "Let her put them away, Yaya,"
the maid insisted. "You spoil her something
terrible..."

"Yes'm," Yaya replied, and dropped all
the clothes right back on the floor—till
Mother had left the room. Then she picked
them all up again and put them neatly
away.

Mother finally got wise to it. Since she
couldn't very well blame our maid for
warming the house, she herself
would get the clothes out of the closet
again and scatter them where they'd been
on the floor—for Dinah to pick up. My
father was in Washington, so they had
constant picking up, putting away, and
dropping again on the floor, than when she
actually had them on!

It was necessity that forced Dinah to
change. When she was out on her own,
without Yaya to look after her, she could
be as neat as a pin. Actually, Dinah hates
disorganization. As a child, she just didn't
wire to change, but now, after her
husband, she sees about it—as well as she
could make do for herself. She

In my opinion, my sister's happy dispo-
sion is one of the pillars of her success.
In her younger days, this was brought
about through our own happy home life,
and the wonderfully close-knit relation-
ship we had with our parents and ourselves.
That's why our mother's passing—the first
real tragic event in Dinah's life—shook
her so hard.

When it happened, Maurice and I—mar-
ried a year—were living in St. Louis,
where my husband studied medicine. Dad
was away on business and Dinah was at
home all by herself to cope with the situ-
ation.

It came as a double shock, because
Mother hadn't even been ill. As a matter
of fact, she was in a golf tourna-
ment the day before. Fannye Rose
seemed psychic about what was going to
happen, judging by what she told me after
Maurice and I rushed home upon receiv-
ing the news.

She went to school that Tuesday morn-
ing as usual. About ten-thirty, right in the
middle of a class, she felt something was
wrong. "Mother's going to die," she
explained. But she didn't know why, or
what—after all, there had been no indi-
cations—but she knew she had to get
home, quickly.

She was asked to be excused from class.
Since it was against all rules to leave
class without a concrete reason, the
teacher turned her down at first. But
Fanny Rose was so insistant that she finally let her go.

My sister rushed home, even ran the last distance from the streetcar stop to the house. The moment she saw the doctor in the hallway, she knew her fears were justified. She walked into Mother's room just five minutes past four.

I've never seen anyone more broken-hearted than Fanny Rose when Maurice and I arrived from St. Louis for the funeral.

My husband—one of the most wonderful, understanding men in the world—knew what was on my mind the day after. That's why he suggested we move back to Nashville, where he continued his internship.

Fanny Rose's and my close relationship, temporarily interrupted, was quickly re-established. She called me secretly—and also her strongest supporter—when it came to convincing Daddy to let her do what she wanted to do most: Act.

He hadn't objected to Dinah's show in plays at school, or even appearing on our local radio station occasionally. But this newest idea of hers—working with a stock company—he didn't approve. On the other hand, I felt that, if much depended on it, she should go ahead, and I helped talk Daddy into giving his reluctant approval.

It was during Fanny Rose's senior year in college that she really became serious about show business. As president of her sorority, she was sent to Vermont for a convention. In Vermont, she met a friend in New York City. There, as a result of an audition at a local radio station, WNEW, she was offered a job and immediately called home to get Dad's blessing. Immediately he approved.

The next morning, Dad, Maurice, and I had a council of war—so to speak—to decide what to tell Dinah. And we decided that, since it was fire and time, we'd better get a job, she should come home, finish college, then return to New York, because she certainly shouldn't have any trouble getting employment the year after.

However, we agreed not to order her back. "If you don't finish college, you might regret it for the rest of your life," I told her when I called that afternoon.

"But think of the money I'm missing," she cried out unhappily.

Point by point, I went over what Daddy and Maurice and I had discussed—the telephone bill, the biggest expense she had—then left the decision up to her. Fanny Rose came home to finish school.

A year later, having received her B.A. degree, she was back in New York City, changed her name to Dinah Shore, and had made me worried. On the one hand, I felt certain she could look after herself all right. On the other she was still my little sister, and I had the greatest respect for her all alone. And so I talked some other girls I knew, who were also on their way to New York, into moving in with Dinah to look after her.

She got the job she was after, but it didn't work out as well as she'd expected. Before long she found herself without enough funds to pay her way. Afraid that Dad might disapprove, she decided to desert her home—she still didn't like the idea that his daughter was in show business—Maurice and I secretly sent her some money. But she still didn't feel right. She had found out he insisted on doing share, too. Though he didn't change his mind about her career till she got her first big break at the New York State, he sat in the audience, watching her, pretending to be asleep. You would have thought then that this had been his idea from the start!

Shortly after, Maurice and I settled down in New York, and Dinah moved in with us. We stayed together till she went to Hollywood.

In a way, all this looks like a long time ago, although it really wasn't. We, too, left New York after my husband went into the service during World War II. When the war was over, they called on Dinah's "chamber-of-commerce" talks, we decided to follow her to the West Coast. Until we bought our own home, we lived with my sister and George, whom she had married in the meantime.

Even though we were separated for a number of years, Dinah and I never really grew apart. Whatever problems were on her mind, whatever decisions she had to make, she always included me in her thinking—with one notable exception: George Montgomery.

Dinah had been going out with quite a number of fellows when she met George, and at first I didn't think she was serious about him. But more and more her letters were full of "George did this" and "George got to do that". We knew generally all about him and little about her anymore. Nevertheless, I was still surprised the night she called us from Las Vegas, to tell us she and George had gotten married!

We really learned to appreciate Dinah's choice when George came to San Antonio, to make a training film for the Army, and stayed us. My mother was stationed there at the time. We also realized why Dinah had fallen in love with him. In many ways, he is much like Daddy—conservative, considerate, quiet, a wonderful person, through and through. We knew that her marriage was going to be a happy one...

Since Dinah and George have moved into their new home in Beverly Hills, we live just a few miles apart. Actually, we are as close as the telephone—of which we make ample use. Dinah still calls me for advice (lately, this has worked both ways), although I'm not quite so unbiased in opinion as well), particularly when it comes to raising her daughter, Missy. Since I have two children, a daughter, nineteen, and a son, fifteen, she seems to consider me an authority.

At the same time, in some respects her advice carries more weight with my children than my own. Take her influence on Linda. Linda used to feel was getting a bit too heavy for her age. Not much, just a few pounds. But I thought she ought to watch it. For weeks, I tried to talk her into going on a diet, with no success. Dinah managed it almost overnight.

When trimmed down to her right proportions, Linda can wear Dinah's clothes, most of which she sooner or later inherits from her generous aunt. When Dinah noticed Linda was putting on too much weight—instead of letting her take out the dresses at the seams, she insisted that she buy them big enough for her other garment. It took my daughter just three weeks to get back to her normal weight.

Dinah is not only generous, she is also a very nice person, in the fullest sense of the word. That's why I got so annoyed when I first came to Hollywood, and an acquaintance of hers congratulated me on being such a "nice girl" level-headed...

"She's an intelligent girl with good upbringing," I protested. "Naturally, success wouldn't change her.

That's true. But Hollywood is a strange place, and saw what success can do to people unaccustomed to the limelight—and even to those who are—I really learned to appreciate the fact that, throughout her career, my sister has managed to keep her sense of values.

I really am very proud of my little Fanny Rose, who grew up to be Dinah Shore.
Big Man-About-Home

(Continued from page 32) found that some of them—the women, bless 'em—feel that there are things that they themselves shouldn't do.

"Then, too, we've noticed that the program has made us all a lot humbler than I was," Hugh admits. "Like a great many men, I like to cook, and I used to think that I was pretty good at it. But, since I've been on the show and have met the people of the other wonderful people—meaning women!—can do, I'm not so proud of the things I can make.

"There are other things I've learned on Home which I've been doing happily for years. For instance, I've learned a lot of new terms for things I've known all along without really knowing their names. There's the classic example of how, before you put on a sofa or a day bed, before Home, the only 'bolster' I knew about had to do with courage. It's the same way about 'pink.' I know now that it's more than a color—it's a way of finishing the edge of cloth so it won't ravel. There's 'Julienne,' too. Before, I thought it might be a lost jewel or something along that line. Now, I know it's a way of fixing vegetables!"

Perhaps it's only natural that, being surrounded on the air by so many women, Hugh has had to find ways of proving that a "mere male" has his accomplishments, too. At any rate, he's found himself performing the roles of boat owner, chef and one thing that a homemaker has not attempted before he joined Home.

"For some reason or other," Hugh grins, "I find that I'm more inclined now to do things that I wouldn't have done before. For instance, a few months ago, Home was out in San Francisco and there was a tiger shark we were going to show on the program. Well, the story got to my wife Ruth that I was going to do swimming with the shark, and Ruth didn't take kindly to the idea—to say the least. Then she was told it was all a gag—which it had been—and she wasn't too worried about it.

"But, for some strange reason, I decided I wanted to hold the shark for a close-up on the air. I didn't go into the pool, mind you. But I got a thing out of water—and, sure enough, at air time I held it and showed it. Ruth didn't see the episode at the time of the performance, because it's a delayed telecast. The next day, however, she was at the pool and Ruth saw me handling that shark—well, I'm afraid she wasn't too pleased about it either!"

Well . . . what wife would have been happy, to see her husband "wrestling" a tiger shark! But, if Ruth wasn't pleased, she never showed her displeasure. She and Hugh lead a happy life with their two children. And, in their home just outside Stamford, Connecticut, Hugh is not out-numbered. For his wife is a producer of the television show. There, he has his son, Hugh Raymond, 10, to side with him against Ruth and their daughter, Deirdre, 7, in those mid-periods; the masculine and feminine views don't always coincide.

The house the Downs family lives in is a pleasant one and not at all showy. It's situated on an acre of grounds which are in need of some attention. It's a very little formal gardening—which is the way the Downses like it. But what gardening there is to be done, Hugh does, just like he does on Saturdays or in the evenings after work.

In their home, Ruth and Hugh do the things they like to do. They enjoy re-finishing early American furniture, and they do it well. Their interest in things early American may stem from the fact that Hugh is widely-read in American history and the family enjoys traveling around New England by car in the summertime, seeing the places where events took place. They just pile into the car and drive in any direction that takes their fancy, stop whenever they want to, and go back home when the spirit moves them. That way, the children learn a bit of history in a vivid and memorable way, and the family has a good time together.

Like many people who live outside New York, Hugh and Ruth do many activities that are typical commuter, although he has to get an earlier train than most commuters do. He is due at the studio at 7:45 every morning. And viewers assume that he is there on time, to have the T:02 train.

"I get up at 5:30 every morning and make my own breakfast," Hugh says. "After all, that's too early to ask anyone to get up unless they have to. Then I drive to the station.

"When we used to live a little farther out, I had to get up earlier—I'd have to be there at 7:30. Of course it went through Westport earlier. Then, I didn't have a chance to see the family in the morning, because I had to be out of the house by 8. Now I have a little time with them before I have to leave for the station."

Hugh drives to the station in his own car which he uses to take the children to the nearby school, to do the household shopping and the like. He's a household man and one things that a homemaker hasn't attempted before he joined Home.

When Hugh is a bit rushed to get to the studio, he leaves the train at 125th street in New York and takes a taxi to the studio. He prefers to travel by commuter, he goes on to the Grand Central Terminal and travels to the studio by subway.

On the return trip, when Hugh Downs steps off the commuters' train in Stan-ford of an evening, he looks like a great many of the other men going home from a hard day's work. He has his book (there's nothing performer-ish about his appearance. He is five feet, ten inches tall, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. His compl-xion has a healthy ruddy glow. He has a pleasant smile, one that is good taste and, when he speaks, he does so in well-modulated tones which indicate none of his Midwestern background."

For Hugh was born in Akron, Ohio, on February 14, 1921—St. Valentine's Day. His family moved to Lima, Ohio, soon after his birth, and it was in Lima that Hugh got his grammar-school and high-school education. For his college work, he went to Bluffton College in Ohio, and to Tiffin, Ohio, to play football and track.

During his high-school and college days, Hugh began his present career by doing part-time work as a radio-station announcer. In 1943, after service in the Army Air Forces, he joined the staff of the National Broadcasting Company, and he's been on it ever since. It was in Chicago that Hugh used to broad-cast his first radio show, an overnight show Home which he does these days. He also announced such shows as Kukla, Fran And Ollie, Hawkins Falls, and Garwosy Act.

But the most important thing that happened to Hugh in Chicago was his meeting with Ruth Sheahan. She was a radio director at NBC there, but Hugh decided that he'd change that. He did. He married the girl.

Hugh and his family moved to New York from Chicago, when the executives at NBC decided that Mr. Downs was the man to appear with all the women on Home. Here, his duties include being host, co-host, skirt-flower, shopping editor and general all-around actor—making him one of the most versatile people on television.

And the air, too, Hugh is a man of many talents, expert at any number of hobbies. He cooks, of course—although, since being on the program, he has more time to become a better one. He enjoys making salads, which he does well. He has a singing voice so good that he sings on the program about once a month and has even been asked to sing on radio and television, where his records can be bought (Hugh hasn't made any records). He likes high-fidelity sound reproduction and is good enough at it to have put on a segment about it on Home. Hugh's also something of a composer and has had at least one of his pieces played—and praised—on a national radio and television show. He reads philosophy, as well, and his American history is able to discuss both with authority.

Still other things that Hugh finds time for are his membership in a gourmets' club (he is the joint owner of a sailboat), and horseback riding. Quite frequently, when Hugh and his family are on vacation, they visit friends on a ranch in the Far West, where Hugh races, other, less civilized horsemen across the plains—and often wins.

Perhaps one of the reasons Hugh has so much time for his many hobbies is the fact that he can forget about his work completely, when he leaves the studio. He enjoys being able to "turn off his 'working' mind" until the next morning, when he returns to the studio. That leaves his mind free for his hobbies of his.

One of the things that interests Hugh most—outside of Home—is astronomy. He is a member of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada and is consultant for the University of Chicago. He owns himself two telescopes—obviously, a difficult, time-consuming and exacting accomplishment. And, when it was announced that at least one house that the United States was going to launch a man-made satellite, NBC called on Hugh to serve as consultant and appear as host on a half-hour special documentary television program, explaining the project and explaining it to the public.

Along that line, Hugh would like, some time in the future, to put on a couple of really good science shows, preferably on television. He feels that there is a distinct need for such programs and believes that he would be able to make understandable the scientific material which the average man doesn't "get" because he doesn't have the specialized training needed.

But, most of all, Hugh hopes to continue to have the girls he enjoys working with—and the private home he goes to every evening, where he enjoys life with Ruth and their children, his home and his books. And he finds it in both homes because—as he himself has said—"I love women."
Close as a Heartbeat

(Continued from page 62)

He isn’t due at the studio until seven-thirty so, during the morning, he got up early and worked from seven until ten in the courtyard, which he converted into a back yard. He picked up the flagstone, replaced it with a new one that has one-fifteenth of an acre of grass. He ppered the dining room by staying up all of one night.

“Tom way behind schedule,” he says. “I’ll tell you what gets in the way: I get work planned, and friends drop in for conversation—or you start to help the kids out with their homework and the evening’s shot—and then Peter will ask, or he will take precedence over a project or hobby. He gets great satisfaction out of making something with tools or a spade, but human beings come first. If something has to be put off until the next day, it’s more human to put off an electric drill than a child or wife.”

As to that name “Parker,” she says, “I know it’s an unusual name for a girl. After all, I spent all of my school years defending and explaining the name—and I have no idea where it comes from. She adds, less belligerently, “My father wasn’t expecting a girl baby and, when they asked him what he wanted to name the girl, he put down ‘Parker’—a family name. He could never change it later. He went down to city hall later, but they wouldn’t let him change it.”

Parker is very much a feminine name when applied to girls. For example, Mrs. Hobbs is very feminine. She is elegant and fair, with blue eyes and blonde hair that is distinctly lemonade pink in color. “On television, I photograph better with blonde hair,” she explains. “But I’m a natural redhead with Irish coloring, so I don’t look right with really blonde hair. I didn’t know what to do about it, then a friend suggested we pour on some pink vegetable dye—the kind you use in cookies. It’s harmless enough, so we did. I became a pink blonde, and I think it’s a friendly color.”

When an actress with pink-blond hair marries an actor with the metabolism of a goat, anything can happen. It’s usually said that, when two people marry, they become one. In the case of Peter and Parker, both were in their thirties; both had been previously married, and Parker contributed two boys to the wedding; Peter, three daughters.

Peter and Parker had never met before 1953, although both were in the theater and both had been raised in New York. Actually, Peter was born in France, where his father, an American physician, was serving with a British cavalry unit. He was attached to the British army. But he was still an infant when his father died in the flu epidemic that followed the war, and his mother brought him back to the States, so he is one of the “Lost Boys.”

“You’re the child of father of the man,” Peter quotes. “As a kid, I had varied interests, too, and I was very serious about them. I built radio sets for a few years, then went into a long period with model airplanes, and then it was stamps.”

His mother had been an actress and she encouraged him to take part in speech classes. In fourth grade, he won a declamation contest. As a youngster, he attended the Friends School in Manhattan, although he is not a Quaker, and he went to prep school in New Hope, Pennsylvania.

At the point where Peter left off, “I first announced that I would be an actor. It seemed that all the other boys knew exactly what they wanted to be, and I didn’t. But, since no one else had thought of being an actor, I made that my choice.”

Actually, circumstances led him to be an actor. He majored in dramatics at Bard College in New York, and he took part in school plays there. This got him a job as a summer-stock electrician at the end of his sophomore year. He worked back again the following summer, and this resulted in his getting small parts to play. But his first real big chance came when he began to work with little-theater groups.

“I was also,” he adds, “a guinea pig for some Army doctors who were developing a technique for dealing with amputees. The stuff used to make me awful sick. The first time, I was in for a couple of hours. Oh, I was sick. But the medics said I was rendering a great service. They particularly said this when they asked me to repeat the test. But I tried it again and I got sick again.”

Peter was saved by the draft from further patriotic agony in the cause of medical science. He was assigned, after training, to the Third Army Combat Engineers. He served in France, Belgium and Germany, where he was knocked out by a mortar shell at the Bulge. He was a buck sergeant, and his squad had such duties as detonating and lifting mines, clearing road blocks, blowing up bridges. Half of his company didn’t return.

After the war, in 1945, Peter made his Broadway debut in a Theater Guild production. The following year, he understudied Marlon Brando. In 1949, he played in the Ingrid Bergman production of “Joan of Lorraine.” He had the male lead opposite Joan Blondell in “Happy Birthday” and, in 1950, replaced Tom Helmore in “Clutterbuck.” Until “Teahouse of the August Moon” went on the road, he served as an understudy and performed almost a hundred times in the Broadway showing.

Peter Hobbs has been on many TV shows—Suspense, Studio One, You Are There, Schlitz Playhouse and others—but he got chosen for The Secret Storm under unusual and rather trying circumstances.

“In 1952,” he recalls, “I worked in the summer theater at Westhampton and, when they offered me a job next year as a resident director and actor, I thought it was a good deal. It wasn’t, for, in 1953, most of the plays were coming in as ‘packages’ and my only work was to coach a couple of actors in very minor parts and to play them myself. It wasn’t interesting. It wasn’t much to do.”

But it happened that Robert O’Byrne, the business manager of the playhouse, was the husband of Gloria Marcy, who was to be director of The Secret Storm when it premiered in February of 1954. She saw Peter Hobbs work at the West Hampton Playhouse and decided he was to be Peter Ames.

“I was disgusted and disinterested at the time,” Peter says. “I still can’t see what made her like me.”

“Peter’s wrong,” says Parker. “He’s never less than marvelous. He couldn’t be a bad actor if he tried.”

Parker herself literally stumbled into show business. As a student at the Metropolitan Opera for ballet lessons to cure her awkwardness. She was so well cured that she was offered a job in the ballet, but turned it down, disillusioned by the pay.

Her father, an engineer and designer of machinery, died when she was eleven.
years old, and Parker was raised by her mother and an aunt. They didn’t live in posh surroundings. But she had a talent for music, and her singing made her a star in Manhattan and neither does money. When it came time for her to go to college, a very nice thing happened to her. She had attended Riverside Church, decided to finance her.

Parker went to Wheaton College with the idea of becoming a writer, but she began to act in school plays. He was a star. So she decided to switch ambitions. She persuaded the pastor of Riverside and he took the matter back to talk over with the superintendent. Everyone agreed and, after two years at Wheaton, Parker spent two years at the Studio of the Theater School, famous as the Theatre.

She came out of the Studio and she was ready. She had been to Iceland last year as a CAT (Civilian Actor Technician). "I went to Iceland with two other actresses," she recalls. One was a blonde and one was a brunette and I was the third. We thought it was so funny. Three different physical types. Later we discovered that a General had requisitioned us by size and color.

She and Peter met in late fall of 1952, when both had been legally separated for several years. No one could anticipate their meeting, and the way it came about was quite a quirk.

"Kodak Company was making a color film in Alabama," Parker recalls, "and my agent suggested that I apply for the female lead in the film. He was to be a one-month job, which meant security, and Parker was interested. Her agent explained further that she would be applying for the part of a mother and told Parker to take one photo of her oldest boy along so that they wouldn’t think she looked too young.

Parker took along her older son, Dall, who was then almost ten. And Dall took over the audition and sold her son and himself. "I remember the man asked Dall if he were an actor," Parker laughs, "and Dall said, ‘No, but if you hire my mother I’ll be in it for nothing.’"

So Parker met Dall and her younger son, Richard, who was about six, were hired for the picture. And the man cast as the father in the picture was Peter Hobb.

It was during the time that they got very close to the boys. "No film could be shot when there was the slightest overcast," Peter recalls, "and on those days we went fishing. It got so the boys prayed for rain."

The boys became fond of Peter and did everything possible to encourage a romance between Peter and their mother. The encouragement consisted mostly of telling what a great guy Peter was. And they told Parker what a great gal their mom was. In August, 1954, they married. "My girls got to meet Parker several times before he married," Parker remarks. Peter was a bit of a problem boy. Instead, they made a sneak trip up to Concord, New Hampshire, where the boys were in camp. They would holler at Peter on the air, and at the wedding, Dall gave the bride a wedding ring.

"I remember the minister put the ring on Richie’s thumb, so he wouldn’t lose it, and we took such a big shindig. They still insist that Pete married me for their sake. Just because he always wanted sons. I know better. I know that Pete married me for the grand piano."

Pete loves music. He has two guitars and a banjo. When he married Parker, she brought along a baby grand which also plays rolls. Peter had already acquired a player-organ.

Parker had a good baritone voice and has recently taken to song on The Secret Storm—for Peter Ames of TV had once hoped to be a composer or a concert pianist, and is a hit of a musician himself.

In the Hobb household, the grand and guitars and banjo are clustered in one corner of the living room. The player-organ in the living room is too wide to make the turn—but there is plenty of room in the hall. There is lots of space everywhere for it’s a big four-floor house with thirteen to sixteen rooms. As the Hobb family like to say, take a count, it comes out differently, so we’ve stopped worrying about it.

They had to have a large house. Peter’s girl in the neighborhood. She’s from Long Island, but they visit with Peter many weekends and during vacations, so there must be room for them. In fact, Peter has finished off only one bedroom—Ann, who is just shy of thirteen. Her favorite colors are pink and yellow. Peter carpeted and painted the room in these colors and built her a small table. His second and daughter is Jennifer, almost nine, and his youngest is Nancy, seven.

"Nancy is self-sufficient and honorable," says Parker. "She never asks if she can help. She has a charming way of coming in and picks up a towel and begins dry. And she’s so upright. She came to me one day, when something was spilled on the floor, and said, ‘I really shouldn’t—but..."

ATTACK CANKER
With A Checkup
And A Check...

because I’m a Brownie, I have no choice except to admit that I did it!"

Jenny is a wonderful little actress and is studying ballet. Ann is beautiful and loves to swim and skate and date. "We all tend to get together in the house they have a ball," Peter says. "They really like each other and take good care of each other. You’ll hear an argument that sounds like it’s getting rough. But, by the time you get there, they’ve got it settled. Afterwards, they’ve got five minds at work on the problem.

Another member of the family is Rusty. "We promised the kids a dog when we bought the house," Peter explains. "Of course, we call him Rusty only when he’s good. When he’s bad, he answers to Russel. And we’re pretty, but he’s got everything.

Once, he ate up a whole platter of hors d’oeuvres, plus a pound of cheese. When there’s nothing special on the menu, he’ll eat for check books. And he’s crazy about eating money."

Another reason why the Hobbses need a large house is that Peter loves company. As a composer, he often writes in his alumnas magazine with the message, “Everyone who comes to New York must come and stay with me.”

The house is still sparsely furnished but the place is now cloth and wallpaper and the air like Jack Horner with a plume.

Parker smiles, and continues: "The boys took credit for bringing about the wedding. They still insist that Pete married me for their sake. Just because he always wanted sons. I know better. I know that Pete married me for the grand piano.

Pete loves music. He has two guitars and a banjo. When he married Parker, she brought along a baby grand which also plays rolls. Peter had already acquired a player-organ.

Parker had a good baritone voice and has recently taken to song on The Secret Storm—for Peter Ames of TV had once hoped to be a composer or a concert pianist, and is a hit of a musician himself.

In the Hobb household, the grand and guitars and banjo are clustered in one corner of the living room. The player-organ in the living room is too wide to make the turn—but there is plenty of room in the hall. There is lots of space everywhere for it’s a big four-floor house with thirteen to sixteen rooms. As the Hobb family like to say, take a count, it comes out differently, so we’ve stopped worrying about it.

They had to have a large house. Peter’s girl in the neighborhood. She’s from Long Island, but they visit with Peter many weekends and during vacations, so there must be room for them. In fact, Peter has finished off only one bedroom—Ann, who is just shy of thirteen. Her favorite colors are pink and yellow. Peter carpeted and painted the room in these colors and built her a small table. His second and daughter is Jennifer, almost nine, and his youngest is Nancy, seven.

"Nancy is self-sufficient and honorable," says Parker. "She never asks if she can help. She has a charming way of coming in and picks up a towel and begins dry. And she’s so upright. She came to me one day, when something was spilled on the floor, and said, ‘I really shouldn’t—but..."

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Mr. Boone Goes to Town

(Continued from page 40)

from a theatrical family. In fact, nobody to his knowledge ever thought of a theatrical career. "Except for my great-great-great-grandfather, Daniel Boone, we've all been just ordinary people."

But one thing led to music. And, even before he could carry a tune— he "sang." His first recollection of singing before a group took place in early grammar school, in Nashville, Tennessee. One day, during class group singing, the teacher heard his voice above the rest and asked him to come up to sing a solo.

Then, when Pat was singing on his first radio show. Like most youngsters, Pat loved Saturday matinees at the local movie house. Children who wanted to perform were invited to do so. Soon Pat was singing two or three times a month on this show. He remembers his first song was "Single Saddle"— and, even though many years have passed since he first sang this ballad, he can still remember it.

In a short time, he developed quite a local reputation and found himself being asked to perform locally around Nashville. "I remember singing so much that I think I must have entered every amateur contest Nashville had to offer . . . and almost never won even honorable mention.

But eventually one of these losses paid off. While attending the David Lipscomb College in Nashville, seventeen-year-old Pat entered and lost a contest. A talent man from Station WSM happened to see the show and liked Pat's easy and poised manner. So he got in touch with Pat and suggested that he emceee a local teen-age show. "So I did, free and for experience. Pat worked at it hard and happily for two years.

Then it happened. Just after he had turned nineteen, he was offered a contract in East Nashville! The prize was a trip to New York and an audition for Ted Mack. Actually, this threw Pat into somewhat of a dilemma, since once before he had auditioned for "Ted Mack . . . and lost. So the thought of winning on the show was about the farthest thing from his mind. After all, his voice wasn't trained.

Pat remembers that audition very clearly. He'll never forget his amazement and thrill when he learned he had passed the test and would appear on the show. He'll also never forget how hard he worked when he learned that one of his fellow contestants—a girl with a beautifully trained operatic voice—had lost. He felt she should have won, not he. He kept to the queer twists that life sometimes manages, and it was Pat who appeared on the Saturday-night Ted Mack show.

It was fun for the contest wouldn't be in until Monday or Tuesday, and it never occurred to him to stick around to see if he might possibly have a second chance. Next day, Sunday, he took off for the University of Chicago to continue his summer work with backwoods church and revival song-leading. Returning to civilization the following Friday, he learned he had made the first round and was expected back in New York to appear the following day.

And so it was that, three weeks after his first New York trip with Ted Mack, he sang as a finalist at Madison Square Garden. Did he win? No. Did he receive the most votes? He'll never know— but he says the "fate of the gods" had its way with his recording success. Never will I be able to repay either of these gentlemen . . . I can only hope that their faith will not have been in vain."
For Blessings Received

(Continued from page 31)

welcome brought a blinding mist to her eyes and an unerasable smile to her face. Threw her new found strength. When

After the ovation, the crew presented Loretta with a grand and elegantly wrapped basket of food. Grinning, she took the basket and placed it on a tasteful table. Then, hands on her hips, happily calling attention to her new, healthily rounded figure, she said: "Bless you—all of you. It's just what the 'fat lady' needs."

Loretta had loved off the baskets of fruit and flowers which, a half-year ago, had rained down on her from hundreds of well-wishing friends while she was ill in Oxnard. Her sudden illness had been a shocking surprise to all. It's true that—after scores of motion pictures and appearances in seventy TV shows of her own anthology series—Loretta was tired. But, by the same token, she says: "Everyone else in the crew was tired, too."

Young insists, very earnestly, that she was not a television casualty. It was not the continuous hours of filming her show for TV that ran her down. Her enthusiasm for work—even sixteen hours a day—hadn't changed at 5:30 A.M. to seeing rushes and study time at 9:30 P.M.—cannot be blamed for her illness. "Television," she says, "has been one of the biggest thrills of my life. A person simply can't made ill by something so exciting, challenging—and satisfying."

Since it wasn't the gruelling schedule, therefore, we have to look elsewhere for a reason behind Loretta's illness. She explains, simply, "It was God's will. The lessons I've learned because of it are lessons I should have wanted to learn, no matter what I was doing."

What lessons did Loretta learn? She says, "I learned that God gives us the patience and strength to stand long sieges of pain. I had always been terrified of pain. And I returned that, through our darkest hours, we do not wander alone."

Thousands of letters from friends and fans were material proof to her that she was not alone. "I've believed—and now I know—I knew how much goodness all of us," she says. "I've saved all those wonderful letters. They mean more to me than words can tell. You find out a lot about the goodness of people when something—not so—good happens."

Loretta learned that she was loved—how loved, she had never realized. When she heard that every drop of precious life—giving blood she needed for transfusions had been repaid to the blood bank by some members of her own TV crew, tears of grateful thanks filled her eyes.

With humility, Loretta says that she also learned a lesson in "indispensable." When it became obvious to her sponsors, the Procter and Gamble Company, that Loretta would not be available to start a new season, they made an unprecedented announcement: "The Loretta Young Show would be seen as usual, without format change—with guest stars, acting for Miss Young, to be announced.

The addition to this news illustrates the creed of the entertainment world. As soon as the word was out that Barbara Stanwyck had said, "Tell me what I can do—all in the friends in the industry offered themselves as fill-in hit-ters. Irene Dunne, Van Johnson, Rosalind Russell, Ann Sothern and Claudette Colbert were only a few of them.

As a sign of the immediate response, she asked her nurse to find out what each star's favorite flower was...and, when they reported for their first day's work, their dressing room was filled with flowers. "The TV people are great," she said.

The outstanding characteristic of Loretta Young's personality is her enthusiasm for her work. To illustrate how eager she was for the simple smell of roses—paint: Even before she was ready to return to work for her first appearance on the Christmas show, she made numerous visits to the flower store. She didn't keep her away. In fact, as soon as she was out of the hospital, she was champing at the bit to get back in front of the camera. The day of her first visit to the set, Merle Oberon, her leading lady, told the scene was set in an outdoor cafe. Loretta couldn't resist the temptation to get into the scene. Back to the camera, she sat at a table with an empty plate. Another time, Sam Goldwyn was shooting his new famous "Guys and Dolls" on a stage at the same studio, and Loretta couldn't resist the temptation to get into that, too. The curtain of "Guys and Dolls" was rehearsing a Broadway scene—dressed fit to kill, in Damon Runyon-type costumes. Loretta had on a simple brown suit, the same one she wore into their rehearsal scene, the dress stood out like a beacon.

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"Who's that country girl in the cotton dress?" shouted the director. "What's she doing in the middle of Broadway?" As Loretta revealed her identity, the stage shook with the laughter of the entire company. "I'm preparing to dedicate Loretta's never-failing sense of humor. Like all other habits, personality characteristics are built up over a long period of years. They are not easily changed or broken by a few days, or a few years, or a few years of illness. If she were to continue in her career, her enthusiasm for work would have to be modified—the enthusiasm which had been built up from childhood days. They told Loretta, recuperating in the Oxnard hospital, that she would have to slow down. No matter how proud of her TV company she was, the doctors said there should be no more fourteen-hour days for its stars. Loretta would have to learn some new habits.

She says now, "A good habit is one of the hardest things in the world to form. It takes more discipline, more time. I have no idea how to make another cigarette. I don't intend to do so—but, if I say I won't, I'm sure to light it."

"The only way to build a good habit is with the day-by-day method. For instance, you say to yourself, 'Just for today, I won't eat anything fattening.' Next morning, you say it again. Before long, you get used to a good new habit—I hope!" With a wry smile, she adds: "Building a good habit is the hardest thing in the world!"

While still under the doctors' constantly disciplined schedule and their orders 'to take it easy,' it was not too difficult—Loretta had only to obey. She learned that the helped quality of wisecracks and teaching its theories. And Loretta can tell you there's an ocean of difference between theory and practice.

One old habit—in particular, curbing her enthusiasm for work—Loretta is a unique case. She finds it more difficult than most of us. Why? Because she was four. Her career really got underway, though, when director Mervyn Le Roy called one day for her older sister, Polly Ann. "Polly is on location," Merle Oberon, her leading lady, told the director. Then pulling herself to her full height, she said, "Don't I?"

Since that day, acting has been her life. Even now, at forty-something, after playing with other kids—but to dramatic, ballet and stage classes.

Every aspect of her craft has been built into Loretta's career from the ground up. As a result, after years of this diamond-tipped career of a performer and career. The screen is her life. And—since she knows her job so well, and loves her work—her product is superlative. Hence, the enthusiasm. Loretta loves that old habit.

In addition, Loretta faces a paradox: The doctors told her to take it easy, to fill her spare time with other interests. But, as her public relations counsel and close friend, Helen Ferguson, says: "On the little things which Loretta has obediently and earnestly taken up to fill her 'spare time,' she is better than ever, more gracious and tender. I'm waiting for that crisp mind to realize you don't better a thoroughbred racehorse by harnessing him to a milk wagon. He's bred for the race. Loretta's trained for 'camera.' And, one of these days, she'll sift the good advice and use it—just not literally, but wisely."

It's not difficult to understand why this should be. It has been established that Loretta's heart beats in rhythm to a Mitchell Film Camera, any interest off her set is going to lose by comparison.

Loretta's latest habit lines up her performance devoting all of her studio working time to acting. During last season's typical sixteen-hour day, she had spread her talents—making suggestions with her director over the movement in every scene, or suggesting story points to her writers.

Victoria Griffith, Loretta's stand-in, thinks the time is not far off when Loretta will begin rationalizing. She'll slowly discard her other interests, one by one, and pick up where she left off, saying, "I'm so much more interested in the studio set—it takes less time. Why don't I just do the things I really enjoy?"

Chances are that Loretta will heed the advice of the stars around her own way. For to the two dominant aspects of her personality—her love for people and her enthusiasm for work—has been added a third, of dedication.

It was God's will to bring Loretta out of her recent illness with her appreciation of others intact...with her enthusiasm for work somewhat modified...and with the help of the doctors, a wise and tender therapist, she will bring into our homes each week as she steps through the door—now so symbolic of the bright future before her—and into the hearts of the American television audience.
"You Get What You Give"

(Continued from page 30)

Plastic, five-passenger was regular. In beautiful

When he was only four years old, "Oh, By Gee, By George, Gun, By Jo." He sang anywhere, in the living room, bathroom—but the kitchen was his favorite play area . . . he loved to sit under the sink by the hour building block houses and simple toys.

"When he was only four years old," laughs Mrs. Gobel, "I took him with me on the streetcar to downtown Chicago, when suddenly he staggered to the top of his lungs, 'Oh, By Gee . . .'. I was so embarrassed we had to get off the car.

"It was always easy to find George—you simply followed his voice. But, if he was in one of his special moods, he would look for Nellie. Nellie was a beautiful collie we had up until George was four.

"When George was still a baby taking his afternoon nap, we would sit in the windowsill of the store, Nellie would lie under it on guard. If any of the neighbors came by, she would get up and stand between them and George. They used to say, 'I'd hate to see anybody touch that boy!' We never looked for George—we looked for Nellie.

"By the time he was ten," Mrs. Gobel recalls, "George was singing sacred music better than anybody. The 'others' thought George lived in a little suburb on Chicago's North-west side. There was only one church, St. Stephen's Episcopal, in the neighborhood. In fact, it was his mission then, and, one Sunday the neighbors' children invited George to go with them to Sunday School.

"Before long George was given a little hymn to do and was such a success he was asked to repeat it at the even memorial service. Mrs. Gobel was invited to hear George's solo and, after that, St. Stephen's became the family church.

The church had a small congregation and, since George was older than any other, wasn't long before he was asked to join the choir. The teacher, Mrs. Jane Ogden Hunter, recognized George's ability. Looking for something to distinguish her choir from others in the city, Mrs. Hunter wrote special obligatos with George's high soprano carrying over the choir's lower ones. Always small for his age, George, at eleven, was made to seem even smaller by comparison with all the older boys. His small frame and big voice made an effective contrast.

One Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Gobel recalls, the choir was invited to sing over WLS, the Chicago radio station. George was so small, the conductor was afraid to reach the mike—he was then thirteen, but still wearing size-9 clothes. George was thrilled at being on the radio and sang his heart out. Surprised with this tremendous voice coming out of such a small boy, WLS executives invited him back.

Every other Sunday he did the offertory solo and, when he was old enough to audition, George sang at WLS. Other choir directors, hearing him on radio, frequently called with invitations for him to guest at their churches. Mrs. Gobel recalls, "George has sung at every Chicago church, no matter what denomination.

With his success in and around Chicago, George was frequently invited to guest on some of their other shows. For example, he did the WLS Barndance Revue, Saturday Afternoon Merry-Go-Round and the Air Junior. Then, when he was twelve, he sang for Morgan Eastman's radio symphony program—that was the first really big coast-to-coast show George did.

"Meanwhile," says Mrs. Gobel, "somebody at the station gave George a book on ukulele playing, and someone at the Barndance gave him a cowboy hat, and his choir teacher, Mrs. Hunter, gave him some lessons. I had a fair knowledge of music and I guess I played a little part in helping him out, too. It wasn't long before he was a regular on the Barndance"

When he was thirteen, George became a regular on the Barndance, where he graduated to guitar. We were thrilled with this. But we have always been just plain, ordinary home folks. We've always taken things in stride. George's climb to success has been so gradual that it was never anything 'grand.' I guess we're just not the type to get excited. Some people are surprised that we don't make more of it, but that's the way we've always been.

Then George's voice changed. Instead of singing and straining his voice, he read commercials on Amos 'n Andy and The Goldbergs. He also did children's shows, such as among them The Eye Of Montezuma. When he was eighteen, he formed a little band of his own and made short jaunts around the countryside. He was in St. Louis and, later, Chattanooga for a few months, then back to WLS, before he went into service.

During the years George Gobel worked at WLS, building his reputation, a number of people approached his mother to say, "George ought to be in a specialized school.

"But," says George's mother, "Mr. Gobel and I had our business in Chicago. When George was in Cleveland Grammar School, we ran a great deal, and, later, when George was at Roosevelt High, Mr. Gobel had given into landscape gardening. If we sent George away to school, we knew one of us would have to go with him. We have always been a family affair. We didn't want to sacrifice the unity of the family for his specialized school training. George was our only child, and being together was more important.

"George was always a little bit shy at school," says Mrs. Gobel. "Everybody knew him as 'Little George Gobel, the radio actor.' Wherever he went, he was pointed out. Even now, he's embarrassed about the attention he gets. When he was younger, he was even more sensitive, so he didn't go out too much. He and Alice Hunter, with whom he goes away, were classmates. They went to the movies, sometimes, or to private parties where the guests had known George all his life. He was never interested in affairs like that. In fact, I think the Senior Prom in 1937 was the only big dance he and Alice attended.

Lillian Gobel says that George has been interested in flying ever since Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic. In his late teens, he spent a great deal of time at Chicago's Sky Harbor Airport. He entertained the workers and pilots with his stories and they, in turn, fascinated him with their tales of the air. One day, a small group was taking a five-passenger plane to a tournament in Chicago. George made them laugh so hard that the owner invited him to come along with them for company.

George made a big hit with the Sky Harbor owners and it wasn't long before he was flying frequently. Besides the fact that it was expensive, Mrs. Gobel wasn't too sure she liked the idea, anyway. "But his dad just loved the thought of it. We were in five big planes in a month, and he wouldn't get in an automobile to ride around the block. But, when George said, "Come on, Herb, let's go for a fly—they were off!"

In addition to his romance with airplanes, George was courting Alice. Mrs. Gobel describes George's and Alice's seven

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years of dates as "a 'maybe 7 or 8 P.M.' date—the time was always tentative, because George was subject to call at WLS."

She adds happily, "Mr. Gobel and I say no parents ever had a finer daughter-in-law. Alice was always very understanding and never demanding of George."

In September, 1942, George enlisted in the Air Corps. When Alice and George found he would be leaving soon, they decided to get married in December. After their marriage, Alice had a very nice home and was able to come home to Chicago and George was shipped to Texas as a flying cadet. A lot of the boys who took the train from Chicago were leaving home for the first time. One day out they got in a scuffle with the house, and a friend of George's later told Mrs. Gobel that George took his guitar and walked up and down the train playing funny songs and telling the boys stories about his life. Once in Texas, George was just as homesick as the others. It's true that he'd been away from home before, but only a few weeks at a time. George was afraid the air with letters to his friends at the station, to Alice and his mother. He put on a brave front in his letter to the WLS gang telling them how great the Air Corps was. In one, he said, "They are either going to kill me or make a man out of me!"

When George left for Texas training, it had been decided they would stay in Chicago with her folks. Since George was still a cadet living in the barracks, he wouldn't get much chance to see Alice, anyway. Nevertheless, Mrs. Gobel says she still has a file of letters written to an excuse to join George. Then he called one day, saying that he was very lonesome and that he hated to ask her to come down because she would be leaving her folks... and there might not be much for her to do until he got his lieutenant's commission... but it sure would be nice for her to come down on a visit. That was the only excuse Alice needed," says Mrs. Gobel. "She had been ready to go since the day he left."

While he was in the Air Corps, George took part in a number of camp shows. He even wrote some of the scripts. Of course, George was an immediate hit, and the officers invited him—while still a cadet—to their club—the Admiral's Club. When he was commissioned, and stationed at Altus, Oklahoma, these Saturday-night dances were a custom to help the boys relax after a week of special training. Somebody always went over to George's room to get his guitar. "But," one of George's Air Corps friends says, "he never finished any one song. He would tell some jokes and go into a monologue that was good for at least an hour." His buddies in Oklahoma were sure George was to be the comedian of the generation. But before he left the Air Corps, he was flying all over the Middle West to appear at bond-raising and Army functions.

When George left the Air Corps in late 1945, he had considered the intention of becoming a commercial pilot. Alice, however, had other ideas. She had seen him perform in front of countless audiences and she had realized that George was a natural comedian. But, at first, George lacked confidence. He didn't think he was funny enough to get up in front of a "people audience" and make them laugh. He told Alice, "An Army audience is different." But Alice insisted that he give his comedy role a try. George now says, "Alice was always the best student in school. In this family, she's the smart person."

"When George and Alice returned to Chicago," Mrs. Gobel recalls, "he contacted his present manager, David O'Malley, asking for a spot as a comedian. Mr. O'Malley said he remembered George as a singer. He told George he had a pretty yodel, a nice voice, but said he couldn't imagine George being funny: George said, "Maybe not, but Alice thinks I should try it.""

"Next Sunday afternoon, at a service-men's show in the Auditorium Theater, George went on as a comic. He went over so well that George was booked to come back the next day and they would talk business." George's sincerity and honesty must have hit Mr. O'Malley as hard and the next day George was signed to the Auditorium Theater—for, the next day, their contract was sealed with a handshake, the effect of which has lasted to this day.

Later, Mr. O'Malley booked George at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago, where he played for six or seven weeks, then the Edgewater Beach Hotel, and finally the Empire Room of the Palomar House. But his first date after that Sunday audition was in Grand Rapids. George now tells everyone that it wasn't his talent that got him the job, but that Mr. O'Malley knew George had a car... his manager had some other acts he wanted to get to Grand Rapids—that's why he took George.

"The start of his growing success," continues Mrs. Gobel, "George and Mr. O'Malley went to California in 1953 to prepare for his NBC-TV show. Alice stayed with her parents. She and I talked to each other every day—morally for support, I suppose, because we both missed George. Then, two years ago, Alice joined me to spend a few days in Hollywood. Unexpectedly, I was going to stay there longer. We decided to stay for a few more weeks and rent a room there and in the house. It was the first time I had seen the baby, year-and-a-half-old Leslie. So we had to get acquainted."

"Alice couldn't ask for a more solicitous son. George wouldn't rest until he was sure I'd seen all the sights. He'd say, 'Alice, do you think we should take Mom to see the Palace of Turf?' We went up and down two or three places each day. We went to the premiere of 'Desperate Hours'—which was my first premiere and a real thrill for me. We were invited to the Moulin Rouge and the Sportsman's Lodge in the Valley near George's home."

"Those nice people at the Sportsman's Lodge just love to have a friendly, unpretentious, always nice thing to do. They were so nice to me, I invited him to a wonderful father, as always. When he was in the East, George had to spend a summer in New York away from
turkey, we finally had to go to a restaurant to get it. George was too kind-hearted to kill any of his pets."

According to Lillian Gobel, George doesn’t play favorites among his children. For example, he and six-year-old George play bicycle tag (George always lets Georgia win), and he takes two-year-old Leslie for buggy rides. "When he was twelve George’s age," recalls Mrs. Gobel, "George wanted to be a baseball player. Once a week, he takes Gregg over to play in the Sherman Oak’s Little League."

So, today, George is sort of realizing his ambition by coaching Gregg.

"Alice is as wonderful and loving a mother as George is a devoted father. The one thing she wants most in life is to spend the coming Gregg’s age," recalls Mrs. Gobel, "feel no parents ever had a finer daughter-in-law. She has always been just as close to us as to George. And we certainly feel no parents ever had a more loving and devoted son."

Honeymoon Time

(Continued from page 53)

a few songs, you are sadly mistaken. What with rehearsals, conferences, public appearances, and general runaround involved with such an enterprise as Eddie Fisher Inc., they were lucky to snatch an occasional evening together.

So, when Eddie told Debbie that among the last things he had before he moved his show to Hollywood for thirteen weeks would be for the bottlers’ convention in Miami Beach, she was enchanted.

Although the word is hard to define, there was nothing that Debbie had given up anything about it, Debbie had made a flying visit there the previous January. Eddie was in town, staying as usual in the Sah-sony, spending most of his days isolated in the men’s room and room, some as only a man in love be—particularly when separated from his fiancée by three thousand miles and reams of disagreeable column paragraphs.

So, on an impulse, he phoned Debbie in California, and she caught a plane and flew in for a day or two.

On the second day, they had a spa, and Debbie swept Eddie into the Pajama room and onto a plane for California...

Well, that’s the way love goes. The members of the Saxon’s staff, who had been under the impression that he had been away from this quarrel, were among the happiest of all those who read the news when Eddie and Debbie were married later in the year. And then, less than two months after the wedding, the Fishers were back in Miami again, on their first real honeymoon.

To those who think of a honeymoon as a vacation alone—days and evenings spent learning the game of living that comes with marriage—the week the Fishers spent in Miami may seem more like a "busman’s holiday" than a lovers’ idyll. But, to Eddie and Debbie, it had its own special brand of beauty and happiness. To them, it was a "really, truly, honeymoon," and these pictures, this story, will go into the scrapbook so they can remember it a lifetime.

First, since they were going to have to combine business and pleasure, they arranged to have two places to live. The Coca-Cola people gave Eddie’s own gang were headquartered at the hotel, so the Fishers registered there. Then they accepted the invitation of Jennie Greeneringer to rent a home on the beach. Thus, for just about the first time since the wedding, they could actually get completely away.

The first evening, while they were resting from the trip, they strolled arm in arm in Jennie’s garden by the sea and talked of the coming Gregg’s age. "It’s heaven," Debbie said. "Let’s make use of every free moment to be by ourselves.

"We’ll have lots of time for that," Eddie assured her. "Let’s see, tomorrow will be rehearsal and the show, and then the big shindig in the Orange Bowl, and a small dinner here Wednesday night, and Friday’s big bottlers’ banquet at the auditorium, and another show—"

"And then back to New York," Debbie said. She took a deep breath. "I don’t care, we’re going to find time for what we want to do. Jennie’s surtout... the hotel’s gift of water-skiing Thursday at the Pollacks—"

and what about that ‘small dinner party’ you mentioned for Wednesday night? If it’s just for about six people we could make it fun.

"It’s just family," he said. "Why?"

"Because I’m going to ask Jennie to let me run it," she told him. "We’ve been married four months and Debbie and I haven’t had a chance to be a hostess for my husband. A fine thing!"

He looked at her fondly. "It’s a fine thing to understand your family first."

While Eddie was at rehearsal the next day, Debbie began making her plans. She’s not an all-around cook, but a few years ago she did learn to make some Mexican dishes, simply because she loved them and so she had to make them herself. And so she prepared prepared them properly—aux and enchiladas and black beans and tamales. Eddie had introduced her to everybody hanging browning in cream, and all the wonders of Jewish cookery. Now she’d let him have a taste of the Southwest.

Jennie was appreciative, but a trifle dubious. "You know these little family parties," she said. "They seem to grow—at least when Eddie’s the host. But it’s all yours. I’ll be around if you need me."

When Eddie and Debbie got home, Eddie his start and had been his friend ever since, knew what she was talking about. By Wednesday, the guest list had reached two-dozen, and the idea of preparing dishes of Debbie’s putting on an apron and moving into the kitchen. But one thing she was determined to do: She would show Eddie that he had married a woman who knew how to entertain.

So it was Debbie who planned the menu, and ordered the food and the flowers. It

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As for the future, that still had to be worked out. They had done everything they could be together and still continue their work. Agents, networks, studios had cooperated to the fullest. Debbie's picture was the one that had shifted to fit the type when Eddie's show was moved to the Coast. Maybe things could be planned so they could do a picture together. Maybe they might have to spend some time apart in order to make everyone else survive separations, when it was necessary.

"We want it all, you see," Eddie said. "Our careers, and to be together, and chil-
dren. It's something that's worth trying... something like that with just a snap of
your fingers."

Those who know both Eddie and Debbie couldn't possibly arrange those things. They had always been people who-married and remarried and married again & again from the heart when the nights grow cold, and good smells will drift from the kitchen. When the work day is over, the gate will swing slowly and the movie-making worlds, and the Fishers can meet and kiss hello at their own door.

This is the kind of life Debbie knows and loves, and must have, at least half the time, if she is to find happiness.

It is not the life Eddie has ever known.

To him, home has always meant an apart-

ment or a hotel suite. If he had a dog, he must have it along in a new place, where there were signs: "Curb Your Dog." Heat came from a steam radiator. Food came

stairs from a subterranean kitchen he had to go down and away from the home movie—making worlds, and the Fishers can meet and kiss hello at their own door.

For a girl who was always the center of attention herself, it has not been easy to become a grateful and loving wife who waits politely while her husband is the great star. Away from all her tried- and true friends in Hollywood, forced by cir-

stances to accept gracefully, and all of the complete strangers to her, are Eddie's closest pals—she has carried herself

with charm and dignity.

She is determined to return the compliment on the Coast. Of course, she will not be on vacation from his work as

Debbie was, but otherwise he will be com-

pletely out of his familiar element much of the time, and I have had a

hard day's work behind her, too, when finally they get together in the house on the Palisades.

Surely, it will be during those restful evenings together, a billion miles from

Manhattan and crowds and noise and the

hassle of business, that they will discover
together the true measure of their happi-

ness in marriage.

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The Hayouses live, as they have for some years now, in a rambling, brown-shingled country house midway between Pelham and New Rochelle, New York. "House on the Third Hole," they call it, situated as it is on this very hem of the skirts of the Pelham Golf Club. ..."A golf course," says Hayes, "is an insane asylum peopled by madmen suffering from the delusion that they will eventually conquer the game. The more violent cases think they already have!"

This is an over-reaction, of course, proving that he loves the game. So does Mary. She and Andy have taken to playing golf. They do play alone. They play with Perry and Roselle Como when, every so often-usually on a Tuesday, which is Perry's day-and Fontanne and Hayes and the next show—the Comos drive up from their home on Long Island. When Peter and Mary are on the road, they play in Florida, in Vegas, anywhere they can set up a tee. One of the conditions for the success of the Hayes marriage is—that although they're teamed with equal billing on stage—their personal relationship is a separate business. Hayes himself is taken by the woman who runs the home and the husband who runs (the show) business.

It is Peter who conceives the idea for, writes, and produces the acts, which are based, primarily, on the current novelty or personality of the year just past. Anything that hits the newspapers, the weekly magazines and the disc jockeys is grist to the Hayes mill. Occasionally his act was based on the character—if you will pardon the expression—of that lampooned Lothario, ex-King (Fatso) Farouk. Last year, "Pickwickians" (his idea) went on tour.

This year, the act is a satire on the motorcycle craze, based on the pop record, "Black Denim Trousers." Titled "Brownie White on the Day," it was filmed at Healy & Hayes in dual roles. As the curtail rises, "Marlyn Brando" and "Marlon Monroe" are discovered parked in a little Messerschmitt car in front of a drive-in dining-room, and asked Michael if he would say Grace. Clearly then, his voice came over: 'Bless us, oh, Lord, for these Thy gifts which we are about to receive from Thy bounty through Christ, our Lord, Amen.' Together and over!"

"Everyone fell down! Sounded like from an airplane. 'Come in, Flight 7!' That, in addition, we were able to picture him in bed for the rest of the show—on his keeping it on was the condition under which he agreed to go to bed—kept us prostrate!"

On the road, as at home, the kids are "unpredictable." We take their kids, our jokes and silently slip away to Florida," says funnyman Hayes. But Mary has this to say, concerning this glib masculine version of what actually takes a bit of doing: "I've been married five years now; and this was our life: We were rehearsing our new act for The Sands at Las Vegas, which we play twice a year. En route to Vegas that so grabbed factor went away in Florida. In addition to the main act, I do a hula (a very genteel hula) and Peter a sketch in which he plays a croupier. Since I've never baled before, it was my turn to take lessons from the dance coach at CBS ... and Peter, the perfectionist, was combing the city for a pair of glasses with sleepy-looking eyes (like Mortimer Snerd's) and like a very genteel hula for me to wear. In the meantime, I was shopping for clothes (for the act), the children's clothes (for the trip), and preparing to tutor the kids, who are in the seventh week we're on the road. 'Slip away.'"

Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 67B, Chicago 10, Ill.

Magic in Numbers

(Continued from page 58)

remain in love with their wives and/or husbands until death does them part. Fifteen years must be considered the "honeymoon," relatively speaking. However, to the unprepared young people in the world of show business, where stars rise and fall and scenes constantly shift—and homes and hearts, too—it takes a bit of doing to be a solid citizen. Now that Peter and Mary are married, situations will change."

"Emotionally," says Peter, "Mary and I have as good a set-up as it's possible to get—no doubt of it—in order to stay married in show business, 'together' it the talismanic word, the secret formula for happy and lasting marriage. Tell you why ...

"You have a family, emotionally unable to be in show business, or you wouldn't be in it. Instead of selling intangibles like emotions, laughter and tears, you'd be selling something solid like groceries—gum-soled shoes. Emotionally unstable are more susceptible to influence than less volatile individuals, it's awfully tough—it's dangerous, when one half of a Mr. & Mrs. unit is in show business and the other isn't. And equally rugged when both are, but not together.

"Mary and I learned this by personal experience. In the early days of our marriage, we worked separately—which nearly resulted in our living separately. Mary gives me the credit for saving our marriage when, aware of the widening breach between us, I stepped up our play-acting together was the way to heal it. 'Here and now, Miss Healy,' I said, 'I'd like to sign you up. We'll be the Lunt and Fontanne family.' We were. And so, happily ever after, we are."

"It was Father Peyton of Los Angeles, I believe, who said: 'The family that prays together stays together'—which is profoundly true of all families, of whatever race, creed, color or occupation, the wide world over. To paraphrase the Father's wise statement, as I'm about to do: The family that plays together stays together is also true—of show-business families, in particular."

Certainly it is as a family ... the whole family ... that Hayouses are a family. Seven-year-old son Michael and five-year-old daughter Cathy—work, play, pray and stay together."

"Take last Christmas as a sample," says Peter. "Last Christmas morning, the kids were at the tree bright and early. I was there, too, fog-bound—but not too fogged, to notice that Mary had a hot-looking child. We called the doctor. The temperature was 102 and rising. He had to go to bed. And stay there. Alone. On Christmas. We sat down to our dinner ... Mary, Tony, Peter, Jr., and his son, Cathy and I—with poor Michael out of the act ... I cut him in by connecting the Vocaton, a two-way talk-back gadget in his bedroom and the

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movie, behaving more or less as you might suppose Miss Brando and Mr. Monroe might behave! On screen, there's a slim blonde waitress, wearing a sweater and skirt, and a rough kid with a long hair-cut, wearing the black denim shirt, the black boots and black leather jacket with the Eagle on the back—which is the "Delinquent" uniform—and the dramatic personae are riding a genuine Harley—"Delinquent" motorcycle.

"We get into an argument with the kids on the screen, Marlon Monroe and I," Mary laughs, "and they, with usual claiming they can't play a love scene if we sit there smooching all the time. To feel strictly for the birds, just try talking to your shadow some day . . . you'll be flying!"

In addition to creating the acts in which he also performs, Peter—whose versatility has made him a living legend in show business in his thirties—sings, dances, plays piano, mimics. By means of the fifty-odd hats that hang upon the famed Hayes hatrack, virtuoso Hayes runs a gamut of characteristics from John Barrymore to Ethel Waters (singing "Cabin in the Sky") to a punch drunk ex-pug, and et cetera!

But . . . whereas Peter's versatility ends, by his own admission, at home—"I am the only you've heard about, but never met, who can't boil water!" . . . Mary adds to her singing, dancing and acting repertoire the many-faceted role of, to quote her: "The mother of children going to school, the wife of a writer-producer, the manipulator of our tape-recorder here at home when Peter is on radio in New York. I even attend to some of the business details, too. In Nevada, since Peter can't resist a slot-machine, I'm the Keeper of the Coin! Otherwise, I'm a bag-keeper, so Peter handles the loose change—at home.

"It's a many-faceted role that a wife plays generally—every wife—but mine is a little more so . . . As a sample of what I mean, let's take a day in the life of the Hayes family. Let's make it one of the days when Peter is substituting for Arthur Godfrey on the morning show, as he does once every five weeks or so—and, when Arthur is on vacation, every morning for two weeks. Since the show is on at ten in the morning, we get up at six 30, have breakfast—all four of us together. After Peter gets off for New York, by car, I drive the kids to school, get back home and—promptly at ten—take my place by the tape-recorder, push buttons, and record the show. At 11:45, I drive back to school, pick up my daughter, have lunch with her, put her down for her nap."

"If we are rehearsing, I then take the train to New York, put in two to three hours in the rehearsal studio at CBS, after which Peter and I drive back home to-gether. Immediately after we get there, Peter sits and listens to the tape while I, having heard it, go about taking care of the kids."

"And, making sure that Michael is doing his homework, that dinner will be on time. Since we try to live a very sensible life at home, dinner is at the same hour every night, seven o'clock, and the children usually have it with us. Since Peter is strictly a bread, meat and potato man, nothing unsuitable for chil-dren appears on the menu. Then after dinner, we watch TV. Love it. We're fam- rabid fans."

They've enjoyed being on television, too; ever since they made their video debut on the Chevrolet show in 1949 and fol-lowed this by launching the CBS Stork Club show. Later, they—and the viewers —enjoyed their unique Star Of The Fam- ily shows. The gray mortar of the day, for instance, the brighter he gets. Shirts the color of a Bloody Mary. Ties that bleach out the rainbow. . . ."

"On bright days," Peter puts in mildly, "I'm drabber."

"Shoes, however—he's mad about shoes —leave him alone in New York for five minutes and he vanishes into a shoe store, and comes out wearing new ones! Anyone ever hear of a man without breaking them in has got to be mad about them!"

"He's a hi-fi man, too. A gimmick man, really. The Vocatron. A coffee pot in the corner of the room which turns out to be a telephone. A chair that is a chair—a table that is a table—have no message for Peter.

"We're kind of mixed up, so our house, as Peter puts it, is mixed up, too. Our living room and music room, which open into each other—we just did them over— are quite normal, I'd say. Gray walls, gray wall-to-wall carpeting, solid gray draperies in the living room, two huge pink couches and, in the music room, white print draperies with pink flowers. But, in the little Oriental alcove by our bar, there are the Oriental masks Peter brought back from Tokyo, his Samurai sword, and, overhead, a bell we brought back from Switzerland. . . . We have never, I need hardly add, had a decorator—refused to have one. We like our house to represent us, let the pictures hang as they may. And besides—after we've been in a house for six months, it's me, we have lived in it and it looks it!"

"But it's a sort of gentle look, and warm, and homey."

"Like the people who live in it . . . for, talented as they are, successful as they are, in the limelight as they are, they are gentle, and warm, and homey . . . with each other, with the children, with friends, with everyone."

VITALITY INSUFFICIENT. Last report from me, after doing the daytime and evening shows, came from an oxygen tent. Last words: 'Only Godfrey could stand the pace.'

"They shrug off many things which many people in show business find important. Parties that make the columns, for in-stance. Show-off things. Gossip that makes them famous—and hurts the victims. 'I don't like ugly thoughts," says Mary. 'She doesn't harbor them. Neither of them does. They believe a person is what he appears to be, unless proven otherwise."

At the testimonial dinner given Helen Hayes last winter, for instance, they sat at the same table with as Mary put it—'the Dean of the Group of Monroe. She was alone. And although Grace . . . a star herself—and, at that time, on the front page of every newspaper in the country, it was easy for Mary to be being somewhat absorbed in herself . . . she wasn't. She sat there for three hours, her glasses on, attentive to every word they were saying, by the great stars who were there in honor of Miss Hayes. I don't believe any of the silly ru-mors you hear about her. I believe she is one of the greatest, and they'll marry and live happily ever after.'

Mary admits to being very extravagant about her professional clothes. She buys Dior, Sophie Originals, Elizabeth Arden's. But, at home, she's the casual sweater- and-skirt type and keeps things for years. "I have a niece who can wear my clothes and, every new and then, "she'll look at me and say rather plaintive-ly, 'Are you still wearing that?''"

"My husband's the fastidious one, the Beau Brummel in our family. He has an Oriental alcove in his office. The gray mortar of the day, for instance, the brighter he gets. Shirts the color of a Bloody Mary. Ties that bleach out the rainbow. . . ."

"On bright days," Peter puts in mildly, "I'm drabber."

"Shoes, however—he's mad about shoes —leave him alone in New York for five minutes and he vanishes into a shoe store, and comes out wearing new ones! Anyone ever hear of a man without breaking them in has got to be mad about them!"

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"But it's a sort of gentle look, and warm, and homey.

"Like the people who live in it . . . for, talented as they are, successful as they are, in the limelight as they are, they are gentle, and warm, and homey . . . with each other, with the children, with friends, with everyone."

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Search For Tomorrow (short short from your favorite TV daytime
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Inside Radio (program listings)
TV Program Highlights

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NEW PIN-QUICK OUTLASTS ANY OTHER PINCURL PERMANENT

3 MONTHS AGO

“I loved my new Pin-Quick wave from the first minute,” says pretty model Bonnie Davies. “Pin-Quick’s so easy.” Bonnie goes on, “it's as simple as setting your hair. And I dried it with a dryer in just minutes!” (Note lovely lanolin shine in Bonnie's soft Pin-Quick curls.)

TODAY

“Would you believe it?” asks Bonnie. “After all this time and repeated shampoo, my Pin-Quick wave still gives me all the soft, casual curls I love. This pincurl permanent is really permanent!” That's because the Magic Curl-Control in Pin-Quick locks in curls till you cut them off.

Richard Hudnut guarantees

Pin-Quick to last longer

...or your money back! 150 plus tax
An aspiring actor from Kansas City
found real drama in world news

Sightseeing is a family affair. "Tuffie," Suzanne, John, Jr. and John vacationed with the TV camera.

FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR
A winner in every way, John's received laurels from stylists, speech institutes and news experts—all crazy for Swayze!

TOGETHER WITH SWAYZE

The year was 1929, when a young man, fresh out of the University of Kansas, set out to crash Broadway. His hopes ran high—he could visualize his name splashed across the marquees—John Cameron Swayze. But the year was 1929—a year when sheer enthusiasm couldn't stop the reality of impending disaster—a year that darkened the world of the footlights. An event, quite beyond his control, had changed the course of his life. Perhaps it is no accident, then, that today John Cameron Swayze is not only vitally concerned with current events, but brings it to a vast television audience in a personal and vivid style, revealing a man who believes in his work.

The name, John Cameron Swayze, is one of the most colorful on TV and one of the most respected. But it was a thoroughly stage-struck youth at the University of Kansas who took elocution lessons to cultivate that distinguished speaking voice. John was impatient with college drama, so he bought a one-way ticket to Broadway. Making the rounds of theatrical producers' offices, John was told that he was "too green." So he enrolled in a drama school and began to feel not-so-green—then the Wall Street Stock Market crashed and swept the theater out of existence. However, a bright spot shone in the person of Beulah Mae Estes of Little Rock, Arkansas, a fellow student. Together, they pondered their theatrical future. Actually, their future was to be an exceedingly happy one. But for the present, John and Beulah went separate ways back home.

In Kansas City, John joined the Journal Post. When that paper arranged with Station KMBC to broadcast news bulletins, the new cub reporter was tapped for the job—and a fifteen-dollar raise. John lost not time in calling Beulah Mae Estes and changing her legal name to Mrs. John Cameron Swayze. To John, she is "Tuffie."

In 1947, NBC's head office in New York called John to work. The next year was a presidential election year.

Television was new on the communications horizon. (A little known fact is that John is a pioneering TV man—he had experimented with the medium in Kansas City, in 1933!) Now, NBC had a new man they felt should be seen as well as heard. John marked a television milestone at the Philadelphia conventions.

The Swayze bandwagon boomed. Now, let him drop the familiar News Caravan sign-off—"Well, that's the news, folks. Glad we could get together"—and NBC is stormed with complaints. Recently, a mother wrote in to tell John her small son was ending his prayers: "Well, that's the story, Lord. Glad we could get together. Amen."

The Swayzes are now Connecticut Yankees—from Greenwich. John and "Tuffie" have two children: John Cameron, Jr., 22, a Harvard man, presently serving his country in Germany, and Suzanne, 19, who attends Wellesley College. The family's favorite pastime is travel. In fact, they have shared their transcontinental jaunts with televiewers on Sightseeing With The Swayzes. John also appeared on the first successful TV quiz program, Who Said That? All eyes turned to him when no one else could identify the quotations of news figures. The newscaster himself cuts quite a handsome figure and is often on ten-best-dressed-men lists.

John's style is naturally casual and warm. One evening, on News Caravan, he introduced Dr. Ralph Bunche—and instead switched to Chicago. Right before the camera's eye, John quipped, "That, ladies and gentlemen, is an example of the human element in television." The human element in television is a winning and knowledgeable approach, a whimsical smile, a superb speaking voice—that, ladies and gentlemen, is John Cameron Swayze.

John Cameron Swayze is heard on News Caravan, NBC-TV, M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company (Camel Cigarettes) and the Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.
NOT-SO-LONESOME GEORGE SAYS-

“you don’t hardly get movies like this no more...”

“I’m right in the middle of a great big movie, romancin’ that ‘Anything Goes gal’ Mitzi Gaynor... and there’s singin’ and dancin’ and there you are...”

Paramount presents

GEORGE GOBEL
MITZI GAYNOR
DAVID NIVEN

in

the birds and the bees

REGINALD GARDINER • FRED CLARK

Produced by PAUL JONES • NORMAN TAURIG

Directed by Screen Play by

SIDNEY SHELDON and PRESTON STURGES

Based on a Story by Monteion Hoffe • Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle • New Songs by Harry Warren and Mack David

SONGS!
(The Same Thing Happens With)
THE BIRDS AND THE BEES
LA PARISIENNE • EACH TIME I DREAM
FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Songs beget smiles in all of Doodyville—from Maine to California—as chorused by Heidi, Howdy, Buffalo Bob.

In the ever-ever land of Doodyville
there's mystery and devilry,
fun and fantasy—and Buffalo Bob

Little Judy and her littler brother Bobby whizzed through the canyons of Manhattan in “Mummy’s” power steered, push-button horseless carriage. They “whoaed” to a power-braking halt in front of one of those skyscraping peaks and the doorman offered to post their “carriage.” Judy jumped out, her pink dress bobbing over three crinoline petticoats while all three-feet, six-inches of Bobby hurtled to the sidewalk, looking distinguished in his grey flannel suit and pink shirt. “Mummy” thanked the doorman. They dashed toward the elevator—Judy all agog, Bobby’s eyes popping, and “Mummy” quite breathless.

“Where to?” asked the elevator man. And the mountain trembled as Judy and Bobby screeched in unison, “To Dooodyville!”

After a moment, the elevator man recovered, pushed a button, and said, “Up and awayyyy!” Judy bubbled and her blond hair bobbed as she blurted in sing-song crescendo-vivace, “And we’re gonna see Dilly Dally and Phineas T. Bluster and Windy Scuttlebut and the Flubadub and Mambo, the dancing elephant, and Tizzy, the dinosaur, and the Bloop and Hyde and Zeke, the tiny bears, and Heidi Doody and ...” Bobby was mouthing his sister’s every word, couldn’t contain himself, and picked up from there with “... and Clarabell and Chief Thunderthud and Mr. Cobb and the Story Princess who does the greatest magic and old Oil Well Willie and Dr. Singsong and Sandy McTavish and Professor Fitznoodle and ...” Judy was seesawing up and down as her brother spoke. Then, they drew a deep breath, pressed their noses together and whooped, “... and Buffalo Bob—and Howdy Dooody!”

The elevator came to a halt (Continued on page 12)

Music is in the air in New Rochelle, as well, where Bob Smith finds inspirational warmth for his show, with his lovely wife Mildred, his constant source of courage when he needed it.

The Howdy Doody Show is seen in both color and black-and-white over NBC-TV, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
SPARKIE’S BIG PAL

Jon Arthur is a one-man crowd who speaks for a cast of characters as alive as your imagination.

There was school that day at the home of No School Today—the Saturday celebration which has won its third Award as your favorite radio children’s program. But only two of the Arthur clan were off learning their three R’s. Four others were either too young or too old for pencils, books and teachers’ looks. . . . Big Jon Arthur may be a bachelor on Saturday mornings. At all other times, he heads a household of two adults, four youngsters, one puppet-elf who wants nothing more than to be a real little boy, one imaginary cat, one real dog, a collection of imaginary characters for whom Jon speaks—and an imaginary little boy named Dickie for whom young Debbie speaks.

Fortunately, the Connecticut house is spacious enough to accommodate all (Continued on page 85)

No School Today is heard over ABC Radio, Sat., from 9 to 10:30 A.M. EST (over Station WABC, New York, from 12:30 to 1 P.M.).

Producer Bill Mahaney, often called “the invisible leprechaun,” cues Jan.

Books are a passport to make-believe for Jan, Debbie and their elfin pal.

Rosalie helps answer the fan mail, has “endless cups of coffee” ready.
HE SCORES AGAIN

Bill Stern rates tops in radio sportscasting for the lucky seventh time!

FAVORITE RADIO SPORTSCASTER
Champion of the men in the playing field, Bill Stern is himself a fine champ who catches sports drama and hits home.

BEHIND every event, there is the man. Behind every man, there is drama. No one knows this better than sportscaster Bill Stern. When the crowd at the ball park roars for the man who broke the tie, or boos him ten minutes later for dropping the ball, it's Bill who's always in there rooting for the man himself. The moments of a home-run or touchdown are fleeting. Bill keeps his eye on the stuff that makes sportsmen ... there's the clue to this man. It took heart and courage for Bill to begin a radio career again, after having beaten death itself. Tragedy struck him in the fall of 1935. He was driving back to New York after broadcasting the grid games of Centenary College in Shreveport, Louisiana, when an automobile accident necessitated amputation of a leg. This was a crushing blow for a man who had been so active—but it proved only to have nourished Bill's gift for human interest.

Most Wednesday nights will find Bill at one of the veterans' hospitals with a troupe of show-people or sports figures, entertaining these men—many of them "forgotten men." Once, on a stifling hot summer's day, the air conditioners in the rooms of a New York hospital weren't plugged in and the men were literally suffocating. It was Bill, himself, who went around to every room in the hospital plugging the air conditioners into their outlets. His friends at the hospital won't soon forget him.

Born in Rochester, New York, Bill attended Hackley Prep, but not for long. It seems he sneaked off campus one day to catch a certain Ruby Stevens who was appearing in a local show. This was a decided infringement of the rules, but Bill was willing to risk it. He took the consequences—but to (Continued on page 10)

Sports Today With Bill Stern is heard on ABC Radio, M-F, 6:30 P.M. EST (Station WABC, New York, at 6:45), under alternate sponsorship of the Allstate Insurance Company.

Ring king Rocky Marciano gives the lowdown on the art of fisticuffs to Bill, who is his ardent rooter.
"The Birds and the Bees"

Lady Blouse

In Bates Disciplined Mist Lawn

$10.00 original for only $3.00

and 2 Dial Soap wrappers.

Inspired by "The Birds and the Bees"
A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor—Starring George Gobel in his motion picture debut

Imagine you wearing an original creation by Hollywood's most applauded designer, Edith Head! That's your opportunity, just for using Dial Soap. Made of Bates Disciplined Mist Lawn* (finest quality cotton), your blouse comes in Chalk White printed in the most wanted colors for Spring—Avocado Green and Azalea Pink. A bargain at $10.00, it's yours for only $3.00 and 2 Dial wrappers!

But only one lucky woman in 400 can own this exclusive blouse because the supply is very limited. Get mild, fragrant Dial Soap—regular or bath size—and send for your "The Birds and The Bees" Blouse today.

*A registered Bates cotton that washes easily, dries quickly, never needs starch, irons smooth with a stroke, shrinkage controlled.

Aren't you glad you use Dial Soap?

(don't you wish everybody did?)
He Scores Again

(Continued from page 8) -
tell the truth—there were no regrets. Bill
had made a lifelong friend, who is known
today as Barbara Stanwyck.
At Penn Military College, Bill learned
the art of self-discipline and played foot-
ball, basketball and polo. He was also the
leader of the college orchestra and played
a mean saxophone. "That combo, wow!"
Bill laughs. They played countless "de-
mand performances," he recalls, but "the
demand was our own—no one else's!" So
they took to the high seas in 1929. "We
decided to make a summer trip to Europe.
First night out, we played for the first class
passengers, second night for the second
class travelers and the third night for
ourselves."
In 1930, Bill decided to try his hand in
Hollywood. And that's exactly what he
did—digging postholes at five dollars a
week, on the RKO lot. These labors lasted
for three days. But Bill made a friend—
Sam Rothafel—the great Roxy. When Bill
headed back to New York, he took a job as
usher in Rothafel's Roxy Theater. Bill's
practical jokes amused the great showman
and, in time, Bill became stage manager.
But the radio bug bit Bill in early 1934.
"I started pestering John Royal, a radio
exec at NBC, for a sportscasting job. He
got so sick and tired of me bothering him
that he told the great Graham McNamee
to "take this fresh kid to the Navy—William
and Mary football game and let him do a
two-minute bit that will end his career."
Knowing Bill, it is no surprise that these
two men were later to become his most
loyal boosters. McNamee, says Bill, saw
to it that he got every break. His work
with him won Bill a steady job on NBC.
The new sportscaster, anxious for success,
had his friends wire Royal that they
thought "Stern was the best ever." Royal
promptly fired him.
The next year, when the tragic automo-
bile accident occurred, it was John Royal
who came to visit Bill, to give him en-
couragement and offer him another an-
nouncing job. The rest is history, marking
the rise of a seven-time gold medal winner.
Bill Stern is no armchair sportman. He
takes his Thunderbird "anyplace
there's a race." Another familiar sight is
Bill racing about on his motorcycle—nor
is he a stranger on the golf links.
Bill Stern's association with sports
figures has given him an intimate apprecia-
tion and admiration of their qualities.
He says of golfers, "They're the finest type
of people—ladies and gentlemen. Anyone
associated with the sport develops a sense
of refinement." As for tennis enthusiasts,
he says, "They've got breeding. The very
demands of the game call for politeness
and fine behavior." Football players?
"They're a good lot. Those kids went to
war. They have confidence and manliness."
And baseball figures? "They haven't
had the advantages to gain suaveness. But
you'll never meet a greater bunch of reg-
ular guys." Of the men in the ring, Bill
says, "The greatest of them—the Demp-
sevs, the Tunneys, the Roscas, the Joe
Louises, were hungry fighters. They were
fighting for a cause . . . great champs
and greater men."
Then Bill speaks of Joe Louis, "the finest
man in sports I've ever known. I've seen
him emerge as a poor, yes, illiterate boy,
into a man of incomparable distinction.
Joe never has knocked a man. He is a
complete gentleman—a gentleman by in-
stinct." It takes a gentleman like Bill
Stern to recognize what's behind a man—
it's this very ability that makes him a
winner.
For the figure of your fondest day-dreams—Maidenform’s lovely new Concerto* gives you curves that are more curvaceous, brings an exciting line to your outline! And it’s all accomplished with row upon row of tiny, interlocked stitches! Each stitch catches up an inner cup-lining, pre-shapes this bra just enough to mould a fabulous form! In white stitched broadcloth, lace-margined. AA, A, B and C cups... 2.00
“Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo,” says Dana Wynter. It’s the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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

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

Hollywood’s favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo—Never Dries—it Beautifies!

Howdy, Pardner!

(Continued from page 6)

and the door opened. “Mummy” found the nearest seat. Bobby and Judy immediately found Doodyville—the pet shop with live animals, the general store with well-stocked cracker barrels and candy jars, the Doodyville Bagle office, the Hutch a Hitch Indian room, the Doodyville harbor and park where Clarabell was meandering in his Clarabus.

By this time, Doodyville was well-populated, with visitors who were ogling the trick walls that appear and disappear. Then, Buffalo Bob came along, looking very dashing in his vivid blue pioneer outfit. The Lollypop set swarmed about him, chorusing, “Howdy Doody, Bob.” Their hero never totes a gun, rides a horse or engages in fistcuffs. He flashed his familiar, warm smile, clasped extended hands and said, “Howdy, Pardners!”

Bob counted his pals to make sure there would be room for all of them in the Peanut Gallery. For Bob Smith, each is addressed as his sons, Robin, almost 14, Ronnie, 12, and baby Christopher, one and a half. Perhaps Bob appreciates, more than most, the people close to him.

Less than two years ago, Bob Smith was in danger of losing his life from a heart attack. His life had been ideal. His lovely wife, Mildred Metz Smith, was a constant source of strength. Their New Rochelle home was something of a dream house. What wonderful times they shared there—those jam sessions with Bob at the piano and Ronnie and Robin at the clarinet and trumpet.

When Bob recovered and went back to work, gone was the tension and irritability he had been feeling for so long. He relaxed—opened his heart and mind to the things around him—no longer had that fidgety feeling at show time.

Judy and Bobby and all the other moppets mobbed the Peanut Gallery at Buffalo Bob’s suggestion. He sat informally against the Gallery, frolicking with the youngsters. Then he asked, “What time is it?” And the youngsters chorused, “It’s Howdy Doody Time, it’s Howdy Doody Time...”

It was really the little ones who had named the show. The freckle-faced puppet debuted on TV in 1947, when the program was called Puppet Playhouse Presents. Bob Smith was then known as “Elmer,” who always greeted the children with, “Well, Howdy Doody, kids.” The mail came pouring in addressed to “Howdy Doody”—and so the show’s name was born. And when the 1948 elections came around, millions of youngsters boasted “Howdy for President.”

All the Judys and Bobbys sat transfixed as the perpetually ten-year-old Howdy Doody entered, spearheading a safety campaign, telling of informative places to visit and causing thumbs to fall out of mouths as he lectured on good manners. Doodyville’s official greeter made all welcome to his unique town. And though, over the years, it grows larger—Howdy remains his modest, lovable self. His new friend from Africa, flaxen-haired Heidi, joined him and they spoke of her long trek to America. She, too, feels very much part of Doodyville.

Judy and Bobby, in the vibrant Peanut Gallery, may not have been aware of it, but their visit to Doodyville had been televised—in color, too! On their way down the push-button elevator, they were only aware that they’d been to Paradise, Eden and Mecca all at once—an ever-ever land, where people and animals and even puppets live very happily, in a world made rich by and for children.
New Patterns for You


9085—The soft summer dress—ideally feminine, always flattering—is pretty with little bow-trimmed sleeves, or cool sleeveless! Misses’ Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 4 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢.


Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to:
TV Radio Mirror, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.

Unbelievably Long Lasting!

Can’t evaporate! Never dries skin!
Retains strength for hours!
Even if perfume never “lasts” on you, Coty Creamy Skin Perfume will! Smooth it on like a lotion—the fragrance stays with you for hours!

NEW
Creamy SKIN PERFUME

Choose your favorite
L’AIMANT • L’ORIGAN • EMERAUDE • "PARIS"

Compounded and copyrighted by Coty, Inc., in U.S.A.
FAVORITE RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR

Newscaster, author, lecturer and world traveler, Lowell Thomas looked “beyond that horizon,” found adventure, fame—and four gold medals.

Also a globetrotter, Lowell Jr. poses with his father and Tibetan nobles at the fabulous Dalai Lama’s palace.

LOWELL THOMAS is by way of being an institution—but one with windows that open wide on the world. He has been on radio for more than three decades, and his current news program has been heard at its same time ever since September 29, 1930. This makes the longest continuous run of any news program. It’s also the longevity record for all programs, of all types, in the history of network broadcasting. But Mr. Thomas himself is more interested in height than in length.

“How” is how Lowell Thomas likes his adventure—and the taller some of his stories sound, the truer they are. The trail to his fourth gold-medal Award in TV Radio Mirror’s polls began, appropriately enough, in a gold-mining town on a peak high in the Rockies, some 10,000 feet above sea level—which, as he says, “is much higher than most people live.” Lhasa, Tibet, is one of the few places in the world that matches that rarefied altitude.

There were no high mountains, but the corn grew tall in Ohio, where Lowell was born. Both his parents were country-school teachers who placed great stress on correct speech for the broadcaster-to-be and also gave the future (Continued on page 24)
Palmolive Soap can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion today!

Gets hidden dirt that ordinary cleansing methods miss!

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

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

Only a soap that is mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry.

It's that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Nothing could be finer than that Dinah Shore will star in a music-variety gala on Chevy Show.

Chicago's Station WNBQ is the first to convert to all-color-compatible, of course. Singer Mike Douglas, Jules Herbuesaux, NBC veep and WNBQ general manager, music conductor Joseph Gallicchio and songstress Nancy Wright examine a new set model.

By JILL WARREN

WHAT'S NEW FROM

Spring finds the networks blossoming out with plans for good sights and sounds.

Judy Garland is doing a special half-hour for General Electric Theater on Sunday night, April 8, over CBS-TV. Though most of these shows are on film, Judy's stint will be live, originating in Hollywood. The program will be mostly musical, though G-E is also planning an extra salute to the whole electrical industry on this night.

Another popular song lady, Dinah Shore, will star on The Chevy Show, on NBC-TV, Tuesday night, April 10. The format will be musical-variety with Marge and Gower Champion as the featured performers. This is the second big hour wingding for Dinah this season. Dinah's auto sponsors are in very high gear about the rave reviews she got for the show she did with Perry Como a few months ago.

CBS Radio Workshop will brave Friday, April 13, with a dramatic adaptation of "Jacob's Hand," a new original story by Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood, with Huxley himself doing the narration. Huxley won critical kudos several weeks ago for his first narration job on this program on "Brave New World."

And the same network will try an interesting casting combination on television when it teams Orson Welles and Betty Grable in "Twentieth Century," the Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur play to be seen Saturday night, April 7, on Ford Star Jubilee.

The Alcoa Hour has planned a special starring vehicle for Gertrude Berg for their April 29 show. It's an original play, "Paris and Mrs. Perlman," in which Gertrude plays a widow who gets tangled up with a French gigolo. It's a comedy, but definitely, and sounds like just the ticket for the talented "Mrs. Goldberg."

An American's visit to Europe will also be the theme of Producers' Showcase on Monday night, April 30, on NBC-TV. There's more drama than comedy involved here, though, for this will be a video version of "Dodsworth," one of Sinclair Lewis' finest novels. Maurice Evans will produce and direct "Cradle Song" for the Hallmark show on Sunday, May 6, on NBC-TV. And what a cast, even for a television special—Helen Hayes, Judith Anderson, Susan Strasberg, and the Irish star, Siobhan McKenna. This should prove to be ninety minutes of drama at its best.

Tony Martin lost his sponsor for his NBC-TV show on Monday nights, and the network has filled the time with Gordon MacRae and a new client. Gordon is very happy with his new quarter-hour program because it's the first time he's had a regular show since the popular Railroad Hour went off the air several seasons ago. Of course, in the meantime MacRae has become a top movie star via his "Oklahoma" and "Carousel" films.

Imogene Coca will be the star on the United States Steel Hour on Wednesday night, April 11, on CBS-TV. Imogene is doing "Funny Heart," a new play by Mel Goldberg, in which she plays a dramatic role, with no music. With the exception of an occasional skit, this will mark the first
time on TV that the comedienne has done a straight play, and the rehearsal rumors have it that she's excellent doing the serious stuff.

ABC-TV has a brand-new addition to their Monday-night network schedule which should please the movie fans. It's a new Film Festival series, which will run for two hours, with a different picture each week. ABC has purchased some one hundred and thirty-five top British films from J. Arthur Rank, so now is your chance to catch up with some of those good English movies you missed. The Dotty Mack Show and Medical Horizons have been moved to other time periods.

The Stuart Foster Show, which was announced as a definite new program on the CBS Radio schedule, has been temporarily postponed. The network was unable to find a suitable time spot for it.

Comedienne Joan Davis has already begun film production in Hollywood on her new situation-comedy TV series, set for this fall on ABC. The show is yet untitled, but Joan will play a grandmother who also has a career.

This 'n' That:
It's a boy, Jonathan, for Susan Douglas, who plays Kathy on The Guiding Light, and her husband, concert singer Jan Rubes.

Songstress Joan Edwards and her husband, musician Julius Schacter, have a new baby girl whom they've named Bonnie. Their small fry now total four. Joan hopes to resume her vocal career in a few months.

The stork delivered a double package to Eileen Palmer of the 21st Precinct program. Eileen was surprised with twins, a boy and a girl. She is married to Frederick J. McMorrow, Long Island newspaperman.

Night-club comedian Lee Goodman has been making quite a name for himself doing the commercials on ABC's Ethel And Albert TV-er. The hilarious antics he goes through to sell cereal for his sponsor have proved so amusing that Lee may be the star of his own comedy show before long.

Famous Evangelist Billy Graham may soon make his television acting debut in the dramatic version of "Devil at My Heels," which is in the works at CBS. This is the autobiography of the Olympic athletic star, Louis Zamperini, just published by E. P. Dutton and Co. Graham figures very prominently in Zamperini's life story.

Gloria De Haven was offered a permanent TV deal in New York, but turned it down in favor of remaining in Miami Beach, Florida, to be near Richard Fincher, Florida auto dealer.

Gloria and Fincher have announced they plan to be married in September.

Frank Sinatra is still saying no to TV, simply because he doesn't have the time. But he has found a few spare hours to launch his own recording outfit, to be called Tabb Records.

Video actress Lurene Tuttle and her husband, Fred Cole, sound engineer, have ended it all via the divorce court in Los Angeles, after five years of marriage. Lurene, who plays "Vinny" in the Life With Father series, was married at one time to the well-known actor and an- (Continued on page 22)

Weekend with a star was the prize for Mr. and Mrs. James Wyss in our recent contest. They visited Hollywood as maestro Lawrence Welk's guests.
TWO FOR ALL

... and everyone's for Roy and Dale, who reign as king and queen of the Golden Rule

FAVORITE TV WESTERN PROGRAM

King and Queen of the West, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, mount their famous horses, Trigger and Buttermilk, then alight to join side-kick and jester, Pat Brady, with canine Bullet barking sweet nothings.

The "castle" in Chatsworth, California, houses the music-loving and talented royal family—Dale and Dodie, Roy, Cheryl, Linda Lou, Sandy and Dusty—in harmony.
suddenly... you're glamorous!

You're Free! Lithe! And Glamorous... with Heavenly Comfort!

Playtex Living Bra®

Long-Line with Magic Midriff... or Bandeau. The new fashions are young, exciting as your figure when you wear the Long-Line Bra. High, round nylon cups add a lift for curve allure you've never had before! All-elastic Magic Midriff slims inches away from bust to waist. In white... $5.95. Bandeau, white or non-run black, $3.95. Sizes 32A to 40C. D-Cups from $4.95. In the Playtex package at your favorite store.
THE FLYING YANKEE

Quicker than you can say

"How about that," Mel Allen is off
to prove the game's the thing

Often called "a one-man Yankee knothole gang," Mel was
the first to go on the road with his team. He reported the
plays that made Yogi Berra 1955's "Most Valuable Player."

From March through January, Mel's a traveling man. Among
the things he misses most are leisurely dinners with his parents
and his newlywed brother Larry, who works on Mel's shows.

FAVORITE TV SPORTSCASTER

Mel Allen has won just about every award that can
be given to a sportscaster. This year, he scores
for his fifth gold medal Award in as many years.

A tall, modest man, with a quick, honest
smile, Mel Allen pointed to an offending shoe.
A walk at the upstate, Bedford Village home
that he shares with his parents had muddied the
footwear. It was now six in the evening. Bet-
tween now and ten, Mel's agenda listed a maga-
azine interview, a meeting with press photogra-
phers, a speech at a charity dinner, a newsreel
to be narrated, and, at ten, a plane to be caught.

Fitting in a shoeshine was clearly a problem.
But speaking fan to fan, which is Mel Allen's
sportscasting habit, the muddy shoe was really
not pinching. A hectic schedule, and a more
hectic one to come, fazed Mr. Allen not in the
least. Mr. Allen had caught an advanced case
of spring fever. A new baseball season was a-borning and that ten o'clock plane would take
him to St. Petersburg and the New York Yankees
baseball club.

It's seventeen years since Mel first rendez-
voused with the Bronx Bombers, but there's
nothing routine in the meeting. "It's a thrill
each time," grins the Alabaman who has become
the "Voice of the Yankees." And this excite-
ment is not confined to activities on the diamond.
Mel feels it—and conveys it to radio and TV
audiences—before the beginning of every sports
activity except possibly chess—which is the only
competition he's never described to an audience.

In the air as often as he is on-the-air, Mel
Allen averages some seventy-five thousand air-
borne miles a year. (Continued on page 25)

Mel Allen is the "Voice of the Yankees," as sponsored by
Ballantine Ale and Beer, and Winston and Camel Cigarettes
(Stations WPIX and WINS, New York; check papers).
HOW MUCH OF THIS
$50,000 IN CASH PRIZES
ARE YOU GOING TO WIN IN THE GREAT NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTEST

As you read this, one of the greatest puzzle contests ever held in the U. S. A. is getting under way! A contest that offers fun, excitement, thrills for everyone! A contest that may make you $25,000 richer!

Just think what you could do with prize money like that...all yours in a lump sum! It could buy you a beautiful new home...free and clear! A stunning new car, a boat, a luxury vacation cruise around the world! It could pay for a college education for your youngsters, or make your own retirement easier. It could give you a start in your own business. It could bring you the wonderful security that comes with a big, solid bank account! Enter now, and you may be first prize winner or winner of any of 400 big cash prizes that must be paid. Enter now and make yourself eligible to win a fabulous $5000 promptness bonus along with first prize of $25,000—a grand total of $25,000,000.

YOUR COMMON SENSE CAN MAKE YOU A WINNER!

THIS HOUSEWIFE WON $52,000!

"As the first prize winner of $52,000 I compliment you on running this contest and most interesting contest I ever entered. And the check for $52,000 made our family's dreams come true!

Marion Starr Kensington, Maryland

READ WHAT OTHER CONTESTANTS SAY ABOUT FORMER NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTESTS!

FLORIDA..."I wish to thank you and your staff for the wonderful way you have conducted this contest. Your fairness and the correct way you have sent out the solution forms has been wonderful."

CALIFORNIA..."I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the check for $100.00 which I received as a prize. This is the first major contest I have ever entered and won something.

CANADA..."I not only admire the way you handle your contest...and the opportunity to solve these puzzles...but especially the way in which you answer all questions.

National Puzzle Contest, Dept. 118 P. O. Box 777, G. P. O. Brooklyn, N. Y.

The keynote of this great National Puzzle Contest is absolute fairness. There are no essays to write...no gimmicks to trip you up. You don't need a college degree to win! All that counts is your skill and common sense. These fascinating picture puzzles are so much fun to get the hang of, you'll have a good time doing them. Even if you've never entered a contest before, you've got a great chance of being a winner in this one.

Best of all, this unusual contest actually gives you a chance to check your own answers and make sure they're right, before sending them in! Not only do you have the opportunity of checking once, you get a second chance! Shortly after you complete your puzzle answers, we will mail you an Official Substitute Solution Form, so you can correct any error or omission...so you can double-check your solutions. What could be fairer?

TRY THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE RIGHT NOW!

HOW MUCH FUN?

CLUE No. 1: THE "HOOSIER" STATE.

+ ONEA -
- K =

CLUE No. 2: The 7 letters forming the correct name of this State total exactly 52 points using the Official Table of Letter Values.

This is a typical contest puzzle that was actually used in a former contest. See how easy it is to get the hang of these interesting picture puzzles by trying this one. See how much fun they are to solve! In the sample puzzle shown, you will see a sink, a Dial, the sole of a shoe and various letters of the alphabet. There are two plus and minus signs. First, write down sink. Then add Dial to it. Next, add a shoe. This equals A-V-X-P. Now, you must subtract the letters in sole and k. When this is done you are left with A-V-X-P. Indiana is the Hoosier State, so the correct checks with Clue No. 1.

You Can Now Check Answers with Clue No. 2, by using the Official Table of Letter Values:


According to the Table above, 1-9, N-14, D-4, I-9, and A-7, plus 1, N-14, A-7, for a grand total of 52. Check with Clue No. 2, and you can make sure you are right on the nose! Every puzzle in the contest will have 2 clues so you can always make sure you're right!

FIRST PRIZE
AS MUCH AS

$25,000.00

200 CASH AWARDS

2nd Prize $7,500.00
3rd Prize $3,000.00
4th Prize $1,500.00
5th Prize $1,000.00
6th thru 10th each $500.00
11th thru 20th each $150.00
21st thru 50th each $100.00
51st thru 200th each $30.00

Total...$50,000

IN 2 YEARS $133,500.00 AWARDED FROM NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTESTS!

National Puzzle Contests have offered $133,500.00 in prizes within the short space of 2 years! That's a whole lot of money! But now the new National Puzzle Contest...with prizes of an additional $50,000...will raise that grand total to $183,500.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada or U. S. Possessions, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the American Church Union, Inc., a state chartered, non-profit organization. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest, including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full.

ENTER NOW MAKE YOURSELF ELIGIBLE TO WIN A PROMPTNESS BONUS OF A CADILLAC, A MINK COAT, OR AN EXTRA $5,000!

This is a contest with a magnificent prize! Mail the handy coupon at once, and we'll rush your contest entry blank to you, with the date of contest deadlines, rules, etc. As a contestant, should your score be highest, in addition to the prize you win you also receive your choice of any one of the three extra bonus prizes you choose...either a Cadillac Convertible, genuine Ranch Mink Coat, or an additional $5,000 in Cash!

GIVE YOURSELF A $5,000 EXTRA CHANCE TO WIN MAIL COUPON TODAY!

National Puzzle Contest Dept. 118 P. O. Box 777, General Post Office, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I want full particulars about the $50,000.00 NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTEST. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Form, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

Name
Address
City__________________________________________Zone__________________State________________

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
TAMPAX CAN BE WORN IN SHOWER OR TUB

Tampax can be worn in shower or tub. These words emphasize the vast difference between internal sanitary protection and any other kind. But that's not all! There is no bulk with Tampax. No pins, no belts—no supports of any kind. Nothing to cling or chafe. Never a disposal problem. Tampax is simply and purely surgical cotton, so made that the wearer's hands need not touch it at any time at all.

Imagine what a sense of freedom this gives you! Tampax even prevents odor from forming—relieves you of that possible embarrassment. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax since it was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women. But even more important, new millions will choose it in the future—for modern women always prefer the better, more convenient, far more modern way. Naturally!


announcer Melville Ruick, and their daughter, Barbara, plays a lead in "Carousel."

Herb Shriver and CBS Television have signed a five-year contract with each other, which begins in the fall. At that time the comedian will be starred in his own full-hour variety show once a week. Shriver will not continue on Two For The Money, the quizzer he has done for the past four seasons. This show was originally planned for Fred Allen, who became ill before he could do it. But now it looks likely for Allen to take over when Shriver departs in June.

Georgiann Johnson, who played the saucy, blonde "Marge Weskit" on the Mr. Peepers show, and more recently has been seen as a panelist on Down You Go, is set to wed comedian Stanley Prager, now on Broadway in "The Pajama Game."

Bob Burns, top radio comic of a decade ago, succumbed to cancer in North Hollywood, California, at the age of 64. Burns became popular through his bazoooka playing and Arkansas jokes, and appeared for many years on network radio, chiefly with Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee. Upon his retirement from show business ten years ago, he invested heavily in San Fernando Valley real estate and developed his own farm.

Radio listeners also mourn the passing of actress Jane Seymour, at the age of 57, in New York City. A veteran of the New York stage and of the movies, Jane was also well-known for her work in many daytime radio serials, among them Claudia, Big Sister, and The Aldrich Family.

The Errol Flynn Theater telepix series will start shooting in England almost immediately, with the dashing Errol doubling as director in several of the films. He has planned thirty-nine in all, and so far has signed Paulette Goddard, Linda Christian, Laurence Olivier, and Ralph Richardson as stars. The series is slated to be seen in America this fall.

Julius La Rosa and Rory Meyer are planning their wedding for April in Rory's home town of Manitowoc, Wisconsin. The marriage vows will be presided over by Rev. Robert Parella, better known among show folk in New York as Father Bob, the is a long time personal friend of Ferry Como, who also happened to be Rory's boss.

Mulling The Mail

Mrs. H.M. Youngstown, Ohio: When Fibber McGee and Molly, alias Jim and Marian Jordan, were in New York recently, there was much talk that they were planning a television show for NBC, in addition to the radio program, which has won them awards, but nothing definite has been announced.

Mrs. E.J.S., Whitehall, New York: Allan Copeland has been with The Modernaires since 1946 and he is in his late twenties.

Mrs. R.V.H., York, Pennsylvania, and others who wrote about Tennessee Ernie: Ernie Ford asked Columbia to release him from his radio contract in order to concentrate on his TV show. Curt Massey took over Tennessee's air time.

Mrs. G. McE., Brunswick, Maine: Leaving the Robert Q. Lewis Show, Lois Hunt has not appeared regularly on any other program.

Earl Wrightson has been fulfilling concert dates in and around New York City.

Miss L.S., Richmond, Virginia: Fred Astaire has consistently turned down offers for guest appearances on TV. He recently made a statement in Hollywood.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST (Continued from page 17)

"Why should I guest on shows when I've been offered $100,000 to do my own spectacle?" Okay, Fred, we're waiting for it. Mrs. B.L., Dallas, North Carolina: CBS-TV recently acquired an Erle Stanley Gardner catalog of stories and titles, including many "Perry Mason" tales. They are planning to film a series of one-hour "Perry Mason" shows to be seen in the fall of this year. Mrs. C.N., Kansas City, Missouri: The girl you mean is Marion Ross, who played the coonkey maid in Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" TV special. She also plays the Irish maid on Life With Father.

Whatever Happened To . . . ?

Bea Wain, who was a well-known radio songstress for many years, and made many hit records? For the past few years, Bea hasn't been too active professionally and has spent most of her time at home with her children. But a few weeks ago she and her husband, announcer Andre Baruch, started a Monday-through-Friday radio program over WABC in New York. It's a chatter-interview-disc show and Bea has also done some singing, proving she still knows her way around a song.

Ann Hillary, who played "Sandra" on The Brighter Day show, and suddenly left the cast? Ann departed Brighter Day in order to accept a role in the hit Broadway show, "The Lark." Diana Genter is the new "Sandra."

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

Sisters Jayne and Audrey Meadows join in the crusade against cancer.
Doctor develops home treatment that rinses away blackheads in 15 minutes

by Claire Hoffman

A leading New York dermatologist has developed a simple medicated home treatment that rinses away blackheads and whiteheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently on five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! I saw enlarged pores reduced, and rough, muddy complexion made cleaner, clearer and smoother-looking. In the case of two older women, I saw flabby, sagging skin tighten and wrinkles flatten and fade. ... After seeing these results, I can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this doctor's treatment one of the most important beauty discoveries of the century.

Anyone Can Use It

The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed whipped cleansing cream is used that takes off not only surface dirt, but also softens and loosens pore-caked grime with its emollient action. It liquefies as soon as it is applied and literally floats the dirt right off your face.

After this is tissued off, a de-lightful mint-scented cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes an absorbing agent called Argilla dries and turns this specially medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As it firms and hardens, its suction action drains on waste matter in the pores... In 8 or 10 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face, you can see blackheads and other pore "filler" actually come off on your tissue. And your skin feels clean—really clean—and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

Pore Sponging and Closing

The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique antiseptic astrin gent—a facial "mint julep" that sponges and tightens emptied pores and leaves a protective invisible film that helps guard your skin against dust, dirt and bacteria for hours and hours.

Nothing Else Like It

Even after a single treatment, women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads and whiteheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be drawn out by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin smoother and firmer—feels fresher and more alive!

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare hope for even after many weeks... but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week—or every second week—will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

The medically developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream, Queen Helene Medicated Masque and Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent. The three items are sold as a complete skin and beauty kit for 3.98 plus tax. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks—and self-esteem!
have a breath of Paris about you... every day!

(Continued from page 14) explorer and adventurer an early start in his travels. After several residences in Ohio, Lowell's father, who had acquired a medical degree along the way, moved his family to Victor, Colorado, the heart of the Cripple Creek gold-mining district. As a boy, Lowell became a gold miner, a range rider, and a carrier of gold samples across the high Rockies, and eventually, a mining camp reporter and editor. He spent his spare time drinking in the tales of the miners who had followed the lure of gold, and the call of adventure. And then, too, there was the view. Overlooking the Sangre de Cristo mountain range, Lowell could see for more than one hundred miles in three directions. He was a traveler. Always wanted to know what was beyond that horizon," he recalls.

A turning point in his career came in 1917, when, attached to the Allied armies, he returned from the front lines to read a bulletin announcing that the British had sent a new commander-in-chief to take over in Egypt. General Edmund H. Allenby. Lowell Thomas snatched spectacular events in the making. His mind's eye full of stories of the Crusades of old, he hurried to the Near East to witness the modern-day battles in the Holy Land, home, there, for Oxford archeologist who became the fiery sheik of the desert.

Adventure followed adventure—and on radio and as the voice of Fox Mov's much newsreels, Lowell Thomas's voice was heard by more of his fellow mortals than any other voice in history. When, in the summer and fall of 1949, he and his son, Lowell, Jr., made their journey to forbidden Tibet, their visit to the real Shangri-La, Lhasa, and their near-tragic return journey to India, attracted as wide notice as almost any adventure of our era.

Between and during his world wanderings, Lowell Thomas has authored more than forty books, realized the possibilities of Cinerama and helped pull it out of the laboratory and into the movie theater.

Lowell makes a cross-country tour once a year, often with ski equipment. "I believe people are getting to be the ski equipment. And She and Lowell met at college in Colorado and were married just before the United States entered the first World War. When Roy left for the war, so did Frances, with the Red Cross, and she has since been on many of his expeditions. Significantly, their home in Pawling features a fireplace that tells the history of the world in stones from every civilization. Lowell has found that "if you roam around the world as I do, you accumulate, whether you're a collector or not." And, of course, there are paintings and photos from all over the world, a vault filled with films, collections of weapons of all peoples, and a variety of equipment.

Publishers and readers have been begging for an autobiography by Lowell Thomas for thirty years. The book remains, as the voice of Fox Mov's much fun to write about other people," he says. Then he adds another reason. "I have never lived in the past. I live furiously in the present. Glance at the past shows what the future holds for Lowell Thomas—adventure.

Two For All

(Continued from page 18) tistry. But the pressing needs of his family forced him to leave McDermott High in the second year. In Fort Worth, Texas, there were six bedrooms for all the prunes and princeses. At the dinner table, the royal family pray before the Bible readings. Each much talk—Cheryl, who's nearly sweet sixteen, Linda Lou, thirteen, and Dusty, almost ten. The Rogers' have realized their cherished ambition of sharing the good things they have. In 1952, they invited two youngsters to add to the family circle—nine-year-old Sandy, from Covington, Kentucky, and four-year-old Little Doe (Dodie) from Dallas, Texas, the same Choc-taw Indian strain of which Roy himself is so proud. And now, the family includes the lovely and talented Scotch lass, Marion and Dale during their tour of the British Isles. "God has really smiled on us, for we have a house full of happy children," says Dale. The Rogers respect as well as love children. They are always sure to express this on their program. "Whenever we fit into the story," Roy says, "we show how children, too, can take an active part...all Por Roy and Dale, the really exciting Western yarns carry a message of good sportsmanship, clean living and fair play. Dale, Roy, his cowhand, Dickie, Pat Barry, and their animal friends, Trigger, Buttermilk and Bullet, are all bearers of this message. One and all abide by the law proclaimed by the King and Queen who reign by the Golden Rule.
The Flying Yankee

(Continued from page 20)
From March 1st to January 1st, half of his time is spent out of town, covering college football during the pigskin season and Yankee baseball during the cowhide season—and narrating special events no matter what the season. The "voice of the Yankees" is also the sportscasting voice on Fox Movietone newreels and the specchifying voice at more benefits and charity functions than you can shake a baseball bat at.

But Mel really hadn't planned it that way—although when his father sold his general store to turn traveling salesman, it might well have been a forecast of the flying Yankee to come. But the clincher wasn't until someone decided Mel was too skinny for his six-foot frame.

That was at Alabama University, where Mel's weight kept him off the baseball squad. If the baseball coach wouldn't have him, the dramas coach would, and Mel turned his activities to the school's acting society. He found he could sway an audience, decided to make his living swaying a jury, and enrolled in Alabama's law school.

The budding attorney was still sports-minded. He wrote the radio scripts for Frank Thomas, the late football coach, and, in return, arranged for Mel to broadcast the school's games on the local radio station. When Ted Husing came down to broadcast a big Alabama game, he hired Mel to provide local color. Network bigwigs tuned in and extended their invitation—for an audition. Mel was hired and did a variety of chores until he finally made his sports mark while covering an auto race from a plane.

When foul weather postponed and then cancelled the race, Mel found himself doing a forty-five minute ad lib. He hasn't been at a loss for words on sports since.

Words do fail him, though, when people present him with awards. Mel still gets embarrassed, even though he's won practically every award that can be given to a sportscaster. And that includes five TV Radio Mirror gold medals.

Nor is Mel a spectator sportman. He likes to go fishing, drop down to a gym for a game of handball, and is very proud of his double berth as pitcher and centerfielder with the New York Sports Stars. This is a team made up of ex-athletes, coaches and newsmen who play to fill charity coffers. Once a year, they play against the jockeys and the Mutt-and-Jeff match is "the funniest thing," according to six-footer Mel.

If Mel sounds a little wistful as he talks of hobbies, it's because time is something this highest-paid of all sportscasters has not plenty of. But, if your job is something you'd almost gladly do for free, if your ears harken to the call of "Play ball," if your heart is diamond-shaped—and if your name is Mel Allen—then you wouldn't change shoes, even a pair needing a shine, with anyone.

SEASON FOR ROMANCE
Summer is a-coming in . . . with a holiday line-up of great stories and pictures of people you know and love . . . in June

TV RADIO MIRROR
at your favorite newsstand May 8

Are you in the know?

When hosting, what's your first job?

☐ Get the party off the ground
☐ Suggest group arrivals

If your guests arrive, do they have to suffer?
Go through the thumb-twiddling, nice-weather-we're-having routine? To give your party a flying start—scrape the ice off its wings! Keep everybody busy. Rolling back rugs; sorting records. Even helping you with final party fixings. Another defroster:

If you'd keep him, better bypass—

☐ Flirty friends
☐ Fuss-budget tactics

If there's anything a hombre hates—it's getting the Mama's Boy treatment, in public.
Besides, your date probably prides himself on his grooming. Why make him feel like Hillbilly Hank by adjusting his tie, re-combing his crew cut? As for your grooming (on certain days) you know you're the smoothest—when you choose Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent tell-tale outlines. And when you try Regular, Junior and Super Kotex you'll learn which size best suits you.

If you really care for your cashmere—

☐ Don't lend it
☐ Draw an outline

Better say nay to borrow-mad Sis; likewise to human fire hazards! And because you cherish your sweater, wash it with the greatest care. First, record the outline of its actual shape on paper. Make the neck stretch-proof by running a thread around it. In sanitary protection, too, it's important to have softness that holds its shape . . . Kotex, of course. Designed to stay soft, chafe-free. And you can't make a mistake with Kotex because it can be worn on either side, safely.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Free booklet! Want hints on dating, etiquette, grooming, fashions? Send for fascinating free booklet "Are You In The Know?" Gives poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" magazine advertisements. Write F. O. Box 3454, Dept. 1256, Chicago 54, Illinois.
Top Secret

Would you please give me some information about Gene Barry, who plays Gene Talbot on Our Miss Brooks, on CBS-TV?

L. K., Chicopee, Mass.

Until he was sixteen years old, Gene Barry concealed from his family a dark secret—he was going to be an actor. Gene recalls, "My parents, like many others, regarded acting as somehow related to panhandling. So, when people asked me what I wanted to do when I grew up, I said I wanted to be a civil engineer." Gene continues with a roguish grin, "I wasn't sure what a civil engineer was, but it sounded respectable and it threw them off the track." Gene was born in New York City, the oldest of five children. His father, a jewelry manufacturer, was a fine amateur violinist and his mother was gifted with an outstanding singing voice. Gene's only scholastic interests in public school were the dramatics club and English. "When they'd get me out of bed to go to school," he recalls, "I'd say to myself, 'This is ridiculous. Don't they know I'm destined to be a great actor?'" His "destiny," however, was not immediately apparent. He showed top honors in school, another boy baritone in a city-wide singing contest and then confidently talked himself into a resort job. The first week ended with the manager handing him eight dollars and saying, "Go home." For the next few years, his career was a hodgepodge of journeys throughout Catskill resorts and night clubs. Then the big jump to Broadway was finally taken in "Rosalinda." "The Merry Widow," and as Mae West's leading man in "Catherine Was Great." When the call from Hollywood came, he went on to make eleven motion pictures, including "Naked Alibi" and "Soldiers of Fortune." Tall, dark and handsome, Gene married Betty in 1942. They have two sons, Michael Lewis, 10, and Fredric, 3. Gene's hobbies are music and painting. As for the future, Gene, who plays the gym instructor who keeps Our Miss Brooks' heart throbbing, says, "The future can take care of itself. I'm enjoying the present too much to worry about it." Gene's ambition is to reach "maximum proficiency" at his craft. His admirers know he's the tops.

Spin to Fame

Could you please give me some information about Tim Considine, who is "Spin" on the Mickey Mouse Club, on ABC-TV?

M. W., Midlothian, Ill.

Young Tim Considine is the third of his clan to make a contribution to public entertainment. Now fifteen—and the promising star of "Spin and Marty" the outdoor adventure series of Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse Club—Tim is the son of movie producer John Considine and Carmen Pantages, a member of the eminent theatrical family. He is also the nephew of Bob Considine, the well known wire-service writer. The freckle-faced youngster is a typical American boy who enjoys all the outdoor hobbies, so he is really typecast for his role as the leader of a group of boys at a Western ranch. To be sure, this is not the first time that Tim has enjoyed stardom. He has appeared with Red Skelton in "The Clown," the motion picture which impressed Walt Disney so much that he was given the role of Spin... Tim is now attending Notre Dame High School in the San Fernando Valley, California. He has an older sister, Errin, who is twenty-three, and a brother, aged twenty. A sports car enthusiast who builds his own models Tim is also a fine swimmer and tennis player. A thoroughgoing outdoor man, Tim spins high adventure as Spin!

Calling All Fans

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

Jan Arden Fan Club, c/o Rose Marie Benevengo, 6705 Herman Ave., Cleveland 2, Ohio.
Ronnie Burns Fan Club, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood 38, Cal.

Make Room for Sherry

Please tell me about Sherry Jackson, who plays Terry on The Danny Thomas Show, "Make Room for Daddy," ABC-TV.

B. B., Kinston, N. C.

Sherry Jackson made her first impression in Hollywood on a driver of a sightseeing bus, who was also an ex-actor. He noticed Sherry and her mother sipping sodas at a drive-in on the Sunset Strip. The driver gave Sherry's mother the address of an
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream
that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING
in every other leading toothpaste*

It's GARDOL!
And Colgate's with Gardol gives up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER, FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY with just one brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

Minutes after brushing with any toothpaste 12 hours after one Colgate brushing Gardol is

Decay-causing bacteria return to attack your teeth!

Still fighting the bacteria that cause decay!

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate Dental Cream with just one brushing!

Morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!

Cleans Your Breath
Guards Your Teeth

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

7055—Adorable pinafore for daughter—with whirly skirt, saucy bow ties, “ballet slipper” pocket of embroidery! Child’s Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern transfer of embroidery motifs. State size. 25¢

675—Rows of pineapples—baby-size at the waist and growing bigger toward the hem! Graceful skirt, matching stole—easy to do in knitting worsted. Misses’ Waist Sizes 24-26; 28-30 inches included. 25¢

507—Lifelike roses in color sparkle on this oval doily! 32 x 15 inches, in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50. 25¢

7377—Crochet these modern leaf-design doilies in two colors—match to home decor. Larger 16½ inches, smaller 11½. Use crochet and knitting cotton. 25¢

7217—Make this hit-or-miss endless-chain quilt by the “penny-saver” method! Buy a little fabric at a time, make a few blocks a month. Use scraps, too. Easy piecing. 25¢

546—Two pretty wall panels to decorate a child’s room! Charming scenes of daytime and night-time prayer—in easy embroidery. Embroidery transfers, directions for wall panels, each 9 x 12 inches. 25¢

7056—A big, beautiful rose “blooming” in color forms this unusual serving apron! Embroidery transfer, directions for making a “rose” apron, 18 inches long. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
...and from this day forward, ever-lovin' viv

the lipstick that stays married to your-lips

Vivid Pink

This Spring's prettier-than-ever, ever-vivid pink

A decidedly new kind of Pink . . . a fun-lovin', fun-to-wear VIVID PINK promising rich, deeply glowing color that no other lipstick can ever hope to match. You know this color won't forsake you, won't stray, won't fade . . . for this is the one-and-only, ever-true, ever-lovin' VIV and it's made by Toni.
AT LAST! **A LIQUID SHAMPOO**

**THAT'S EXTRA RICH!**

![Image of Prell liquid shampoo bottle]

**JUST POUR IT...**

and you'll see the glorious difference!

Never thin and watery like some liquid shampoos... never thick with a "film-ing" ingredient that can dull hair like others. Extra-Rich Liquid Prell has just the right consistency—won't run and never leaves a dulling film!

**IT'S LIQUID PRELL**

**FOR 'Radiantly Alive' Hair**

Exciting surprise for you—magical new Liquid Prell! It's extra rich—that's why Liquid Prell leaves your hair looking 'Radiantly Alive'! And how you'll love its unique extra-rich formula. Bursts instantly into richer, more effective lather—rinses in a twinkie—leaving your hair easier to set. Shouldn't you try Extra-Rich Liquid Prell today? There's radiant beauty in every drop!

And you'll love **PRELL CONCENTRATE**—
leaves hair extra clean... extra radiant!

Not a cream—not a liquid—but a clear shampoo concentrate that won't run off wet hair like ordinary shampoos. Instead, all the special ingredients work throughout your entire shampoo. That's why Prell Concentrate leaves your hair extra clean, extra radiant!
Your votes gave the stars and programs in this issue

the coveted gold medals in our ninth nationwide poll!

The votes have been counted, the gold medals are engraved, all is ready for the presentation of TV Radio Mirror's Ninth Annual Awards—in the only nationwide poll which gives listeners and viewers the opportunity to name their own favorites. Out of the ballot boxes have come prize plums for long-established stars and programs, surprise gifts for newer ones.

In a period which has seen NBC changing the whole concept of broadcasting, with dynamic programming throughout the day and over the weekend, TV Radio Mirror readers proclaimed Monitor the best radio program of all. Meanwhile, Home—which was just as striking an innovation when NBC launched it two years ago—has won its second Award as the nation's favorite women's television show. The corresponding radio honors in the feminine category go, for the fourth time, to Mutual's Queen For A Day (now also seen nationally over NBC-TV, since the first of this year).

Headlines and headliners made Award winners, too. CBS's much-discussed, fervently followed $64,000 Question triumphed as best TV show. Arthur Godfrey, his stellar performers and programs on CBS Radio and TV—always exciting news “copy”—won three more gold medals to add to the more than two-score they've already garnered! Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts swept the radio evening variety category for the fifth year in a row. It has previously won on TV, too, as have both Janette Davis and Frank Parker, who edged out all rivals as your favorite radio singers.

FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA PROGRAM
Mama brings San Francisco's warm-hearted Hansens into the nation's homes, with Peggy Wood in the title role and Judson Laire as Papa, Rosemary Rice, Dick Van Patten and Robin Morgan as their children. The series and its stellar performers have now won Awards for seven years straight—ever since Mama's first season on CBS-TV, in 1949!

see following pages for more Award Winners
FAVORITE RADIO PANEL SHOW

Make Up Your Mind was created by Arthur Henley (standing, at left), moderated by Jack Sterling (right). Panelists seated here include John S. Young; Edith Walton; Clarence S. Maso, audience member; and Elsa Maxwell, the day’s celebrity guest.

BEST RADIO PROGRAM ON THE AIR

Monitor has proved a boon to weekend listeners, thanks to NBC Radio’s pace-setting enterprise, which demands the greatest broadcasting talents and most up-to-date facilities.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM

The Bob Crosby Show—second time in a row! And, this year, Bob launched a “second generation,” too, as his daughter Cathy made her singing debut on TV.

(Continued)

Janette and Frank were also strong contenders for the TV titles, which were finally won by Patti Page—who proved so worthy of her sparkling new “showcase” this past year—and by Perry Como, who also had a new format, starting on NBC-TV last fall, and who proceeded to stir up a battle of audience-ratings in the coveted 8-to-9 spot on Saturday nights, in his own easygoing way. Seen nationwide for the first time, thanks to ABC-TV, The Lawrence Welk Show wrested honors from close competition as favorite TV musical program—and another solid sixty minutes of melody, The Woolworth Hour over CBS, Waltzed off with the radio title.

Comedy, as always, proved a stirring battleground, though most of the finalists were established favorites in their class. Eve Arden becomes a veritable champion of champions, as most popular radio comedienne for the eighth consecutive time—ever since Our Miss Brooks’ first season on the air—and it isn’t the first time, either, that her CBS Radio show has won in the evening comedy (Continued on page 34)
Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts continues to prove the master's showmanship. Violinist Florian ZaBach is one of many stars of today who found a brilliant new career, appearing on the show.

Another shiny medal for Janette Davis, whose voice brightens up CBS Radio's Arthur Godfrey Time—just as her pert good looks adorn the CBS-TV simulcast and Arthur Godfrey And His Friends.

Frank Parker, long-time Godfrey friend and a perennial musical favorite, gathers in the readers' votes for his fifth TV Radio Mirror Award (in both radio and TV).
FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM


FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN PROGRAM

*Gunsmoke* (CBS Radio) has adult scripts and fine acting from Bill Conrad as Marshal Matt Dillon, Georgia Ellis as the dance-hall hostess Kitty, Howard McNear as "Doc," Parley Baer as Chester.

(Continued from page 32)

category! NBC's Martha Raye triumphed as TV comedienne for the third year in a row, despite heavy voting for the perennially popular Lucille Ball and Eve Arden herself.

*Caesar's Hour*, in its second season on NBC-TV, is a newcomer to the TV evening comedy title—with Jackie Gleason and his "Honeymooners" pressing Sid Caesar and his "Commuters" all the way. But Bob Hope is a five-time repeater as your favorite comedian, though this is the first time he's won the television title—thanks to his frequent appearances on *The Chevy Show*. Meanwhile, thanks to motion pictures, Bob's fans will be able to go on seeing him this summer during TV vacation time, in Paramount's "That Certain Feeling."

There's a new title-holder in the ranks of radio comedians—Robert Q. Lewis—though his entertaining shows have won previous gold medals from both listeners and viewers. This year, the CBS-televised *Robert Q. Lewis Show* got the TV daytime comedy Award. *Fibber McGee And Molly*—aired in the mornings, for the first time in its more than twenty years on NBC—won its first program medal as favorite radio daytime comedy. Heard in the evenings, too, *Fibber and Molly* themselves—Jim and Marlian Jordan—picked up a fourth Award as your favorite husband-and-wife team on radio. The corresponding television medal goes to Mr. and Mrs. Ozzie Nelson of ABC-TV's *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, their seventh such Award since they picked up the radio title in *TV Radio Mirror* 's first national poll, back in 1947.

Balloting was close for the favorites in daytime variety, and Bob Crosby deserves real credit for capturing television honors, the second year running, for his afternoon show on CBS-TV. A personable emcee with a fine singing voice, Bob proved that such talent runs in the second generation of Crosbys, too, when he presented his attractive daughter Cathy, at sweet sixteen, as well as his nephew Gary.

Art Linkletter's *House Party*, a previous winner, as seen and heard over CBS, was a vigorous challenger for TV honors in daytime variety, but gained this year's Award in the radio classification. Art himself should get a super-size or platinum medal, for 1955-56 marks the eighth consecutive time he's won as a radio master of ceremonies—this year, (Continued on page 75)
FAVORITE TV EVENING COMEDY PROGRAM

Caesar's Hour ticked off some mighty hilarious minutes on NBC-TV to beat the competition in a field of strong contenders. But no one could stop "The Commuters"—Ellen Parker, Howard Morris, Sid himself, Nanette Fabray, Carl Reiner and Sandra Deel—from coming in ahead of schedule!

FAVORITE TV WOMEN'S PROGRAM

Home gets the votes of America's housewives, with Arlene Francis and her staff of experts proving that NBC-TV has a sensitive finger on the feminine pulse.

FAVORITE TV COMEDIAN

Bob Hope has often topped the ballot. But this year he had new scope for his winning way-with-a-gag—as the most frequent "rotating" star of The Chevy Show.
a CHAMP Named Sullivan

Like the mighty John L. himself, Ed can take on all comers—and his show is always a knockout.

His "right hand" is Carmine Santullo. Photo on desk is Ed's daughter, Betty.

By FRANCES KISH
Ed gets the best, even coaxed Kate Smith out of retirement for a show.

No detail is too small for his attention, as he sifts out both new and established talents.

His guests—like Marion Marlowe—are "headliners" in every sense.

After years of marriage, Sylvia is still awed by Ed's taste and judgment, capacity for work—and lack of "pettiness."

"Boje," the family's poodle, has long ruled the Sullivan roost. Now there's a new little king, grandson Robbie Precht.

Change and pace. Streamlined acts. Novelties and surprises. Great music—classic, modern, sweet and hot. Fabulous stars, from Broadway, Hollywood, the capitals of Europe. Top news personalities from everywhere. All of these introduced by a sober-looking, ordinary sort of guy with a quiet voice, who always loved vaudeville and variety shows, and was willing to gamble that there were millions like him who would love them on television.

It was only eight years ago that the experts warned Ed Sullivan this idea wouldn't work. In June, 1948, when he began his TV program, most of them gave it a year—some said six months. Variety shows were OK at TV's beginning, but people would soon tire of them. He had better change the format—or else.

There were days of doubt when he wondered if they might just happen to be right. Only some days. Only a few. Most of the time he was sure of his own judgment—although, if anyone had told him that he would be holding huge audiences against all comers in the choicest time of the choice Sunday-night line-up, Ed Sullivan—a realistic man, and also a modest one— (Continued on page 102)

**FAVORITE TV EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM**

*The Ed Sullivan Show* is seen over CBS-TV, each Sunday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers.
Loyal and True

The way Terry O'Sullivan and Jan Miner feel about each other—well, that's the way their fans feel about them!

Joy ride: A brief holiday gave Jan and Terry time for a memorable junket to Miami Beach.

Imagine: Nothing to do but sun themselves, go swimming—and catch fish—for five whole days!

Working trip: They gave their best to a good cause, the March of Dimes telethon in Terry's home town, Kansas City—and Mayor H. Roe Bartle gave the "keys of the city" to the O'Sullivans and Jackie Cooper, who also participated.

By GLADYS HALL

How do a husband and wife feel when they both win gold medals for their acting? In different daytime dramas, too—and not for the first time, either! Jan Miner, the lovely star of CBS Radio's The Second Mrs. Burton, and Terry O'Sullivan, the handsome newspaperman in CBS-TV's Valiant Lady, can tell you... as effervescent Jan does tell you: "When I was told that I'd won TV Radio Mirror's Award as favorite dramatic actress in daytime radio again this year—making it the sixth consecutive year I've been the winner—I burst right into tears! The kind of tears that spring from gratitude and pride and (Continued on page 84)

Terry O'Sullivan is Elliott Norris in Valiant Lady, seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, as sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Company, Wesson Oil, and Scott Paper Company. Jan Miner stars as Terry in The Second Mrs. Burton, CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA ACTRESS  •  FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA ACTOR
FAVORITE TV HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM

Ozzie is the wise head, Harriet the warm heart—and David (left) and Ricky two lively young limbs!—of the Nelson family. All together, they represent a solid body of affection, in their home life as on the nation’s TV screens.
Always for the Home Team

For Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, David and Ricky,
acting—like life itself—is “all in the family”

By DEE PHILLIPS

When I looked down at my first born, David, for the first time,” Harriet Nelson recalls, “I resolved to hold my love loosely in open hands. I knew, as all mothers do, that we have our children on a temporary basis. They are ours until they grow big enough and strong enough to find a new life of their own. This is the way of life. For my child I wanted to give the free, undemanding love, lacking in possessiveness and domination, that Ozzie and I had always experienced. Ozzie, with his inborn maturity, had no need to resolve. As a husband, now as a father, he automatically would continue to give the mutual respect, confidence and healthy attitudes that come from loving freely. For me, it took a strong resolution. And, though I’ve sometimes missed, I’ve always tried to keep this thought uppermost in mind.”

Harriet Nelson is seen weekly as a near-perfect, delightful wife and mother with her own real family in The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, on ABC-TV. Because seeing is believing, many women heave a wistful sigh as they watch her deal adroitly and smoothly with her three men. But they should never forget that each episode of the series has been carefully written, and—although pretty close to the personalities of the Nelsons—it must necessarily be broadened and sharpened to prove the point that “the play’s the thing.” Behind the scenes is a tightly knit, happy family, working, loving and living (Continued on page 95)

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, ABC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Hotpoint Company (electrical home appliances), Aunt Jemima Div. of Quaker Oats Co. (pancake mixes), and Norwich Pharmacal Co. (Pepto-Bismol).

Whatever road they may travel, in work or play, the four Nelsons share an abiding sense of “togetherness.”

Hot dogs! Ricky, the family comedian, stocked up on six feet of ‘em for a picnic—ate three feet himself.
Joanne and Arthur Tate seek the good
life through a web of terror and tension

Search for Tomorrow

In their Search For Tomorrow, happiness has been elusive for Joanne and Arthur Tate. Arthur's greatest wish—to expand and improve their Motor Haven in Henderson—had seemed assured when Stu Bergman readily agreed to co-sign the $125,000 bank note which the plans required. Stu and his wife Marge had also visualized a better tomorrow, since Melanie Pritchard's designs on Stu's prospective inheritance were defeated. But much depended upon that inheritance! Then the dream was shattered. For Stu did not get the inheritance—the court ruled otherwise. Yet Arthur could not abandon his cherished plans. Even though the bank couldn't grant him all the money needed, without a co-signer, the fraction which it did offer might at least be a start. Arthur was so possessed by his ambition that he even told Joanne the full amount had been granted. He had committed himself to a lie. And he had to act it out before the very woman who shares his life so closely. Joanne is, of course, acutely aware of Arthur's anxiety—though not of all the reasons for it. She knows that, despite his grand plans for the Motor Haven, their life will have to be a moderate one because Arthur will never be a well man. Yes, he had recovered from the bullet wound in his heart and, if he is cautious, he might live a full life, but if he is not. Joanne herself is being tormented indirectly by the sinister V. L. Swanson, who only awaits the day he is free from prison to have his revenge. He had failed to get Joanne convicted of a crime she didn't commit. Now, his hatred is intensified by the lies told him by Mortimer Higbee, his "lieutenant," who is also serving time in prison. So it suits V. L.'s scheming mind perfectly when he is consulted about a loan for Arthur Tate. Circumstances seem to play into the very hands of V. L., though not without his own wiles shaping them.

He had hired kindly, naive Harold Small as chief auditor of Huxley Investments—one of V. L.'s respectable "fronts." He had also arranged for Harold to stay at the Motor Haven, where Rose Peterson, V. L.'s reformed ex-girlfriend, often visits. It was no accident that V. L. enmeshed the innocent Harold—V. L.'s "double" physically—in his diabolical plan to free himself from prison. And it was quite satisfactory to him when Harold and Rose became attracted to each other, for the results of this relationship only furthered his venomous plot. It was Rose who told Harold of Arthur's need for money, leading Harold to consult his boss—who of course gave his gleeful approval. From a prison cell, V. L. is toying with the lives of several people—with Harold and Rose—with his henchling, Higbee, whom he is keeping at arm's distance because only Higbee suspects what V. L. is planning—with Arthur Tate, whom he hopes to make completely dependent upon him financially. Joanne's tensions mount as she sees her husband subject to all the age-old pressures of a man who feels his life is short, a man whose energy is being frantically used to assure that his family may be secure in any event. Can Arthur realize that his forebodings must be Joanne's concern, too? Are the Tates fated to be puppets, maneuvered at will by V. L.'s evil schemes? Can Arthur himself survive the inhuman pace at which he has been working? Events cannot stand still—for life itself is always a constant search for tomorrow.

Search For Tomorrow. CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M., EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem.

Popular actress Mary Stuart stars in TV's best-loved daytime drama, Search For Tomorrow, as Joanne Barron Tate, with Karl Weber as Joanne's husband, Arthur Tate.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA ACTRESS • FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA PROGRAM
Knowing them both so well, I know—first hand—how very much it meant when Hal March asked Candy that greater-than-$64,000 question!
Milton Berle was on hand to wish Hal and Candy "all the best." (Among other famous guests present: the Dan Daileys, the Howard Keels, Harry James, Betty Grable.)

Wedding hosts Mr. and Mrs. Beldon Katleman not only provided their suite as scene of the ceremony but took Hal and Candy out for a glimpse of Nevada ranch life.

Bridal party: Mr. and Mrs. Bob Sweeney were best man and matron of honor. Bob is Hal's long-time friend and former partner in the Sweeney-and-March comedy team.

The newlyweds showed great dignity and decorum for the camera—but the hosts laughed so hard that no one guarantees their shots will ever reach the family album!
The Secret Passion of Garry Moore

He's a resounding success on TV, day and night—but Garry still has a quiet yen for a not-so-quiet drum

By MARTIN COHEN

The letter read, "Dear Garry: I just heard Wild Bill Davison on your show. Man, that's the greatest. I'm glad I caught that before I died. Footnote: My granddaughter taught me the hep language." And a man wrote: "Dear Mr. Moore: My mother was never happy about my collecting jazz records. She thought there was something immoral about jazz. Now Mother is a grandmother and nearly seventy-three. She lives in Vermont and, last time I was home to visit, she played some records by Stan Kenton. She said that you taught her to like that music. Mr. Moore, I don't know how you did it but you made a 'cat' out of a grandmother."

And that's the situation as we go to press: More and more grandmothers are switching from Bach to boogie. The man responsible is an innocent-looking, neat, sweet kind of guy named Garry Moore—but beneath his bow tie beats a savage (Continued on page 105)

Blondie, the playful lion, was one of Garry's most impish secrets, but typical of his interest in oddly assorted animals. I've Got A Secret, Garry's Wednesday-night funfest, presents some of the Wittiest—and prettiest—panelists in television. Seated at the table, left to right, are Bill Cullen, Jayne Meadows, Henry Morgan, and Faye Emerson.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES • FAVORITE TV PANEL PROGRAM

I've Got A Secret, moderated by Garry Moore, is seen over CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes. The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
What is every woman’s dream of a way of life? Probably the key word would be spaciousness . . . enough physical room in which to live with grace, ease, and advantages for both parents and children . . . enough mental room to entertain new experiences and concepts . . . enough emotional room to expand the margins of the heart. . . . “But we can’t live that way here,” Eve Arden and Brooks West chorused, one hectic evening as they sat in conference in their Hollywood hillside home. The dog had barely avoided being run down by a hotrod slaloming the curving highway which passed the house. The girls were complaining because they were strictly forbidden to rollerskate on the precipitous sidewalk streaking almost perpendicularly (Continued on page 88)

Eve Arden stars in Our Miss Brooks, as heard over CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by Prom Home Permanent, Deep Magic and White Rain. Our Miss Brooks is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by General Foods for Minute Rice, Instant Sanka and other products.

Well, that isn’t quite how it worked out—but Eve and Brooks still fondly believe that everything that happens there is a “picnic,” anyway!
It isn't easy to get all the Wests, big or little, to stay still long enough for an official portrait on the farm. But here are the busy Mom and Dad with young sons Doug and Duncan, growing daughters Connie and Liza.
They're Real Characters

I couldn't be more grateful for "my gang"—and we couldn't be more grateful to our audiences

By ROBERT Q. LEWIS

First things come first, and so I want to thank everyone connected with The Robert Q. Lewis Show. I know that sometimes it sounds a little pat, the way the cast and everyone else gets thanked. The star, breathless, says, "It couldn't have happened without the help of the musicians, Joe Jackson, Jack Joeson, and the engineers, because they all help to make the show so—" and that's when the engineer cuts in with the station break. You don't know for certain whether the star was going to say "so wonderful" or "so awful." I mean, you don't know but I do. I know that The Robert Q. Lewis Show doesn't mean one person. It means everybody connected with the show.

When we are funny, and we hope it is often, we use what I call "human humor." Human humor is (Continued on page 92)


Carol Bushman (seated) does the funny lines for the Chordettes (standing, left to right—Janet Bleyer, Lynn Evans, Marjorie Needham).
FAVORITE TV DAYTIME COMEDY PROGRAM • FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIAN
Success has come to Perry Como
just being himself—because that self
is as fine as the songs he sings

The twinkle in Perry Como's eye was a
tip-off to his audience that one of those
delightful little Como-isms was in store.
With his usual gallantry, he introduced Miss
Patti Page. Then, as that lilting-voiced lovely
joined him on stage, he confided, "I want you
to know that, when I was on Patti's show, I was
the one who forgot the lyrics to a song. Now
it's Patti's turn. I here give her full permission
to forget the lyrics, make up new ones, or just
sing tra-la-la, if she wants to."

With a surprised flicker of her eyelashes,
Patti acknowledged his challenge. There fol-
lowed a good-natured duel of invention and
wit which gave everyone in the audience the
feeling he was intimately sharing a private
joke. It is this informal approach which makes
Perry and Patti as alike as two sides of a golden
coin—or a TV Radio Mirror gold medal, since
the viewers of America have now elected Perry
Como as their favorite TV male singer and
Patti Page as their favorite TV female singer.
It's a happy linki
ng of titles, for these two
wonderful melody-makers are friends in private
life and share many characteristics profession-
ally. Both have a gift for lending magic to
music, each turns a ballad into a moving inter-
pretation of a romantic situation which all their
listeners can feel and understand. Both give
a warm sincerity to their styling of a song. Both
are perfectionists.

For Perry, this has been the year in which he
took the big gamble. This son of a Pennsylvania
mill hand who learned to handle a pair of bar-
ber's scissors before he learned to handle an
audience, announced at the end of last season
that he was making a change. Viewers who
had clamored for more Perry Como were to
have their way. The little fifteen-minute seren-
de was finished. Perry was changing network,
sponsors and format. He would open his 1955-
56 season on NBC-TV (Continued on page 94)
Everyone loves Patti Page, off the set as well as on—particularly a certain handsome young man!

An unexpected contribution to this story was volunteered just as your TV Radio Mirror reporter came on the set where the Patti Page Show was being filmed. A sprightly and determined little woman asked to be introduced. “If you’re writing about Patti Page,” she stated, “I want something to say about it. I’ve been a wardrobe mistress for thirty years and I’ve worked with them all.”

She named a list of stars—and, in the way of backstage people, also added tart comment about a few, praise for many more. Then she moved a step closer. “Now, I want you to put it down. Write it the way I say: This girl, Patti Page, is greater than any of them. And she’s the nicest, too. I’ve never heard her get mad or raise her voice. And, when any of us do anything for her, she appreciates it. Everyone here just loves her.”

In a moment, there was an example of the kind of thing which had won this sharp-eyed veteran’s devotion. The usual pre-shooting commotion had everyone hopping. Lighting, scenery and camera technicians fussed about effects, a union business agent demanded conformance to the smallest clause in the contract, and a sound man worried at his dials. Through it all, Miss Page was the calmest. Rehearsing, she sang right along, never fluttering a phrase—although her hairdresser was combing away, and a costume designer was changing a detail of Patti’s gown.

Then Patti stepped onto the set and more tests began. At last the camera rolled. Unfortunately, in a minute, somebody goofed. Everything stopped and, along the line, cuss words started to crackle. Before they could be fully voiced, Patti took control. Although the fault clearly had not been hers, she said quietly, “I don’t believe I did that bit right. Could we try it again?”

It is characteristic of Patti that she seldom says “I.” In view of (Continued on page 89)
Just the facts, ma'am, on why Dragnet and its man Friday, Jack Webb, remain on top

Friday and Smith, alias Webb and Alexander, admire modern design in "secretary" Marjie Millar—and their new police headquarters.

NEW LOOK, OLD FAVORITE

The top of the ladder is a tricky place to be. Gibes come whizzing by your ears to make it a somewhat unsteady perch. Jack Webb, whose restless, driving energy has outwitted many a brickbat, explains it this way: "Some people have found a new crime: Ambition." If it's a crime, Jack Webb—who stars as Sergeant Joe Friday on Dragnet, on NBC Radio and Television—is guilty. And if it's a crime, it's also one that pays. The loot this year netted two TV Radio Mirror Awards: One to Dragnet as your favorite TV adventure-mystery program, and one to Jack Webb, who copped your votes for his acting. (Continued on page 101)

Dragnet is seen over NBC-TV, Thursday, 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Liggett & Meyers Tobacco Company for Chesterfield Cigarettes. Dragnet is heard on NBC Radio, Tuesday, 8:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

FAVORITE TV MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM • FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA ACTOR
FAVORITE RADIO HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM • FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME COMEDY PROGRAM
Time to retire? The Jordans once thought they'd take it easy "after 35"—but it's too much fun keeping busy!

**FIBBER and MOLLY**

Their own kitchen, after work, is cosier than the trailer in which they once tried to retire.

Success and marriage are two wonderful habits Jim and Marian Jordan established for life

To radio's beloved Fibber McGee And Molly—known to their friends and family as Jim and Marian Jordan—the answer is quite simple: "Our reaction to middle age? It's inevitable, so why fight it! The secret of staying young is staying busy."

Today, Jim and Marian laugh at their long-ago plan of retiring when they turned thirty-five. "When we were first married," says Marian, brown eyes sparkling, "thirty-five seemed a long way away, and we thought we would be ready."

But thirty-five came—and the Jordans only grew busier. There's an old adage to the effect: "If you want a job done, give it to a busy man." This advice describes the Jordans perfectly. For years, they did thirty-nine shows a year, raised a family, and still had time for their other interests.

For some years now, Jim and Marian Jordan have even done as many as 260 (Continued on page 99)

Jim and Marian Jordan are heard as Fibber McGee And Molly, over NBC Radio. (Please check local newspapers for time and station.)
These are the guiding stars of Martha Raye, queen of clowns—and proud, happy mother
Maestro Lawrence Welk has started a new fad—dancing by TV. He demonstrates with Alice Lon, to Myron Florin's lilting accordion.
WHO'S WHO ON

The Lawrence Welk Show

Everyone was surprised. Everyone, that is, but the viewers. Lawrence Welk has been playing his "Champagne Music" for a long time and people have been flocking to hotels and ballrooms to dance to it. But when, in the age of bop, he refused to let either the beat or the melody get lost, experts shook their heads. Replied Mr. Welk: "Dancing people are happy people." When he went on to play old standards and new favorites for dancing by TV, the ratings rose like champagne bubbles. . . . The Lawrence Welk Show, the surprise hit of the season, reflects the warm personality of the band leader from North Dakota. It is frankly sentimental. Its format is simplicity itself and its hallmark is a broad, happy smile for everyone. . . . "We play music that is softer," Lawrence explains, "and fits better into the home." The arrangements are clean-cut, "sweet" and varied. And the musicians are as versatile as their music. . . . The first accordion maestro Welk played, as a toddler, had been in the family three generations. "Music was handed down to me on my family (Continued on page 78)
Rehearsals are fun for host Donald Woods, guest star Nancy Walker, Faith, and producer-director Bruno Zirato, Jr.

THE WOOLWORTH HOUR

Percy Faith sets the mood which makes performers enjoy the musicale as much as listeners themselves.

Composer-conductor Percy Faith has the ideal showcase for airing "What's New in Music"

By LILLA ANDERSON

A certain temperament guest pianist had started to give The Woolworth Hour orchestra a hard time. He complained about its interpretation of his music, he complained about the piano, he glared at everyone in sight when he himself hit a clinker. The psychological moment had arrived when the conductor needed to bring the situation under control... In many a rehearsal, the ensuing clash would have rivaled Fourth of July fireworks, but maestro Percy Faith settled down the temperament one in characteristic low-key fashion. Aiming a companionable (Continued on page 83)

The Woolworth Hour is heard over CBS Radio, every Sunday, from 1 to 2 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The F. W. Woolworth Co.

FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL PROGRAM
TWO FOR THE MONEY

Herb Shriner has a couple of
great projects ahead, and he owes it
all to that little harmonica!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Herb Shriner... who has led many a contestant
down the quiz-show trail toward both loot
and fun, on CBS's Award-winning Two For The
Money... has two exciting new projects of his own
in store: One marks still further progress in his
career... for CBS-TV has recognized that audiences
want even more of Herb's Hoosier humor than they
can sample on Two For The Money, where the
contestants naturally hold the spotlight. Next fall,
they will star Herb in his own hour-long variety
show... The second, a personal project, is also an
advance toward a long-held Shriner ambition.
Having tried out the idea in his own family... with his wife Pixie, daughter Indie—and even the
little twins—as his first pupils... Herb now has
began a campaign to teach youngsters to play the
harmonica. "I'd like to see the present crop of kids
get as much fun out of it as I have," he explains.

Herb recalls how, when he was growing up in Fort
Wayne, Indiana, a small boy's mouth organ rated
next in importance to a small boy's dog. Its merry
tunes or soulful wails sounded the clue to his
innermost joys or sorrows. "But the war changed
that," Herb says sadly. "Most of the harmonicas
came from Germany and, after the supply was cut
off, a whole generation grew up without much
chance to tootle a toot."

Herb set out to remedy the situation. He turned
his inventiveness to making some changes in the
instrument, arranged for the manufacture of Herb
Shriner harmonicas, and started giving lessons
on the air, in the stores and at meetings—anywhere
that boys and girls or their mothers and fathers
might look, listen and learn.

"There's a lot to be said for the harmonica," he
explains. "There comes a time when any kid with
git and gumption wants to stand up and be noticed.
He wants to make a noise for himself." Some
satisfy this need in the school band. Herb is all for
that, but adds: "Trouble (Continued on page 98)"

According to Herb, "There comes a time when any kid
with gumption... wants to make a noise for himself."

Hoosier Herb and his wife Pixie are giving daughter
Indie—and even the twins—every chance to do so!

Two For The Money is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., at 8:30 P.M.
EST, as sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.
It is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST, also for Old Gold.
Linkletter's family includes his lovely wife, Lois, and their five lively offspring: Younger son Robert and elder son Jack (who now has a broadcasting career, too!), mid-teen daughter Dawn, "in-between" Sharon, and their "kid sister," Diane.
Art has a unique flair for interviewing children, often gets hilarious answers from them which not only surprise Linkletter but startle their parents!

By HYATT DOWNING

Today, there are few success stories more exciting than that of Art Linkletter, with his daily House Party get-togethers over CBS-TV and Radio, his weekly People Are Funny capers over NBC-TV and Radio. Art himself reluctantly admits that he has run a $15 stake in a program idea—then no more than a gleam in his eye, and now familiar even to wandering shepherds in Arabia—into holdings which could be sold for several millions. But Art is a singularly modest man who would rather talk about almost anything except money—unless he's giving away hatfuls of it on one of his shows. Talking to him, a listener quickly gets the impression that he regards cash as a mere "prop" to be used on his programs, something of little value to him personally. It's people that count with Linkletter, not bank balances.

Watching Linkletter as he crouches with absorbed, selfless interest before a four-year-old moppet on his daily CBS program, House Party, viewers are constantly amazed by his wizard-like perception of the working of a child's mind. He never talks down to children. He treats them with the (Continued on page 90)

Art Linkletter’s House Party, M-F—on CBS Radio, 3 P.M., as sponsored by Lever Brothers (Lux Liquid, others), Dole Pineapple, Sunsweet Prunes, Kasco Dog Ration—CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M., for Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg, Lever Bros., Dole. His People Are Funny is seen over NBC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M., as sponsored by Prom Home Permanent and Paper-Mate Pens—and heard over NBC Radio, Tues., 8 P.M. (All EST)

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM

Art Linkletter treats his guests with a wit and wisdom which come from adventurous experience
Bernice Berwin is just as home-loving as Hazel herself, with J. Anthony Smythe and Mary Adams as Father and Mother Barbour. But she can be a "glamour girl," too—as more formal portraits prove.

Twenty-four years together have made Father Barbour and his children more real than the folks next door.

One Man's Family begins its twenty-fifth year on NBC Radio this April, with three of the seven original cast members still at the microphone: J. Anthony Smythe, who plays Father Barbour, Page Gilman as son Jack, and Bernice Berwin as daughter Hazel. . . . Over the years, the Barbours have won unprecedented affection and respect from their devoted listeners—who not only choose One Man's Family as their favorite evening drama, but name the warm-hearted "Hazel" as their favorite actress in this field.

Bernice Berwin was actually raised in San Francisco, the Barbour family's home town. Her mother was interested in the theater and, before Bernice was walking, she says—"Mother had me singing." Later, her family gave Bernice a thorough musical education—"hoping," she says, "that I would become a concert pianist." . . . Bernice gave recitals until she was fourteen—"but I had to give them up. It made me too nervous. Besides this, I had a growing interest in the theater. Mother and Father understood. They merely said, 'We only hope you will keep up your interest in music.'" Today, I don't think I could live without the classics and symphonies—and the piano is still my pet."

While still in college, and before she joined the beloved "Family," Bernice (Continued on page 79)

One Man's Family, created by Carlton E. Morse, is heard over NBC Radio, M—F, at 7:45 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
On TV or off, Miss Young lives many parts—all believable, because they're true to her mind and heart

Sincerely
LORETTA

There's infinite variety in the roles Loretta plays, the exciting stories—and actors—she presents. Jock Mahoney (left) has appeared with her several times, is also a TV star in his own right—as The Range Rider.

It has long been said in jest that Loretta Young wouldn't walk across the room if she could ride. Having heard this so often, a writer-interviewer visiting the TV set said with surprise, at the end of the day, "Loretta hasn't sat down once. She's walked—if not run—all day!" . . .

Standing beside her, Helen Ferguson, Loretta's public relations counsel and close friend, said, "Why, of course not. Loretta is playing a positive character, and action and movement are an integral part of the role. In fact, you can always tell what type of role Loretta is playing each week by the way she acts both on stage and off."

For the third consecutive year, Loretta Young has been voted by the American television audience as their favorite evening dramatic actress. As Helen Ferguson says, "You can't fool an audience. They know a sincere, believable performance when they see one." . . . One reason Loretta has been honored is because she has portrayed so many different roles so well. From week to week, she is almost chameleon-like in her ability to change from one role to another—even playing two distinct and opposite characters in one teleplay.

How does Loretta achieve this absolute sincerity of performance? For one thing, she unconsciously stores up impressions of people and characters, like a squirrel storing up acorns for the winter. For example: In her many years of performing, she has been interviewed by countless newspaper reporters, both men and women. Recently, Loretta played the role of a hard-bitten newspaper gal. The little' touch that gave the character three dimensions was a cigarette dangling from her mouth . . .

The Loretta Young Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sundays, 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble Company for Tide, Gleem, and Lilt.

FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA ACTRESS
Bachelor Hugh says, "If I could find the right girl, I'd settle down tomorrow." Meanwhile, he and "Lady," his collie, enjoy the quiet solitude of a beach home.

**FAVORITE TV WESTERN STAR**

Hugh had to practice a "quick draw," as Wyatt Earp, but is proud the heroic marshal was never a "killer."

*Wyatt Earp brought Hugh O'Brian everything he wanted—except, perhaps, the girl of his dreams*

By JERRY ASHER

This is the story of a man who learned to live with a memory and, out of the strange association, found a philosophy that changed the entire course of his life. It's the story of a successful Hollywood star who considered himself a failure as a human being—until a dead man taught him to recognize truth. This is the story of Hugh O'Brian, who is eternally grateful to the greatest of all the famous frontier marshals—Wyatt Earp!

"There comes a time in every man's life when he becomes fed up with himself and his work," reflects the man who plays television's famous peace officer, "and when it happened to me, I was in the fortunate position of being able to do something about it.

"You see, the truth is that—until March of 1954, when I secured (Continued on page 76)"

The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp, seen on ABC-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by General Mills, Inc. (for Cheerios) and the Parker Pen Company.
FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA ACTOR
Sandy's own warmth and understanding are a perfect match for the character of idealistic Jerry Malone.

Like Young Dr. Malone himself,
Sandy Becker knows that
love is life's greatest prescription

By MARY TEMPLE

Watching Sandy Becker join the rest of the cast of Young Dr. Malone, at the CBS microphone, you can easily believe him to be that idealistic medico. His gray-brown eyes are serious, but behind them lurk fun and humor. He is tall (slightly more than six feet) and slender, with a quick, easy stride and a manner which inspires confidence. A quiet man, but a purposeful one.

Ruth Becker, who listens at home whenever the needs of their three children and the household duties permit, naturally knows all the characters in the absorbing daytime drama and follows the story with interest. It's her belief that her husband's success as Dr. Malone is mostly an inner thing...a question of feeling, of understanding this earnest young doctor he has been so close to for (Continued on page 100)

Sandy Becker stars as Jerry Malone—also known as Young Dr. Malone, heard over CBS Radio, each Mon. thru Fri., at 1:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.
Hooray for GENE!

Autry rides high, wide and handsome into the hearts of all who love the West—whether "old" or "new"

Some years ago, in the process of joining his rodeo with another, Gene Autry entered a banker's conference room to sign the papers closing the deal. The bankers, flanked by their lawyers, were surprised to see Gene arrive alone. As Gene later explained, simply, "I trust everybody...." This trust is one of Gene's outstanding character traits, and to a great extent responsible for his ever-continuing success: In 1956, Gene Autry will be celebrating his twenty-sixth year on radio and his sixteenth year for the same sponsor—one of the longest associations of a star and sponsor in the history of show business.

What is there about Gene Autry that wears so well? The answer is to be found in Gene's sincerity, his honesty of heart and manner, simple as one of his Western tunes. Plain folks, it seems, never wear out their welcome. And Gene Autry, with his simplicity, is forever welcome in his listeners' homes.

The love his co-workers have for Gene is well shown in their loyalty and long tenure in his organization—many have been with him twenty years or more. Louise Moraweck, for example, first played viola in Gene's radio orchestra for ten years, and has since worked six more years on the radio staff. She describes what she and Gene as follows: "Gene is consistent and even-tempered. Perhaps I should say he has a complete lack of temperament. So many actors are 'stars.' He's not one of them. He's just Gene. He is so unaffected, you can't help loving him."

On the other hand, he's full of energy. On the road he doesn't mind a seven-day-a-week schedule, matinee and evening performances, Sunday rehearsal and radio show or visits to the governor, mayor, or city officials. Whenever there is a break in the day, his first stop is the children's hospital. He works best when he has most to do. Yet he never loses his temper—though I can tell you he's had plenty of occasions to do so.

"I remember, when I first went to work for him, I was in charge of his 'original' record collection—relics they were, his first recordings, many out of release and impossible to duplicate. Some already had been destroyed in a fire at his home, so that made the remainder even more valuable in his eyes.

"One day, the arranger came to me asking if he could borrow one of the 'firsts,' saying he needed it for a special job on the air show. My conscience hurt when I handed it over, but I did so only on his promise to return it the very next day. You can imagine how I felt when he came in to say he had dropped and broken the record. Gene (Continued on page 94)

The Gene Autry Show is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Wrigley's Doublemint Chewing Gum. See local papers for time and station of The Gene Autry Show on television.

FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN STAR

Not only a top performer himself, Autry also produces top television shows starring others—like Gail Davis of Annie Oakley (below, touring the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Museum with Gene and Colt's president, S. A. Stewart).
Year after year, Queen For a Day has made fondest dreams come true for the women of America.

FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S PROGRAM

"Queen" Mary Cooper got the trip she wanted, new wardrobe and home appliances—emcee Jack Bailey got a kiss! At right, Jack with Raymond R. Morgan, who created the Cinderella program to fit a life-long belief in giving.

Cheers for the QUEEN

Would you like to be "queen for a day"? Genial Jack Bailey will ask the intriguing but familiar question for the umpteenth time, one fine day in this month of April, 1956, as Queen For A Day celebrates its eleventh anniversary over the Mutual radio network. In Hollywood, the usual vociferous affirmative will be shouted by a thousand women in the audience at Frank Sennes' Moulin Rouge restaurant, where the popular show originates each weekday ... across the country, millions of listeners and viewers will nod an enthusiastic "yes" to their sets ... and "Queen," as the program is affectionately called, will once again be on its record-breaking way.

"Queen" is used to acclaim by now, after more than a decade on the airwaves. This is the fourth consecutive year in which TV Radio Mirror readers have voted it their favorite women's program in radio. By February, 1956, after only two short months on NBC-TV, "Queen" had also become one of the highest-rated daytime shows in TV. Its devoted fans have made Jack's kick-off question—"Would you like to be 'queen for a day'?"—part of our American idiom, and thousands of unsolicited letters arriving weekly indicate that "Queen" is one of the highest-rated shows in their hearts.

A great part of the success of "Queen" can be directly attributed to its personable emcee, Jack Bailey. "Jack," says director Harry Mynatt, "doesn't take advantage of 'his girls,' as he affectionately calls them. He is sympathetic. He makes the ladies comfortable. He's like the little guy who lives next door." And Mr. Raymond R. Morgan, originator of "Queen," says, "Jack Bailey is just pure gold, that's all."

But Jack—who is fast becoming one of the most successful and most often seen emcees in TV, with his appearances on Truth Or Consequences and the recent expansion of "Queen" to the NBC-TV network—only says bashfully, "G'wan ... there are sixty people who make 'Queen' come to life every day. (Continued on page 98)

Queen For A Day is heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System, M-F, at 11:30 A.M. EST. It is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, at 4:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble, Miles Laboratories, and others.
Childhood and old age both have their claims to love—but Bertha Bauer finds that these claims can conflict.

Portrait of a three-time gold medal winner—a tense, true-to-life situation and a fine cast. James Lipton plays Dr. Dick Grant, Theo Goetz is "Papa" Bauer, and Charita Bauer is Bertha Bauer. Lynn Rogers plays the artist Marie Wallace and young Glenn Walken is the troubled Michael.
A child lives in a small world. Its boundaries are the family; its guiding light is love. When, for any reason, real or imagined, the child feels that light dimming, the carefree, sunny, careless days which should be childhood turn to frettful, perhaps fearful, twilight. . . . For young Michael Bauer, the bewilderment, hurt and loneliness began more than a year ago, with the arrival of Grandmother Elsie in the home of Bertha and Bill Bauer. When his maternal grandmother decided to come to live with them, his paternal grandfather left to live in his daughter Meta's home. To eleven-year-old Mike, it meant the loss of a great ally, a grandfather who had given him a deep sense of being loved and belonging. . . . Michael lost an ally and gained a critic. Unconsciously, his grandmother played favorites. She found fault in all that Michael did, but she had nothing but praise for his two-year-old brother Billy. Mike hit back by resenting his brother. . . . Bill Bauer, his father, also resents his mother-in-law's intrusion. He realizes that, in lavishing her love and favoritism on his younger son Billy, she has made him a "grandma's boy" spoiled and unmanageable by anyone but her. And it is grandmother who suggests to Mike's mother, Bert, that his hero—worship of an older boy, the basketball star Jock Baker, is bad for him. . . . Artist Marie Wallace senses Mike's deep unhappiness. Marie—who had befriended Dr. Dick Grant in New York, and was repaid for her kindness when Dick brought her to California for eye treatment—is immediately struck by Michael's alert, rather sad eyes and the sensitive, unsmiling mouth. When she asks to paint his portrait, Mike is thrilled that someone has actually singled him out for attention. And, when she says she will call him personally about the sittings, he feels like an individual in his own home again. But his grandmother wonders aloud, in Mike's hearing, why Marie chose to paint Mike rather than his younger brother. . . . In a year's time, his grandmother has made many such remarks, and Mike has waited in vain for a member of his family to come to his aid. Finally, convinced he is unloved and unwanted, Mike decides to run away. . . . The next morning, Bert and Bill think only that he has left early to watch basketball practice, and his grandmother warns that they are too lenient with the boy and that Mike should be punished. Later that afternoon, when Marie Wallace calls to ask Mike to pose, Bert calls the school and learns that he is on the absent list. Alarmed, she hurries to the school—Mike has never played truant before. . . . The school principal calms her—and warns her. "Well, you have to let go the reins," she tells Bert, "and not let him feel your hands on them. He, like others in his class, is going through a siege of growing pains. There are changes in their bodies . . . they're growing in every way . . . we grownups have to try to understand." As to punishment, she tells Bert, "Yes—but understanding, too." . . . On Bert's suggestion, the principal calls Mike's friend Jock. But Jock reports that he hasn't seen Mike that day, that Mike told him he wasn't allowed to come to basketball practice any more. Later on, Jock reveals that Mike had threatened that, if his grandmother didn't stop meddling, and "picking on him," he would run away. . . . After her interview with the principal, Bert returns home. "Please don't misunderstand," she tells her mother, "but this is Bill's and my responsibility." She asks her mother not to say anything to Mike when he comes home—but Mike doesn't come home. Frantic, the Bauers call the police. A charcoal sketch Marie had done of Mike is published in the papers. Finally, Mike is found. He had intended to run away, he explains, but he had got lost, instead. As in all such cases, a social welfare agency worker is called in. But no clear-cut solution presents itself. . . . Should Bert's widowed mother be forced to leave the home she has found with her daughter? Certainly, her meddling has brought harm—but, just as certainly, there was no harmful intent. Bert Bauer finds herself caught between her duty to her mother and her primary responsibility to her husband and her two sons. All have a claim on her love. . . . But, Bert wonders—if the claims conflict—where then does the answer lie? Where should the guiding light of love lead her now?

The Guiding Light is sponsored Monday through Friday by the Procter & Gamble Company—on CBS Radio, at 1:45 P.M. EST, for Tide and Gleem—on CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M. EST, for Ivory, Duz, and Cheer.
FOUR STAR Triple Threat

FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA ACTOR
Actor, producer and
director, Dick Powell fought
his biggest battles
after he'd already won fame

By BUD GOODE

Horatio Alger would have admired
Dick Powell, for Powell—pro-
ducer, actor, part-owner of Four
Star Playhouse, as seen over CBS-
TV—is an American success story in
the grand style. Currently, he is
known to TV audiences as one of
Four Star's dramatic quartet, com-
prised of David Niven, Charles Boyer,
Ida Lupino and Powell. In climbing
America's ladder of success, Dick has
collected nickels for the telephone
company, sold insurance, emceed,
worked as a musician, orchestra
leader, singing motion-picture star,
radio disc jockey, movie and radio
sleuth, motion-picture director, stage
director, and a motion-picture
and television producer.

Much like the suave Willie Dante
character he (Continued on page 74)
Four Star Triple Threat

(Continued from page 19)

frequent in Power Star, Powell has been willing to gamble his crown—at the peak of each of these careers—to tackle something new in the entertainment industry. As an actor, he is equally wont to switch to a new role. Often, as Power Star, he has played a policeman, pilot, taxi driver, doctor—and night-club proprietor Willie Dante. The hard work has paid off for him. Already voted "best actor in a network series" by the country's leading TV critics in the annual Billboard awards poll, Dick Powell is now the 1955-56 winner of TV Reality Mirror's "Big Four," with ballots cast by his favorite TV nighttime dramatic actor of the American TV audience itself.

TV's Four Star Playhouse began four years ago, when Dick Powell found himself among the unemployed, after successfully playing the part of Richard Diamond on the radio series of that name. Dick and his agent, Don Sharpe, had adjoining offices. "Don always wanted me to get into TV," says Dick. "I was sitting in his office one day when he brought up an old radio idea he had called 'Four Star Team.'"

"Joel McCrea and Rosalind Russell, who had done the radio series, were not interested in TV at this time, so we used guest stars like Peg Entwistle, John Emery, David Niven, an old friend, to do one show—which was such a success that David wanted to become a full-time partner. Charles Boyer, another of Don's clients, joined us, and then here comes Bill Cuckshank, we were in business!"

In addition to the three producer-actors, there is a fourth weekly guest. This season, 1959, Dick swears by Ida, not only because she is such a fine actress, but because she knows production values so well that she is as "cost-conscious" as producers Niven, Boyer or Powell. Four Star would like Ida's services indefinitely.

It's just possible that TV Radio Mirror readers have a mental picture of Dick living in real life like 'Willy Dante', the unemployable, the one man show. Not so! Powell is a conscious producer. Nothing could be further from the truth. In television, a high-pressure industrial boiler which burns off at 150 degrees every week, Dick Powell is a study in contrasts. Betty Burns, a young actress who has worked in the Dante series, says: "Mr. Powell sings on the set. It keeps everybody smiling."

Kiva, Dick's make-up man for eleven years, says, "He's a human being. When he was producing and directing RKO's The Conqueror. In New Mexico, the temperature was around 115 degrees. After every difficult scene, he always came over to thank players individually for their hard work."

And Leslie Raymater, Dick's stand-in for fifteen years, says, "Mr. Powell is that rare combination of administrator-actor. He knows how to get people to work with him. He can take the roof off the room, and everybody on the set gets his attention and a sympathetic ear. I'd give up an arm for him." Dick's social life away from the set is confined to his family—wife June Allyson and their children, Pamela, who will soon be eight, and Ricky, who was born Christmas Eve, 1955. Dick, who sleeps in bed, has a large record collection, classical and popular, and still tootsles a saxophone, an instrument he learned at an early age. He dresses comfortably with jaunty good taste, likes people, and his home (fifty-seven acres in Mandeville Canyon) is a popular meeting place for the Hollywood set.

Actress June Allyson and Dick Powell married in 1945. At that time, Dick's hobbies were flying and his yacht, the Santana. "Yachts hold a special fascination for me," says Dick, "besides home in Little Rock, Arkansas—the biggest body of water I ever saw was the Saturday-night bath."

June and Dick spent their honeymoon on the Santana. "After the kids came, June wasn't too happy with the boat," Dick recalls. "We didn't want to run off and leave them with the baby, so we sent people over and Ricky along for fear they'd fall over the side." Dick sold the Santana to Humphrey Bogart.

Then I went back to my first love, flying in jets. Dick, "June wasn't too nervous about my flying—she just wouldn't get in a plane. Then came my crack-up. I was over Las Vegas one day when the motor literally exploded. I landed in an old cow pasture by the grace of God and a prayer."

"Next week, I put a new motor in the plane and flew home. But, after that, June was a nervous wreck every time I left the house. As a matter of fact, the brothers were asking how I was going? I would say I was going to the office, and she would call the airport and there I was. After this happened two or three times, she asked me, 'Are you going to golf. June loves golf!... it's a game that keeps both feet on the ground.'"

Dick Powell's Horatio Alger story began in the late thirties when he was playing 900 people and no railroad. When Dick was five, his family moved to Berryville, the county seat, and later to Little Rock. "That's where we had," Dick says, "a wonderful American family life. My father was head of the International Harvester Company for the five states around Arkansas. We had a musical family. My mother played the piano, and my sister even spells Powell. Brother Howard, Howard was so much better than I that I got disgusted and quit, and started studying the clarinet, trumpet, and saxophone. As kids, we spent a lot of time playing these instruments."

"From sixteen to twenty-one, my brother Luther and I sang in the Jewish Synagogue on Friday night, the Scottish Rite Temple on Sunday night, the Central Christian Temple on Saturday night, and the Methodist Church on Sunday night. Between the two of us, we had every tenor job in town. Luther is now general freight agent for the Illinois Central Railroad. I don't know why he went into business—he had a better voice than I did."

"When I was eighteen and in Little Rock College, we went on a summer tour, installing the 'new' dial telephones. Next summer I was promoted," says Dick. "I collected the nickels over the toll lines."

He landed his first professional job as vocalist with the dinner orchestra at the Kentucky Hotel in Louisville. Dick sang classical and semi-classical ballads which he got fifteen cents for. He soon got tired of it, and finally sang for a dollar. He also turned down a job as a director in a Musical. Since "Split Second," Dick has directed and produced RKO's "The Conqueror" and Columbia's musical version of "It Happened One Night," starring his wife, June Allyson, Richard Arlen and Clark Gable. Dick's success has just been signed by the 20th Century-Fox as director-producer.

Busy as he is, Dick says he will never give up his love of the people to whom he gives so much," he says. Besides that, fact hard work has always been a part of Dick's philosophy of life—it's part of his Arkansas background. Yes, Horatio Alger would have been proud of The Little Rock boy who grew up to be an internationally famous actor-director-producer.

Says Powell, with a wry grin, "I still haven't given up the saxophone. In this business, you never can tell."
Award Winners

(Continued from page 34)

in the daytime category! Garry Moore, whose afternoon show has been a winner or semi-finalist ever since it started on CBS-TV, nosed out his rivals for the second year straight as TV daytime emcee. Meanwhile, I've Got A Secret, Garry's Wednesday-night telecast over the same network, topped the balloting as favorite TV panel program for the second time. The radio winner in this latter group was Make Up Your Mind, created and produced by Arthur Henley, moderated by Jack Sterling—and now seeking new worlds to conquer on television.

Two For The Money, seen and heard on CBS, wins its third successive quiz-show medal, this time for radio. And Herb Shriner, its Hoosier quipmaster, wins his first one as your favorite radio master of ceremonies. The quiz-show and emcee races are always hotly contested, with Groucho Marx and You Bet Your Life always thrusting into a photo finish, along with such well-loved hosts as Warren Hull, Bud Collyer, Bert Parks and their exciting programs.

But it was The $64,000 Question, over CBS, which won the TV quiz Award this year, without any doubt, just as it wrested the "best TV program" title from such formidable previous medalists as the great shows staged by Sullivan and Godfrey on the same network. As previously noted, Talent Scout captured the evening variety medal for radio. The Ed Sullivan Show again topped all others in TV evening variety, and Ed himself gained his third TV evening emcee title in a row—in fact, both program and producer-star now have five gold medals apiece!

There was action a-plenty in the field of Westerns and outdoor adventure. For some years, this was only a seesaw battle between Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, who took turns winning star and program medals, on both radio and TV. This year, Gene—who won the first such Award ever given (it was then called "cowboy actor")—more than held his own as your favorite Western star on radio, as heard over CBS. And The Roy Rogers Show, as seen over NBC, won the Western program Award for TV. The race was a wild scramble in television (even "Davy Crockett" got into the act!) but, when the dust settled, Hugh O'Brian, title-role hero of ABC-TV's The Legend Of Wyatt Earp, had ridden off with TV Western-star honors.

Gunslinger, which has won steadily growing respect for its adult scripts and true-to-life characterizations, as heard on CBS, topped all radio Westerns. Produced and directed by Norman Macdonnell, written by John Meston, it achieved its first gold medal last year in the mystery-adventure category. This year, the radio mystery-adventure Award went to Mutual's Geng Busters—to add to all the other honors amassed during the years by this authentic documentary of the exciting work done by police of the nation.

No newcomer to our Award lists, NBC's Dragnet—which has also won on radio—took in its fourth consecutive gold medal in the TV mystery-adventure group. Jack Webb, its creator and star, can now collect his sixth Award as top evening drama actor, this time in the radio category. Dick Powell, who's no stranger to hard-hitting roles himself, won the corresponding TV Award as actor in Four Star Playhouse, over CBS-TV.

Compared with other winners in this field, Dick's practically a newcomer to television. Years of devotion and steady followings have paid off for all the other drama champions, day and night. Loretta...
Young’s triumph as your favorite TV evening drama actress, in her own show over NBC-TV, is her third in a row, and she has now tied Peggy Wood, the only previous triple-winner in her category—and Loretta’s closest rival this year, too. Mama, the beloved show starring Peggy Wood, also repeated as radio’s favorite evening drama for a third consecutive time. (It also won, back in 1949, its very first season on CBS-TV.)

It is a “first” for One Man’s Family, on NBC, as your favorite radio evening drama. But Carlton E. Morse’s great creation and its fine featured players have long been close rivals for top Awards. And we count on remaining feminine player who was in the cast when One Man’s Family began, some twenty-four years ago—receives the coveted golden medal as radio’s favorite evening drama actress.

The Guiding Light has been on daytime radio for almost twenty years. Written by a woman, Ira Phillips, and produced by a veteran, John Forsythe, it has been popular since adding television to its schedule, and has won TV Radio Mirror medals in both categories. This year, it triumphed as the best-loved radio daytime drama, though closely contested by such perennial favorites as The Romance Of Helen Trent and The Second Mrs. Burton, which are also heard over CBS. It was the star of the latter, Jan Miner, who won as far as radio is concerned, captured the sixth successive time (a little habit she started when she was Julie Paterno of Hilltop House). Jan’s husband, Terry O’Riordan, has been the Outstanding Lady over CBS-TV—and also won his third successive gold medal as your favorite TV daytime actor.

But the real “repeater” in TV daytime drama is a radio divorcee who has now been named for the fourth time as your favorite actress, in her role as Joanne Tate, in Search For Tomorrow! The latter series, produced by Charles Eberton, and featuring Judith Nordone as Villain Lady over CBS-TV—has also won as favorite TV daytime drama for the second consecutive year—though the votes piled high for Love Of Life and The Secret Storm, both produced by Richard C. Morris of CBS Radio, and featuring two marvelous leading ladies.

Two interesting sidelights from the 1955-56 balloting: Melba Rae, who took such a prominent part in Search For Tomorrow while Mary Stuart was on maternity leave last summer, was one of Mary’s closest competitors for the actress Award. And James Lipton, of The Guiding Light, was the nearest rival for the actor’s Award—on both TV and radio! However, the last-named is a radio favorite—captive to Sandy Becker—a previous winner and always a strong challenger—for his compelling performance in the title role of Your Dr. Malone, on CBS Radio.

Puppets are still a popular topic in the juvenile world, as so often before. It was NBC-TV’s Howdy Doody that pulled the strings for the TV children’s program Award, signing the prize-winning puppet over to Kukla, Fran And Ollie. And Big Jon’s delightful little “Sparklie” undoubtedly had much to do with the fact that ABC’s No 1 Children’s program ran on Radio. But there were some very human—and very familiar—faces and voices in the news and sports categories, since the Awards went to commentators John Cameron Swayze of NBC-TV’s Huntley Brinkmanship, and WKM radio to sportscasters Mel (“Voice of the Yankees”) Allen and Bill Stern of ABC Radio.

(Continued from page 66)

my release from Universal-International Pictures—my current popularity was directly due to a snarl and a built-in sneer! In other words, I was the deep-down-in-the-wool villain with eighteen pictures under my gun belt. But I neither got the girl, nor did I live until the final reel—and I wanted to win, for a change. So I got a job.

In The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp, over ABC-TV, Hugh O’Brian re-established himself as a hero in the hearts and homes of twelve million weekly viewers. Now when he discusses the metamorphosis in his personal and professional life, something akin to wonderment creeps into Hugh’s dark and expressive eyes.

“This may make me sound like a corn ball,” he says, “but Wyatt Earp proved to be that proverbial ‘friend in need.’ The influence of this exemplary man came into my life at a time when I needed it most. Hollywood is a lonely town and, when roots are missing, there has to be a bridge between the tangibles and intangibles. Each time a new producer was carefully used, that God gives an individual to change the course of events, was truly inspiring.”

Hugh is as witty, Hugh was quite aware that he was gambling with fate and, before he severed studio connections, he carefully considered every aspect. Not to discredit U-I and their pattern, he was sincerely grateful for their training school and all he had learned. Leaving them was like leaving home—and yet, if he remained, he might be relegated to feature roles for the rest of his life, and he had learned there was no guarantee of a better break on the outside world.

“If the going got too rough,” Hugh recounts, “I would be a good landscape gardener, and I knew I could make a living. Being a bachelor was the reason I could take a chance. My only responsibility was no more than thirty-three cents worth of horse meat a day. But, if I had been married, I couldn’t have afforded to risk my money.”

“Lady Luck didn’t desert me. Out of three pictures in a row at 20th Century-Fox, I made enough money to double my year’s salary at U-I. However, I kept looking around, because I knew I needed a gimmick.” Stories are business to make money and no matter how much talent you may have, you must also have ‘name value.’

“Each actor has his own way of arriving. For example, Marlon Brando might have had difficult time with the heart, yet he’s sensible to realize that timing, as well as opportunity, plays a very important part in the scheme of things.”

Hugh Earp was on one TV series on the fire,” he says, “but I kept holding out for one which offered that extrastreal something. Finally, producers Lew Edelman and Robert Sisk sent me a script. It was the story of a great man who actually lived, a man important to our history and whose appeal had never been brought before the public on TV. It was to be the first adult Western series on a livewire network, ABC. The whole setup appealed to me, but there were other contributing factors, too.

“Age was important, and I was young enough to look twenty-five, yet old enough to look older in future scripts. Wyatt Earp and I were the same weight and we wrote quite a bit like the corduroy run off movies where I played a heavy and had seen a quality beyond ‘meanness’ up there on the screen. They were considered for the Emmy, but when the time came for a decision—they wanted me.”

“Fortunately, I was in a wonderful spot for this fresh idea. I was available, I had acting experience at that time while my name was familiar. I wasn’t a big star yet. It’s important in this business to be flexible, to be able to move along wherever there is a place for you. So I started working very regularly in the TV, and made the pilot film in February of 1955. After the premiere, we were in business to the tune of making two films a week, or more. This gives me a five months off for making Hollywood pictures, since, naturally, I never want to walk away from that phase of my career.”

Hugh is lucky to get a gentle pat on the head from his own gray-haired mother. This has been Hugh’s fate in the movies. But, in private, he looks forward for the opportunity for a film job, and when he sees a sortie now he says, “I’ll never be satisfied….How come he’s still an eligible bachelor at the age of thirty? It isn’t a new question—but, since his Wyatt Earp success, Hugh finds it easier to answer that one.
"I'm guilty of being a confirmed idealist," he admits, "I guess I've been seeking something for a long, long time, and I confess I'm no longer trying to kid myself. Since I've learned more about Wyatt Earp and lived with his memory, I know I am right and it's given me an entirely new perspective on myself ..."

"Earp was a good man, but not a good—good—man. He suffered the normal amount of temptations, but he had the strength to uphold his beliefs in what was right. The longevity of his marriage is also an inspiration and, even though my ideals are high, I know I must stick to them. If I could find the right girl, I'd settle down tomorrow. There was a time when it almost worked out, and I was pretty cut up when she died."

"She was a wonderful girl and I was very much in love with her. Having experienced such a relationship, I am very grateful. It taught me not to sell out for anything less than what I know is there to give and receive. So I am going to wait. All I ask is that she loves me, but I love her—that we can spend fifty or sixty years together. If there is a flaw in success, it's starting each day without someone to share your success with. I hope it works out for me soon. When you wait too long, you get too set in your ways—and marriage, I believe, must be a melding on both sides."

Until last year, Hugh O'Brien and "Lady" (his pet collie) occupied bachelor digs in the hills above the Sunset Strip. However, the news report on a recent robbery disclosed his address, and pandemonium set in. Self-styled relatives of the real Wyatt Earp pounded on his door day and night. One young fellow (feeling no pain) decided to impress his girlfriend by challenging Hugh to show how good he was without his gun on his hip. Another misguided character wanted revenge, because he remembered Hugh had once slapped a lady's face in a movie! To keep peace, Hugh and "Lady" finally packed bag and bones and fled to an undisclosed address at the beach.

"The attention was flattering, in a sense," muses Hugh, "but it wasn't so good when I had early-morning calls and needed my sleep. It's really amazing how much interest our show has created in Wyatt Earp, and may I say I still have to get used to being in a gun fight—and remaining alive to the end of the picture! "People in restaurants even ask me why I don't kill on our TV show. So I explain that we are doing Wyatt Earp's life story and I will only kill when Earp killed. The truth is, he only killed four men in several hundred gun fights. I'm asked another question, too. How come I never get wounded? Earp was never wounded, and obviously he lived through every gun fight—because he died in 1929, at the age of eighty-one."

"This is history and, with rare exception, our show is factual. Earp's life was more dramatic than anything a writer could create—so much so, we have to minimize some of it. For example, in one day, Earp had to face a mob of fifty men with guns—and he lived to tell the tale. We only used five men on our TV show—so that it would be believable! You'll have to admit this is quite a switch in Westerns. Earp's faith in what was right helps to give our show great general appeal. It's interesting, too, that we have a tremendous audience of women—bless their hearts!"

To know Hugh O'Brien is to be well aware that the life and legend of Wyatt Earp will inspire his own life and legend for as long as he lives. For Hugh, the humbleness and humility of the man most instrumental in bringing law and order to America's frontier is almost a prayer.

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CHERAMY PERFUMER

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The Lawrence Welk Show
(Continued from page 59)

Plaza, once understudied Perry Como. A bachelor, he lives in North Hollywood and his heart belongs to jazz and a cocker spaniel. . . . Gypsy tunes hold the musical heart of Dick Kemner, but the Iowa violinist ranges with equal deftness from symphonies to jazz. He has an impressive background with the San Francisco and Chicago Symphonies and the ABC orchestra. Dick, his wife and two daughters make their home in Roseda, and Dick’s hobbies include model railroads, gardening and astronomy. . . . Aladdin not only plays violin, but sings in ten different languages. Born in New York, he began his professional career at three, as a dancer and mimic. But a fall which temporarily paralyzed him forced him to turn his talents in an instrumental and vocal direction. The father of two, he’s been featured with such notables as Rudy Vallee, Carmen Cavallaro, Xavier Cugat and Ray Noble. His full name: Aladdin Abdullah Acheed Anthony Pallante. . . . If it hadn’t been for Lawrence Welk, Larry Hooper’s singing might still be confined to the shower. But maestro Welk heard Larry clowning at rehearsals and prodded and needled the tall, slim, easygoing pianist until he agreed to give it a try. He’s been singing a resounding success ever since. Happily married, Larry hails from Santa Monica. . . . Jack Martin, who also sings, took to playing the saxophone as a youngster in Nelson, Minnesota, and graduated from Ohio University, he and the sax were so well acquainted that Jack gave up plans for an advertising career to take a musical road. There are two junior Martins. . . . When Jim Roberts wanted a vocal job with Lawrence Welk, he simply walked up to the bandstand during rehearsal and asked for an audition. The Irish tenor from Kentucky was hired on the spot. Jim’s story is “The Army Made a Singer Out of Me.” He made his first song in 1934. His agile fingers can skip with equal zest over a Hammond organ, piano, accordion or Novachord. He’s an expert amateur cook, specializing in Hungarian goulash, is equally enthusiastic about the New York Philharmonic and Bing Crosby, and will drive miles to catch a Spencer Tracy movie. . . . Violinist and vocalist Bob Lido, of Jersey City, charms the ladies with a double-barreled talent and a continental air. He led his own band at New York’s Savoy-tree,” he smiles. The only music lesson he ever took was a mail order course, but Lawrence does have a certificate as a piano tuner—although he’s never tuned a piano. His first band was known as “The Biggest Little Band in America.” It became something of an institution in the Midwest, playing everywhere, including Yankton, South Dakota, where Lawrence underwent a tonsillectomy to save a nurse. The Welks have three children, Shirley, Donna and Lawrence, Jr., and are happily at home, after years of touring, in a Lodi, California suburb. The “Champagne Lady” is Alice from Dallas—Alice Lon, of course—and she was the public’s choice in a national contest to find a suitable songbird for the title. She comes from a musical family and has been warbling since the age of six. Her first big break came when an agent sent her picture and a recording to Don McNeill and he hired her as a Breakfast Club vocalist. Alice is married to Bob Waterman, the well-known football player and aspiring playwright, and they have three sons. Oh, Alice’s hobby? Collecting bouffant petelets. . . . Like Lawrence Welk, Myron Floren lost his heart to the accordion early in life when, at the age of seven, he fell in love with one he saw in a mail-order catalog. Myron met his fellow Dakotan and present boss in St. Louis, in 1950. He met his wife Berdyne when she came to town to join his band. There are now three co-eds at their Westchester, Los Angeles home. . . . When most four-year-olds were tugging at apron strings, Buddy Merrill was plucking at a Spanish guitar. At eleven, the lad from Calexico, California, took up the more complex steel guitar. He won his first job in a national vocal and instrumental contest sponsored by Lawrence Welk, who proudly accuses his nineteen-year-old discovery of “practically stealing the show from all of us,” but for now, in point of service, is genial Jerry Burke, who joined the Welk orchestra when it was first organized in 1934. His agile fingers can skip with equal zest over a Hammond organ, piano, accordion or Novachord. He’s an expert amateur cook, specializing in Hungarian goulash, is equally enthusiastic about the New York Philharmonic and Bing Crosby, and will drive miles to catch a Spencer Tracy movie. . . . Violinist and vocalist Bob Lido, of Jersey City, charms the ladies with a double-barreled talent and a continental air. He led his own band at New York’s Savoy.
One Man's Family

(Continued from page 64)
worked for Carlton E. Morse in his radio series, Jack and Ethel, which she describes as: "Exquisite scripts, filled with Mr. Morse's minute research, based on true dramatic episodes in California's history. I remember three especially—the Marcus Whitman, Lotta Crabtree and Lola Montez series. Each was done in five weekly episodes. They were classics." Then "Family" was born. On her way home from NBC, one spring afternoon in 1932, Bernice was coming out of Clark's market, when she ran into Carlton E. Morse—hands in pockets, walking down a San Francisco street. Bernice says, "We fell in step, and he told me about a new radio show called One Man's Family. He said he hadn't put the idea on paper yet, and asked me what I thought of it. I said, 'I think it's grand—do it.' . . . Within the next day or two, my husband and I were planning a trip to New York. But, before I could pack my bags, Mr. Morse finished the first script and asked me to play Hazel.

"At first, Mr. Morse wrote the individuals pretty much as he felt he saw them in real life—at least, if you were to ask him, 'Are Father Barbour and J. Anthony Smythe the same person?'—he probably would have said, 'Why, certainly.' I rebelled at this at first, because I didn't think Hazel was myself at all!" . . . In the many years that Bernice has been playing Hazel, she has seen the character develop from a neurotic, frustrated young woman into a happy wife and mother. It is a tribute to her acting ability that she has made each phase of Hazel's life completely convincing and understanding.

In real life, Bernice is married to A. Brooks Berlin, prominent San Francisco attorney. They have a son, Berwin Brooks Berlin, twenty-one, a law student at the University of California. "Sometimes," says Bernice, "in the script, Hazel tells Pinky what she thinks he should do in a given situation. At home, I find that a young man of twenty-one doesn't want to be told—one doesn't give advice unless one is really asked." . . . However, Miss Bernwin feels the show has had a helpful effect in rearing her own son, and her experience in being a real mother has enabled her to give reality to the character of Hazel.

Bernice has always considered her radio children as part of her own family. Dawn

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Bender, who came on the show at the age of seven, plays her daughter, Margaret, and has always sent Bernice Christmas gifts addressed to "Mommy." Bernice returns the favor in kind. When Dawn married a few years ago, Bernice and Barbara Fuller (Claudia) gave Dawn a shower. . . . Bernice says: "Dawn, of course, had a very devoted real-life mother. But I feel as if I were blessed in a way. It has been a great experience for me, for Dawn—in a make-believe sort of way—became the daughter I was never able to have."

Today, Bernice lives in Oakland with her husband and son, in a home with a panoramic view of the San Francisco Bay. "We can see both bridges," she says, "and on the right, as far as Mt. Tamalpais—and, on the left, all the way down the peninsula. On a clear day, it's absolutely breathtaking!" The Berlins redecorated their home six months ago and, in January, had a large party to celebrate Mr. Berlin's election to the Bar Presidency. Says Bernice, "We couldn't get our guests away from the windows!"

Miss Berwin now commutes via United Airlines from her home in Oakland to the NBC recording studios in Hollywood. She is the airline's most popular passenger. United soon will be presenting Bernice with a gold plaque to commemorate her 100,000th mile. While not commuting, Bernice is an avid reader, concentrating on current events in magazines—"We live in such exciting times! . . . listens to classical records—"Piano is still my favorite" . . . visits the theater and ballet with Mr. Morse's wife, Pat—"I feel television is making ballet popular in America" . . . and encourages her son Berwin with his law studies at the University of California.

It will soon be a quarter of a century since Carlton E. Morse wrote his first line of dialogue for One Man's Family. In that time, "Family" has grown through marriages and births, deaths and tragedies. Mail still pours in, whenever a crisis or high point is reached in the script. In the past, when the program offered a Mother Barbour cookbook—and, later, a Father Barbour family history—the requests came in by hundreds of thousands.

Today, One Man's Family remains Carlton E. Morse's favorite show. "I hope we can continue to occupy our niche in the very important radio field," he says. "So long as the public continues to listen—and to let us know—we will stay on the air. I can only say that I trust the public feels we have contributed something to better living and better family ties . . . that is the purpose of One Man's Family."
## Morning Programs

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<th>MBS</th>
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<td>Alex Dreyer, News</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>News of America</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh Mutual Magazine</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Alex Dreyer, News</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>Footsteps to Medical History News</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey Time</td>
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<td>When a Girl Marries Whispering Streets</td>
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## Afternoon Programs

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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
<td>News, Cedric Foster Music</td>
<td>Valentine</td>
<td>Wendy Warren &amp; The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent</td>
<td>Our Gal Sunday</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>12:05 Here's Hollywood 12:10 Ed Ladd's Music Box</td>
<td>Lunchen With Loeper</td>
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## Evening Programs

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See Next Page
# TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, APRIL 5—MAY 7

## Baseball on TV

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>TIME</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>APRIL</td>
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<tr>
<td>14, Sat.</td>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>8, 9</td>
<td>Yanks vs. Dodgers – E</td>
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<td>15, Sun.</td>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>8, 11</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Yanks – E</td>
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<td>17, Tue.</td>
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<td>Phila. vs. Dodgers</td>
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<td>18, Wed.</td>
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<td>Pgh. vs. Giants</td>
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<td>19, Thu.</td>
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<td>Phila. vs. Dodgers</td>
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<td>20, Fri.</td>
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<td>Boston vs. Yanks</td>
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<td>21, Sat.</td>
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<td>8, 11</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yanks</td>
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<td>22, Sun.</td>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>8, 11</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yanks</td>
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<td>23, Mon.</td>
<td>8:00</td>
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<td>Dodgers vs. Phila – R</td>
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<td>Wash. vs. Yanks</td>
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<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
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<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
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<td>Pgh. vs. Dodgers</td>
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**E—Exhibition game, ** **D—Doubleheader, ** **R—Road game**

## Monday through Friday

### Monday P.M.

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<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Topper—Hokus-Pokus comedy</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Burns &amp; Allen—Georges Barnum and Mr. Baer’s</td>
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### Monday P.M.

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<th>TIME</th>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Gildersleeve—Willie Waterman</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>Name That Tune—Open that tune</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Silver Jubilee—Season’s best</td>
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<th>TIME</th>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Disneyland—Fantasy hour</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Godfrey &amp; Friends—Fun hour</td>
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<th>TIME</th>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>The Goldbergs—Merry with Molly</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Bob Cummings Show—Foolish fun</td>
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**Today's Quotable Quote:**

"I'm just a boy, your mother's son!"

—Lady of the Lake, 1920

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**Today's Movie:**

"A Night at the Opera" (1935) is a classic musical comedy featuring the Marx Brothers. The movie is known for its intricate set design and the iconic musical numbers "Honeymoon Avenue" and "Moon ofman." Enjoy the show tonight on Channel 8 at 8:00 PM! Choose from Channel 8 Gaumont, Channel 8 British, or Channel 8 French for a fun-filled evening of laughter and music.
grin in the pianist’s direction, he advised: “Relax. No one will hear you. No one ever listens to this show, anyway.”

Quite the opposite is true, as every radio listener knows. Under the leadership of Faith—the man who earned his first fame conducting the old Contended Hour and who continues to make a certain deep contentment the keynote of his daily life—The Woolworth Hour, CBS Radio’s big musical, scored the year’s highest ratings.

One of the secrets of its success was revealed by its producer, Bruno Zirato Jr., when he said, “On this show, all of us always have a ball.” The program thus becomes a direct communication of enjoyment.

Watching their rehearsal is a great show in itself. The thirty-six musicians are spread out across CBS’s big Studio 22, strings at the front, brass divided and set at the center and rear, with the rhythm section sandwiched in between. Among them, there is an easy feeling of unity, mutual respect and good humor.

At the drums, young Specs Powell and Marty Grupp gallop along like a pair of well-matched dressage riders. They pace each other and turn out a more brilliant performance because of their friendly rivalry. Tall Sammy Fiedel, who dangles a huge briar pipe from the corner of his mouth as he strums or bows his bass fiddle, sags his comments at twinkle-eyed Mike Collicchio, the piano player, but they often carry across the studio.

For example: As the chorus—Miriam Workman, Marjorie Miller, Kathleen Wallace, Bob Miller, Jimmy Polack, Artie Malvin and Michael Stewart—sang, producer Zirato was in the control room.

Seeking the best balance of voices, he called out, “Let’s have less men, more girls.” Muttered Sammy, “That’s the trouble with this place. Not enough girls.”

Percy Faith set the mood for this happy crew at the first rehearsal when, at a rest period, he called out the usual, “Take five” and—with a nod toward the Woolworth Company rep—added, “and ten.”

Even a fluff can turn into a little joke. The program’s host, Donald Woods, remembers one of his own. “I worried because it is much too easy to say ‘Percy Faith’ instead of ‘Percy Faith’—so, of course, I did it. Then our announcer, Jack Brand, also tripped. So the two of us agreed that the next guy who did it had to pay the other a quarter. We’ve never done it again.”

Laughter, when it ripples across the orchestra, is uninhibited but brief. A moment later, everyone has returned to serious concentration, for Percy Faith is even more a hero to his orchestra than he is to his fans. Always, in complete command, he has his men’s respect and affection.

His authority sits easy on his shoulders. Up on his little box of a podium, he perches on the edge of a high stool, his music spread out in front of him. If a difficult passage has required him to make a memo on the score, he hits the downbeat with his yellow pencil—but he is just as likely to conduct with his cigarette.

He takes his orchestra into his confidence. Halting one number, he indicated a passage ahead and confessed, “I’m stuck. Those half-notes are going to fall after the beat. Let’s change it here.”

He is unfailingly courteous. At one typical rehearsal, he tapped for attention and carefully introduced his guest vocalist: “Fellows—Donald Dickson.” As Dickson, a Metropolitan Opera baritone now winning new laurels as a tenor, went into the demanding aria, “Vesti la Giubba,” a difference in interpretation brought an ear-piercing big shriek from the strings. Faith merely grinned and remarked, “Well, well, well.” He went into a huddle with Dickson and resolved the problem: “You’d better sort of grate that C.” Instantly, there was understanding. When Dickson, singing magnificently, had soared out to the climax, Faith and the whole orchestra stood up and applauded.

At the edge of the set, Donald Woods remarks, “Every one who comes in seems to catch the spirit of this outfit. Usually, on a show, a guest star does his part and leaves. Here, they stay to the end of each rehearsal—simply because they, too, are enjoying it.”

Percy Faith believes that, of all the people who find The Woolworth Hour a delight, he himself derives the most enjoyment. “I’m doing exactly what I want most to do—creating music. It’s a wonderful thing to be able to pick up a piece of ‘raw’ music, take it home, dream about it, orchestrate it and work it up to a full and perfect thing.”

“It is wonderful, too, to know that people are listening, for music belongs to those who hear it. I like to picture a romantic, young couple hearing the program on a car radio—or a family sitting around after Sunday dinner—or a husband and wife, who have had many years together, hearing a song from their courtship. We try to have something for everyone. We’re scheduled into the perfect time of the day and week to reach the people who like to listen to our music.”

---

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Tested by doctors...proved in hospital clinics

1. Antiseptic (Protective, germicidal action)
Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant (Protection from odor)
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no “medicine” or “disinfectant” odor themselves.

3. Convenient (So easy to use)
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They’re greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

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Take our crazy, mixed-up desks, for instance. Neither of us is ever able to find pen, pencil, checkbooks, receipts, tomorrow's script, et cetera! Now, if it were only one of us...

"But husband or wife need be an echo, one of the other, to live in harmony. Or that they need never have a difference of opinion, as Terry and I have—about work, anyway. I've already had the wifely duty of working together last year—for the first time, by the way—when we were cast as husband and wife in a play called 'Julia' on Studio One. I've had a very rewarding experience for both of us... thanks again to the fans. But Terry doesn't think it's a good idea for us to work together. He says that our marriage is good, so why put this extra twenty-four-hour-a-day strain upon it?"

"But we did have fun on Studio One," she recalls. "During the first day of rehearsal for the same show, I remember that, to get away from his wife, he was going to McSorley's Saloon, right around the corner from the Central Palace where we were rehearsing. I had heard of it, for McSorley's Saloon is a famous old New York landmark—at least a hundred years old—where they don't permit women. I was with them throughout the whole thing. But, in the morning's paper, the story had been slightly re-worded."

One columnist reported that Jan and Terry O'Sullivan were living apart during Studio One rehearsals, so they wouldn't get on each other's nerves. We couldn't have read anything more surprising, over our own breakfast table!

"So, I'm trying to observe, "emotionally and temperamentally, Terry and I are very much alike and this is the alikeness that matters. We react in the same way to the same situation. We laugh at the same things, get depressed by the same things and hungry for the same things—such as, most often, sunlight and fresh air and doing things. We like activity and activities."

Activities, yes indeed! As a sample of the O'Sullivans' activities over a period of approximately two weeks, we have the following run-down, with obvious relish: "Last January," he recalls, "I had a few days off from Vaileant Lady. Five days! And Terry suggested to Jan, 'We're the only New Yorkers who've never been there!'"

"The reservations were barely confirmed, when I had a call from Mr. Jim Ricker, publisher of the: Lebanon County, Missouri, Chapter of Infantile Paralysis, saying that they were to have a telethon in Kansas City—my home town—to promote the campaign. I'm very much like to have Jan and me participate... do a sketch, answer calls, and so on. As luck would have it, the date set for King of the Hill District was just possible for us to have five days in Florida, too. And away we went!

"Our primary motive in going to Florida was to relax, devote our time—all five days—to some activity for the kids."

Loyal and True

(Continued from page 39) happiness, in equal parts... When Terry was told that, for the third consecutive year, he'd won TV Radio Mirror Award as favorite dramatic actor on daytime TV, he could hardly believe it. His wife would have known what his broad smile meant...

"It's astonishing to me," Jan continues, "true, also, to the loyalty of the fans over the years—the seven years since I first played Julie Paterno on CBS Radio's Hilltop House. It's particularly astonishing to me, I've always been of the opinion that it was the warm, maternal Julie the fans were devoted to. But now, with Hilltop House off the air, I'm playing Terry Burton. It's a completely different part from that of Julie. A little more sophisticated than Julie, more modern. And the fans love her, too.

Come to think of it, I should have realized this right along—for, ever since I began doing character work on TV, letters from the 'regulars' have come in after every show. Wonderful letters. Thoughtful, caring how I looked—and as a Boston spinster, a Polish farm woman and a number of other character parts I've done on the screen. I've given up on the idea that 'the actress' is the same—except for Studio One, I haven't been an 'eyeeful'... but seeming to understand what I was trying to do, to sense a quality I hoped they would find in each of the characters. I know they still miss Julie, as I do, and why not, after seven years of identification with her? But I love doing The Second Mrs. Burton—and again, why not? Our audiences have been so good. They've done so many memorable scripts through the years, and the cast is wonderful... Ethel Owen, Alice Frost, Dwight Weiss, Ethel Waters, Larr Hafner... and it's Stan Davis who directs and produces the show," Jan smiles, "but the 'icing on my cake,' in this new and different-from-Julie part, is the proof that the fans are loyal.

"Nor am I the only member of the O'Sullivan family to whose standard the fans rallied, when a change was made," Jan continues. "My parents' latest changed shows this year, too... from Search for Tomorrow, on which he played the male lead, to the role of reporter Billie parachute Lady... and he still got the fans' award!"

Jan and Terry are deserving of such devotion. First, because it is impossible not to feel good when you are with them. They love their jobs, love acting, love to talk about acting and about themselves... but they are interested in you and what you are doing, as well.

They attend parties, first nights at the theater, good talk, good food, good wine, good companions. They are earthy people, too, and hard-workin' country folk. Terry is a very good looking man, and they raised and their wives and young 'uns—all of them together.

Now in its fourth year, the O'Sullivans' marriage was truly a happy and mutually rewarding relationship... a happy state which both Terry and Jan believe stems, in great part, from the fact that they are compatible; in enough ways to think happy, loving, and successful. And wife with different faults must get on each other's nerves... whereas, if you have the same faults, one can't very well find fault with the other. As Terry and I, who have the same faults, have discovered:

"Of course, I'm looking at it from an actress' point of view. I'm sure you'd feel different."

The time-honored technique of marriage—sleeping in the same bed. But the O'Sullivans are not like that. They take turns sleeping on the couch. Their bed, actually, is a pull-out bed, and they leave a space between the sheets. They can't do this to the Brauns, and they whisper to each other, "It's a more comfortable way to sleep."
Sparkie’s Big Pal

(Continued from page 7)
this population and, at the same time, house all the facilities for creating and producing No School Today.

No School Today is a delightful round-up of children’s song and story record albums, liberally interspersed with chats on nonsense, suspense and common sense between Sparkie and his friends. In the last issue, Mayor Plumfront, the mythical mayor of Cincinnati, from whence the program first originated, and Ukey Butcha, the unpredictable, comic taxi driver. They are as real as a second cousin.

There is also “the little girl next door,” who is actually Jon’s daughter, Debbie. Three-year-old Debbie believes in the reality of Mayors Plumfront and Butcha and talks with them on the air. Off the air, when Jon’s own voice can’t convince Debbie it’s bedtime, the voice of Mayor or Ukey can do the twinkling. Jon, voice, Jon asks about the “baby brother next door,” blonde Debbie says, with knowing recognition, “Oh Daddy!” For the baby brother next door is her own brother Don, born January 16, 1958.

Debbie is the inspiration for many of Sparkie’s radio antics. So, too, is Lloyd, aged twelve-going-on-thirteen. “Everything that happens to Sparkie actually happens to someone,” Jon says, “either to my own children or their friends or the youngsters who write to us.”

Daughter Rossie, aged fifteen, is a pert, slender teenager. Kathy wants to be an airline hostess when she gets to be a little older. Lloyd is the one most likely to go into show business, according to Jon.

On the air, Sparkie sometimes creates the illusion that he was broadcasting from home. “Now we actually are,” he grins. “Being at home constantly has given me more patience and understanding.” Jon says. “Now I am not a father who comes home after all the day’s frictions and problems are over. I’m right in the thick of it.”

Jon’s wife Rosalie is a hearty, vivacious and charming brunette who manages a large home and bustling, growing family with aplomb. She teases Jon about “put-tering about” and laughing, and he loves it. He’s up about seven in the morning and usually gets breakfast for the youngsters—just because I enjoy it.”

Delighted with the size of his own family, Jon Arthur is the eldest of six children. He recalls that his father, a Lutheran minister in Pitea, Pennsylvania, was glad at length when there was them a boy. After graduation from high school, Jon went to work as a printer’s devil and also wrote a humorous weekly column. Local dramatic experience helped “bring out the ham” and it was while working on this that knew that show business in some form was his goal.

The form jelled when Jon landed a staff announcing job at a radio station in Ben- ley, West Virginia. Then, one day, a scheduled performer failed to appear. Jon was called on to fill-in and, when he spied a couple of comic friends in a studio observation booth, he ad-libbed his own version of “The Three Little Pigs.” Instead of the conventional fairy-tale verbacon, Jon enrapured the youngsters with a modern-day interpretation. The next day, “Uncle Jon,” was on the air.

Now, with a solid twenty years in radio behind him, “Uncle Jon” is “Big Jon,” the best friend of the real little boy he’d like to be—ever had.

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Try this new amazing sci- ence that actually reduces those SHAPELY CURVES at ankles, calves, thighs, knees, hips, etc., and it will really SHAVE YEARS from your age.

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morning, when the news broke that Candy had finally filed suit to divorce Mel Torme, Hal had phoned to say, "Poor Candy. Are you all right? She must be all broken up about this. Let's take her to dinner."

Taking Candy to dinner was a friendly gesture to a number of Hollywood people who had been making frequent, for ever-changing, the charms of the woman that one likes her. Shirley and Johnny Johnston, Keenan Wynn and his Shalree, Eddie and Olga O'Brien were a few who had been particularly kind about dropping in or seeing that she was included in parties during those days when she had been increasingly absent.

As for me—well, Candy had been my best friend ever since the days when she and Mel Torme and Jack Carter and I had been known as two of the happiest young couples around New York television. After Jack and I admitted we couldn't make a go of our marriage and secured a legal separation, I decided to go to the Coast. Candy invited me to her house guest until I found an apartment. Later, she spoke to friends, in flattering terms, about my work as a decorator. It brought me some of my first Catholic clients.

As her frequent companion and confidante, I had been in a position to see that the real problem for her and for Mel, too, was loneliness. Night-club and theater engagements were her most profitable bookings as a starred vocalist, and he was almost always out on the road. That tour he made through Australia became the real heart-breaker. He was gone so long that he and Candy were virtual strangers when he returned. It was tough for both of them—but, I think, worse for Candy because she is warm and tender, a woman who, while she enjoys her children and cares for them beautifully, is always more the wife than the mother. She needs to be with her husband. Watching their problems intensify, I used to think there was a great deal to be said for the old days when a show-business family went on the road together, taking their luck, both the good and the bad, as it came. That had been my life as a child. In the traditional phrase, I had been born in a trunk and, while the going had sometimes been rugged and a theatrical boarding house does not compete with a Hollywood home, it had kept us a happy-go-lucky family unit.

But the day of the theatrical boarding house is past, the kind of living family from one big hotel to another is prohibitive and ideas about child care have changed. Show business imposes so heavy a weight of separation and loneliness that it makes it almost impossible to keep a family together. And Candy were only two of many persons I know who couldn't take it. I grieved over it every time I saw it happen, and I know Hal March did, too.

I also knew this was why he had remained a bachelor. Often I have heard him say, "I've met many girls who would make wonderful wives, but I'm not going to marry until I know I have achieved sufficient stability so that I can care for a family properly and be a good husband."

Consequently, in our little group, Hal had turned into everyone's family friend. He was the adoptive "uncle" to everyone's children—the man who remembered birthdays and showered the kids with so many presents that their mothers had to hide some away and ration them back to the children, week after week.

He had dated many a pretty girl, but never had it with any of them. Yet now at dinner, as I noticed those smiles Candy and Hal were exchanging across the table, I began to wonder. Wondered exactly I event thought myself, "Stop it, Joan. You're just an incurable match-making romantic. This isn't going to happen. He's just being Uncle Hal again, being pleasant to someone who is un-happy."

And Candy—well, even after I put the thought of romance out of my head, I realized this was just such an evening as Candy needed. However long a woman may have known a divorce is inevitable, there's something about taking the final, legal steps to secure that it licks you completely. You can feel you have failed in your most important job. Nothing any of us might do could heal Candy's wound, but this pleasant evening with good friends was certainly helping to restore her confidence.

For Hal was the perfect host, attentive and alert at keeping the conversation light and happy. He was full of stories about the marriages of the other couples in our group that I haven't told you about. For example, the story of the group that we had at the Six @ 44 Question. When we left the restaurant, he was proud to show off the new convertible which had been his one big extravagance after the show so swiftly turned into a hit. He had a very pleasant ride along through the early evening and, when we reached Candy's house, we stopped to look in on the sleeping children—Stephen, who is three, and tiny Melissa, then only a few months old.

As Hal and I drove toward our own neighborhood—we lived only two blocks apart—he made a significant remark, "Do you know, Joan, Candy is a girl I've always admired. And those children—they're just plain wonderful."

Again the thought flashed through my mind, "Is this actually going to turn into a wedding?" But I sat on him. In June, instead, I spoke of how, during the past summer, Candy had often brought Stephen over to swim in the pool at my apartment house.

Our next meeting, I believe, was at one of Hal's fabulous Saturday-night dinners. As he says it, he likes "to cook up a storm," and will often have as many as a dozen friends over for dinner. That night, the dinner he served surpassed anything you could find in even the best of restaurants.

As everyone was sitting around listening to the music, a thought came to mind. I wondered whether the way he had decorated his apartment, blending the autumn colors of rust, green and gold, was his furniture, however, which truly won my professional admiration.

He had told me the story. "I got it that year I was doing very well in radio in New York. But you know the way this business is. For one reason or another, famine the next. So, while it lasted, I decided I would live the way I chose. I forgot about cost, designed this stuff myself and had it made. I wanted something more simple than the 'traditional' furniture, and warmer in feeling than most of the 'modern' which was then in the stores."

On leaving, as I thanked him for his hospitality, I ventured a sort of trial balloon, for I had noticed the way his glance had always followed Candy, whenever she moved across the room. "Hal," I said, "I just thought you might hand me a bachelor."

"I thought about it every minute of the night," he replied, glumly, "but now I'm going to have to devote all over again."

"I am," he added, "but New York, you know. I can't keep up this transcontinental commuting. That's too much for any man. I like to feel settled."

Brief as his leisure hours were, I found he devoted many of them to Candy. When she and I lunched together, her conversation centered around him. It was "Hal says... Hal thinks... Hal and I went here or there..."

By now, I was beginning to feel as if I were watching the most tense movie ever filmed. Was Candy, who recently had announced she was going to try again, now beginning to fall in love with Hal? Was Hal seriously interested in Candy, or was he again being merely the charming companion who was scrupulously careful not to let a girl think he had marriage in mind?

I'll never forget the night I learned the answer. I was just dozing off when my phone rang. Hal was always seen to do so late at night. Candy was on the line, so excited she could scarcely speak. "Joan," she cried, "the most wonderful thing has just happened. Hal asked me to marry him."

"What did you say?" I demanded.

Candy's tone indicated she had never
had any doubt about it. "I said yes, of course."

For at least half an hour, both of us went completely giddy. Candy said Hal was wonderful, and I agreed. I added that I thought she was pretty nice herself and that I felt they belonged together. It wasn't until the next day, at lunch, that I received any coherent account of just how it happened.

Candy's eyes sparkled as she told me. "We were at the Villanova..." I knew the restaurant. It's a little, out-of-the-way place where there is good food and candle-light, a place where a young couple in love could linger all evening over their coffee. Candy went on, "Hal said that he thought he at last had the kind of security he wanted to offer a girl. So he asked me to marry him—and, well, that was it."

Never have I seen Candy look so happy. But, a moment later, her face clouded. "Oh, Joan," she wailed, "I just don't know how I'm going to stand it. Hal has to be in New York and I have to be here. Darn it, what are we going to do?"

As it turned out, I was able to help with that problem. I was then contemplating a return to New York. I planned first to visit there to scout for a place to live and to work. Fortunately for me, even after our separation, Jack Carter and I have remained on friendly terms. He was going out on the road and he offered to lend me his apartment.

Soon after my arrival, I had dinner with Hal. It was obvious that he missed Candy intensely. All evening, he talked about nothing but Candy. Then I had an inspiration. "Do you suppose she would like to come here to visit me?"

Hal got that same look you see when someone wishes to ask a question. "Oh, Joan, would you invite her?"

It took a little doing. Candy's mother was the one who really made it possible, for she went to help the maid with the children. For a solid month the two of us carefree as a couple of schoolgirls, shopped during the day, went to plays with Hal during the evening and spent hours planning their future life together. Theirs was the kind of loving happiness which leaves you a little in awe.

It practically killed me not to be able to go to their wedding in Las Vegas, but I made up for it by having fun helping to decorate their apartment. They bought into a "cooperative" on Fifth Avenue, in the Eighties. The place is gorgeous, with a dream of a living room, a model kitchen and three bedrooms, one of which becomes a nursery. Hal likes the location. He says, "We're right across from Central Park. That's line for Stephen and Melissa."

That is characteristic of him. His first thought is always of Candy and the children. Some men marry their careers, but not Hal. He will never get the carefree, incredibly nice, but his family comes first. He has a new air of deep contentment. Thanks to his attention and consideration, Candy is blossoming out into a real beauty. She knows how much she matters to him and she looks positively beatific.

They are settling down. That March-designed, much-traveled furniture has made the return trip to New York and, in decorating, we are adding new pieces which are in harmony with it.

But I am having one problem. Because I am so thrilled about two of my favorite people being married and happy together, I feel a bit romantic about it myself and my work tends to show it. Only by reminding myself firmly that it would be utterly ridiculous to do so, am I able to refrain from painting a frieze of smiling little pink cupids clear around every single room.

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in front of the manse. Eve and Brooks were accumulating a social life which reflected their nearness to Hollywood and Vine. Propinquity brings all manner of involuntary association, with Bryant Street.

And so the Wests toured the countryside for several months, until they found every city-dweller's dream of the perfect situation. They found a perfect situation—a magnificent white farmhouse set in the midst of thirty-eight rolling acres of pasture land. There were stables for saddle horses, barns for the burros the Wests hoped to breed, and the herd of sheep they planned to run, vast horizons to be explored by children—without danger of traffic hazards. There was fresh air (smogless), business of catching eggs laid by the hour's drive from Hollywood—not too long a trip for Our Miss Brooks, yet representing enough distance to give a sense of separation from the daily grind. In brief: Here was spaciousness.

Mr. and Mrs. West clasped hands and strolled to the top of a breeze-ruffled hill that lay dappled in sunlight and sputtered by the edge of a forest green of native oaks. "Here," they agreed "we shall build a calm, orderly, restful way of life.

Betty, a long-time friend of the family decided to make the trip from Los Angeles to Thousand Oaks to discover for herself how the plan had worked out for the Wests. It was the second business morning—to note evidence of vast activity but no sign of life.

The evidence consisted of logs which somehow, in the vision splitting the creeper three-stretcher fence, one can see white paint with an assortment of brushes which someone else had been using on the completed portions of the fence. It looked like hard work. The friend shook her head and wondered whether an entire family could expire simultaneously from over-exertion.

At about that time, he heard shouts of jubilation from the barn, so he made haste in that general direction. Gathered around a straw-filled enclosure was the West clan of Biscuit, eleven (aged eleven) Connie (aged nine), Dore (aged almost three), and Doug (not quite two). The source of their delight was a pair of new-born twin lambs.

The Wests had been skilled in the art of lambing; they had been lavished upon the babies by the guests, a tour of the animal kingdom was suggested and the following statistics compiled:
The Wests own one pinto pony named "Patches," two American saddle horses, two heifers, six burro who is to be associated soon with others of appropriate sex to assure the twin burros growing gosling. Suffolk sheep, and three flocks of chickens. The Hampshire chickens are permitted to forage around the immediate vicinity of the house and gardens. Eve still can't understand why the eggs aren't produced, considering no bloom is rejected by the Harshires. And the children don't understand why the lotus-eaters don't lay Easters.

Living in the barn and stable area is a pair of silver bantams which represent the beginning of a flock of dwarf poultry. Living in the yard is a flock of Hamburgs—which are handsome fowl, being black with dramatic white markings. Because the Hamburgs are reliable setters, they are entrusted with the care of the eggs laid by the Harshires. Confessed Eve, "the expression on the Hamburgs' faces when they hatch Harshires, is something to see."

The animal inspection completed, the Wests returned to the house. En route, Eve outlined her current weekly routine. She and Brooks drive into town on Monday morning, report to the studio and are on离子 at 9 a.m. From 10 a.m. until 5:30, she totes Miss Brooks for TV. Monday night they remain in town, and Tuesday morning Miss Brooks has her hair done. From one P.M. until 5:30, she is busy with the program. That completed, she and Brooks start homework.

Wednesdays and Thursdays are "leisure days," spent merely in shopping, taking one or two classes, or seeing a movie. Miss Brooks, shots, or to the dentist, and then marketing for themselves and their stock. Miss Brooks come to "the city" for an early rehearsal of the next week's TV show, and in the afternoon Eve tapes two radio shows.

Saturday and Sunday are again "leisure days," spent merely in shopping, taking one or two classes, or seeing a movie. Miss Brooks, shots, or to the dentist, and then marketing for themselves and their stock. Miss Brooks returns to "the city" for an early rehearsal of the next week's TV show, and in the afternoon Eve tapes two radio shows.

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Nice Gal

(Continued from page 53)

the fact that she is, at this writing, unmarried, her repeated "we" grows confusing, until others explain that this is her way of including her close associates—her partner-manager-discover, Jack Rael; her press agent, Frances Kaye; her secretary and others of her staff—in her personal as well as her professional activities. They play bridge together, dine together, sail together. They are her "family."

For Patti is the kind of girl who must have a family. She was reared in a large one. There were eight daughters, three sons, in the Benjamin Fowler household in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where the future songstress was christened Clara Ann. At the request of a sponsor, she assumed the name "Patti Page" when she went on a local radio show. There by chance, band manager Jack Rael, who is Benny Goodman's cousin, heard her and signed her to a contract. Her first big job was working with Frankie Laine—and her important television break came when she became the summer replacement for Perry Como.

Patti's first big hit record was "Tennessee Waltz," the lament of a girl whose friend stole her sweetheart. Musically, she later attended the face of this two-faced friend with another hit, "I Went to Your Wedding." With many a best-seller in between, she continued this musical serial with a top hit which also had a touch of brave loneliness, "Doggie in the Window." Her current record, "Go On With the Wedding," should—in Patti's words—"wrap up this little cliff-hanger for good. There our girl starts up the aisle to the altar, sees an old beau among the wedding guests, and can't decide which man to marry!

In her personal life, Patti made that most important decision during the past year. She announced her engagement to Charles O'Curran, a Hollywood dance director whom she met when he helped her stage the act she was presenting at a nightclub.

Distance and time have been the das- tardly villains these two must conquer before they can be together. Charles' work keeps him on the West Coast. Patti films her television show in New York, then tours all over the map. The telephone had proved an expensive substitute for personal meetings: "At the rate we run up tolls, you'd think we were buying A.T. & T. on the installment plan," says Patti.

The situation promises to get worse instead of better, for Patti, during the spring and early summer, is committed to a tour which will take her to the Orient—Japan, Hong Kong, possibly Korea, possibly Australia. Perhaps there will also be some bookings in Europe. She would love it, if Charles could arrange his work so that he could come along. Might they elope? Patti says hopefully, "We just might."

In the meantime, she has a new companion in her New York apartment. As his birthday gift to Patti, Charles sent what she calls "the darlarest dog." It is a miniature Yorkshire terrier which, at his arrival, wasn't much bigger than a kitten. It's name? You've guessed it. Of course, he is "Window!"
House Party Host

(Continued from page 63)

gentlest and the most exacting to consideration. The child knows Art is a friend and, thus assured, gives forth with statements which must sometimes send parents into a state of chagrin, if not downright despair.

Recently, on House Party, Art was on his heels before a chubby girl of four, who was dressed like a lovely doll, her hair curled and pinned up. "What—mummy do at home?" he asked, never taking her eyes from her cute, screwed-up little face.

The little tot replied, without a moment's hesitation, "she just sits around the house all day nibbling jack-cheese and stuff." Art went hurriedly to the anxy youngster—with a safely different question.

Innocence and the utter candor of childhood are the means by which Linkletter, on the House Party show, draws forth answers which are often the very essence of pure comedy. Recently, he asked a seven-year-old boy—who, in his eagerness to get into the act, was whistling on his dimes if it were a hot stove how his parents happened to meet and fall in love.

"I'm not sure how they met," the little man replied thoughtfully, "but I do know they were roommates in college." While Linkletter is the very core of kindness when dealing with children, his rapid-fire, most又能的 flashy jokes of his face, he's confronted by a self-assured adult of the know-it-all variety. "I am pitless when I find some show-off who seems bent on making a fool of me," he said.

"When that happens, the individual gets short shift from me." People, he says, are gregarious and will do almost anything to get into the limelight. Knowing that his two principal shows, House Party and People Are Funny, are seen by more than 75,000,000 viewers each week, they seem to lose all natural inhibitions when the camera's all-seeing eye is upon them. Added to this, of course, is the immemorial urge to get something for nothing. When people allow themselves to relax, they tend to become a part of these performances, they are certain of a gift, generally substantial—and there is always the possibility of hitting the jackpot, such as a new mobile. "Repeaters" are a constant problem, but Art has become so expert at picking them out of the crowd that he is seldom fooled. "I can generally spot them as soon as they put their hands up," he says.

The ideas used on his People Are Funny show are the result of much head-cudgel ing by himself and his producer and partner, John Guedel. Linkletter reads two daily papers thoroughly, and as many as ten magazines a week. But his best inspiration, he says, is the revitalized sense of life itself. Once in a blue moon, however, the best of these will backfire. The one which he calls his "arsenic and old lace" moment is:

"It was during a Community Chest drive," he recalls. "I wanted to make a contribution from the show and, at the same time, make one of my names—namely, that people will actually pay good money for the opportunity of giving vent to a long-suppressed desire. Accordingly, I arranged the People Are Funny show that I believed there were people who harbored a frustrated desire to hit me in the face with some—individuals who, therefore, auction off the privilege—the money going to the Community Chest—and the highest bidder would be given a huge custard pie which he or she could, without let or hindrance, slam smack-dab into my mug.

"The bidding was spirited. The amounts rose from $50 to $75, to $100 and, from there, rapidly to $1,000. Of course, I gave no thought to the world who really hate me! I noticed one bidder particularly. She was a sweet—appearing little old lady with a gentle, almost angelic face. It was much easier to imagine her singing lullabies to a golden-haired grandchild than tying for the privilege of bashing a kindly, indifferent guy like me in the face with a custard pie. Nevertheless, each time some tough—looking fellow in the audience named a figure, her reedy, quavering old voice upped it. She won, at last, with a bid of $225.

"I asked her to come up on the platform and, without a word, she sat down, wrote out a check and handed it to me. I put the check in my pocket, gave her the pie, straightened up, with my hands rigid at my sides, shut my eyes and said: "All right, dear. She's away! Must be the words were hardly out of my mouth when whoam! I got it. A bull's eye.

"When I wiped off the goo and looked around, she was gone. I have never seen her since.

But two days later, the check was returned. The bank told me they had never heard of her."

Many of Linkletter's stunts are spur-of-the-moment affairs, strictly off the cuff. pictures of the audience are skillfully and carefully calculated as the movement of a regiment of infantry from the rear echelons to the front lines under heavy fire. There is no holding back to run into considerable sums of money.

One such was prompted by the thought: What would a young couple do if they returned home, after an absence of a day or so, to find their house—vanished without a trace? Would they yell for the police, doubt their own senses, give way to anger and tears? Or would they, if offered a sufficient reward, agree to hold off the authorities and hunt their house themselves?

Link decided to find out, and at once ran into a gagle of difficulties. It was necessary that the couple be young and childless, and that both be employed. The next problem was to find a landlord who would consent to having his house moved anywhere.

With the aid of Lou Schor, a staff man, the proper house and landlord were found. Then Schor, posing as a real-estate agent, stationed himself in the house, and the couple, while pretending to go away, were turned away and the days went by. At last, young Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hunter appeared and everything seemed serene. He was employed at the Douglas Aircraft plant, she at the Broadway Hollywood Department Store. The rent, $82.50 a month, was within their means and the house satisfactory. They moved in.

At this point, it was necessary to get the cooperation of Douglas Materials. Working through the personnel office, an arrangement was made whereby Hunter would be sent to Dallas, Texas, on a hazardous mission, together with his wife, as a bonus for good services rendered. Everything now seemed ready for the big climax—when, suddenly, a vice president of the company said: "I'm sorry, but the only hope now is to work through Mrs. Hunter at the Broadway Hollywood.

Under the pretext that a campaign was being conducted to discover the most important and amusing of Sid Avery's pictures, a staff photographer, began taking pictures which, strangely enough, resulted in Mrs. Hunter being chosen. A trip was arranged to San Francisco, where she and her husband were promised royal entertainment, as a reward. The young couple left the next day, happy in their delusion, and accompanied by a photographer. That same night, the house movers went into action.

When the Hunters returned to Los Angeles, they found that their house, with the help of Sid Avery. He told them that this was the "Broadway Hollywood night" on People Are Funny. They were driven at once to the apartment where, by a strange coincidence, they were identified as participants in the program. On the stage, Linkletter announced that he wished to test their powers of observation and accuracy. They had to guess the number of pictures in their windows. They gave an uncertain answer, and Linkletter informed them that the house was to be free to them. They played the numbers out of the house, and the photo was revealed. It was a very lucid incarnation of sweet benevolence—told them that if they could find their house, without aid from the police, they would not only make a down payment on the house, but would continue the installation for a period of two years. The ensuing search, by helicopter and on foot, consumed four weeks of time, tillitated millions of view ers, burned out their eyes and the accuracy of their statement. He also assured them that a valuable prize would be awarded them if they were correct.

Arriving home, where their house had formerly stood—having been driven there in a limousine the windows of which had been thoroughly soaped to prevent them from seeing what had happened to their home before stepping from the car—sthawed in slack-jawed disbelief television cameras, concealed in a truck, revealed their stunned expressions to the audience and added to the number of pictures in their windows. They gave a certain amount of information, and Linkletter informed them that they would be driven to the picture section where, by a strange coincidence, they were identified as participants in the program. On the stage, Linkletter announced that he wished to test their powers of observation and accuracy. They had to guess the number of pictures in their windows. They gave an uncertain answer, and Linkletter informed them that the house was to be free to them. They played the numbers out of the house, and the photo was revealed. It was a very lucid incarnation of sweet benevolence—told them that if they could find their house, without aid from the police, they would not only make a down payment on the house, but would continue the installation for a period of two years. The ensuing search, by helicopter and on foot, consumed four weeks of time, tillitated millions of viewers, burned out their eyes and the accuracy of their statement. He also assured them that a valuable prize would be awarded them if they were correct.

What keeps the Linkletter shows from falling into a hole is his sensitiveness. It is the underlying kindness which sweet ens his most insane tomfoolery. He refuses to plunge any of his audience participants into a position where they are forced to act out a script as pitilessly as willfully as ridiculous. A hilarious case in point came up one evening on his People Are Funny show. He picked a young bacher who seemed rather serious about his reputation as a cook, and told him: "You really must be something of a genius. Now, I'll tell you. I'm going to take you down among the ladies in the audience and let them ask you questions about the culinary..."
art. If you can correctly answer five out of seven questions, you'll win a big prize. But, for every one you miss, that woman will get her female revenge by selecting an ingredient which will be made into a new recipe by Prudence Penny, head of the Home Economics Department of the Los Angeles Examiner. And you, my friend, will have to eat it!

The bachelor missed five out of the seven questions. His prize results were appalling! Prudence Penny mixed the prescribed raw oysters, clams, catup, tabasco sauce and blackstrap molasses into a huge salad bowl—surreptitiously adding flour—and handed it to the young man. Holding the bowl with shaking hands, the self-fancied cook began to grow pale, and Linkletter quickly intervened. Grabbing his father in his own hand, he dipped it into the revolving mess and put it in his mouth.

"I've never hated anything so much!" Art admits. "But it's curious how we fellow make an irretrievable spectacle of ourselves. After I'd swallowed the awful stuff—and it was awful—my friend was brightened up. I'd managed to get down a couple of spoonfuls before gagging. The audience cheered him to the rafters and his dignity was saved."

Art's uncanny ability to get along with children of all ages and to solve a mystery to those who know him. He had a tough childhood and, from his own bitter experience, he understands now that the paramount secret of the juvenile mind are honesty, sincerity, and kindness. The most tragi mistake that an adult can make with a child is to lie to him, according to Art. Sooner or later, the falsehood will be revealed and trust is forever lost. He recalls his own first great disillusionment as an illustration of this.

Born in Brandon, Saskatchewan, July 17, 1912, Art was orphaned in babyhood and put into a foundling institution. Taken from there at the age of one, he was adopted and brought up, and, when he was five, brought to San Diego, California, where he grew up. His foster father—a man of passionate religious fervor—became an evangelistic preacher, and Art was exposed to reading and, by memory pictures of himself standing on street corners whacking a steel triangle while the senior Linkletter pleaded with him to give up the boys. Again and again he was asked to give up boys. Again and again he was asked to give up boys. The natural son of the Linkletters hurt him more than any misfortune he has ever known.

At a very tender age, he began to run wild on the streets with a group of boys just a little older, tougher and more maliciously wise than himself. He was saved from downright delinquency by the YMCA, whose workers personally and individually revealed to him the blessings of clean living and the ultimate value of an education. Impressed, Art got into high school, stuck to it and managed to go into the academically better grades. After graduation, he hitch-hiked all over the United States, riding freights, sleeping under railroad trestles, eating in jungle camps with other itinerants. He worked in a dry dock, a harvest hand in North Dakota, a forest fire-fighter in Washington, a stevedore in New Orleans, a meat packer in Minneapolis, and a clerk in a bank. While in New York, he signed on as a deckhand with a ship plying the coastal trade ports of South America.

Returning to San Diego art, that remembering the advice of his YMCA friend, he decided to enter San Diego State Col-

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91
They're Real Characters

When Doro went to Hollywood to make the latter picture, she drove out and back along familiar streets and found it was a regular character that includes a stage manager and a stagehand, a schoolteacher and a secretary, a delivery boy and a singer. These people represent a wealth of talent and character. The personalities of regular characters have positively no resemblance to their real selves.

Take Al Rifkin first. He's performing double-duty, for he's on both the drama and TV stages. As a stand-up comic, he leaves no stone unturned when it comes to making one laugh, but in most parts, their real selves are revealed. The personalities of regular characters have positively no resemblance to their real selves.

Take Al Rifkin first. He's performing double-duty, for he's on both the drama and TV stages. As a stand-up comic, he leaves no stone unturned when it comes to making one laugh, but in most parts, their real selves are revealed.
with Red Skelton as well as on my show. Tom lives on Staten Island with his pretty, petite wife, an Irish Setter and almost four children. Tom’s oldest is Leslie, and she is five and a half. His second is Claire, two and a half.

“Claire’s adopted,” Tom explains, “We were at the point where we had just about given up hope of having another child ourselves, and so Claire was adopted.”

Now, however, it looks as if nature is about to deal Tom a full house for, since Claire, they have had their first son, Paul, who is eleven. Claire and Paul, and their fourth is expected in August.

You may think it strange that we call Tom Mahoney by his real name, although he is playing the part of a middle-aged, small-time reporters, as believable as possible to Tom and the rest of us and you. But sometimes we almost outfox ourselves.

Now, Cam Andrews has been the old stagehand four years and getting a goodly share of laughs. Recently, however, he came on the stage in costume and make-up and crawled under the table, supposedly to fix some long-buried irritant. In character, he was to exaggerate, and thus announced, “You know, I’m eighty-three years old.” Instead of snickering at the stupendous age, we all believed it.

They thought it was just wonderful that this elderly man was still working. That gives you an idea of the authentic performance Cam gives.

Cameron is actually forty-five. He came over to New York from Philadelphia twenty-three years ago. Since then he has done thousands of radio and television shows. He first played in ‘Bus Stop’ and later in ‘Seth Parker’ and had a regular berth in radio’s equally famed Showboat. Recently, he has played on Robert Montgomery Presents, Eire of the Golden Windows, a Broadway musical. At present he has a running part in the CBS Radio show, My Son, Jack. He plays Mr. Money.

Cam is handsome. He is slight of build and slim-faced, with brown eyes and brown hair. He’s given up a putter for a lawnmower and has thirty-two acres outside of Suffern, New York. He’s married but has no children. “I’m a happy uncle in the summer,” he says. “That’s when all of my nieces and nephews visit. We have a ball.”

He lives in a modernized farmhouse with three cats and boasts a red barn that boasts an Arabian stallion. Cam likes to ride and also to go horseback riding. He was cast to the part of the stenographer.

“I usually play very young or very old parts,” he tells you, “I’ve done a lot of dramatic things, but I’m most comfortable as a character. That’s why I’m the perfect actor but gave it up to go into business. I enjoy acting. I don’t see how I could ever give it up.”

No one has ever suggested to Cam that he should.

Perhaps one of the best things that can happen to a man at work is to have a secretary who is dependably intelligent and capable. I have such a real-life secretary in Nancy Robinson, but she gets Saturday off. Julann Wright was hired to take over Saturday’s chores. Thus a wit was born.

Julann is five-six. She has red hair that is so long she can sit on it, although she usually uses a chair. She has brown eyes and a pink, plump face. She were pierced when she was thirteen. She was with an aunt who was looking for a maid, and they called on a woman who announced she had a couple of years that day and wanted to make it an even baker’s dozen—so Julann lent hers.

Julann has raised herself to be an actress. She is from Ironwoods, Michigan, and her father is a probate judge. Julann is one of four daughters. “With five females in the house, something was always happening,” Julann says, “and we all double-dated—except for mother.”

Julann used “Once upon a time” to make the rounds of the offices of the FBI, with her sister wearing my sweater when I wanted it. She was scrubbing her teeth, so I poured water on just one side of her head and she went to school with one side of her hair in curls and the other side limp as string.

No one thought of thwarting Julann’s ambition for the stage, but her mother insisted that she should go to the University of Michigan and learn to type. Julann did. “One sister stayed in Michigan and the other three of us came down to New York,” she says, “I wanted to be an actress, and one sister wanted to be a nurse, and the third of us wanted to be a secretary for the FBI.”

So each of the sisters had realized her ambition. Julann has worked with several good stock companies and has played in an off-Broadway production, where the competition is just as keen as it is on Broadway. And she has made good use of her mother’s advice. She had a job doing stenographic work in my office, working only mornings so that she would be free of any of the round of social offices to the afternoons. One of her duties as a Saturday secretary was to come to the broadcast and, among other things, to serve the coffee during the show. In fact, the radio show—well, all musical numbers—is unrehearsed. We talk informally and just have a good time. So one morning, when Julann brought my coffee, I said, “Julann, what are you doing this morning?” She answered in a couple of hundred unusual words, and another character was born.

If you do not know it, Julann once said that she had been up most of the night losing a couple of pounds. She explained that she had been two pounds overweight at bedtime, so she slept without blankets. This raised her metabolism and her body burned up two pounds of fat. Unfortunately, she was so cold that she stayed up most of the time rubbing her hands and blowing on her toes.

I was to learn that, by asking Julann how she felt any Saturday morning I would get intriguing answers. Before church she shows some gifts for her friends—until a couple of cans exploded. We discovered that she prefers the old-fashioned, homespun life and cooks most of her meals, bakes cakes and pies and even bread by her great-grandfather’s recipe. She sews, paints pictures or walls, and repairs and upholsters furniture when necessary. She dates, but no one man steady.

“I don’t restrict myself to one kind of man. I like many different kinds,” she says, “but mostly I like a steady, dependable man, with a good sense of humor.”

Julann and her sister lived together in a West Side apartment, until one of the sisters got married. She was replaced by an operatic trainee, a forty-dollar piano, and a cast-iron broom.

“I think of myself as an actress and not as a comedienne,” Julann says, “but I remember that, back home, whenever I went to parties, I would go—because I was the only one they always threw into the creek for laughs.”

And so it goes. These are the people—Carol, Don, Tom, K, Steve, Al, Cam, Tom. Aided and abetted by a couple of dozen other people (including some wonderful fellows known as ‘writers’) they make the show. To them I owe my thanks, and to you we owe our thanks. We hope you always like The Robert Q. Lewis Show—because when you like it, we love you—and when you don’t like it, we hate ourselves.

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POMPEIAN MILK CREAM

93
Nice Guy

(Continued from page 52)

with an hour-long program on Saturday evening.

All summer long, critics and experts wondered whether he would get away with it. This new booking put him squarely under the big guns of Saturday Night"—Jackie Gleason, the man whose high-power comedy had first uprooted the entrenched opposition and then moved down each new program algorithm as soon as it was put on the air. Perry was pleasant, said the experts, but could he even get a foothold in this new battle for ratings closer than it was that day they were married in 1953.

Perry met the problem by being just Perry. He invited people whom he liked to appear with him, and raised the curtain on some of the good-natured clowning which has always gone on backstage during his rehearsals. He sang the songs he liked and they also proved to be the songs the audience liked.

Before many weeks had gone by, the answer was in. Part of it was discovered to be in the letters. Where previously, he had received between three and four thousand pieces of mail, he now jumped to nearly seven thousand.

"And," says Lee Cooley, his producer, "when we analyze them, it's almost unbelievable. The people who work, what thing are the ones who first take pen in hand—everyone in broadcasting knows that. Yet, out of every hundred letters which Perry receives, we seldom find as many as five which are unfavorable.

The ratings told the official story. Perry's audience climbed steadily, equalled that of his opposition, then forged a bit ahead. Comic books had succeeded in giving the majority of television viewers just what they wanted.

Such acclaim often brings a new danger.

Hooray for Gene!

(Continued from page 68)

had every right in the world to lose his temper. But, when I told him, he smiled and said, 'Forget it, Louise, you can't cry over spilled records...'

To people who talk with Gene, his friends who know him best, can tell you that there is no one in Hollywood who is more a 'real person' than Gene Autry, 'One day Gene says, 'when I was twenty-five years ago when I first met him...'

When we go on location to Joshua Tree, Gene is just one of the cowboys. If a call 1955-56.' He feels a crack-of-dawn scene, he's there—and he's still there when the sun goes down. If a hard-riding scene comes up, something that might demand a stunt man, Gene says, 'Aw, come on, let's get this over with. We've got to keep the kids happy tonight."

To go back twenty-five years: I first heard of Gene when I worked in a New York theater. Every week, the sales reports came across my desk. Gene's records for Sears & Roebuck were beginning to hit the top ten. People in the office said, 'He's a big star; why aren't they selling more?'

"One day Gene finally got to the New York office. He came clumping in, wearing boots and a big white hat, and said, 'Howdy' to all the girls. They just gaped. You just didn't see many boots on Madison Avenue in those days. Well, from then on, Gene was referred to as the 'boy in the big white hat.' Of course, he's a big man now—point is, as far as I can see, Gene hasn't changed. I still call him 'the man in the big white hat,' and he still says, 'Howdy.'"

Says the Virginia, 'Gene talks plain United States, and I mean just the plainest. In fact, he spoke so 'easy' it made an impression on me the first day we met. Gene had known my aunt and uncle for some years. He was a regular in their home, while going to college in Springfield, Missouri. They talked about him and how he was playing on Station WLS. To a kid in college like me, anybody in Chicago radio was really big.

"I was in a dither, when Gene stepped off the train for a visit that morning in 1935. I don't know, 'Gene Autry Missouri' than my uncle and aunt! And I thought, Now, here's a person whose head will never be turned by success, no matter what. I think I'll date him and see where it goes. Here's the man for me.' We went back to the house, visited for a spell, and then he took me to a movie. When he left, we wrote. Then he visited again, three or four times, and finally we were married."

With nearly twenty-five years of marriage, twenty-six years of radio, and a record of sixteen years association with the same sponsor, TV Radio Mr. America, Gene Autry and Mrs. Gene Autry have raised the classic question: "Will this new success spell Perry Como?"

Again the answer has come from two directions. In the Como home at Sands Point, Long Island, the only change has been that the children, Ronni, Terri and David grew an inch or two and were introduced to school. The parents were a little busier driving them to Boy Scout, Girl Scout, school and church meetings. But the bond between Perry and Como is such that it was that day they were married in 1953.

Producer Lee Cooley reported on the effect of this new success in the studio. "We're all working harder, of course, but when the ratings went up, there wasn't a word out of Perry. Had they gone down, I know that he, like the rest of us, would have been disappointed, but he wouldn't have said anything then, either. He's still the same nice guy.

Now, 'nice' is a word which no advertising manager would ever blazon on a billboard. Perry never sold a theater ticket. Yet—in that backstage world where cast, staff and crew can pay for a star's bursts of temperament with personal quarters turn into heart-attacks—when his associates call a star "nice" it's darned near the highest accolade. If he can master the difficult art of self-discipline, if he breaks the strain with a touch of humor, and if he is, at all times, a considerate human being, he becomes to them the greatest of heroes.

That's why Perry Como is the "favorite TV personality." And it was to those behind the scenes of broadcasting—as well as to all the viewers who voted him TV Radio Mirror's medal of honor.

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Always for the Home Team

(Continued from page 41) within the security of their togetherness. To maintain that balance of happiness takes work. No lazy parents need apply for a position in the Nelson family.

Harriet is, to a degree, in much the same position as many other women today who must be three-dimensional. They are wives-mothers-actors economically, necessity, desire or circumstances. Harriet's approach to her triple-duty life is much the same as that of any other conscientious woman whose family comes first. As she puts it, the phrase, "model woman," she has come as close to the target as possible without becoming a stuffy paragon of virtue.

"Fortunately, Harriet, the mother, sat down and tried to anticipate the possibilities this change of living would hold for her. She took the pitfalls ahead for young two boys if the attitudes, securities and home life were not thoroughly explored by the parents themselves. Little Ricky and Ozzie treated like regular kids and have never had the phony sense of being a celebrity that can ruin a growing child. They are part of our team and enjoy themselves immensely."

It was then that Harriet, the mother, sat down and tried to anticipate the possibilities this change of living would hold for her. She took the pitfalls ahead for young two boys if the attitudes, securities and home life were not thoroughly explored by the parents themselves. Little Ricky and Ozzie treated like regular kids and have never had the phony sense of being a celebrity that can ruin a growing child. They are part of our team and enjoy themselves immensely.

"We agreed that business must never become more important than the living so very important to boys," says Harriet. "If they didn't work outside the family circle, then they'd never be outside our knowledge and control. We agreed to try for a balance of control and discipline so that they might be able to experience, explore and learn. And they certainly have, she continued. With a smile, "David is thoughtful and methodical and, through the years, he has learned cameras, settings, cutting and every facet of motion picture making. Ricky, on the other hand, is quick, impulsive and given to snap judgments.

He disappears between takes and has to be called at least three times. Once, when he was thirteen, I asked where he was and someone said he was doing some splicing in the cutting room. 'Splicing?' I gasped, 'He doesn't know how to splice.' "Don't fool yourself, Harriet," my friend answered. "That kid's splicing film right now so you couldn't tear it apart. He's as good as the cutters!"

So the Nelsons settled down to the regime of twenty-four hours a day together. "I was so excited with their other activities, and filming was centered around the idea of allowing them the freedom they needed. David, like Ozzie, is a natural athlete. He is very much a part of the high school. He had been an athlete himself. He also managed to get in a little swimming, basketball, tennis and water-skiing, while doing double-duty as a boy and as an actor.

Ricky was another who was playing football and tennis, and also has a bent for music in the form of clarinet or drums."

"Ozzie is so wonderful with the boys," Harriet says with a note of pride. "Maybe they get their ability to do so many things at the same time, fully and well, from Ozzie. He understands them, because he was full of activity when he was a boy (and he's never stopped). Even when he was a star quarterback and honor student at Rutgers, show business and music were uppermost in his mind. Ozzie didn't start in show business quickly. He took his time—he was four when he first appeared in one of his father's amateur theatricals."

At thirteen, he was the nation's youngest Eagle Scout and did a lot of counseling at summer camps. If I sound immodest about my husband, it's because it is obvious that Ozzie was going to be a fine man. But, along with his other activities at Rutgers, Ozzie was art editor of the school humor magazine and organized a band to play for local dances.
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JUNE

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I actually kicked a hole in the wall of the room. And immediately burst out all over with a bad case of hives. I was a dancer then. While I was going through my act, the pain was killing me. Right in the middle of a step, I suddenly thought to myself, 'This gives you right to deserve hives for losing your temper.' Between numbers I had to sit in a bath tub of hot water and soda and look at those angry welts. It cured me of the phobia. For Harriet, I totally and completely devoid of anger is something to be worked toward all one's life."

Self-control and belief in human dignity are very deep parts of Harriet Nelson's personality. Basically, she is the same fine woman seen weekly on television. No one can play a character completely unlike themselves so consistently without showing through. Women like Harriet, instinctively, and that is a compliment. She is warm, outgoing and interested in those she meets. Her response to others is instinctive and honest. For, to Harriet Nelson, raising good boys, good athletes, is a part of life, not all of it. Sometimes she learns from them, something else, without a lifetime. And, quite often, they learn from her.

The living proof of her success as a three-dimensional woman—wife, mother and actress—is when the front door opens and Harriet's son, David, comes in yelling, "Hey, you guys, what you doing?" No one can manufacture the aura of love, affection and warmth in this family. Anyone who has seen them together knows that Ozzie and Harriet have practiced the theory of "loving with open hands" with excellent results.

(Continued from page 65)

Sincerely Loretta

mechanical duties before a mirror. Instead, Loretta spends her off-stage moments contemning her behavior, practicing her gestures mentally, and thinking like the farm girl—or Japanese wife—or nurse. When the time comes for the performance, it is as real as though she'd been doing these things all her life.

A third and final explanation for Loretta's 100% perfection as a performer is her objectivity about herself as an actress, her willingness to accept criticism. For example, when she was making the picture, "Rachel and the Stranger," she was visited on the Eugene, Oregon location by Helen Ferguson. After a scene, Loretta came to show Helen some still pictures from the production. Helen looked at them and said, "I have a suggestion."

Loretta asked, "What's that?"

The pictures show your lovely fingernails, but I think they should be trimmed while playing "Rachel, the bondswoman. If your nails were shorter, you would use your hands differently while feeding chickens and milking cows."

Loretta looked at her nails—and at the still pictures—without saying anything. Later, when Helen saw her examining her nails again. When they returned to the set, Loretta called for nail clippers. . . . Says Helen Ferguson, "You can discuss Loretta's feelings if you were discussing another person."

Loretta Young has always believed in giving her best . . . and in relation to television, especially, for she thinks it's the greatest medium ever made. When television was new, Loretta immediately became devoted to warm, sincere personalities like Arthur Godfrey and Kate Smith. "They bring so much enjoyment into my home and are such welcome visitors," she says. That's why Loretta herself went into television with all her heart . . . for she wanted to "go visiting."
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Two For The Money

(Continued from page 61)

is, not all kids are music-minded. You can't worry a band to make room for a fellow who's got the spirit but not the talent."

Cost, too, is a factor. "Some kids haven't the money for a sax or a trumpet. Can't afford the lessons, either. It takes a long time to learn to play an instrument." But a harmonica, he points out, is within everyone's reach. "It costs only a few dollars, and almost anyone can play it. You get to hear a tune right away. If a kid is interested, then there's no telling how far it might lead."

Herb himself is the shining example of "how far it might lead," for his childhood harmonica eventually proved to be his passport to show business. He credits a high-school teacher with the same kind of help; he would now like to pass along to other kids. "I've forgotten this man's first name," he confesses, "and I, too, was working his last name, probably will never forget what Mr. Moreaux did."

Red-headed Herb—who, even today, looks like Tom Sawyer grown up—was one of a group of boys who sometimes got together to try a tune on their harmonicas. "That's all most of us could afford," he explains. "Things were kind of miserable back in Indiana during the Depression."

Their early efforts drew few plaudits. "Then Mr. Moreaux offered to teach us—he was the biology teacher at Central High School and it was sure nice of him to take time off from his bugs and frogs. He turned our defender. He made us respectable. We formed a harmonica band and they let us play at pep rallies and football games and thinks like that."

Radio was their next objective. "There was hardly any network, disc jockeys hadn't been heard of, and so there'd be a man playing the organ. Then they would have organ and birds, or piano and birds. Right after school would tear over to the school station and if the fellow who was playing got tired, they'd let us go on."

A harmonica quintet evolved which played in bath houses, theaters, little night clubs. Herb took to making a few remarks between numbers. "Nobody paid much attention," he says, "Back home, guys just standing around talking to each other." Herb didn't mean to make fun of the harmonica, he thought he meant Sidney, Ohio, and said sure. When it turned out to be Sydney, Australia, I wondered if I'd ever get back home."

But his homespun humor and trusty harmonica proved equal to the task. They eventually brought him to Broadway, radio and television. Now Herb hopes to open the same route for other young enthusiasts: "We're going to try to have some regional contests and award scholarships and prizes. That will give kids something to work for."

Already his idea is catching fire. "It's kind of nice," Herb smiles, "the way people who remember how to play harmonicas are writing in to say they want to organize bands."

This happy Pied Piper has set an impromptu ball for his following: "If they don't tear it down before we get there, we're going to have a big concert in Carnegie Hall. Bring in the contest winners from all over the country. That will be the last time Mr. Moreaux did for us back home—make harmonica-playing respectable, and make kids proud to belong to a harmonica band."

Cheers for the Queen

(Continued from page 69)

And if you want the real story about the 'Queen,' talk to Ray Morgan, magazines and motor cars, Ray Morgan caught the give-away habit... Today, Queen, For A Day has an office staff of twenty-one dedicated to the task of giving away $1500 of merchandise each show day. In the eleven years the show has been on the air, $13,000,000 in gifts have been distributed. With the increasing popularity of "Queen," Morgan's generosity has been returned to him tenfold. The riches that he and his entire staff of sixty derive from "Queen" come in part from their relationship with the show. "Becoming Queen," he says, "changes every woman's life instantly."

"When the Queen comes home that night she generally finds her yard filled with people—driving over to hear her—she has heard the show and want to know if it is true!"

"Her Majesty will come into her room a more confident woman than when she left. Ultimately, she will have made a completely new wardrobe. In addition, her looks will be enhanced by a new coiffure and make-up. She'll find her husband more affectionate. They go on a tear, they go out to dinner and dancing—perhaps for the first time since their children came."

"And her children are all around her—in and out of their rooms—she has now a TV star in the eyes of the neighbors!"

Yes, all who are associated with Mr. Raymond Morgan, agree that his "Queen" is a queen of hearing. Letters telling of the happiness the "Queen" has brought to viewers across the country are sure proof that "If you give to the world the best you have, the best will come back to you."
Fibber and Molly

(Continued from page 56)

shows a year and still luxuriated in the fascinating business of being grandparents. However, before grandchildren came, Jim and Marian Jordan had other interests: Their Valley home, Jim's ivy, Marian's African violets, their cattle-ranch and trailer life.

As a matter of fact, the trailer life came as a result of the Jordans' again contemplating retirement. It was pointed out to them by friends that they could rent or buy a trailer— that they didn't have to go into real retirement—but their trailer trip could be a vacation . . . and, at the same time, the quiet of Mother Nature would be conducive to clear thinking—and 'Fibber' could make up his mind which one of a hundred areas of interest he would tackle next.

Jim and Marian accepted the idea, for it was then 1944 and traveling by trailer was practically a national hobby. Their friends had described the beauty of roadside resting places, fenny dells, the wonder of living in a trailer in the midst of nature. But Jim says, "I liked the part about taking our trailer with us!"

The Jordans' trailer trip was full of surprises—just like Fibber McGee's closest. The first day, Jim and Marian traveled as far as the front gate when Jim discovered the trailer was too big for the car, which wouldn't pull it up the hill outside the house. Next, the hitch had to be changed so they could go around curves.

"We did get started," says Jim, "but in 1944 there were no elegant trailer parks. I believe we had to drive to the end of the coastline before we could find a place to turn around."

The Jordans camped on the Wall River in Oregon to fish for trout. "We had a very small kitchen in the trailer," says Jim, "and not much variety. If we stored too many foods there was no place to cook. So we were eating in this restaurant when in came a local camper with the biggest trout I'd ever seen."

The lucky fisherman wanted the patrons to sign a certificate attesting to the size of his fish—fourteen pounds, six ounces. Jim agreed, and signed, "Fibber McGee." The fisherman was curious because Fibber's signature had made the testimonial a big lie. He was finally placated when Marian did her little-girl "Tweeney" routine to prove that Fibber was really Fibber.

On the way home, Jim and Marian decided to rest up in San Francisco. "And," says Jim, "to get some more variety in our diet. There was a trailer court in San Francisco where we thought we could find a place closer to town. We drove up one hill and down another—naturally, we couldn't leave our trailer out of the hills. Finally, we drove back to south San Francisco to park."

The Jordans then drove back into San Francisco. "We couldn't check into a hotel," says Jim, "because we didn't have any bags. So Marian bought two dollar suitcases in an inexpensive store and we drove up to the St. Francis Hotel."

The bellhop came rushing out to the big new car, and Jim reports he gave them—with their unkempt, bearded looks and their empty, inexpensive suitcases—the most suspicious look he's ever seen.

"After a few days of shopping, clean clothes, and some San Francisco cooking," recalls Jim, "I felt we had enough strength to hitch up the trailer and return home. But by the time we were leaving in San Francisco also told me we had had enough of 'retiring' to our trailer and commuting with nature."

Back in Hollywood in 1944, Jim and Marian parked the trailer in back of their big house. They later sold the house, bought a small ranch home—which they remodeled by taking off the roof—and lived in the trailer for six months before the house was finished.

Later, Jim and Marian's gardener lived in the trailer. The gardener helped Jim with the ivy and Marian with her African violets. Eventually, the trailer was sold—and with it went their idea of retiring.

Today—still in love with radio—Jim and Marian are busier than ever. In addition to this, they have since moved back into their big house—to make room for their grandchildren—and bought and sold one cattle ranch and purchased another in Agoura, California, where they yearly raise two-hundred head of Black Angus cattle.

Say Jim and Marian Jordan, surrounded by their six grandchildren and their their way for Fibber: "Keep busy, you'll keep happy—and you'll never want to retire." The Jordans are keeping busy!

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New Look, Old Favorite

(Continued from page 55) on the radio version of the show. This makes an even dozen TV Radio Mirror Awards that Wynn and Dragnet have divvied up between them.

Creator, producer, director and star of the series, Jack Webb keeps his feet firmly planted on land by the simple device of moving with the times. Take, for example, the "new look" on the TV Dragnet.

The most eye-catching part of the new look is Marjorie Millar, a pert blonde who turned up on TV this year as Sharon Maxwell, a secretary at the Los Angeles Police Department, on whose official files the documentary touches of Miss Maxwell's real-life, realistic dramas. In the role of Miss Maxwell, Marjorie has caused a noticeable thaw in the official demeanor of Sgt. Friday.

Devising a TV program is very much like making a cake—you mix and blend a variety of ingredients. But, if you've a recipe that's become a family favorite, why deviate from it? This sort of thinking may work in the kitchen, but it has meant indigestion for many a radio and television program. Not so with Dragnet. Jack Webb constantly adds new ingredients to his tried and true formula, and when he decided to spice his TV show with a dash of romance, everybody ate it up.

Another part of Dragnet's new look is also an eye-soothing addition, as Miss Millar, it is more monumental. When the Los Angeles Police Department built itself a new, ultra-modern headquarters, Jack Webb was able to duplicate the building in a new Dragnet set. Completely authentic, as was the earlier one, the new set duplicates everything down to the actual phone extension numbers, equipment. The dimensions are exact and there's even a working candy-vending machine for Friday's food-loving partner, Frank Smith. The food is real.

Authenticity keynotes each edition of this series. In point of fact, it was a real-life cop's gripe about far-fetched police yarns that inspired him to write his own story, and to put it on film.

It happened while Jack was appearing in the film, "He Walked By Night," and Detective Sergeant Marty Wynn was acting as a technical consultant. One day, between takes, Wynn asked, "Why don't you do a real story about policemen?"

Wynn forgot all about the conversation. Webb remembered, mulled it over and, three weeks later, turned up at police headquarters to ask to ride along with Wynn and his partner on their calls. Night after night, Jack rode in the back of the paddy wagon, recording the radio's ubiquitous technical reports of crime and human weakness, observing every word and gesture of the two officers and both the victims and criminals they met.

On June 3, 1949, Jack translated what he had learned into the first Dragnet program. The snowball that had started rolling in a casual conversation grew to an avalanche of TV and radio success, gathered momentum with recordings, both straightforward and parodies, of the Dragnet theme, and with a movie of "Dragnet" and later, also in color. A "Today," says Jack, "people are looking for more realism in television. They want to be entertained, but they also want to learn, to benefit and to become better citizens as a result of it. You might call it entertainment with an ulcerous motive."

Wynn's own motive is ambition. And, if it's just Wynn's motive, Jack was an early offender. A sickly youngster, he spent a poverty-ridden boyhood in a shabby Los Angeles apartment. "He was always searching for something," his mother recalls, "but he didn't always know what it was." But, by the time Jack entered Los Angeles Belmont High School, he was no longer groping. The search had led him to dancing and he drew cartoons for the school yearbook and, in his senior year, edged out the football captain to become president of the student body.

But, after college, Jack's answer. He worked with local California radio stations until he joined the Air Force in 1942. After his discharge, he returned to radio, and, wherever he worked, engineers and other technicians commented on the remarkable stream of questions Jack threw at them. In San Francisco, he finally landed the title role in Pat Novak For Hire. From there he moved to the radio series, which, of course, led to movies, this time of film technicians. Years later, he returned to the same studio to produce and star in a feature film based on a novel called Dragnet.

If anyone is a victim of Jack Webb's ambition, it is himself. Certainly, the long hours and complete absorption in his Dragnet world has had its effect. Jack has often been criticized for "driving too hard." But the proof lies in the product. Sergeant Friday is an honest cop and the facts are, ma'am, that Jack Webb is an honest actor and an honest man.
Mirth and Melody

(Continued from page 57)
all by herself. Records, dances, songs and jokes. She has never done this act in public, but she tries it out on some of her friends when they come over to visit. Once in a while, when Martha is feeling silly, Melody will take a notion she wants to perform. But you know how kids are about such things.
As writer and producer made the necessary changes in the script, Nick dispatched a car to Connecticut to pick up Melody. Melody and Martha live near Westport, about an hour's commuting time from New York. Thiers is an English-style house with a big living room and ample grounds—a fine place for Melody’s young friends and their lives are as far from show business as Martha Raye can ever get, for here she is the suburban mother, rather than the nation’s highest-paid comedienne. “It’s as much fun for me to work on a P.T.A. project as it is to start a new show,” Martha says.

Good P.T.A-er that she is, she specified when the plan to put Melodye on the program was being put. “Don’t take her out of class. Go to the house first and pick up her dress and things, then meet her when school lets out. She’ll have time enough to come in on day rehearsal. She won’t need more than that.”

Martha herself had needed less for her own debut. That, in fact, had been a strict training. Her strictest. Pete Reed and Peggy Hopper, were appearing in a tap show—a miniature musical comedy—and playing at Butte, Montana, when Martha was born on August 4. Pete was a wide-open and singing loud,” she claims.

Although almost born on stage, she waited until the venerable age of three to face an audience. Tired of being left in the dressing room, she slipped out to the wings while her parents were doing their act. She was not amused, and indicated as much by throwing the first fit. But my folks knew what to do,” she confides. “In self-defense, they took me into the act.”

At fifteen, she cut the apron strings. She sang, danced and did the comedy lead in a six-year-ager act. The others were

Jackie Keller, Sonny O’Day, Hal LeRoy and Buddy and Vilma Ebben. All became headliners.

There have been headlines of many sorts in Martha’s life since that day, some turning too, to others marking great achievement. But, when one watches her in rehearsal, it is difficult to realize that, this year, she is celebrating her official thirtieth year as a stage person. As Tom Nelligan, “Somebody skipped a couple of years somewhere. It’s actually thirty-six!”

Whatever the correct figure, Martha looks like a teenager in her rehearsal outfit—well-washed blue jeans and light sports shirt. Lithe, limber and quick, she seems to be everywhere at once, the same dashing young woman that is on screen. There’s no walk-through of a part for Martha. She plays every bit at full pitch.

But one could see her tension mount, that day she waited for Melodye. Her eyes—her Ninety-two—were always turning toward the door. The return trip from Westport took longer than they had estimated. Dress rehearsal was over, before Melody returned. Glowing with excitement, burst through the door and ran straight for her mother’s arms.

There was time only for Martha to show the child where she was to stand, but few—if any—TV viewers realized that Melodye, in show business parlance, was “going on cold.”

For Melodye, that evening, claimed her birthright as a trouper from a family of troupers. Her happy smile matched her mother’s wide one, and as smoothly as a veteran, she took her own cue when Martha spoke a line she has ever spoken on any stage: “My daughter, Melodye Condos.”

Does this mark young Melodye’s official entry into show business? Perhaps, for she made such a hit that she was invited back for a repeat performance. Concerning the future, Nick states her pace—and, perhaps, Melodye wants to go into show business, Martha and I will help her, of course. But whether she does depends strictly on Melodye herself. All we want for her right now is to continue to be a happy childhood.”

A Champ Named Sullivan

normally a quiet day in New York’s business life—the telephones in all four rooms of the apartment never stop ringing, the several connected with the hotel switchboard, and the private phones. In the absence of Carmine Santullio, the man who has been Ed’s trusted, efficient “right hand” for about twenty years, and Jean Bombard, Ed’s secretary for the past six years, the visitors who can be pressed into service—answer calls from California, from Florida, from Washington and local calls from Ed’s associates, from managers with acts to suggest, from friends old and new. The phrases, “Ed’s on another phone—will you hold the wire, please,” echo through the apartment. And Ed picks up phone after phone in quick succession, puts in necessary calls of his own in between, comes back and takes up an interrupted conversation without faltering. Somehow, the atmosphere never seems to be confused. Ed is used to all this. So is Sylvia.

Sylvia’s stunning portrait, painted in oils, still hangs in the living room. But added to family photos strewn about are pictures now of their son-in-law and the grandchildren, as well as of daughter
Betty. The books are still placed in casual rows on their shelves, looking as if they were picked up frequently and not merely part of the decor. A toy belonging to Bojye lies in the background on a soda cushion, and his rubber bone is near by on the carpet, where he hopes you will notice it and throw it across the room and let him bring it back. (You remember how tired of the game you got before Bojye did, the last time you were there, so you don't get involved, even when he's playing.)

The walls of Ed's office are covered with plaques, citations, photographs taken with most of the famous entertainment personalities, and the leading sport figures. There are pages autographed to Ed from the men and women he admires—one of Cardinal Spellman, for instance. There are keys to cities, awards for good work done for youth organizations of many races and religions, citations from all branches of the armed services. There are two desks, two typewriters, stacks of mail just coming in, and memos answered, lists of appointments, records of eight years of producing a major television show.

The things that are not in any of the records are as revealing as the mass of data they contain. As revealing as the awards and citations, the scrolls and the complimentary autographs. You remember her stories. In 1936, when Marion Marlowe told you, about the first time she appeared on Ed's show, after she was let out by Godfrey.

"I knew everybody would be watching to see if I was going to do a good or a bad job," Marion had said. "I had a great deal to live up to—not the least being Ed's own confidence in me. But it scared me. Everyone connected with the show was being extra-nice—you never saw so many people bringing cups of coffee or finding some reason to come over and talk to me. But it was Ed himself who put me at ease. Just before the show, he brought an old, droopy rose, with just about two petals left hanging on the stalk. I have found it somewhere backstage, left over from another performance. He handed me the rose, dead flower as if it were a beautiful fresh bouquet. 'Good luck,' he said and broke the tension for me. I knew then I would be all right."

"One of those on Ed's staff says of him, 'Ed is friendly, sincerely friendly. Not the cold, reserved newspaperman-type some people have thought. He wants people to like him, but he is never phony about it. His guests make believe that he puts himself out to take good care of everyone, to present talent in the best possible light—no smallest detail of camera work or lighting, or costuming, is too much for them to think of, if it will help the picture. I have a great stress of fun that helps reduce tension at rehearsals.'"

Everyone's nice to everyone else at an Ed Sullivan Show rehearsal. Co-producer Marlo Lewis and director Johnny Wray put the show on, and Ed comes in later. But he has already approved all the talent and all the rehearsals. He is completely familiar with everything that is going on. Now he watches the monitor, concentrates completely on how the show will come over on millions of TV sets.

It is interesting to note that Marlo has been with Ed since the show began, that Johnny joined early on, or eight shows, that Ray Bloch has been responsible for the music and an integral part of the program since its inception, and that most of the greats back to those early days, Eddie Bracken, stage manager, Bob Daly is in charge of technicians, Bob Tamlin is general assistant who stop-watches the show and brings about that miracle of ending on the split-second, Mark Leddy still takes care of all the circus acts. Jack Balh of Kenyon & Eckardt, the advertising agency, is still liaison man between the show and the sponsor—the same sponsor, too, by the way. And, of course, Carmine Santullo, and Jean Bombard are still in there pitching for Sullivan. Ed is understandably proud of the way the combination has stayed together. It's a great, smooth-working team, one of the best and most unusual in this business."

Ed himself was always sure that vaudeville had not "died" because of lack of public interest, some said. He loved vaudeville as a kid, saw the shows year in and year out as he was growing up, knew the great old acts. "Then," he recalls, "motion pictures became more important, and competed heavily with vaudeville. The movies could publicize their stars and their stories, and they could pay huge amounts of money because they paid higher profits. It was more dangerous and audience interest was not as secure these days."

"In those days, too, vaudeville was apt to be a slow process. Each performer did his full act, and one act might consume fifteen or twenty minutes. I would like to have more minutes for the audiences to spend the afternoon or the evening. They sat and watched for a long time and waited for the really big acts to come on, and there were so few of them that were always billed next-to-closing."

"For TV," says Ed, "I knew that every act would have to be exciting, fast, streamlined, and down to the core. I have flown-in acts for our show from Europe, taken out everything but the real essence of the act, put it on for two-and-a-half or three minutes only. Really great acts, that came to vaudeville, were never good enough."

Another thing changed by the Sullivan technique is the slow, weak starter. "Always start the show with strength," is an Ed Sullivan maxim (and this divulges no trade secret, because everyone looking in can confirm this for himself). He doesn't believe in stereotyped openings, thinks his audience won't sit back and wait to know what will be coming first, middle or last. When Julius La Rosa was billed to be on the show, soon after the famous-on-the-air firing, Ed knew a lot of excitement had been generated before the young singer appeared. He came out on the stage at the beginning of the program, said, "I know what you want to see—it's Julius La Rosa. He's young and I gave him a first chance, at no big buildup, but a real surprise opener."

Sullivan TV "firsts" are far too numerous to list, but a few might be noted here. When movies and TV were still waving, Ed was the first to make an alliance with motion pictures, to show scenes from new films of major studios, to present their stars in TV appearances. He was the first to do scenes from current Broadway hits, played by the actors appearing in them (with excellent effect upon the boxoffice and tremendous viewer response) . . . first to pan across the audience and introduce celebrities . . . first to do the big biographical shows, of people, projects, organizations (such as ASCAP), of film stars in TV appearances . . . first to do a Walt Disney show with Walt playing himself (he had a whole show on Disney four years ago) . . . . first with the Sadler's Wells Ballet and the Odyly Carpe Opera Company on television."

Other TV debuts on Ed's show include Humphrey Bogart, Bob Hope, Charles Laughton, Rudy Vallee, Jimmy Durante, Phil Silvers, Rita Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner—and scores of others, perhaps hundreds. Also included is Margaret Truman, at the time she was a White House hostess. He has had the Service men swarmed all over the theater during rehearsals and the broadcast. Shirley.
Booth made her first appearance on television in a scene from her Broadway comedy hit, "The Desk Set." Joyce Grenfell, British comedic-mimic-playwright, made her movie debut in "Ed." A highlight of this season, too, was the appearance of Lily Pons, in a Sullivan Show tribute on her twenty-fifth show business anniversary—in an unusual light-up scene after stressed Pearl Bailey, which only a Sullivan could have dreamed up. Orson Welles guested, and also emceed shows in Ed's absence. He was planning to return soon if temporary retirement to be Ed's guest. Pinky Lee came on five years ago, and got good advice from Ed: To start a show for kids. "You be a model with them," Ed told him, prophetically.

Sullivan likes to quote from a letter Bing Crosby wrote him a few years ago, which helps prove the point about the durability of his show. "If it's not real, if it isn't really terrific comedians, the excitement of the whole business. He said he always had the feeling that the kids listened to him indulgently and were seething with the idea that he was just beginning to talk about the days of his youth. Now they were seeing Ed's show every week and had found out what the "Old Man" meant. They were learning the thrill of being themselves. They understood what he was talking about when he described some of the wonderful acts that drew people back into the theatre. "When I was a kid," he said, "I've been proved smarter than they thought.

Sylvia Sullivan, who married Ed some twenty-five years or so ago, has ideas of her own about some special reasons for Ed's success. "Some writers write things for the stage, as a newspaper columnist, and now as TV impresario and performer. "Even if Ed doesn't happen to like something," she says, "Sylvia observes, "he can remain objective about that person's work and say it is great. My own criteria are much more apt to be tied up with my feelings about people, but not Ed. He can fall in love with a performer, for instance, and still respect his work. Occasionally, he gets angry and will say that such-and-such a person will not be on the show again. But if, unless there is a matter of integrity involved, or something equally important, his anger is quickly forgotten. There is nothing else in the world. Addition to this, he has excellent taste and judgment, works very hard—and more rapidly than anyone else I know.

The success of the Ed Sullivan Show is undoubtedly due in part, to the fact that there is something in it for everyone, even for the kids. Nobody has to be crazy about everything in it to enjoy most of it. Ed and Sylvia old-timer's yarns, get them a second time over dinner with Sylvie after the Sunday-night programs. He will remember the funny line someone said on the show and show it to you. He may go off into a gales of laughter, or get a little sentimental over some nostalgic bit from an old-timer's routine. For a time, he and Sylvia called each other "Oiving" and "Zelda." He has an intriguongt Ricky Layne's dummy on the show (an enormous droll, original little fellow) who decided he would imitate Ed and introduce an act somewhat similar to the one Ed had been doing. He had then called on "Oiving" MacMurray and "Zelda" Haver (Fred MacMurray and his wife, June Haver), insisting that they should use a little of Ed's names. Ed found this highly amusing.

"We have had a long session of after-the-show dinners, eight years of them," Ed says. "The show is done over, and I can sit back and relax. I'm not even thinking of next week's program at this particular time. That starts the next day. But, rather, it continues, because I have been hearing of some new things ahead, of course, as you always must in this business."

"Usually," he says of these Sunday-night sessions, "I have talked to Sylvia over the phone and had her reaction before meeting her. If there's something she didn't think quite came off, then she tells me. Little things she holds back until I talk to her some other time."

The whole thing really works this way: First, there are the reactions Ed gets while he is sitting at the theater—from his associates, from everyone who knows his stage. His conversation with Sylvia. The talks with her. A telephone talk with Joe Moore, Olympic weight lifter, who told Ed he was planning to quit a few years ago, when Ed was still a sports writer—and his old friend ever since. "A very, very good, guy," Joe describes. Joe gives Ed his idea for a show. Ed runs it by the Writers' Guild. Ed tells them to see if they can do anything with it. They tell Ed no. Ed takes it through all the steps to his assistant, who calls Ed from Lindy's, where he has been taking his own "Gallup poll." Then, there's what Ed calls "the real test"—at 9:30 Monday morning, when he calls Mary Swearingen, his top assistant, to get their official rating of the program.

The Hollywood motion picture Ed was planning to make is off, for the present. "I'm too much too much to play tournament golf and will be out there practicing to improve his game—a good one, when he's in practice. He drops it almost completely. It's a lot of weight, though, and lately I've been spending some time in the big house on one of their three parcels of farmland, about 2000 acres, in South Carolina. There, he's looking forward to having the Bob Precht family in New York sometime after July, when son-in-law Bob gets out of the Navy. Bob is a fine fellow, but he's not in the news end—mainly he's a businessman and in documentaries. But for, Ed, there's nothing like a variety show. Good old vaudeville, streamlined, changed, variation quickened in tempo, with all sorts of new ideas for it simmering in Ed's mind at any given moment. With all its nostalgia, its many-faded facets, its excitement for the old-timers—and for the young, too, who had never known its unique flavor. With all the fun of finding the biggest, brightest, and best to play the best parts, and of editing them into a fascinating hour of entertainment. Thus, once a week, every Sunday, Ed Sullivan becomes a welcomed guest in millions and millions of homes.

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The Secret Passion of Garry Moore

(Continued from page 47)

breast soothed only by the blues and beat. Here's a man, a hipster at heart, who rocks deceptively in an old-fashioned rocker in his office. He rocks back and forth, so quiet that one could talk to him, one to an eye, but beware of the twinkle in either one. Garry's full of surprises and spectacular enthusiasms. And he shows his eye for the audience. Recently, he produced an album of jazz for Columbia Records and he's just as excited as Father Dionne was, once upon a time.

"The album's called 'My Kind of Music,'" he says, "and that's exactly what it is. It's music and musicians that I've heard in a lifetime, music I love—blues, swing.

For Garry, a "night out" usually means a table down at Eddie Condon's or some other club noted for jazz. That would happen two or three nights a month. Most evenings, after work, he retires to his family and boat. And, many evenings, he carries home a slim, square cardboard envelope containing a grooved, plastic disc: "As I appreciate my own drums as much as I can hear them scurrying and shouting. Here he comes with another jazz record to the woods." He talks about Garry's wife Eleanor, nicknamed Nell. Garry talks about her so often, but she is seen so seldom. Every couple of years, she makes a "fawelley" television appearance. About three years after Garry's show premiered, Nell came on. Ed Murrow got her on camera for Person To Person last year. And that's all. And that's too bad, for she is a slender, delicate woman, with lovely brown eyes and one of those memorable, sweet-sly smiles. But Nell prefers symphonic and classical music. Actually, that wouldn't sound too odd in a problem, for Garry has his hi-fi equipment set up in the den, a small room—he could go into the den, close the door and play his records. But, "I like to use the den as a sound box," he explained, "to hear what I'm doing."

"Garry's father was a minister," Jr., who belongs to the rock-and-roll set, but Mason, the first born, takes after father. He plays drums in a jazz quartet at school, and joins Garry in the sit-me-down-and-listen sessions at home.

"To me, a phonograph is as much a necessity in a home as a dining table," Garry says. "When I was a kid, it was different. My parents weren't musical. They didn't play instruments and they weren't concert-goers, but my brother and I liked jazz. I began to collect records at twelve and, by the time I was sixteen, I had a problem.

Garry—then Thomas Garrison Mortif—was born and raised in Baltimore. He was one of three children, and his bedroom was on the third floor, overlooking the back yard. "I got my first horn and on the street side. Up in his bedroom, he had a phonograph and an old trumpet that was good for nothing. Garry would put on a Louis Armstrong record and put the trumpet to his lips to imitate the horns. When he was about fourteen then, it's pretty easy for a kid to pretend he's blowing the high ones.

"One day," he recalls, "I was standing by the window with the trumpet and playing a record. I glanced down at the street and there were a couple of men—well, they were about eighteen years old, anyway—sitting and listening. When the record ran out, I put on another, and they didn't move. Just listened. Next day there were three or four outside for the concert—and, the third day, enough for a whole orchestra. I put on some records and 'played the trumpet' some for them. Dad called upstairs and said some boys were asking for me and would I come on down. They wanted me to play in their orchestra. I told them that I was sorry but I couldn't, because I was studying to be a doctor. They went away unhappy, and you couldn't blame them—after all, they had almost lost Louis Armstrong in their band."

A fitting conclusion to this story might have been that the young Baltimore boy grew up to be Bix Beiderbeke, but—Hollywood, go away—Thomas Garrison Mortif is up Garry Moore. Eighteen, he had a burning ambition to write up the world, and was encouraged by rubbing up against such Baltimore notables as H. L. Mencken and in collaborating with F. Scott Fitzgerald. At eighteen, Garry went to work at WBAL in Baltimore: "I was hired as a continuity writer, and when I lay up at the typewriter, I'd go to the studio and focus around with the drums."

One day, the station's comedian failed to turn up for a variety show. If they had asked the drummer to take over the mike and Garry to take over the drums, everything would have turned out all right. Instead, Garry was asked to do the comic's spot. He did. Did very well. And, once they discovered this was a technique, the story of Garry's life was a case of push-pull, click-click. Click he did, and shot up into national stardom—first, as a comedian on Club Matinee and then his five-year co-billing with Jimmy Durante. But it was push-pull, too, for Garry resisted the idea of being a comedian. One day, he decided he wasn't going to do anything that he didn't feel good about. After that, even the word "comic" made him curious. He put it this way: "If you think of Jimmy Durante as a comedian, then Garry Moore is not. It's a different word."

Garry Moore is a good-humored, full-witted showman. The fact that he is so good-hearted has much to do with his being nationally loved, but the fact that his show is beloved by millions has a lot to do with his being a fine showman. People don't stop to think of it as often as they might, because even around his office, Garry's presence is non-hectic. There is no star-pressure. Garry is conscious of everyone's dignity and is dedicated to preserving it. He makes people feel at ease. An assistant put it this way: "Most of the time you forget that you're working."

There's nothing exceptional about Garry's offices. He's in a CBS building which is on a street mostly lined with warehouses and factories. The Moore staff shares the third floor of the building with Studio One personnel. On the Moore side, there is a big television set in the outer office where the staff can watch his show. When the door is left open and people go in and out for paper clips, cigarettes or a book. When he is there, the door may be closed—but never for long, because he is continually wanting to read a letter aloud, or just to talk.

Garry's office, about fifteen-by-fifteen, represents the taste of Nell and a little bit of CBS. CBS furnished the big desk and the wall space, and the designer was given the job of seeing that they went together. The space is small, but every inch is used. The walls are not bare, but there is an obvious place for everything. The office is simple, but it is somehow well-liked.
kind of half-and-half creamed shag. Just fore of the desk, she put in an oblong coffee table and a sofa with brown scribbles by broken board. Riggled about the sofa is a color print of fishing boats.

On another wall there is a painting of jazz musicians and a model of one of Garry's ex-suitals. Alongside his desk is an old print of Abraham Lincoln in an old-fashioned frame. In front of the desk there is the famous rocking chair where he "sits, stores, and thinks." The corner there is life-sized, make-believe bulldog that barked and chopped its jaws, but Blondie got fond of the bull and took it home.

Blondie is one of the many exotic creatures that have visited Garry in his office. She stayed for the night. She weighs may be a couple hundred pounds more than Garry was at one time, but she was friendly and meant well. Actually, Blondie is a lion owned by Mr. Charles Hipp, of Texas, who has domesticated her. The lion is brought down to New York for Garry on Garry's daytime show and I've Got A Secret: "The thought was that, if I slept with Blondie that night, it would make a swell 'secret.' After all, how many people are lucky enough to sleep in the same bed with a lion?"

Blondie and Garry had dinner at a hotel, with Mr. Hipp chaperoning. Blondie ate very well, fairly measure about three inches each and has no trouble crunching bones. That night, Garry Moore, man among men, crawled into bed and the lion slept alongside. "Blondie can be tame maybe two or three hours," he recalls. "You know the lion is a nocturnal animal. She just wanted to play, kept grabbing for the pillow or blanket."

Another visitor to Garry's office was Irving Townsend, of Columbia Records. He wanted to talk to Garry about recording some children's stories. Garry thought that "the whole idea of children being talking about music and the kind they liked"

"I think most people could get together an album of their favorite songs and musicians and singers if they were asked," says Garry. "My favorites—rather, among them, are Wild Bill Davison; Randy Hall, who is a personal friend of mine and blows a diaphragm; and Sigmund Romberg, who is a clarinet in the studio band; Mel Henke and George Barnes, whom I got to know during my Chicago days. The kind of music that these people play they hear them play wasn't even on records."

The project was put into the works immediately. Recording sessions were held on the West and East Coasts. By midsummer of last year, Garry had acetate recordings of the sessions. "I was so thrilled by the music," he recalls, "I wore out the records and had to ask Columbia for more."

The album has built into one of Columbia's best-sellers—and with good reason, for it is a happy collection of sounds. It rolls along on-suitals. One exception, perhaps, is the trumpet tribulation by Wild Willie. Davison blows the blues against the tasteful strings of Percy Faith, and it comes out a powerful and beautiful blue mood. There's a man in the album who was a college roommate of Garry's producer, Herb Sanford. Randy Hall is his name, and he makes a five-and-ten-cent voice that is a piece of delight. The other musicians—Caceres, Henke and Barnes—buys out brightly all over.

Garry is featured on the last number of the album, "I've Got A Secret."

"As far as he's concerned, this is incidental, but he's so effective that he's almost beyond recognition. He refused to play drums on the show. He does play occasionally on his daytime show—and even one night, on I've Got A Secret. "I'm not a good enough drummer to actually record with these men," he says.

As noted before, there is a painting above the sofa in his office. There is an award on either side of the painting. One is an Award from TV Radio Mirror Magazine. The other is an award from Metromome Magazine designating Garry as TV's "Best Sit-In Drummer." Garry is pleased with the award but doesn't think it signifies that he's a professional, and he tells a little story on himself.

The Durante-Moore or Moore-Durante Show (they alternated billings each week) came from the West Coast. Garry, as one of the stars, was in charge of picking who was in there. There were a few selected jazzmen in the studio orchestra, and there were such as Eddie Miller and Joe Venuti. There was also Alvie West, saxophonist, who came to the studio early to play piano while Garry got on drums. They would work out maybe forty-five or thirty minutes before the immensity of the show began for the show. Once, Garry and Alvie were off and running, when Jimmy Durante came in for a special rehearsal. Garry put down the sticks.

In the June Issue

AUNT JENNY'S Favorite Bride

It's Agnes Young's own lovely actress-daughter, Nancy Wells! Enjoy her gay romance and wedding pictures in TV Radio Mirror on sale May 8

Alvie West said, "What's going on here?"

"We'll have to knock off," Garry said.

"Jimmy's going to need the studio."

"Why don't you tell Durante to move the microphone into the dressing room and rehearse?"

"That wouldn't be right," said Garry.

"Well, I don't know," said Alvie, "I've been told you never have a pretty good drummer—for a big shot. But now I find out you're not a big shot."

Garry is actually a good amateur drummer. He's got a pleasant rhythm. Any one of the boys in his band will go along with that, and he's got some fine musicians there. Among them are Ed Shaugnessy, who drummed for Benny Goodman, bassman Trigger Alpert and clarinetist Ernie Caceres, who worked with Glenn Miller and guitarist Carl Kress, who has played with just about every big name in the business and has had the privilege to see that good music was done. Alvie West, too, received a Metromome Music Award for his good music on Garry's show. Although Garry is personally fond and publicly proud of Howard, he has done some devilish things to him—and to Ken Carson and Denise Lor and Durward Kirby, as well. Every once in a while, Garry, the gourmand, brings on some extra food for the audience to see that buttered worms. And inevitably he invites Howard to help himself.

"Howard takes it hard," Garry says. "I think he's having fun, but he's getting it, too. Those fine delicacies, those gourmet's delights, always make him sweat."

The store recently served the cast with canapes. This particular species was a cracker spread with cream cheese and topped off with fried grasshoppers. Howard Smith tried to make it a color telecast by turning on the "man's voice." Howard, as Peanuts, picked up his fork and beat the defenses of a dish, screaming: "I'll kill it."

But it didn't bother Garry.

"I said—""It's like a peanut-butter man," he says, "but I can eat anything. I just eat those exotic things to be sociable. I want Howard and Ken to have company."

"It's lucky with snakes, too, and every once in a while he eats one."

He had an—literally, a neck tie—the Indian Rock snake, a white python eight feet long with navy-blue eyes. Garry was invited to see what the authors do for a bite. They're constrictors. They just choke you to death.

In fairness to Garry, it should be noted that he is in high demand, not for laughs. The animals are fascinating. This stems from Garry's personal interest in zoology. There have been some great pets for different shows. Carl Sandburg has read on the show. Thomas Mitchell has read from the Bible. With outstanding authorities, Garry has discussed juvenile delinquency and the problems of teachers.

Even though the warmth of the show—the hope to leave the audience with something more than a laugh. This is the very nature of Garry, but he is sick of saying things that are by his authority "exceptional." He just doesn't think that he's got a corner on the world's goodness, and he proves it with something that happens to him recently.

Recently, a request came through asking for a "plug" for the Foster Parents Plan for War Children. The organization adopts homeless children who have been victims of war, and sent over biographies of many children. Garry read through them and called in his secretary, Joan Madeo, who has been with him nearly five years.

"Look," he said, "I can't pick one out of this bunch. It'll break my heart. You pick one for me."

Well, to make a long story short and sweet, the girls in the office, and the writers and Denise and Ken and Durward—everyone got in on it. This is what happened: Garry adopted a Greek child; Denise adopted a Japanese child; Ken, a Korean; Herb Sanford, an Italian; the orchestra, a French girl; the girls in the office and the writers, a French boy. And they all of rhythm.

"That's the human side," Garry says, "but that, basically, is what entertainment is all about—humanity. Laughs are part of it, and so is music and sentiment and the big cry. Our life is easy, full of talk and songs and yakks—most times, at the end of the day, you just want to crawl into a quiet, dark closet to recover. So it's fun. For some people it helps to feel the rhythm, down in the mouth—something has happened, or maybe it's just the weather. So you go down to the studio, feeling down, wearing a couple of inches of rubber, and it's a rhythm."

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Beautiful Hair

BRECK

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Cover portrait of Jack Barry and family by Maxwell Coplan

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Unusual gift finds Bill Bishop and his bride Shirley agreeing It's A Great Life.

Jeff Donnell, of Gobel's gang, and actor Aldo Ray enjoy an evening with Mrs. Irving Manheimer, wife of TV Radio Mirror's publisher.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

There's music on the air! Ford Star Jubilee will present another super-special on their June 2 show, over CBS-TV. They'll do a musical version of "A Bell for Adano," based on John Hersey's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, with music and lyrics by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz.

Maurice Chevalier will be the star on NBC's next big ninety-minute spectacular, Sunday night, May 20. The popular Frenchman was acclaimed on his TV debut a few months ago and at the movie Oscar rites.

CBS is convinced that rock 'n' roll is here to stay, at least long enough for a commercial radio series. They're starring Count Basie and his orchestra in a Saturday night show called Rock 'n' Roll Dance Party, on the full network. Basie's blues singer, Joe Williams, is featured and Alan Freed emcees. Freed, a former Cleveland disc jockey, is known in New York City as the "Rock 'n' Roll King," via his popular broadcasts over Station WINS. The weekly guest stars on the clam bake will be top name recording artists.

G-E Theater has lined up some interesting shows for this month of Sundays. On May 6, Burl Ives is taking a night off from his Broadway show, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," to do a live performance of "The Second Stranger." On May 13, "The Clown" will be re-run, by (Continued on page 20)
Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

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3 MONTHS AGO

“My new Pin-Quick wave was perfect right from the start,” says charming model June Ross. “Pin-Quick’s simple as setting your hair,” June declares. “And so fast! I dried it in minutes with a dryer.” (See that lovely lanolin shine in June’s soft, casual Pin-Quick curls.)

TODAY

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The Great Gildersleeve

Gildy is a bachelor, a bumbling bon vivant and the baffled uncle of Leroy (eleven-year-old Ronald Keith) and Marjorie (cover-girl Stephanie Griffin).

When Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve ends up a hero, it isn’t his fault. Distributed on television by the NBC Film Division, and heard on NBC Radio, The Great Gildersleeve, as portrayed by Willard Waterman, is a cigar-smoking, mustachioed, goggle-eyed official City Water Commissioner and unofficial ladies’ man. Gildy takes his job seriously and dispenses advice freely. Both characteristics inevitably land the sometimes-dignified, often-exasperated bachelor in trouble. . . . Among the people who surround Gildy and love him—but don’t consider him a hero—are his diabolical nephew Leroy (played by Ronald Keith); his niece Marjorie (Stephanie Griffin); Birdie, his loyal but outspoken housekeeper (Lillian Randolph); Peavey, druggist and lugubrious confidant (Forrest Lewis); and Gildy’s boss, Mayor Terwilliger (Willis Bouchey). . . . Off camera and mike, things are better for Bill Waterman. At home, he steps out of his bachelor shoes and into the comfortable slippers of a family man. And he is very much a hero to the three females who complete the Waterman foursome at the colonial-style home in Sherman Oaks, in the San Fernando Valley. . . . The first step toward becoming the center of attention of a wife and two daughters was for Wisconsin-born Bill to neglect his engineering studies, become enamored of acting and move to Chicago to do network radio programs. There, he met Wisconsin-born Maryanna, who was visiting in the Windy City. In spite of the fact that the first four characters Bill portrayed on radio met with speedy demises, Maryanna decided Bill had a future. Romance bloomed and, as predicted, so did the Waterman career. . . . While Bill was playing the role of George Webster in Those Websters, the program moved to California. So did “those Watermans,” who by that time included Lynne, born in 1938, and Susan, born in 1944. . . . Their home is furnished with authentic early American pieces. “We started with one piece, which was a dough tray, in 1948,” Bill recalls, “and we finally completed furnishing about one year ago with a washtub-and-bedsides table.” Allowed free run in the midst of this Americana are Penny, “part springer, part fox terrier, part et cetera,” and Blueboy, a parakeet whose pet expression is “I am too pooped to peep.” . . . When his TV and radio schedule shows a free hour, Bill latches on to a camera, also likes to hunt and fish. He notes: “I used to have a handicap of six in golf but, since starting the film series, my handicap has risen to eleven.” . . . Aside from serving as water commissioner on radio and TV, Willard Waterman is Honorary Water Commissioner of San Francisco and of Boise, Idaho; Honorary Subterranean Water Commissioner for the State of Idaho; and an admiral in the Confederate Navy. His golf handicap may have gone up—but so have his ratings.
Willard is the head of the hearth for wife Maryanna, daughters Lynne and Susan.

The water commissioner may not be a hero at home, but Bill Waterman is definitely "a big wheel" to Susan.

As daughters Lynne and Susan pamper him, Bill's glad he eschewed the bachelor life—even if Gildy hasn't!
-record had 11 new so "combination whispering more great features Andrews doing some on Gleason first his "Elvis Sisters. Two, old "Too we May George "Suede album, Lilley, for novelty a for Steve, he hopes the new Audrey and Jayne Meadows novelty does well. He wrote it!

Steve Allen's TURNTABLE

Greetings, and welcome once more to the monthly record rendezvous. It's the May time, gay time of the year and to go with it we've got music in the mood.

Starting off in the romance department, we have Frank Sinatra with an album called "Songs for Swingin' Lovers," with Nelson Riddle's orchestra. Frank features "You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me," "Too Marvelous for Words," "I've Got You Under My Skin," and others. (Capitol)

George Wright III, the fourteen-year-old lad who nabbed $100,000 on The Big Surprise TV show, received a bonus extra in the form of a record contract with Victor. For his first two sides, he has cut "Me and My Shadow" and "Five-Feet-Two, Eyes of Blue," the songs he sang correctly to win the jackpot.

We've had all kinds of tunes about coffee and tea. Now here's "Hotta Chocolata," a swingin' novelty by The De John Sisters. The flip side is something called "The Man with the Blue Guitar," Ray Ellis' orchestra is heard on both. (Epics)

Victor is so excited about their new country and Western singer, twenty-one-year-old Elvis Presley, that they've given him an album as his second release. His first record, "Mystery Train," made a lot of noise, and he should do okay with his album, which is titled, simply enough, "Elvis Presley." He does a variety of songs, including "Blue Suede Shoes," "I Love You Because," "Money, Honey," "I've Got a Woman," and "Tutti Frutti," with Max Steiner's orchestra. Incidentally, Elvis got his first big TV break when the Jackie Gleason office heard him on a radio show and signed him, sight unseen, to appear on Stage Show. Gleason thinks the Presley voice is a "combination of Frankie Laine, Johnnie Ray and Tony Martin."

RIng Crosby stars in a new album of "High Tor," singing the score from the video version of this play, which he did some time ago on CBS. Nancy Olson, Julie Andrews and Everett Sloane are also heard doing the tunes they did in the show.

Joseph Lilley gets star billing on another Decca album, "Alone Together," which features The Skylarks and a great vocal chorus. Lilley uses a whispering choir, arranging the voices so that they practically sound like a large string section. It's mood music at its best, with such songs as "April in Paris," "Autumn in New York," "These Foolish Things," "There's a Small Hotel," "Dancing in the Dark."

Rock 'n' roll is still with us, and Jaye P. Morgan has chosen a solid roller for her new one, "Get Up, Get Up (You Sleepy Head)," with Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra and chorus. Hugo also swings the stock on the backing, an upbeat ditty called "Sweet Lips." (Victor)

Billy Mayo and his Dixieland Band hold forth nightly at a place called Nick's, in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. Now Cadence Records have waxed two albums by the Mayo crew--so the rest of the country can hear what the New Yorkers like in the way of Dixieland music.

The sets are titled "Jazz at Nick's" and "Dixieland--Manhattan Style," and the personnel includes Chuck Forsythe on trumpet, Lee Gifford on trombone, clarinetist Sal Pace, drummer Sonny Igoe, and Billy Mayo on piano.

For jazz in a more modern mood, the coolly-progressive Randy Weston Trio invites you to "Get Happy." Aside from the title song, the long-playing disc, on the Riverside label, includes such old favorites as "Summertime," "Dark Eyes," and "Twelfth Street Rag," and some new numbers written by Randy Weston—who won the 1955 Downbeat award as the most promising jazz pianist—and Sam Gill, his bass man who won ditto for his work on bass. Wilbert Hogan is on drums.

Eydie Gorme, the versatile songstress on my Tonight TV show, has a new record which certainly shows off her ability to sing just about any kind of song. Eydie belts out "Too Close for Comfort." On the coupling, she goes tender on "That's How," Don Costa's arrangements and orchestra. (ABC-Paramount)

On the same label you'll find a special album release for the small fry—"The Mickey Mouse Club," with Jimmy Dodd and The Mouseketeers. There are thirty-six tunes in this set, all from the very popular Mickey Mouse Club on TV.

Columbia Records is releasing the first single pressing in this country by Michel Le Grand, whose albums of "I Love Paris" and "Holiday in Rome" were such big sellers. Le Grand has done two instrumentals, "Merry-Go-Round" and the theme music from the old Joan Crawford movie, "Johnny Guitar." Le Grand is only twenty-three years old and is an accomplished pianist, composer, arranger and conductor.

And, girls, they tell me he is tres attractive.

Archie Bleyer and Don McNeill, the famous Breakfast Club host, have teamed talents to record "Make America Proud of You." Don narrates the record, backed up by a thousand-voiced choir consisting of high-school students from Chicago and Boy and Girl Scout choirs from the Midwest area. All profits from the recording go to the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. (Cadence)

The singing sisters, Jayne and Audrey Meadows, better known to me as my wife and my sister-in-law, have recorded a novelty tune, "Dungaree Dan and China Sue," which I hope is a smash because I wrote the darned thing. (Down, boy!) On the flipover the Misses Meadows sing a cutie which I didn't write, called "Dear Ralph." The gals give the musical go-by to this guy who just ain't true. (Victor)

"Moritat," one of the themes from "The Three Penny Opera," was a big hit for the Dick Hyman Trio, and now the piano, bass and guitar combination has waxed a new album, "The Unforgettable Sound of the Dick Hyman Trio," which should up the Hyman stock considerably. "Moritat" is included, along with "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads," "East of the Sun," "Out of Nowhere," "The Very Thought of You," "Besame Mucho" and others. (M-G-M)

Perry Como fans can have a field day with three new albums—"I Believe," "Relaxing with Perry Como," and "A Sentimental Date With Perry Como." You can take your pick—and how can you go wrong with Como? (Victor)

And I had better go right—right off the page, that is, as my space is up. So long!

Steve's on Tonight. NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EDT (11 P.M. CDT). Steve Allen Show starts on Station WRC-TV (N.Y.), 11:20 P.M., M-F.
A Breck Shampoo is offered in combination with Breck Hairdress for Men.

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair soft, shining and beautiful. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition - and receive, for the men in your family, Breck Hairdress for Men. A cream hairdressing, Breck Hairdress for Men keeps hair neat and manageable without an oily appearance.

Special Combination Offer - a 50¢ bottle of Breck Hairdress for Men with a $1.75 bottle of one of the Three Breck Shampoos - for dry, oily or normal hair. A $2.25 value for $1.75 plus 4¢ tax.

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-
in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL!
And Colgate's with Gardol gives up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER, FRESHER BREATHE ALL DAY with just one brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

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<th>12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS</th>
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Morning brushings with Colgate’s help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate’s forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate’s!

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate Dental Cream with just one brushing!

Ask your questions—

**Fair Lady**

I would appreciate some information about Constance Brigham, who appeared recently on The Ed Sullivan Show.

M. M., Great Neck, N. Y.

There was once a time when Hollywood scouts would vie to put a girl with a lovely face, golden blond hair and a cover-girl figure on the screen. And if she had lots of talent, the contracts would be expansive—and expensive. . . . So it's not too surprising that, a few years ago, Constance Brigham realized her ambition to be in the movies. She not only got the female lead in the technicolor production, but the male lead, as well! But she wasn't seen—only heard. . . . Connie became the voice behind the puppet stars of "Hansel and Gretel." She was spotted for the role while in Leonard Bernstein's, "Trouble in Tahiti." . . . Connie has graced fashion-magazine pages as one of New York's highest-paid fashion models. Her singing ability—inherited from her mother, who had a successful career on the European concert stage—won her several parts in Broadway musicals. She's also done summer-stock work and many TV drama stints. When she appeared recently with Hermione Gingold on The Ed Sullivan Show, viewers knew they wanted to hear—and see—more of her. . . . Constance Brigham, whose behind-the-scenes movie debut was a prelude to increased recognition, is once again "standing by" for Julie Andrews in the smash Broadway musical, "My Fair Lady." To look at this talented fair lady herself is to gaze at a future star.

Constance Brigham
American Beauty

Would you please give me some information about Lee Ann Meriwether, who appears on Today, on NBC-TV?
S. L., Hagerstown, Md.

The lovely winner in the nation's top beauty—and talent—contest has just reached the voting age. Miss America of 1955, Lee Ann Meriwether of San Francisco attended George Washington High and City College of San Francisco. At college, Lee Ann prepared for an acting career. It was the brilliantly performed monologue at the Atlantic City contest, "Riders to the Sea," which was a major factor in her triumph as Miss America. Millions have since enjoyed her talents.

Lee made her debut as a dramatic actress on the Philco Television Playhouse a few months after she was crowned at Atlantic City. The play, "Run, Girl, Run," was written especially for her by Sumner Locke Elliot. . . . The $5,000 scholarship that Miss America won with her title has been profitably put to use taking drama lessons. As up-to-date as Today, Lee Ann stands five-feet, eight-and-a-half-inches tall, weighs 124 pounds, and has every intention of making acting her career. Her hobbies follow suit, with little-theater work, dancing and swimming.

Letter From A Winner

I wish to give you my most fervent thanks for choosing me as the winner of your recent "If in a Visit With a Star" contest. . . . (Editor's note: The "star" in this case being Lawrence Welk.) . . .

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(Continued on page 23)
HOME IS WHERE THE MUSIC IS

Tom Reddy wanted to be a newsmen. He also wanted to make his home on the West Coast. As it turned out, he's a man about music—on the East Coast. Tom stands a rugged six-foot-one and wears a wide grin that hardly belongs to a disappointed man. Still, there is a little "disappointment" behind this grin. Tom has so enjoyed the turns of his own show-business fate that he's sorry none of his five children seems inclined to experience similar joys. But, he says hopefully, "The two youngest are musical."... Weekdays at 10 A.M., Tom is host on Cash Box, a program of records that are fairly easy to identify, and riddles that are somewhat more difficult. Tom helps the latter situation by offering clues from time to time, but the jackpot—and the suspense—keep mounting. On the same station, Tom plays "the kind of music I would like to listen to" on Music Party, heard weekdays from 2 to 4 P.M., except when baseball pre-empts the time. The native Iowan also emcees the "outside events" portion of Dollar A Second, seen Fridays at 9 P.M. on ABC-TV, and handles commercials on Disneyland on ABC-TV. ... Actually, music has always been important to Tom Reddy. His mother taught it and also sang, and Tom has been a professional pianist, as well as a newsmen, emcee and writer. Although he'd thought to combine his twin loves, news and radio, his first job was as a deejay. Then, after a brief stay at Wayne State Teachers College, where Tom married his landlady's daughter, he went on to graduate from Notre Dame. He worked at various local stations until, one night at a party, he met Mr. Fitch, who invited Tom to climb on The Fitch Bandwagon. So the Reddys went to Hollywood, from whence the program originated. Tom also made three films on the Coast and grew very fond of California. ... When the Reddys moved East, Tom and Mary Alice hunted around for a place that "would come close to the topography out there." They found it in Deal, New Jersey, where they recently bought a home of which at least part is 180 years old. As to the Reddys, those that are telling their ages are Michael, 18; Tommy, 16; Terry, 14; David, 5; and the only daughter, Regan, 6. ... Tom's long train trip to Manhattan allows plenty of time for reading all the news. And Tom Reddy is quite content making good news—and music.

Tom Reddy found a bit of California in New Jersey—and a lot of success as a man about music at New York's WINS

Weekdays, he serves music. Weekends, Tom barbecues, cooks a la francaise.

Camping is a favorite activity of the Reddy men—Michael, Tom, Tommy, Terry, David. It's also fun just being at home.
Which is your hair problem?

Hair dull...no shine?
Even the dullest hair really sparkles with new SUAVE! Try it. See your hair glitter with twinkling highlights. And oh how silky, how soft and lovely! SUAVE gives hair that “healthy-looking glow,” not oily shine ... because it’s greaseless.

Hair too dry?
The instant you apply SUAVE Hair-dressing with its amazing greaseless lanolin, dryness is gone! SUAVE puts life back into your hair. Makes it silky soft; bursting with highlights, eager to wave ... and so manageable, so exciting to feel!

Hair abused...brittle?
After home permanents or too much sun, your hair will drink up SUAVE. Apply liberally every day—and see satin-softness, life and sparkle return. You’ll be amazed how pretty, how caressable your hair can look!

Unruly after shampoo?
Never shampoo your hair without putting back the beauty-oils that shampooing takes out. Use SUAVE every time to restore beauty instantly! Makes hair silky ... manageable, eager to wave. Keeps hair in place without oily film.

Teen Tangles?
Your hair does so much for your popularity! Don’t be a “tangle mop.” A kiss of SUAVE daily makes your hair behave without a struggle. Keeps it perfect! Gives hair that sparkly sophisticated look. You’ll love what it does for your hair.

Suave
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER
Contains amazing greaseless lanolin

HELENE CURTIS
Choose Liquid or new Creme
59¢ and $1 (plus tax)
Trademark
TWO FOR TALK

Be it whimsical or provocative, the conversation has never lagged in the ten years Tex and Jinx McCrary have shared WRCA’s microphone.

The McCrarys catch their breath at a coffee break. Below, Jinx simultaneously inspects jewelry, talks on the phone, and dictates to Shirley Grandin.

IT TAKES two to make a conversation—and ever since John Reagan McCrary met Eugenia Falkenburg, the talk has been flowing like sparkling wine. Shortly after this historic meeting—and a courtship that ranged from Cairo, Italy and Tripoli to a wedding in New York—the redoubtable pair sat down together at a WRCA microphone. . . . This was ten years ago. Tex had begun as an editorial writer, “until I found out that nobody would read them.” He switched to human interest. “At least three times a week,” Tex says, “I tried to write a story about a pretty girl. And that’s how I met Jinx. She was in a musical with Al Jolson and I wrote her story.” Jinx had already soloed to fame as a cover girl, screen actress and tennis star. Then the guy from Texas and the girl from Brazil joined forces. . . . The formula they came up with was to make news events come to life. This requires people—and that’s something Tex and Jinx have plenty of. In the past ten years, more than 15,000 guests have told their stories and shared their secrets, hopes and humor with the McCrarys. There have been big people and little people, but always the kind who make news because they are vital, or unusual, or creative. Sometimes light and humorous, sometimes serious and inspiring, these interviews are conducted on The Tex And Jinx Show, heard weekday nights from 10:30 to 12:30 over WRCA Radio. . . . Tex and Jinx are also visible on video—but separately. Jinx is seen on Jinx’s Diary, weekdays at 2:30 P.M. on WRCA-TV. Tex faces the WABD cameras with Most Important People, weekdays at 7:15 P.M. . . . After their busy weekday schedule—made even busier by a good deal of charity work—Tex and Jinx head for their home in Manhasset, where they relax and romp with their two sons: Paddy, born August 2, 1946, and Kevin, born August 13, 1948. Tex’s special interest is photography, the results of which are copiously displayed on the walls of his den at home and in the McCrarys’ office at the Dorset Hotel in Manhattan. Jinx, who was once amateur tennis champion of Brazil, manages to fit in a set or two each weekend and also join Tex in sailing and swimming . . . . As a cook, Jinx swears she’s no Josephine McCarthy, but Tex rates her culinary prowess as “every bit as good as Mother used to do.” Tex’s favorite dish is under-done roast beef and Jinx just can’t resist steak tartar. . . . Definitely a rare couple.
LIGHT UP A LUCKY
it's light-up time

LUCKY FANS. With Luckies along, you're 'way ahead of the game. You see, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. Outdoors or indoors, Luckies are the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER
Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

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NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

833—It’s easy to crochet this little cape in lacy pineapple pattern. Sizes small, medium, large included in pattern. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized crochet and knitting cotton. 25¢

7057—Little fabric or sewing time needed to make this cool halter. It wraps and ties, has easy, pretty embroidery trim. Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Tissue pattern, transfer. Smitte size. 25¢

7009—Dainty filet crochet and regular crochet make this new chair-set for your home! Chair-back 12 x 17; arm-rest 6 x 12 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton. 25¢

697—Three little doilies, so easy to crochet! Three designs (7½ and 8 inches) to crochet in No. 50 mercerized cotton. To increase size, use No. 30 or bedspread cotton. 25¢

837—Make baby a jacket, bonnet and booties in a jiffy! Easy to crochet in pretty open and closed shell-stitches. Use white with pastel. Directions for crochet in 3-ply baby yarn. 25¢

7172—This magnificent tablecloth of pineapple crochet is inspired by the beauty of an heirloom design. Directions for a 70-inch tablecloth, using mercerized crochet and knitting cotton; smaller in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7225—Brighten household chores with these cute motifs! Easy to embroider on kitchen towels! Set of seven different embroidery transfers included, each design about 5 x 6 inches. 25¢
Beauty Expert Discovers Why...

Older Women Look Younger!

By NANCY ANN STOKES

I WAS there last Tuesday night, when Hollywood's leading beauty authority, Mr. Ern Westmore, revealed the 3 things that make a woman look older. Then he showed how to remove 5, 10 even 15 years from your appearance and more than 30 years from your eyelid and eyebrow pencil. It was so ridiculously easy I was amazed.

You see, to create a youthful appearance you must first understand what makes a woman look older. If, while applying lipstick, you turn the corners of your mouth downward, you say the expression of your face is "aged". Distinctly, "beet-brown" lips make your nose appear longer and your chin heavily drooped.

For a youthful appearance flatten the corners of your lips with a pleasant upward bow. Your face will suddenly appear smaller and your nose more delicate. Your chin firm and proud. You'll "lift" to your features, freshness to your face.

Beauty Secret Number Two

What could be a more cherished possession than the blush of eyes? And the secret to that charm and shine with a magical twinkle is the way you shape your brows.

Flats blemish your face with a top-heavy look. Their brow cloud your eyes with the droopy stare of middle age. Arch your brows too high and your eye's left with a gaping, vacant expression. Then what is the perfect shaped eyebrows? Oddly enough there are 5 perfect eyebrows...but only one is meant for you.

You see, every face has basic shapes of faces. Either you have an oval shape face...or square, oblong or triangle shape face. And there's a special way to arch your eyebrows for your shape face. In a moment you'll discover just what shape your face is and awaken blossoming youth in your face. But before that...a big stride to youthful loveliness.

Your Face Never Goes Old

Did you know that your face never goes old? At 40 you reached the age of 21 all your facial features are set for life. From 21 years on you'll always have the same features...the same chin. Your features never change. Your face never ages. Not if you don't age it. It's your skin that grows old. And nothing Telegraphs it more than dark unde...
Informality and information is the duo offered by the Ellis O'Brien, Phil Johnson, Don MacWilliams trio.

Weatherman O'Brien and wife Helen see a future rain-or-shiner among Emily, Jeremy, Maggie, Jonathan, Barbara.

Sportsman MacWilliams boasts of a like-minded family in wife Helen, offspring David, Bobby, Phil and Kathy.

The human element in a headline—be it news, sports or weather—is always on-camera on Channel Six News Journal, seen weekdays at 6:30 P.M. on Portland's Station WCHS-TV. The tone is casual, the smile is friendly and the foresight, experience, ingenuity and hard work of the threesome on this news show are abundant. . . . A native of near-by Westbrook, Phil Johnson leads off with the day's news headlines. Phil graduated from Tufts College to an announcing post on WCHS Radio. Since then, his career has alternated between Portland and Boston, where he was an announcer, earned a master's degree in speech and served on the Boston University faculty. Now WCHS news director and head of the Maine Network News Service, Phil represented Maine at last year's White House Conference on Education and also directs TV publicity for the Maine March of Dimes. He's happiest as a working newsman, but rues the lack of time for amateur acting and directing. . . . Sportscaster Don MacWilliams is a Portland suburbanite married to a former high-school basketball star named Helen. Don himself earned his Portland High letter in track. He joined WCHS in 1947 and was named sports director a year later. Don's eldest offspring, Phil, 13, sparked the 1955 Little League champs in Maine and also captains his school basketball team. Kathy is a fleet-footed five-year-old; Bobby, at three, has his own junior-size baseball mitt; and David, one year old, is a comer. Don's hobby is early Maine sports history, from which he culls anecdotes for his sportscasts. . . . Like a flight of stairs, weatherman Ellis O'Brien's family is evenly spaced as to age and size. Maggie, six and a half, is the eldest. Then come Jonathan, five; Jeremy, four; Barbara, two; and Emily, who still counts her age in months. Born in New Jersey, Ellis took his first flying at weathercasting when he was an eighth-grader and tried some research. He'd visited Maine as a youngster and had decided then to return. He did, in 1947, joining WCHS. Ellis thinks Mark Twain meant Maine when he said: "If you don't like the weather, wait five minutes."
Introducing! New Playtex® Living Girdles

less weight... more “hold-in” power than you ever dreamed possible!

Playtex
☆ Lightweight $4.95
and
☆ de luxe Lightweight $5.95

Less weight, more “hold-in” power... in both these exciting new Playtex Living Girdles. They’re made of split-resistant Fabricon—to give you more freedom because Fabricon has more s-t-r-e-t-c-h! And “open-pore” Fabricon lets your body breathe. Clothes fit and look better—no matter what your size! At department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SUM tube. The model above is free, lithe and comfortable in her Playtex Living® Bra*, custom-contoured of elastic and nylon. $3.95

There’s a Playtex Girdle for your figure!

Playtex® Living® Lightweight, for wonderful control . . . . $4.95
Playtex Living de luxe Lightweight, for control with plus features, $5.95
Playtex Magic-Controller with Magic Fingers, for most control, $7.95

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WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 4)

popular demand. This is the film Henry Fonda did, a year or so ago, which was based on the biography of the real-life "sad" clown, Emmett Kelly. Charlie Applewhite, the singing lad, is set to star on "Exits and Entrances," on May 20, if Uncle Sam doesn't ask for his army entrance before that date. Charlie is due for induction any minute. The May 27 program will be "The Shunning," a dramatic play about an Amish family. Polly Bergen will star.

The Arthur Murray Show is back on television, Thursday nights, over CBS. Kathryn Murray heads up the proceedings, with more or less the same format as the show had during its former run. Johnny Carson, who departed the Thursday night half-hour, is slated to do a daytime TV program for CBS, if time and sponsor can be found.

Jack Benny's May 20th show will be a repeat showing of his "Four A.M. in the Morning," which he did on film some time ago. Benny is about to take off for England where he will whip up several programs for his coming fall series.

This 'n' That:
Barry Kroeger, narrator of CBS Radio's Tremendous Trifles, nabbed the part of the High Lama in the new Broadway musical, "Shangri-La." Barry will be able to continue his radio show by transcribing the programs which will be heard during the out-of-town run of the musical, an adaptation of "Lost Horizon."

Harold J. Peary, the original "Great Gildersleeve," was sued for divorce by his wife, in Los Angeles. Mrs. Peary, who acts under the name of Gloria Holiday, charged mental cruelty, and asked for custody of the couple's son, Peg, who is eight years old. The Pearys were married in 1946.

Kate Smith is celebrating her twenty-fifth anniversary in show business this year, and also celebrating her return to television on The Ed Sullivan Show. Kate, who was signed for six appearances with Ed Sullivan, postponed all her performances until her manager, Ted Collins, was out of the hospital and well on his way to recovery from a serious heart attack. Nanette Fabray is still beaming over her two Emmy awards, which she won as best comedienne in television and best supporting actress in a regular series. Her fans are sad that she is leaving Caesar's Hour at the expiration of her contract in June. However, there are many big things in the planning stage for the talented Nanette, and she's sure to be on the TV scene this fall. Incidentally, Nan tells me she is dating music publisher Marty Mills, but she is not engaged to be married.

Carmel Quinn, Arthur Godfrey's Irish thrush, and her husband, Bill Fuller, are on the stork delivery list for August. And they're hoping for a boy. Carmel will leave her Godfrey chores in time to fly home to Ireland for a vacation with her family, then return to New York in time for the birth of her baby.

Speaking of Godfrey, his daytime show will probably travel to different cities during the next few months. For the past several weeks, his production staff has been setting up various origination points.

Jack Carson's "Radio Friends of America" club now has over twenty thousand members and his secretarial staff is way behind in sending out membership cards. The idea for his club came from his mother. When he first mentioned it on his CBS Radio Program, he never dreamed it would have such a reaction.

Today's man, Dave Garroway, found himself willingly bidding adieu to bachelorhood, for the likes of lovely Pamela Wilde, a TV film side.

TV maestro Ted Steele has quietly retired, after a quiet divorce from his wife, Doris Brooks. Ted's new bride is Celi Loman. The ex-Mrs. Steele is doing her own midnight radio show in New York over Station WABC, under the name of Betty Brooks.

Milton Berle has resolved to "take it easy" next season and will do only four shows for NBC. It's no secret that "Uncle Miltie" has been very dejected over his ratings this year. However, he doesn't have to worry about his income, since he has a long-term contract with NBC as a producer and TV consultant.

Pat Kirby, the pretty young singing lass on Steve Allen's Tonight show, is engaged and plans to be married in June. Her bridegroom-to-be is John Burgoin, a non-professional, and Pat will take her vows in her home town of Philadelphia.

May 9th is a high spot on the calendar for Edgar Bergen, who begins his twentieth year on network radio on that date. The occasion will be celebrated with special doings on his Edgar Bergen Hour on CBS Radio. And on the 17th of May, Young Dr. Malone begins its seventeenth year on the same network.

When Tom Duggan, the stormy but popular Chicago commentator, left his broadcasting chores at Station WBKB, he swore he was going to California to rest and retire. But he didn't dally in the sun very long. Now he's a stellar personality on Station KCOG in Hollywood.

Comic Jack Benny will make merry in England preparing fall shows.

Rock 'n' roll, with Alan Freed as emcee, rocks the CBS Radio network.

Jimmy represents the Dorsey and Gary does likewise for the Crosbys to make a threesome with night-club singer Libby Dean at The Harwyn.
The entire nation was saddened by the untimely passing of Fred Allen, at the age of sixty-one. Fred was known as "a comedian's comedian," and one of the few humorists who wrote his own material. He was most beloved and respected in the broadcasting world.

And show business also mourns Harry Clark, the well-known stage and television actor, who died of a heart attack. Clark had appeared often on such shows as Studio One and Kraft Theater, and at the time of his death was playing one of the leads in the Broadway hit, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"

Mulling The Mail:
Mrs. F.T., Washington, D.C.; Cole Porter sold rights to "It's De-Lovely" for use as a commercial jingle by an automobile manufacturer, so you'll hear it for some time to come. However, the song, as originally written, is one of the big production numbers in the new Bing Crosby-Donald O'Connor movie, "Anything Goes."... Mrs. E.L., Nelsonville, Ohio: Alice Faye has steadfastly refused to do any television and it doesn't seem likely that she'll change her mind. She spends most of her time at her home in Palm Springs, Calif. ... Mrs. L.P., Cisco, Texas, and others who have asked about Lorenzo Jones: This show has been off the air for some time, and there are no plans for its return. ... Mr. B.J., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Judy Johnson's departure from the Robert Q. Lewis Show is due to a forthcoming visit from the stork. Yes, you are right, both Lois Hunt and Betty Clooney were dated by the long-legged bird while working on the show. ... Mrs. F.D., Ashland, Kentucky: Tennessee Ernie Ford and Mary Ford are no relation whatsoever. Dick Haymes and the Bob Haymes you heard on radio are brothers. ... Miss R.McN., Rockland, Maine: Renee Miles was off Masquerade Party because she was in Mexico getting a divorce from her husband, Herb Wolf, owner-producer of the show. Nancy Walters is the new time-keeper on the show and Renee hopes to

(Continued on page 24)
STARDUST Pre-Shaped

It's new...it's sensational! It's a Stardust bra with permanent fullness shaped right in for keeps. Here's added fit, comfort and allure. Dainty embroidered cups with single needle spiral stitch. Divided front elastic gusset for freedom ease. Pre-shrunk cotton, A & B cups.

Style 347, just $1.00

STARDUST Swing Straps

For better uplift with less shoulder strain, here's your favorite 4-section style with swing straps! Special elastic inserts assure your comfort, and elastic center panel hugs you for perfect fit. Pre-shrunk cotton, lined for chafe-protection. A, B & C cups. Just $1.00

New Patterns for You

4506—Four main pattern parts to cut out and stitch. Its smooth, simple lines are so figure-flattering! Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 5 1/4 yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

9280—Most flattering princess lines—proportioned for the shorter, fuller figure! Half Sizes 14 1/2-24 1/2. Size 16 1/2 takes 4 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

4820—These separates are wonderful for a busy gal's wardrobe—they mix 'n' match beautifully, end weekend packing worries! Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 blouse and shorts, 3 1/4 yards 35-inch; skirt takes 3 1/4 yards. State size. 35¢

4506

Sizes 12—20

9280

Sizes 141/2—241/2

9280

Sizes 12—20

4820

Sizes 12—20

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV Radio Mirror, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.
Information booth

(Continued from page 11)

It was a simply wonderful trip which my husband and I will never forget. We are so grateful to you for making it possible. ... We especially enjoyed Lawrence Welk’s show and the ‘rendezvous’ received from the Grant Advertising Agency. ... The weather was grand—a wonderful contrast to mid-winter Wisconsin—and so was the flight. We also had a reunion with several dear friends now living in the Los Angeles area. ... Thank you again.

Phyllis and James Wyss, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Strutter Supreme

I would like to have some information about Eddie Jackson, who appears with Jimmy Durante on Texaco Star Theater. NBC-TV.

L. S., Bronx, N. Y.

The perennially youthful Eddie Jackson, seen on television and in showplaces with Jimmy Durante, has been entertaining since he was ten years old. Brought up in Brooklyn, New York, Eddie used to attend every vaudeville show around town. Often, he’d perform on an amateur night. “Sometimes I’d win,” he recalls, “but not often.” ... One night he went to see George Walker and Bert Williams. Walker did the strutting, “He’d tilt his top hat to one side, throw out his chest and would be all over the stage.” Eddie remembers. “I made up my mind that I was going to strut just like that.” Eddie’s been strutting “just like that” for fifty years now. ... Jimmy Durante and Eddie met in 1916 at a place called “Alamo” in Coney Island. Jimmy played the piano, but the first time he “sang” was in 1924, when he and Eddie Jackson opened the “Club Durant” and sang for their supper till after daybreak. ... Lou Clayton joined Jimmy and Eddie at the “Club Durant” as part of their act. They soon became the toast of show business. ... The death of Lou Clayton was an unforgettable blow to Jackson and Durante. “We like to keep up the same pace,” Eddie says, “and find we feel better when we’re on stage, doing something.”

Calling All Fans

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

Santa Paige Fan Club, c/o Sharon Warner, 1417 Myrtle, Columbus 11, Ohio.

Giselle Mackenzie Fan Club, c/o Lana Pierce, Route 2, Euclid, Minn.

Joyce Randolph Fan Club, c/o Miss Joyce Alt, Alta Vista, Iowa.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there’s something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, 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.

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY!

A non-drying spray-set with
no lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay
—the softest way!

New SUPER-SOFT Lustre-Net
the spray-set with lanolin esters!

ARLENE DAHL starring in “SLIGHTLY SCARLET”.
A Benedict Bogeaus RKO Production. Print by Technicolor in Superscope.

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness. Leaves hair soft, shining!
Actually helps prevent dryness with lanolin esters!
Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair...
ends sleeping on pins!

THERE ARE 2 LUSTRE-NETS

SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do’s. Spray on after combing.

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do’s.

$1.25 oz.—a full ounce more... Only $1.25 plus tax.
By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

get new Lustre-Net
recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars

Any pin-curl style sets faster, manages easier, lasts longer!
continue in television, on dramatic programs. ... Miss S.R., Fort Wayne, Indiana: Andy Williams, one of the singers on *Tonight*, did do the crooning for Lauren Bacall in the old movie, "To Have or Have Not." The song was "How Little We Know," and Andy was fifteen years old at the time. After auditioning many girls and boys for the job, the Warner Bros. musical department chose Andy's voice because he sounded most like what they thought Lauren would, if she could sing. ... Miss B.S., Omaha, Nebraska: Vaughn Monroe has no regular TV show. However he is seen and heard often all over the country via his commercials, live and recorded, for RCA Victor. ... Mrs. G.M.W., Ft. Worth, Texas: Ann Sothern will have shot a total of one hundred and eight *Private Secretary* films when the current season ends, and there will be enough shows to carry through next year. After that, Ann hopes to relinquish her role, since she feels five years is long enough for any one personality to be in a particular series. She owns twenty-five percent of the show, and
Mom knew best. Jack’s Radio Friends of America was Elsa Carson’s idea.

has an interest in the producing company.

What Ever Happened To . . .
Lum and Abner, in radio for so many years? Chester Lauck (Lum) and Morris Goff (Abner) planned a TV series to be filmed abroad. However, after shooting three pilot films in Hollywood, the whole project was abandoned, and at the moment there is nothing set in videoland for the humorists. The three films were recently put together into a short feature called “Lum and Abner Abroad,” and are currently being released around the country.

Bette Ellen, the former “Away-we-go” girl of the Jackie Gleason show? Bette, who was a top-flight New York model before she went into television, has returned to posing. Also, she is studying acting intently and is hoping for a dramatic career on the Broadway stage this coming fall.

Buff Cobb, who was a regular on Masquerade Party at one time and also teamed with her ex-husband, Mike Wallace, on several shows? Buff has not appeared regularly on any TV show since she left Masquerade Party. At the moment, she is in New York, lining up a proposed TV film series on the literary works of her late famous uncle, Irvin S. Cobb.

JANE RUSSELL—

Is Hollywood’s

“Turrible Tempered Mistress”
really a softie?

read the answer in the June issue of

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SAVE NOW WITH A PHOTOPLAY SUBSCRIPTION!

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I’ll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don’t have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom I receive the most inquiries.

Sorry, no personal answers, so please do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.
AS THE WORLD TURNS Lawyer Chris Hughes is a fair-minded man, by nature and profession equipped to understand that there is always something to be said on both sides of an argument. He can see why his bitter, restless sister Edith and his old friend and associate Jim Lowell have turned to each other for companionship. But can he convince Edith that, with Jim's estranged wife still in the picture, there is sure to be trouble ahead? CBS-TV.

AUNT JENNY Littleton is a small American town that seems like hundreds of others. But seen through Aunt Jenny's eyes, we know that the placid housefronts hide every kind of happiness, heartbreak and suspense. From the lives around her she draws real-life stories about people who might be neighbors. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE From the beginning, Broadway actor Larry Noble has felt that the terrible threat of Hope St. Clair's plot against him is only one aspect of the danger he senses. What if his wife Mary finally tires of maintaining her faith in him and in their marriage and surrenders to what seems proof that he no longer loves her? Can they build separate lives? CBS-Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Reverend Richard Dennis is delighted when Max Canfield and Lydia Harrick finally find new hope for the future in each other. How will he react if it is his own restless daughter, Althea, who upsets the situation? If Althea really settles down in New Hope with little Spring, will anyone—including Althea—be happy about it? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

DATE WITH LIFE Nobody is in a better position than a newspaperman when it comes to finding how people live. Tom Bradley, editor and publisher of the Bay City News, knows all the inside facts behind the stories that make the front pages, but he also tells many stories that, while they have no news value, are significant in terms of human emotions. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Sulking under the invasion of new doctors, Dr. Jessup manages to spread enough rumors to make Crooked Horn suspicious about the clinic, of which Dr. Dan Palmer is such an enthusiastic part. And Julie, unaccustomed to the lack of activity after her useful life back East, embarks on a project of her own that at first seems promising but leads to a complication for the Palmers. NBC Radio.

THE EDGE OF NIGHT Lieutenant Detective Mike Karr is a man who really knows what makes a big city go—knows so well, in fact, that he hates to ask a girl like Sara Lane to share the kind of life he lives. But Sara's resourcefulness surprises Mike when his duties lead him into peculiar contact with her uncle, the powerful Harry Lane. What happens when Lieutenant Victor Rocco gets a chance to show his disapproval of Mike's approach to big crime? CBS-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Dick Grant has tried to convince his friend, Dr. Jim Kelly, that although Lila has accepted Jim's ring, she has no intention of marrying him. Is it faith that keeps Jim deafo Dick's arguments—or stubbornness? What happens when Lila's serious illness forces her to re-examine her motives? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HOTEL FOR PETS During his long career as a mailman, Mr. Jolly dreamed wishfully of the day when he would retire to open a shelter for animals. And he achieved his dream, plus a wife to help him make it even better. But his simple plans did not include all the complications of community life in which he and his pets have become involved. NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Paul and Vanessa Raven fear Hal Craig's threats against little Carol are motivated not only by his hatred of them but also by the mysterious locked secret that Carol saw. What is the secret Carol isn't even aware she knows? Can Hal force Van's sister Meg to endanger her own family, or will Meg surprise him by choosing sides at last? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Rushville Center tries hard, but it cannot help being turned upside down by the Hollywood invasion spearheaded by Gideon Harris, who arrives to make a movie out of Tom Wells' book. Fay finds her role as the writer's wife a trying one, and Ma discovers that although it's true famous people are still people, they have to be handled differently. CBS-Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday's child-and-hood friend, Bill Hunter, completely upsets the tenor of life at Black Swan Hall when he almost convinces her that a simple American girl from Colorado is misplaced as the wife of an English nobleman. Despite Sunday's deep love for Lord Henry, she feels the truth of some of Bill's arguments—as Lord Henry's interest grows in a scheming English girl. CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Linda's agitation, which has so mystified her husband Pepper and the rest of the family, intensifies as she learns that her first husband, Jeff Taylor, believed dead by everyone else, is the very of the verge of re-entering her life. Linda knows well enough that no good ever came of her keeping a secret from Pepper. But how can she bring herself to share this with him? NBC Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The large sum of money which Carolyn holds in trust has attracted many new acquaintances. But in spite of her watchfulness, Carolyn is confronted by one who understands that the way into her confidence is through her son, Skip. What will happen to Skip if Carolyn continues to misplace her confidence? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE As the Jim Brents look forward to even greater family happiness with the new baby, they cannot help feeling sorry for Sibyl, to whom happiness seems lost. Still, as she duels Randy Ogden in a cynical battle for the upper hand, even Sibyl realizes that she once again invites disaster. How will Audrey Walsh figure in Randy's plans? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Gil Whitney's neglect of Helen drives her into a dangerous situation as she becomes increasingly friendly with Morgan Clark, her fascinating, mysterious neighbor. Is Morgan's sister Julia protecting her own security or Helen's life when she tries to send her in the opposite direction? Can Gil ever forgive himself if real harm comes to Helen because of his indecisiveness? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW With bookkeeper Harold Small's arrival in Henderson, the Tates found a new friend—but new trouble as well. For Harold is there because of his resemblance to V. L. Swanson, whose desire for revenge against Joanne has survived his prison term. And Arthur's need for money to finance the Motor Haven extension gives V. L.'s friends the chance they awaited. But has Harold been underestimated? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON When Lew Archer is shot by Joe Hansen, the whole Burton family is disrupted. Stan's grief over his brother-in-law's catastrophe is further complicated by his newspaper's financial dependence on Lew. If the necessary funds can no longer come from Lew, will they have to come from Mother Burton—thus once again giving her a chance to run things and defeating Stan's fight for independence? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Pauline Harris deceives neither Peter nor his children when she hypocritically sympathizes with them over the dramatic reappearance of Bruce, Jane Edwards' first husband, on the very verge of Jane's marriage to Peter. But
not knowing Pauline's full involvement, they do not quite know how to forestall the further tragedy she plans in order to prevent Peter from marrying anyone but herself. CBS-TV.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora and David Brown have come a long way since the shock of David's mental seizures first led them to an investigation of his past and the uncovering of the thirty-year-old murder of which he believed his father unjustly accused. Will the trial end with a tragic confession? Or will the confused widow of the murdered man surrender the key she holds to the secret of the tragedy, to prevent another? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Reporter Elliot Norris brings new joy into Helen Emerson's life, together with new and perhaps tragic complications. Helen realizes her horror the desperate deception set up by Elliot's ward, Peggy, that aims to prevent him from marrying. Has Peggy's lie driven a final wedge between Helen and her daughter Diane? And what will happen if Roy Withers tries for revenge? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy's friends are disturbed when, at the very outset of her return to the city as a newspaper columnist, she becomes involved with writer Paul Benson and his sister Barbara, both very neurotic. Will flamboyant Katie Macauley, finally turn out to be a good friend in need? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan and Harry Davis are so much a part of their town that they have come to feel a certain responsibility for the welfare of their neighbors. Frequently, Harry, a successful lawyer, is called on to deal with their troubles from a legal point of view, but it is as a woman and a friend that Joan is important. ABC Radio.

WHISPERING STREETS There is at least one dramatic episode in almost everyone's life. Standing apart from these people, yet close enough to hold their confidence, Hope Winslow is able to see these episodes as they begin, develop, and end, and these are the stories she tells each weekday. NBC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Ever since the Carter children were old enough, they have fallen in and out of love, gotten married, and founded families of their own—except for Jeff, who happens to be the eldest. Mother Carter urged him to find himself a wife. She is more than a little surprised at the way Jeff finally takes her advice—and at her own resulting emotions. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Both Dr. Jerry Malone and his wife Tracey understand that part of young Jill's rebellion is a natural result of her age, just turned eighteen. But surely Jill's resentment of her stepmother and criticism of her father seem to go beyond what one might reasonably expect. Is Jill too demanding and unrealistic? If the New York project materializes, will it be the worst or the best thing for Jill? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Although Dr. Anthony Loring's wife is dead, she still stands between Anthony and Ellen. Her father, famous criminologist Jason Randall, holds Ellen responsible for Millie's death and revenges himself by ruining Ellen's life in Simpsonville. If Ellen can no longer operate her tea-room, will she have to seek a livelihood elsewhere? Does this mean the end of everything for her and Anthony? NBC Radio.

For a smooth, lanolin- lovely complexion...

your face with Lanolin!

- Tried everything—and still your complexion is not perfection? Then try Lady Esther's new face powder. It's whirled-in-lanolin—and it's wonderful. Goes on smoother, stays on longer, gives your skin the magic of lanolin every time you powder your face—

for a smooth, lovely complexion!

Glutton new winner shade

Lady Esther

In both loose face powder and Puff Magic pressed powder
Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Yes, Grace Kelly uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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

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

Hollywood's favorite
Lustre-Creme Shampoo...

Grace Kelly

As she appears in her co-starring role in M-G-M's

THE SWAN

In CinemaScope and Color
IF YOU WERE A MILLIONAIRE

We all dream! Marvin Miller (alias Michael Anthony) rang doorbells to find out just what we dream...

By GORDON BUDGE

How would you like to suddenly fall heir to $1,000,000? That's the premise on which CBS-TV's successful show, The Millionaire, is based. Each week, Marvin Miller—as Michael Anthony, employed by fictional millionaire John Beresford Tipton—delivers a check for $1,000,000 to some worthy individual. How they react and what they do with their $1,000,000 is the subject of each exciting story.

By implication, TV Radio Mirror posed the same question to ten television viewers one recent Wednesday night. We sent Marvin Miller—or Michael Anthony—and a writer to visit ten homes at random in the Los Angeles area, ringing doorbells and waiting for surprised reactions. Though Miller did not have any $1,000,000 checks to give away, each of the families who gave him their time was rewarded with a $25.00 U.S. Savings Bond.

Would you recognize The Millionaire's agent if he came ringing your bell? Would you invite him in—or shoo him away as a possible salesman? ... If you did recognize him as The Millionaire's agent—felt you were within arms reach of $1,000,000—then how would you react? This is the way the ten families visited by Marvin Miller and TV Radio Mirror did react:

Agnes and Jerry Comer, a mechanic at North American Aviation, live with their three teen-age children in a

See Next Page—→

Happy in his own home with wife Elizabeth, Tony and little Melissa, Marvin Miller wondered what others were thinking about, in their households. Unlike Michael Anthony of The Millionaire, he couldn't offer any "seven-figure" checks—but he did have savings bonds for lucky families.
Little Miss Melissa Miller doesn’t care whether Daddy’s a millionaire or not, so long as he reads her bedtime stories.

modest white farm house at 1306 S. Barrington in West Los Angeles. It was almost nine o’clock, Pacific Time, when Marvin Miller (and TV Radio Mirror’s writer and photographer, standing out of view in the dark) knocked at their door. The Comers’ fifteen-year-old daughter Barbara answered the knock.

“Good evening,” said Marvin in his well-known radio and television voice, “I’m Michael Anthony—does my name mean anything to you?”

“No . . .” said Barbara, though she looked a bit puzzled and continued hospitably, “but come on in.”

Marvin stepped directly into the front room. Mrs. Agnes Comer was seated on the couch, one eye on Disneyland, the other on her darning. Barbara’s father, Jerry Comer, relaxing in his work clothes, was reading the sports page of his evening paper.

Barbara’s parents rose to greet their unexpected guest. Marvin continued: “Well, then, does the name The Millionaire mean anything to you?” Marvin could see that Mr. Comer did not know what to think, at first. But recognition dawned in Barbara’s eyes at the word “millionaire.” Her mouth opened as if to speak, but no sound came out. Her hand came up to cover her open mouth. And then a surprised “Oh!” escaped. It was now exactly 9:00 P.M., and Barbara dove for the television set, flipping the switch to CBS-TV.

Surprise: Medical student Ronald J. O’Reilly and working wife Barbara find “Michael Anthony” knocking at their door. They couldn’t begin to plan for a million dollars, but they had a very practical use for the $25 bond Miller gave them.

$1,000,000? Mrs. Evelyn Brown, secretary for the Veterans Administration, said the first thing she’d do—if she ever got that much money—would be to “collapse”! But she had a definite plan for Marvin’s gift; her TV set needed repairs.
Nancy knew all about *The Millionaire*, but her mother, Mrs. Clarys Margadant, was skeptical about Marvin Miller’s visit. They gladly accepted his gift—but the very last words they shouted through the door were: "We still can’t believe it."

The Jungs—Francis J., a tooling-control administrator for Douglas Aircraft, his wife Dorothy and their children—were easier to convince. In fact, when Mrs. Jung came to the door and saw Marvin, she cried: "Why, it’s Michael Anthony!"

With four sons (including Mark and David, above), Mrs. Mary Louise Baiz knew exactly what she’d do with a lot of money—set up a trust fund for them. She is a supervisor at Pacific Jewelry Manufacturers, and her husband is a "tree remover."

Welcome: *The Millionaire* was on TV at the very time Marvin made this call. Agnes Comer and her husband—a mechanic at North American—weren’t sure what they’d do with a million. Said daughter Barbara, "I’d buy a record player."

Marvin Miller is Michael Anthony in *The Millionaire*, CBS-TV, Wednesdays, at 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Colgate-Palmolive Company.
Princess Martha gets the royal treatment from her boss on The Jack Paar Show.

Lucky to be WRIGHT
Martha feels like a fairy princess on
The Jack Paar Show—but is even happier
just being Mrs. Mike Manuche!

By FRANCES KISH

The wonderful things that have happened to Martha Wright seem to be at least one part luck,
one part hard work (a heaping measure of this), and one part that thing called “timing”—the combination of being in the right place, at the right moment, with the right amount of talent.

There have been so many things! Her current success, as the effervescent, charming TV vocalist-actress of The Jack Paar Show . . . Her morning Martha Wright Show and late-afternoon Modern Lullaby on WCBS Radio, in which she combines songs and platter-spinning, and talk and interviews . . . The way she almost became Mary Martin’s understudy in “South Pacific,” and—missing out on that—later, with perfect timing, got the chance to take over Mary’s role for a long Broadway run, with her name in lights . . . The way she got into show business in the first place—and into the first play, the one that took her from Seattle, Washington, to New York City and big-time entertainment.

Even her marriage (Continued on page 84)

Housewife Martha is anything but regal, as she romps with husband Mike at home—plays with her poodles, Susie and Poppy—and looks forward to another reunion with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wiederrecht (pictured below on a long visit, last year, at her home in Connecticut).
Mr. and Mrs. Barry are living on Cloud Nine—with two little boys who aren’t expected to act like angels

By MARTIN COHEN

When not too busy pursuing her lively young sons, Marcia Van Dyke Barry likes to paint; she did the snow scene over the mantel (left). Baby Jonathan’s own favorite "purr-suit" is Marcia’s Siamese cat.
Jonathan and older brother Jeffrey know that Dad is all theirs, any time they want to play. "I can't think of anything," says Jack, "as important to me as my family."

Jack Barry's home is tacked on to a low cloud in mid-Manhattan. Step out on the terrace and it seems you can strike a match on the underbelly of a passing airliner. On a clear day, facing northwest, you can see the ten-mile-distant George Washington Bridge—or, by facing toward Norway, you can see as far as Brooklyn. If you're in a reflective mood, you can just lean on the parapet and watch the lights wrinkle in the East River. It's like magic, like something out of the Arabian Nights—and when you get inside the penthouse, it's like something out of this world—Cloud Nine built for four.

Jack Barry furnished his life with a gal named Marcia Van Dyke, and Marcia furnished his home with decorative, dramatic furniture—including two male, mobile units by the names of Jeffrey and Jonathan. And, although the home is impressively outfitted in English Sheraton, Marcia remains the most decorative unit of all. She has reddish brown hair and reddish brown eyes, and a figure that is not Sheraton at all, but rather "contemporary Hollywood." Marcia makes a major contribution to the

Continued
You can't fool Jonathan—he knows who that is, inside the TV set! As for the older boy, Jeffrey, Marcia says: "He'll walk right up to the glass and kiss Jack's image."

And that's Mommy! Jack commissioned the artist who was teaching Marcia's class to do this portrait head as a surprise Christmas gift for the woman he loves.

glamour and beauty of the penthouse, but this is just the picture—just surface—for the real mood of the home is ease and warmth. This is a real family, the kind Grandma and Grandpa used to make.

"With us, the family isn't something you turn on or off," Jack says. "I can't think of any ambition, any other thing in my life, that is as important to me as my family."

This is an unexpected switch, for Jack Barry—who, as a very young man, rocked the radio industry with his creative genius—was never expected to rock a cradle. Jack had once built a firm reputation as one of the hardest, marriage-resistant bachelors east of Rockefeller Center. Today, he is leading contender for the title of "most domesticated personality."

Marcia tells you, "Jack is very warm, the kind of a guy who writes poems on birthdays and anniversaries. He's really a very spiritual person with strong faith in God. And, you know, he takes responsibilities seriously. He'll knock himself out for a relative or friend."

This warmth of Jack's has been apparent to many people for the past ten years of his network service. He is now in his mid-thirties. He stands close to six feet tall, and his eyes and hair are brown. He leads a double-life, as both producer and entertainer. He is a natural showman—although there was nothing in his early life to indicate this.
Jack was raised in Long Island, the oldest of three children, whose father was an immigrant and whose mother was a self-educated woman. His respect and love for his parents and their origins has made him particularly sensitive to intolerance.

"I won't put up with snobbery or prejudice," he says. "There is too much of it in this business—but we don't have it around our office. I don't care whether the man is a movie star or a messenger, he gets equal respect and courtesy."

As a youngster, Jack studied piano. He formed his own dance band in high school, which gave him his first taste of something akin to the entertainment industry. But he went on to Wharton Business School, at the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated into his father's handkerchief factory. After a few years of blowing his nose, he blew his top and decided he was going to be a radio announcer. He took a summer course in radio at Northwestern University. The head of the school, a well-known announcer, called Jack into his office and said, "You better forget about radio. You'll never amount to anything. You just don't have what it takes."

(Continued on page 93)
Those who seek personal help from Lee Graham find apt analysis and straightforward approach.

Trained by experience as well as in theory, Mrs. Graham also teaches a Family Relations class at New York's City College.

Lee Graham helps people find the answers for themselves—in life and love, rather than books

By HELEN BOLSTAD

A frightened, unwed teenager wrote: "I'm pregnant. What should I do?" . . . A man worried: "I can't hold a job." . . . A wife complained: "My husband gambles. He's destroying our life." . . . A pretty secretary confessed her secret sorrow: "No man will ever care for me. I'm six feet, two inches tall."

In three thousand such letters, each week . . . the conflicts, the hopes, the fears, the aspirations which make up the drama of human lives . . . reach the desk of Lee Graham. the human relations counselor whose radio program, Letter To Lee Graham, is broadcast weekdays over Station WOR and the Mutual Broadcasting System, and whose local New York television program, Conflict, is seen Sundays on Station WABD.

She has won their confidence through the aptness of her analysis and the straightforwardness of her approach. In person, Lee contradicts most accepted notions of a female pundit, for she is neither aged, motherly, nor authoritarian. She is, instead, a clear-eyed, very attractive, blond and youthful woman who is (Continued on page 86)

A Letter To Lee Graham is heard over WOR-Mutual, Monday through Friday, from 2:05 to 2:30 P.M. EDT. Conflict is seen over Station WABD (N.Y.), Sunday, 10:30 to 11 P.M., sponsored by Red Bow Food Products.
Story at left tells only a few of the intimate problems which come in Lee's mail.

It takes hours of pondering . . . with "time out" for coffee . . . to help each correspondent toward a wise solution.
THE LINEUP

The Lineup, starring Warner Anderson and Tom Tully (left to right, above), is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. for Viceroy Cigarettes and the Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer.

Suspects line up for scrutiny by Tom Tully, as

From Nob Hill to the Embarcadero, from Chinatown to the Alameda back country, San Francisco is a city with a view. And as the television cameras for The Lineup—CBS-TV's police documentary series set in this city—travel up the hills and through the alleys, viewers enjoy not only armchair sleuthing but an armchair travelogue, as well. . . San Francisco has the view; The Lineup has the viewpoint. It all began when producer Jaime del Valle decided that truth is also more popular than fiction. Based on the files of the San Francisco Police Department, each script is reviewed by a three-man police board with a combined law service of ninety-five years. Warner Anderson, who plays Detective Lieutenant Ben Guthrie, and Tom Tully, who co-stars as Inspector Matt Greb, have both been acclaimed by law enforcement officers as "good cops." . . . Warner Anderson portrays a detective who has seen much of the seamier side of life, but who retains a quality of gentleness and a belief in the goodness of man. Tom Tully is frequently hailed by cabbies and cops as "Hi, Inspector." But he wants to go on record that the snap and bark of his authentic policeman's voice have nothing to do with the fact that he broke into radio as the barking dog on Renfrew Of The Mounted. The only deduction to be made, Tom grins, is that
he's one guy who's always been on the right side of the law. . . . Warner Anderson spoke more softly than his colleague at the beginning of his career. After a movie debut as Mabel Taliaferro's son in "Sunbeam," Warner made his first Broadway appearance in "Maytime," with Peggy Wood. On radio, he was "the voice of The Bell Telephone System" and also narrated Court Of Missing Heirs. Warner's camera credits include most of television's top dramatic programs and more than fifty class-"A" motion pictures. . . . But the acting jackpot can never compare with the bonanza Warner enjoyed as a youngster. His father was a buyer for a toy department, and manufacturers' salesmen from all over the country came calling with their wares. Naturally, Warner fell heir to the samples of the latest and best in toyland. . . . Brooklyn-born, Warner spent only the first three years of his life in that borough. After that, the family led a roving existence. Years later, when Warner had married the brunette Leeta, a former dancer with the Shubert theaters—and even after Michael had been born—the Andersons were still prepared to pack up at a moment's notice. Warner used to laugh: "We're a room-service family. We like doing our housework by telephone." . . . By 1951 the Andersons decided to build a permanent home. But, three

See Next Page

When the camera isn't focused on their true-to-life police adventures, Warner Anderson and Tom Tully spotlight their better-than-fiction families

San Francisco is the colorful location—and Warner and Tom spent weeks "on location," studying policemen at work, to prove producer Jaime del Valle's thesis that truth is more popular than fiction.
who's who on
THE LINEUP

Fox Nob Hill to the Embarcadero, from Chinatown to the Alameda back country, San Francisco is a city with a view. And as the television cameras for The Lineup—CBS-TV's police documentary series set in this city—travel up the hills and through the alleys, viewers enjoy not only armchair sleuthing but an armchair travelogue, as well. . . San Francisco has the view; The Lineup has the viewpoint. It all began when producer Jaime del Valle decided that truth is also more popular than fiction. Based on the files of the San Francisco Police Department, each script is reviewed by a three-man police board with a combined law service of ninety-five years. Warner Anderson, who plays Detective Lieutenant Ben Guthrie, and Tom Tully, who co-stars as Inspector Matt Greb, have both been acclaimed by law enforcement officers as "good cops." . . . Warner Anderson portrays a detective who has seen much of the seamiest side of life, but who retains a quality of gentleness and a belief in the goodness of man. Tom Tully is frequently hailed by cabbies and cops as "The Inspector." But he wants to go on record that the snap and bark of his authentic policeman's voice have nothing to do with the fact that he broke into radio as the barking dog on Reservoir Of The Mounted. The only deduction he's ever made, Tom grins, is that he's a guy who's always been on the right side of the law. . . . Warner Anderson spoke more softly than his colleague at the beginning of his career. After a movie debut as Mabel Taliaferro's son in "Sunbeam," Warner made his first Broadway appearance in "Maytime," with Peggy Wood. On radio, he was "the voice of The Bell Telephone System" and also narrated Court Of Mirrors Heirs. Warner's camera credits include most of television's top dramatic programs and more than fifty Class "A" motion pictures. . . . But the acting jackpot can never compare with the bonanza Warner enjoyed as a youngster. His father was a buyer for a toy department, and manufacturers' salesmen from all over the country came calling with their wares. Naturally, Warner fell heir to the samples of the latest and best in toycland. . . . Brooklyn-born, Warner spent only the first three years of his life in that borough. After that, the family led a roving existence. Years later, when Warner had married the brunette beauty, a former dancer with the Shubert theaters—and even after Michael had been born—the Andersons were still prepared to pack up at a moment's notice. Warner used to laugh: "We're a room-service family. We like doing our housework by telephone." . . . By 1951 the Andersons decided to build a permanent home. But, three

When the camera isn't focused on their true-to-life police adventures, Warner Anderson and Tom Tully spotlight their better-than-fiction families
Who's who on
THE LINEUP
(Continued)

weeks after the dust had cleared, the question arose: "You know what we ought to have, dear?" The Andersons have been remodeling ever since. . . . Warner is a handy man to have around when building changes are contemplated, for, in rare periods when he was "at liberty" as an actor, he worked as a consulting engineer. He and his son Michael, now fifteen, usually keep four or five motors in various stages of construction. Warner likes to make things he needs, such as faucets. He turns them out on his lathe as simply as he turns a line of dialogue on Lineup. . . . The Andersons' furnishings are a tasteful mixture of styles, with a couple of pieces each of Empire, Regency and Sheraton. Seated in any of these periods, Warner Anderson reads non-fiction avidly. Currently, he is going rapidly through the bibliography on Africa. . . . As to Tom Tully, this six-footer's favorite reading is an inscription on a photograph reading "Our Matt Greb." He came by this literary treasure when he had been nominated for an Oscar as the best supporting movie actor in 1954—for his portrayal of Captain De Vries in "The Caine Mutiny." . . . There was much jubilation among the San Francisco police when Tom was
nominated. "It's like one of our boys is up for that award," is the way one top official put it. . . . A group of Bay area police inspectors escorted Tom to a surprise party. "Happy Oscar!" the guests greeted Tom. With that, he was presented with the picture of himself. But, instead of his own face, Tom found the features of the internationally famous chef, Oscar of the Waldorf. . . . Few can match the wide acting experience that Tom Tully has amassed since the days in 1936 when he earned seven-and-a-half dollars a performance as the barking voice of a police canine aide on Renfrew. Soon, his roles contained more bite than bark on such police thrillers as Mr. District Attorney, Gang Busters and Famous Jury Trials. Never veering from the right side of the law, Tom has been a "good guy"—and a good actor—in more than 3,000 network radio broadcasts. . . . Born forty-six years ago in Durango, Colorado, Tom served briefly in the Navy and in civilian jobs before enlisting in show business. By 1941, he'd established himself as a Broadway favorite. Then, he set out to win the movie critics' plaudits that eventually led to his Oscar nomination. . . . The Colorado native and his wife, the former Ida Johnson of Salt Lake City, Utah, live in a California-style home and, though both inlanders, they love the Pacific life. Together with their daughter Nina, Tom and Ida enjoy jam sessions around the piano and work as a team to fill picnic baskets. Unlike his colleague Anderson, who handily constructs motors, Tom Tully drives a store-bought sports car. . . . Case closed!

The Tullys—Tom, Ida and daughter Nina—prefer the music of a piano to that of saws. But Tom launched his career by doing vocal effects for a canine.

Family picnics are a favorite form of fun. Tom and Ida love the Pacific with that special fondness of born inlanders. Jaunts in their sports car can lead the Tullys anywhere as all California's highways beckon to Ida, Tom and Nina.
Actor Stephen Pluta kisses his actress bride—and Agnes beams because Nancy married into show business, too! "They went to the Neighborhood Playhouse School together," Aunt Jenny begins the story . . .

Double-ring ceremony—inscribed: "Lord bless these rings that they who shall wear them may keep true faith to each other . . . and ever live in love . . ."

It’s Agnes Young’s own daughter, Nancy Wells, whose real-life wedding was “romance come true”

By ALICE FRANCIS

For many years Agnes Young, as “Aunt Jenny,” has started her CBS Radio program with the words: "Listen now to Aunt Jenny’s real-life stories."

Listeners have long recognized these words as their passport to an interesting and exciting daily interlude, letting them share—through the magic of radio—in the drama that happens in everyday lives, in everyday homes all around them. Over the years, Aunt Jenny has introduced stories of love and marriage, of home and children—of goodness and kindness winning out against evil and strife . . . sometimes, of happiness gained only after tragic beginnings—tender stories of hope, and of fulfillment . . . sentimental stories, often, of young (Continued on page 94)

Aunt Jenny is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, as sponsored daily by Lever Brothers Company (for Spry, Breeze, Silver Dust) and co-sponsored twice weekly by the Campbell Soup Co.
"It was a beautiful wedding," Agnes Young sighs contentedly, as she and her husband, J. Norman (Jimmy) Wells, watch their daughter and her brand-new bridegroom cut the cake.
Bonnie Sawyer's Two Pet Hobbies

When not play-acting, Bonnie enjoys taking care of her canine pal, Topper—and adding to her cherished collection of dolls.

Two Talented Youngsters

— but Malcolm Brodrick and Bonnie play like children everywhere, while their parents just sip and talk, as grownups do.

Two Lovely Mothers

Bonnie—Kim with Flora Campbell, as Helen Emerson, in Valiant Lady (above)—and Marguerite Sawyer (right).

It's Always Playtime

Bonnie Sawyer can't get enough of being Kim in TV's Valiant Lady—it's all just too much fun!

By MARY TEMPLE

One view of Bonnie Sawyer is a wide-eyed little Alice-in-Wonderland sort of girl, with lovely, long blond hair and a sparkling smile... a girl who loves to play with her dolls and her dog, Topper... who romps with the kids in the neighborhood... who skates and sleds in winter and swims in summer, and has the wonderful life an eleven-year-old should.... The other Bonnie—the part of her that is Kim Emerson of CBS-TV's dramatic serial, Valiant Lady—is a serious actress, a seasoned performer of nine years' experience... beginning with her debut, at fifteen months of age, in a church entertainment where she sang "Strolling Through the Park" and "Dearie," and brought down the house... and followed by her really professional debut when she was two years old—after a doting grandmother had sent a photograph to a baby contest, and Bonnie had won over all the other cute and pretty darlings. Modeling assignments followed, and then commercial films... and, after a while, Bonnie was on her way to becoming a full-fledged actress on television (and in one recent stage musical, a New York City Center Light Opera production of "Show Boat").

The wide-eyed—little—girl Bonnie is a (Continued on page 96)
Here's why Bob, like all good news, travels fast—and is even more welcome to those who know him best

By BUD GOODE

WRITTEN Bob Hope at lunch, the NBC-TV Burbank Color Studio rehearsal stage was placid as a summer's day beside a blue lagoon. The dancers lolled across the crowded stage, and the piano player dreamed an easy tune. Script secretary Eleanor Sider, notes in one hand, stop-watch in the other, hummed to the music. Production assistant Onnie Whizen leaned across the piano, chatting with the set designer. And, finally, production secretary Jan King waited patiently for Bob to come through the door to make last-minute changes in the script.

When gum-chewing Hope entered, the stage erupted with action. He rolled through the door like a man going downhill on a brakeless bicycle, saying, "Everybody, hello, all right, let's get this show on the road." (For the five years that production assistant Onnie Whizen has been with Bob, she has always tried to return his hello. But, by the time she catches her breath, rehearsal is already under way.) The instant Bob arrived, the piano played, dancers danced, and writers wrote. After five minutes, production secretary Jan King had blue-penciled two one-hundred-dollar gags and replaced them with more timely afternoon headline news which Bob brought through the door with him.

As he rolled across the stage, sports coat flying, the stage's three phones jangled violently, demanding his attention—in some uncanny way, the outside world knew that Hope had returned to the rehearsal hall. Bob likes long phone extensions because they let him move about. Now, talking on one phone, he tap-danced his way to center stage. By the time he completed the first three calls, his sports coat and cashmere sweater were discarded, and Hope was down to his long-sleeved sports shirt. He likes casual clothes—their loose comfort make it easier for him to move around.

After the first ten minutes, script secretary Eleanor Sider had paid out (Continued on page 72)

The Bob Hope Show is seen frequently, over NBC-TV, in The Chevy Show time spot (every third Tues., from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT), as sponsored by the Chevrolet Dealers of Americas.
Behind every successful man, there is the one woman—in this case, Dolores, seen here with Bob and the four little Hopes (Tony and Kelly, left; Linda and Nora, right). But they’re both deeply grateful to the great gals on his staff who do so much to make his busy schedule possible.

Actress: Eva Marie Saint is co-star in Paramount’s "That Certain Feeling."

Personal secretary: Marjorie Hughes bears witness to Bob’s thoughtfulness.

Production secretary: Jan King tells tales of his open-handed generosity.
IT SHOULDN'T HARDLY HAPPEN TO

The Birds and the Bees

But I'm the luckiest star in movies—to have been with Gobel when he made like Gable

By MITZI GAYNOR

I cried the day our last scene was okayed and sent to the laboratory, and my tears were authentic (not a drop of glycerine to the gallon) because "The Birds and the Bees" was one of the fun pictures of my experience to date in Hollywood. When I was signed by Paramount for "TB & TB," and learned that a male cast consisting of George Gobel, David Niven, Reginald Gardiner and Fred Clark had been set to hijinx the works, I was so excited and grateful that I went around helping Boy Scouts to start fires by (Continued on page 82)

As for me, I play Niven's daughter, entrusted with the task of leading that little lamb to financial slaughter.
Unlike Althea in The Brighter Day, Jayne Heller would rather be a homebody than a "femme fatale"

By GREGORY MERWIN

They call her "Punkie"—but that doesn't make sense, for Jayne Heller looks as much like a pumpkin as a football looks like the Venus de Milo. . . . "Punkie" is a high-cheekboned beauty, tall and svelte—but even that is misleading, too, for Jayne knows how to put up strawberry preserves, bake an old-fashioned rhubarb pie, sew a dress, knit a sock and pickle beets.

"Punkie"—or Jayne Heller—plays a leading role in The Brighter Day on CBS-TV and Radio. For those who follow the serial with ears alone, it is to be recorded that she is an ash blonde with large, almond-shaped, blue eyes. She is five-feet-seven, and weighs a very nicely distributed 120 pounds. . . . The total effect is that of a sophisticated femme fatale, and, in the role of Althea, in The Brighter Day, she plays a girl who doesn't fit into small-town life. But Jayne has spent most of her life in the environment of a small town.

"That's the thing with casting," she says. "Take the first part I ever got in an adult-type drama. That was my freshman year in high school, and I was between thirteen and fourteen. I was given the part of a femme fatale. A senior kissed me, and I just about sank through the stage floor. It was my first boy-kiss. But I was always cast as a femme fatale. I was at least twenty before someone let me play a plain, simple girl—and it was such a relief." She further explains, "The face of an actress is so important. All the talent in the world won't get you a part if your face doesn't fit—and, of course, it doesn't have anything to do with your real personality. Some directors look at me and say, 'Ah, she's got that mysterious, exotic, worldly look.' Well, I'm about as mysterious and exotic as tapioca pudding."

Jayne is married and is a very domesticated housewife. Her husband, Lester Heller, goes off to his writing job in an advertising agency each morning, full of cooked cereal. He comes back to a home tidied by Jayne alone, to cookies

**Continued**
baked by Jayne, to socks darned by Jayne, to colorful drapes and chair covers sewed by Jayne. When he gets home, there is everything by Jayne—but no Jayne. She gets home an hour later.

"Still, we have most of our evenings together," she sighs, "and that's a real break in this business. Lester keeps regular office hours, so—when I'm in a show and working nights—we hardly see each other. If an actress is working and still has evenings with her husband, she considers herself pretty lucky."

Married seven years, Les and Jayne met at the University of Illinois. Lester is a native New Yorker. Jayne was born Jayne Alice Groves in Decatur, Illinois, and lived there until she was eight, when the family moved to Bloomington in the same state. She was one of two children, five years younger than her brother. (He is married, has two children and still lives in Bloomington, as do her parents.)

"Dad is quiet and witty, dry witty," says Jayne. "Incidentally, it was Daddy who started calling me 'Punkie' when I was toddling, and the name stuck. Physically, I guess I take after him. He's tall and thin. But Mother gets credit for getting me interested in dramatics. She started me doing readings at church when I was just two and a half."

They lived in a barn-red frame house with lots of ground. Her father loves to garden. He has fruit trees, and he grows vegetables through summer and fall. And, through summer and fall, Mrs. Groves and daughter were busy canning: "First, there were peas and beans and carrots, and then tomatoes and cucumbers and corn—and, of course, the fruits to can in the fall. At the very end of the season, we would just clean up the garden and can soup mixes."

Until she was fourteen, Jayne had never been sick a day. And then she fell seriously ill. She was in bed four months, barely stirring, and had to learn to walk all over again. She recovered with a burning desire to be a doctor. About acting, she recalls, "It was always great fun for me. Year around, from the time I could say my first words, I was in plays and recitals. I loved it. But I never thought about acting as a career. That was silly, impractical."

But she began to get hints from her stomach that she wasn't made of the necessary stuff to be a medic, especially when she watched her brother chopping up worms and turtles. Then there was a trip her science class made to the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry: "Well, you know they have models of human bodies made out of glass and plastic so that you can see how the heart and other organs work. That wasn't bad. But they also have a real body cut up, segmented and preserved. That bothered me. Especially when we left the museum and went right out to eat. I never again thought of being a doctor."

She was an excellent student in high school. She collected a state prize in French reading, and her grades were so high that she won a scholarship to the University of Illinois. She had decided, after reading about Madame Curie, that she would study chemistry and go into laboratory research: "It was..."
Les and Jayne attended college together, went abroad for further study together, are now enjoying homemaking together. He makes hi-fi cabinets—she, curtains.

all cockeyed, you know. Here I'd loved French and dramatics and English, but I couldn't major in any of those things. It had to be something serious. So I signed up for a chem major, and they gave me an aptitude test—and where did I wind up but in a section with chemical engineers? There were forty boys and one other girl. Everyone of them was a chem bug. You could see that they had played with chemistry sets from nursery days."

But Jayne was determined to be "serious," and she was determined that she wouldn't waste time in dramatics: "I watched other girls go over to the University Theater to try out for the first play of the semester, and I was eating my heart out. Finally, I couldn't help myself. I went over to the theater at the last moment, read, and got a small part."

In the next show, she had the lead. She held onto her test tubes—but, by the middle of her sophomore year, was beginning to wonder whether she was really cut out to be a chemical engineer. She went over to the Admissions Office to check on her aptitude test again. She learned that, while she had scored high in science, she had done better in languages and English. She switched.

It was in this year of (Continued on page 91)
Wife in a Million

Ted Brown's redheaded Rhoda speaks in strange accents,

has even stranger ideas about home decor—but oh, my!
By MARIE HALLER

**Weekday**, the title of NBC Radio's great daytime network service, is a fairly apt description of Ted and Rhoda Brown's busy schedule starting at the crack of dawn. But *The Ted Brown Show Featuring The Redhead*—the name of their local program over New York's Station WMGM—is even more descriptive of this unusual couple. Particularly the latter half, which is Ted's own way of describing his better half. Rhoda is attractive, petite, perky— and redheaded. Says Ted, succinctly, "Some people have talent... I married it."

Don't let the element of understatement confuse you. The affectionate grin and tone of voice are sufficient assurance that here's one husband who adores his wife. . . . And when Rhoda (Continued on page 77)

The Browns' home voices a warm welcome from rooftop to basement—where they have their own studio, so Rhoda can be near her children (and kitchen!) even while "working."

It's near town but has a "country" yard where Ricky can play with his parents and pets. Meanwhile—thanks to that studio—teen-age Tony can help Ted pick out discs to spin.

Howdy Doody knows Ted very well—but as "Bison Bill" (left), who picks up the reins when "Buffalo Bob" Smith himself takes a vacation away from his beloved Doodyville.

Ted and Rhoda are heard on **Weekday**, NBC Radio, M-F, at 10:45 A.M. *The Ted Brown Show Featuring The Redhead* is heard on Station WMGM (New York), Mon. thru Sat., from 7 to 10 A.M. *Howdy Doody* is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 5:30 P.M. All EDT.
Jack raises a cheer for the "campus queen," as director Harry Mynatt elevates Sara Ann Starry to royalty—for a day.

He Loves the Ladies
Knowing so well what frustration can mean, Jack Bailey would like to crown every woman “Queen For A Day”

By ELSA MOLINA

Weekdays in Hollywood, at lunchtime in Frank Sennes’ Moulin Rouge Restaurant, one thousand women gather to laugh with Jack Bailey and possibly shed a tear with his current Queen For A Day. It can be said, in all honesty, that each of the thousand ladies there brought with her a heart full of wishes—and it is the purpose of "Queen" to bring these wishes to life. At 1:00 P.M., when Jack Bailey walks into this atmosphere of bright eyes and full hearts, the ladies first applaud, then they smile—and, before Jack has said a word, the house is full of laughter.

Jack Bailey can’t help being funny. But every woman who has been on stage, in front of the cameras with Jack, would agree that he is more than just a television emcee or a comedian—he is a man with heart. Jeanne Cagney of Queen For A Day describes Jack as being “eight layers deep,” and explains, “He has a compassionate understanding. Yet he doesn’t avoid the Queen’s problems. Together they may joke about them, and the jokes offer a release of tension. It is this facility of Jack’s which makes an unbearable situation bearable. (Continued on page 90)

Carol is Jack’s own royal consort. They shared a piano bench the first time they met—at a party almost twenty years ago—and it’s been a harmonious duet ever since.

“Regal” is the word for the Baileys’ dining room—though not for Jack’s far less formal studio! Not too surprisingly, the ebullient emcee has a special gift for painting clowns.

Everyone knows a good laugh is a tonic, and contestants on Truth Or Consequences gladly join in any stunt to help Jack prove there’s enough laughter to share with the whole world.
MA PERKINS

A mother's role is that of confidante, friend and wise comforter. Yet she must always temper her mother's protective instinct with the recognition that her children's destinies are in their own hands. Ma Perkins knows well how to comfort and advise—and how, as each is needed in its turn, to restrain or encourage. . . . Yet, to an outsider, there seems little need these days of the wisdom Ma has gathered through the years. Ma Perkins and her family appear to be riding on the crest of happiness and success. But there is an undercurrent of deep trouble. . . . Ma watches with anxiety as history seems about to repeat itself in the life of Fay, her beloved younger daughter. Fay's first marriage had ended in failure—and now, even as she expects a baby, Fay and her husband, Tom Wells, seem to be pulling away from each other. . . . Not even Fay's older sister Evey and her husband, Willy Fitz, can understand Fay's attitude. They, too, are caught up in the excitement of Tom's newly-found fame as a writer. They, too, bathe vicariously in the same limelight as Tom and his new Hollywood associates. Tom's sensitivity to people, his writer's delight in new situations, is fermenting inside him. He is fearful of the changes success

1. Ma consoles the troubled Fay, who feels her husband is growing away from her—even as she expects a child. Though sympathetic, Evey and Willy delight in Tom's fame.

2. Fay fears her husband Tom is changing, as Hollywood comes to town in the nattily-attired person of actor Gideon Harris. But Ma must smile as Willy thrills to the glamour.

See Next Page→
3. Ma's anxiety grows as she overhears Fay's pleas against the Hollywood crowd that has come to Rushville Center. But Tom refuses to give up his new success.

4. Gideon seems, to Fay, a typical moviedom wastrel. Much married, he is tormented by constant arguments with his current wife, Claire. Drink is his answer.

5. Separated from his wife Claire, Gideon finds new hope in the obvious admiration of Elaine Reynolds, who sees only good in him. Fay's whole world is changing. She longs for the quiet, secure world she once knew in Rushville Center. Now that Tom's novel is being made into a movie—right in Rushville Center—the quiet town seems, to Fay, to be taking on the facade of Hollywood. Tom seems to be living a life apart from her, and to be growing more distant with each day. His life is one in which Fay refuses to participate. It is peopled by those she cannot abide, yet whom her own husband defends. . . To Tom, Gideon Harris—

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Ma Perkins.......................... Virginia Payne
Fay Wells............................. Joan Tompkins
Tom Wells............................. John Larkin
Willy Fitz............................. Murray Forbes
Evey Fitz.............................. Kay Campbell
Gideon Harris........................ Staats Cotsworth
Claire Hallett......................... Cathleen Cordell

Ma Perkins is heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, at 1:15 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Company.
the actor in his movie—is a fine artist. He is fascinated by Gideon’s potentialities, even while repelled by his shortcomings. But, to Fay, Gideon is the typical Hollywood wastrel and weakling. Married innumerable times—and now separated from his current wife, the famous actress, Claire Hallett—Gideon at first charms the Perkins family. But it soon becomes obvious that he is so demoralized and tormented that his only escape is in drink and more drink. Gideon’s only contact with his wife is in bitter arguments. Is this a man with whom you should be associated? Fay pleads with Tom. She cannot bear to hear her husband defending this man and insisting that he will continue to work with him despite her wishes. Is this the price of fame? Fay is unwilling to pay so dearly. Even lovely Elaine Reynolds, who comes from a highly respected family, sees only the good in Gideon. Elaine’s faith in what she feels is basically a wonderful person—combined with the strength her affection provides him—has resulted in a noticeable improvement in Gideon’s spirit and in his work. Can the worlds of Elaine and Gideon be bridged? To Ma Perkins, it seems that this is a love that can never succeed. Yet she is reluctant to interfere in the lives of Elaine and Gideon. Meanwhile, Ma observes the lives of Fay and Tom, once so close, now being wrecked apart. As never before, Fay has need of her mother, of her comfort, her wisdom and her advice. The happiness of those dear to Ma is at stake, and their future may well rest with her. The best for all concerned—the human answer—though it may alienate someone close lies with Ma Perkins.
"I'm getting tired of being a bachelor," says Douglass Parkhirst —in the midst of Leap Year!

By GREGG MARTIN

There aren't too many men, these days, like actor-playwright Douglass Parkhirst—the very same Douglass Parkhirst who plays Hugh Overton in The Road Of Life. Doug is a genuine, eligible, satisfaction-guaranteed-or-your-money-back bachelor. At this dark moment in the history of vital statistics, there is about five-eighths of a man available for every single woman—which means that whole males are being snapped up like mink in a bargain basement. But single women can take heart, for Doug Parkhirst is proof that quality has replaced quantity. (Continued on page 79)

Douglass Parkhirst is Hugh Overton in The Road Of Life, on CBS Radio, M-F, 1 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. He is heard as Paul Benson in Wendy Warren And The News, CBS Radio, M-F, 12 noon, and Joe Hendson in The Second Mrs. Burton, CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M.—both under multiple sponsorship. (All EDT)
No danger of Doug's being lonely, with such friends (left to right) as Harry Basch, Leesa Troy, Ellen Berry, Anne Seymour, Page Johnson and Ralph Burgess. They play bingo for prizes which they donate themselves—"something you want to get rid of," but gaily done up in the fanciest wrappings.

Sherry gets annoyed when Doug works on a play of his own. But she's no "catty" critic, when he's studying a script.
Curt and Edith Massey wanted their boys to grow up in full awareness of the earth and its creatures, so they bought a ranch. And then the adventures began, for 14-year-old Stephen and 9-year-old David.

By FREDDA BALLING

This incident happened several years ago, and, like many events that change lives, it seemed trivial at the time. Curt Massey stepped out onto the patio of his Beverly Hills home one morning and said to his elder son, Stephen, “I think we’re going to have a mite of rain today. I really do.” Stephen hooted. “In California? In June? Oh, Dad! You’re kidding, of course.” Curt smilingly shook his head. “Nope. Can’t you smell it?” Stephen sniffed earnestly before rolling his eyes heavenward in a pantomime intended to indicate: This parent of mine is not only gone, he’s nowhere. “Okay. Wait and see,” said Curt. “The air never smells the way it does this morning unless there’s a storm brewing. It’s one of the things you learn when you grow up in the country. Another clue: Look at the smoke coming from the neighbor’s fireplace. It’s tumbling earthward like a falls. If we were going to have good weather, that smoke would be floating off into the sky like feathers.” It sounded good—
Curt Massey believes a family grows as all things grow . . . rooted in the soil . . . and reaching for the sky.

No Indian scout felt a greater thrill than Davey with his first bow and arrow. He has his own pony, too—and his own room in which to store the treasures of Nature.

The boys also learn that safety comes first, in outdoor life. Fire prevention is a must, and the Masseys have their own fire engine for ranch use.

For Steve, there's a new deer rifle—he and Curt are mighty hunters, in season. But, in any time of year, there's always music where the Masseys are.

In Steve's room, the boys show Dad a bank with which they're "learning to earn." As a matter of fact, Davey is almost a captain of industry—in the snake trade!
but Stephen rested a patronizing hand on his parent's shoulder and said, grinning, "You just stick to singing, Dad. In that department, you've got it made."

For once, a member of the beleaguered generation experienced a triumph. Around noon, the leaden heavens opened and emptied a totally improbable deluge upon Beverly Hills and vicinity, and newspapers hastened to set up that well-worn line of type, "Very unusual."

Stephen was tremendously impressed, and the relationship between Steve and his father is so mutually comfortable that the boy felt no embarrassment in demanding, "How did you know, Dad? I mean, you really dig this weather deal—but how?"

"It isn't a savvy you get from books," Curt admitted. "Anticipating weather, even in this fairly weatherless climate, comes from having lived akin to nature for a long time. It's a knack resulting from the study of the sky, a sense of the temper of the wind, the smell of moisture in the air... things like that. It isn't easy to explain..."

Somehow the entire incident, minor as it was, set Curt Massey to thinking about the intangibles he wanted for his two small sons.

The nature of his thoughts would have come as no surprise to his fans who follow the Massey program five days each week, year in and year out. Those fans know that Curt was born in Midland, Texas, and grew up in Roswell, New Mexico; that he learned to ride a horse as casually as a city child learns to cross a street on a signal light; that he was raising calves when pavement youngsters were forgetting to feed the puppy; and that—as ranch children do—he learned true values. Not only the value of money, but the value of effort ("elbow-grease," they call it in localities where, if one is to live, it must be heavily applied), the value of precaution; the value of owning the earth and being owned by it. And all these lessons were acquired and assimilated by the time Curt's contemporaries in urban districts had reached the argument-over-taking-the-family-car-that-night age.

Quite suddenly, Curt's memories of his own boyhood began to explain the vague restlessness by which he had sometimes been troubled. Although he and Edith often congratulated themselves upon the luck that was making it possible for them to give the boys the full advantages available in the times in which we live, Curt had sometimes suffered a fragile, filamented doubt. It was an uneasiness as impossible to catch hold of, but as definite, as one of the clinging, giant cobwebs through which he broke unseeingly when prowling mountain trails.

Now he understood his trouble: He wanted his boys to grow up, as much as possible, in full awareness of the earth and its creatures. He wanted them to see a calf born, and perhaps to help a sick and aging beast to die, so as to learn tenderness and respect for animal life. They must come to be wary when dealing with the elements, and to understand alike the calm of a magnificent sunset and the fury of a torrential rain. They should acquire a strong regard for the rights and the property of others, so that they might never be "city hunters," leaving country gates open and thus setting livestock free to injure (Continued on page 88)
You can’t see what’s happening underneath your make-up!

But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won’t spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can’t see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

However, daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up—but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! And Dial keeps on working—underneath make-up! So your complexion is protected all day long!

What’s Dial’s secret? It’s AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! No other leading soap has it. So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap. You’ll love it!

Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

P. S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!
If You Were a Millionaire

(Continued from page 30)

The Millers were just sitting on the screen. When Marvin Miller appeared, portraying Michael Anthony, the Comers looked first at Marvin, then to the screen—and back again, to make sure their eyes weren't deceiving them.

"Said Mrs. Comer, in disbelief, "You didn't bring us a million dollars—did you?"

"What would you do if I did?" Marvin replied, "I'd collapse in a pile, that's what."

"And you, Mr. Comer?" asked Marvin.

"I didn't place you at first," he said. "But, if you gave us a week for a million dollars, I'd just pass out... and I'm not sure I'm not going to, anyway."

"How about you, Barbara?"

Without a second's hesitation, teen-age Barbara replied: "I'd buy a pile of records and a record player!"

"Though I didn't bring you a check for $1,000,000, Mr. Comer," said Marvin, "I do have a certificate in your name for a twenty-five-dollar United States Savings Bond which you can exchange at the Holly-wood branch of the California Bank. Thanks for your time and trouble."

"It's been no trouble," said Mr. Comer. "It's been a real thrill having you in our home."

Ten days later, TV Radio Mirror called Mr. Comer to ask him if he had turned in the certificate, and to follow up on his reaction to Marvin Miller's visit. Mr. Comer said then, "I have not yet turned in the certificate, but have no reason to doubt its validity. Our two boys were broken-hearted that they missed seeing Mr. Anthony—I mean Mr. Miller."

"What am I going to do with the bond? Well, naturally, there are a lot of good uses for it, but I think we'll just put it in with the savings bank!"

After leaving the Comers, Miller got into his car and drove a half-mile across town to 10520 Blythe Ave, the home of Southern Pacific passenger agent Gene Beatty and his wife, Hazel. When Miller rang the bell, Mr. Beatty opened the small window in the door to examine his 9:30 P.M. call. After our introduction, Mr. Beatty was still skeptical. "Yes, you look like Michael Anthony, all right... and we do watch your counterpart on TV... but I just don't know."

He opened the door a trifle, and Marvin could see Mrs. Beatty, feet on a hassock, peering at him over her newspaper. It took Marvin five minutes of solid salesmanship to get Mr. Beatty to let him in. Mrs. Beatty was so sure it was a gag that she never got out of her chair. Only when Marvin offered the $25 certificate to Mrs. Beatty did she get up to read the fine print closely and sign her name. She explained their skepticism by saying, "You know, we've lived in this house since 1928, and no one has ever given us anything. It just so happens that, last week, I won a free turkey at the market—so you can un-derstand that a $25 Savings Bond on top of that is almost too much good fortune to expect!"

Ten days later, when TV Radio Mirror followed up the visit, Mrs. Beatty said, "We'll have to admit our first reaction was disbelief. The one thing that made me think it might be true was Mr. Miller's voice. I recognized it, having listened to him so many years on radio. Because I know Mr. Miller, I feel that our reactions are entirely justified."

Mr. Beatty said, "Gene is a wonderful fellow, and people here have always been suspicious of these things."

"We've certainly learned something," said Mrs. Beatty. "But after thinking about it, I feel we were very fortunate. The bond! We'll put it in one of the children's names."

The third house, at 10357 Cushdon, belonged to Mr. Francis J. Jung and his wife, Dorothy. The name Michael Anthony didn't mean anything to Mr. Jung, but he admitted that Marvin's face was familiar. When asked if The Millionaire meant anything to him, recognition dawned and Mr. Jung said, "Oh, that's where I've seen you."

By this time, the entire family had gathered at the door, and Mrs. Jung recog-nized Marvin at once.

Ten days later, Mrs. Jung said, "The children carried the news all over school the next day. But of course, their reaction was, 'Oh, gee, if something like that would just happen to us.' Yes, we're buying Savings Bonds, too, and we will add this to our account."

The fourth house, 10685 Esther, belonged to Marvin at the manufacturing firm. The O'rcott's recognized Miller, as soon as Marvin asked him if he were familiar with the show, The Millionaire. "Yes, I know your show. It's good entertainment. It's a funny thing—sometimes, when I think of other things I've ever won in all my life is a half-dozen, aluminum snow shafts back in Ohio."

A black cat ran across Marvin's path as he approached the fifth house, that of Mrs. Clarys Margadant, at 2909 Mannine Marvin said, "I hope this doesn't mean that someone is going to buy a TV set!" Mrs. Margadant's daughter, Nancy, answered the door and Marvin asked, "Do you recog-nize me?"

"I think so," said Nancy and called her mother, saying, "He says he's the one who gives away the million dollars, but I think he's kidding."

Mrs. Margadant came to the door and invited Marvin in, saying, "Well, give me the million—or, better still, you could bring a new TV set. Ours is broken."

We'll call out a thousand times what skepti-cal that the visit was for real—as Marvin drove off, they shouted out the door, "We still can't believe it!"

Mr. Cushdon's follow-up call. Mrs. Margadant said, "Whenever the show comes on, Nancy and I wait for Michael Anthony to appear. Now, of course, we recognize him immediately! I'll bet he's a million dollars at first, but, after thinking about it, I feel we were very fortunate. The bond! We'll put it in one of the children's names."

The tenth and final stop took Miller to 1318 South Barrington, the apartment of Ronald J. O'Reilly and his pretty young wife, Barbara. Ronald is a medical student at the University of California at Los Angeles and Barbara works as a secre-tary in one of the Hollywood studios. Of all the families visited, the O'Reillys were the only ones without a TV set. As Bar-bar-a said, "Medical students don't have time for TV!"

In the follow-up call, Barbara explained Marvin's visit. "We got our bell rung, and we're telling it to everybody."

Though many have learned to profit from the mistakes of others by listening to radio's "My True Story," this radio program presents stories right from the files of True Story Magazine. Because these stories deal frankly with the mistakes of real-life people, they help you to see ways to avoid such heart-breaking errors.

__TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO__

MY TRUE STORY

American Broadcasting Stations

How much cruelty is a wife compelled to take? Don't miss "TEMPTED WIFE" in June TRUE STORY magazine, at newsstands now.
expected strangers at our front door! The next day at the office, I told everyone about the Savings Bond and the program. I went to the bank at noon to pick up the bond. The girl recognized the certificate right away and said, "How did you get this and can I get one?" Though we still don't have a TV set (the money will go to help pay for Ron's microscope), I'm sure The Millionaire has thousands more viewers now by because we've told everybody about our good fortune. Everyone I know is watching it now, and they all say they hope you will come to their house soon!

This half-believing, half-hoping attitude that Marvin Miller and TV Ramo Mirror found in nearly all of the ten visits, that Wednesday night, is typical of the cross-country audience reaction to The Millionaire. As producer Don Pederson says, "It is this daydream, this belief that it could be true, that is responsible for the success of The Millionaire."

"Even the men in the crew," Marvin adds, "who are fully aware that the show is fictional, can't resist asking: 'How about putting me on the list for that $1,000,000?' And, of course, I'm forever being stopped on the street by strangers with a rather wild look in their eyes, who say, 'Have you got my $1,000,000? Then there's the mail we get which reads: 'I know this is just a story but the reactions are so real!'"

In addition, Marvin Miller's long acting career and experience in radio, stage and motion pictures helps to make his weekly appearance as Michael Anthony believable. Miller's acting career began in St. Louis, where he was born and raised. His father was a painter, his mother a housewife with an interest in music. As a child, Marvin wanted to be a writer, spent most of his early school life reading and, in his spare time, acting. Once he played ten different roles behind a sheet. "Though the voices didn't come out as I expected," he says, "no one knew that only one person was playing all the parts."

When he was twelve years old, he worked as an office boy for the general manager of a St. Louis newspaper. He didn't mind the low pay, $100 a week, because the job was mostly more reading—which he enjoyed. He slowly moved up in the writing world, first to morgue clerk—$12.50 a week; then to front desk clerk, at $15.00; and, finally, to head man in the supply room—$20.00 a week!

Marvin began his radio career while a freshman at Washington University. Annoyed by the way radio announcers mispronounced foreign words, he applied for a job at one of the local stations. "I was just eighteen," he recalls, "and the manager told me I had a lot to learn before I could become an announcer. In fact, he suggested I ought to stay with writing. But, the next week, I went back with a show idea in which I played all seven characters. This presented such a great savings to the station that I was hired at five dollars per show. By the end of the season, I had played forty-two separate characters—doing my own sound effects—and started announcing.

Marvin continued his college training while working at KMOX, CBS Radio's St. Louis station, and received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1934. In 1939, he married Elizabeth Dawson, a pretty brunette who has since gained national recognition as a painter and writer.

They left St. Louis and moved to Chicago in 1940, where Marvin became a top actor and announcer. He was featured on dozens of network shows, including McPerkins, The First Nighter, and Chicago Theatre Of The Air. Their son Tony was born in July, 1941. Before leaving Chicago, Marvin was appearing on as many as forty-five broadcasts a week—on his departure, the "trade" publication, Variety, described him as "Chicago's one-man radio industry."

When the Millers came to Hollywood in 1944, he was immediately signed as Red Skelton's announcer, and for Hollywood Star Playhouse. He kept up acting activities in radio, too, playing regular roles on the Burns and Allen shows, Fibber McGee And Molly, and Lux Radio Theater. Today, Marvin still plays two characters on One-Man's Family, in addition to his many other radio and TV jobs.

When Marvin is not working on The Millionaire, or on one of his many other TV, radio, and motion-picture acting chores, he spends his time at home reading children's stories to his three-year-old daughter, Melissa, and perhaps helping fifteen-year-old Tony with his homework. Other spare moments he devotes to travel with his wife Elizabeth. They love San Francisco for its good food, fund of culture—and the story material Marvin uses on his own radio show, Behind The Story, which he and his wife write. In other free moments, Marvin and Elizabeth enjoy their classical records collection—one wall of the den from floor to ceiling is filled with records. His newest hobby is collecting Chinese antique furniture. He says, "We have only a few really priceless originals . . . you have to be a millionaire to furnish your home with real Chinese antiques."

When asked if there is any one priceless treasure he would never part with, Marvin says thoughtfully, "Yes. I've learned from my work on The Millionaire that money is not important . . . it can't buy happiness . . . and my most priceless treasure is something you can never buy—my family."

Wonderful new kind of shampoo... flatters your hair like diamonds and mink!

You'll say Cuticura Shampoo is a girl's best friend when you see how gloriously your hair twinkles ... how enchantingly smooth it is ... how easy to manage.

Better than soap shampoo—better than soapless shampoo—combines the best features of both!

Cuticura Shampoo is that "cosmetic ideal" research chemists have long been striving for—a perfectly balanced combination formula that cleanses, glamorizes and conditions better than either a soap or a soapless shampoo alone can possibly do.

It protects the natural oils—needs no special rinse—lathers richly in hard or soft, hot or cold water.

Unbreakable squeeze bottle s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s your shampoo! You get up to 50% more shampoos! At leading drug counters. 6 oz. 79¢.
like to see 5,000 new laughing faces in his audience every night—and he’s willing to go to Australia, Greenland, London, Paris and Moscow to find them.

But this is over-simplifying the personality of a complex man. It is generally said that, in back of every successful man, there is a woman: In Bob’s case—in addition to his loving and devoted wife, there are six women who help make Bob run: Production assistant Onnie Whizen, script secretary Eleanor Sider, production secretary Jan King, and personal secretaries, Marjorie Hughes, Berndette Kenney and Lois Dickson. Besides being able to describe the manifold activities of Hope is constantly engaged in, these half-dozen “helpmates” are in a position to give an inside peek into Hope’s back-stage personality—a profile of the real Bob Hope.

Onnie Whizen has been with the Hope TV organization for five years. She works closely with producer Jack Hope (Bob’s brother) and associate producer Gino Conti, as well as with the set designer, writers and casting director. Onnie has flown all over the country with Bob, anticipates every emergency and is in the position of knowing almost everything Bob knows. “It is Bob’s habit,” says Onnie, “to sit in the very first seat of the airplanes we travel in. I often wondered why. One week we went to San Diego to do a benefit for the Navy and Bob decided to drive down, sending the crew ahead of him by plane. I sat in Bob’s usual front seat, and I think I discovered why he plants himself there—he can see the propellers and will know instantly if anything goes wrong with the plane. An engine stopped once, you know, and Bob kept everyone from getting hysterical by cracking jokes.”

“I’m not that he worries over us, but Bob has a protective attitude toward his crew. Some people might think that, when he slumps down in that front seat, he’s sleeping. Maybe he is—but it’s the kind of sleep that keeps him tuned, aware and alert to everything going on in the plane. One day he was in the back of the plane, suddenly was taken ill. Bob was the first at his side.”

“Of course, Bob’s attitude toward us is returned,” says Bernadette Kenney. “Everyone in the crew would give up an arm for him. They look out for him in all sorts of little ways. For example, we did a show in New York, about two-and-a-half years ago, and unit manager Walter Bermeister, was especially nice to us. Bob never forgets. One day recently, on the West Coast, Walter popped in on us between shows. I happened to give him a tip to Bob by one of the girls. Knowing Bob would be embarrassed if he had forgotten the unit manager’s name, she tipped him off by saying, “You know Walter Bermeister.””

But Bob beat her to the line, clapped the manager on the back, and said, “Walter, how are you?”

Bob has a rich personal memory. Eleanor Sider, who has been with him for three years, says, “Bob is an amazing study. He may be doing a picture, a benefit and a TV show at the same time—but he never gets his lines confused and is always ‘up’ on them. But, if he didn’t forget once in a while, he wouldn’t be human.” Eleanor continues, “During one afternoon rehearsal—Bob had to turn around to get a cue yesterday. He’s the Durante show that night. The crew went back to his Valley home to continue work—when suddenly, at 6:30 P.M., I heard a loud bang. I hurried over to see what was going on. ‘Must be the Durante show that night. The crew went back to his Valley home to continue work—when suddenly, at 6:30 P.M., I heard a loud bang. I hurried over to see what was going on.

“Being human is one of Bob’s outstanding characteristics,” says Lois Dickson, his secretary for seven years. “One incident which illustrates his feeling for others—and, at the same time, points up his memory—is the story of Reverend Butterworth, an English minister visiting the States one year. He was introduced to Bob during a two-minute break in the show. Reverend Butterworth told Bob he was here to raise funds for Clubland, which had beenrazed during the war and was a community project like our Boy’s Town. He asked Bob if he would do a benefit for them the next time he came to town. Bob said yes, and shortly walked back into the scene. In England, two years later—without a reminder—Bob told his secretary to call Reverend Butterworth. He did the benefit for Clubland, and has done one every trip to England since.”

Bob’s generosity has earned him the title of “Benefit King of America.” Probably no other performer has played so many benefits or for a greater number of causes. His work has won him titles and national recognition. He’s on the board of directors for the Cancer fund and is the permanent national chairman for United Cerebral Palsy. Name the charity—he’s played benefits for it.

Bob’s generosity is not confined to charities. He’s generous to a fault with his crew. Jan King, who’s been with Bob for three years, says, “When Bob came back from England, he bought the girls solid gold medallions shaped like the map of Greenland, with a ruby set at Thule Airbase. Mine was inscribed ‘To Jan King. Happy once our piano player, sitting at the back of the plane, suddenly was taken ill. Bob was the first at his side.’”

“The Very Heart of Hope

(Continued from page 49) two packs of chewing gum (she’s responsible for keeping Bob supplied)—and unconsciously had started chewing herself.

Thiry minutes after his return from lunch, Hope had sent out to Wilf Wright’s Ice Cream Parlor for a quart of ice cream (rich and high-caloried, his favorite form of energy). Rehearsal is immediately followed by the frantic activity of the show. Only after the show is over does Onnie Whizen at last find a spare moment to tell Bob, “I’m sorry I haven’t had a chance to talk to you.”

Bob is indefatigable. With the show and most of the crew lying limply about like bundles of damp laundry, Hope still looks as though he’s just stepped out of the shower at Lakeside Golf Club. Physically he is a powerhouse, and work is the coal that keeps the six-foot, 180-pound dynamo spinning. If his face has any lines at all, they only come from squinting into the sun at Lakeside as he watches his golf ball sail down a 400-foot fairway. He’s justifiably proud of his looks—at 53, he can still play a credible leading man.

Bob’s schedule is full enough to keep three men busy: In TV, he does an hour show virtually every three weeks—approximately equal to ten Broadway shows each year. In the past twelve months, he has completed three motion pictures, “The Seven Little Fays,” “That Certain Feeling,” and “Not for Money.” Between movies, he does countless personal appearances and benefits. He’s often said, “It’s a shame we don’t have a forty-hour day.” And when asked he replied, “What are your retirement plans?”—Bob’s reply is inevitably, “Retirement? What’s that?”

But last year... after his long time sidekick and gag man, Barney Dean, died suddenly and his agent, Charlie Yates, suffered a heart attack during a golf game... Bob ran off to his doctor. Following a complete examination (as he tells it), “The doctor kicked me out of his office because I was healthier than he was”—and Bob was back on the run. In February and March, his shows originated from Naples, Casablanca, London, Paris, and Tel Aviv.

But more important than his love for his work is Bob’s love for people: He would...
When you see this distinctive package on a cosmetic counter, you will recognize the most popular temporary color hair rinse in the country... NOREEN!

There are good reasons for NOREEN’s popularity. A NOREEN rinse leaves hair lustrous and well-groomed, easier to handle, touched with just the right amount of color. The added sheen and extra color flatter the face beneath, give it a years-younger look.

NOREEN’S fourteen shades fall into three main groups. The glamorizing shades accentuate the depth of natural color in hair, bring out exciting highlights and give extra color to drab or faded hair. The blending-in shades veil strands of unwanted gray or discolored streaks and, at the same time, augment the natural hair color. The beautifying shades for all-gray or white hair take out discolorations and add cool tones from lightest to deepest gray.

Use NOREEN regularly... especially on gala occasions. It is safe... fast... easy to apply. And the color stays fresh and true until you shampoo it out.

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4 rinses 30¢ plus tax. 8 rinses 60¢ plus tax.
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### Inside Radio

*All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.*

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<td>3:00</td>
<td>Weekday</td>
<td>News, 3:05 Matinee, with Dan McLaughlin, 3:15 Dick and Dawan Show, 3:30 Bob and Ray</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
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<td>Broadway Matinee, Broadway Bandstand</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>Weekday</td>
<td>News, 5:05 Matinee, with Dick Willed, 5:15 Bill Morgan, 5:30 Lone Ranger</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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### Tuesday

#### NBC
- 6:00: Ed Morgan, News, Quincy Howe
- 6:15: Events of the Day, Bing Crosby
- 6:30: The World and You, Bob Newhart
- 6:45: You Bet Your Life, Bob Newhart
- 7:00: Alexander, News, 7:00 Stars of the Day, Bing Crosby
- 7:30: News, 7:30 Stars of the Day, Bing Crosby
- 7:45: News, 7:45 Stars of the Day, Bing Crosby
- 8:00: National Radio Fan Club, 8:00 Jack Carson
- 8:15: Country Western, 8:15 Jack Carson
- 8:30: NBC Job Clinic, 8:30 Jack Carson
- 8:45: NBC Job Clinic, 8:45 Jack Carson
- 9:00: NBC Job Clinic, 9:00 Jack Carson
- 9:15: NBC Job Clinic, 9:15 Jack Carson
- 9:30: NBC Job Clinic, 9:30 Jack Carson
- 9:45: NBC Job Clinic, 9:45 Jack Carson
- 10:00: NBC Job Clinic, 10:00 Jack Carson
- 10:15: NBC Job Clinic, 10:15 Jack Carson
- 10:30: NBC Job Clinic, 10:30 Jack Carson

### Wednesday

#### NBC
- 6:00: Ed Morgan, News, Quincy Howe
- 6:15: Events of the Day, Bing Crosby
- 6:30: The World and You, Bob Newhart
- 6:45: You Bet Your Life, Bob Newhart
- 7:00: Alexander, News, 7:00 Stars of the Day, Bing Crosby
- 7:30: News, 7:30 Stars of the Day, Bing Crosby
- 7:45: News, 7:45 Stars of the Day, Bing Crosby
- 8:00: National Radio Fan Club, 8:00 Jack Carson
- 8:15: Country Western, 8:15 Jack Carson
- 8:30: NBC Job Clinic, 8:30 Jack Carson
- 8:45: NBC Job Clinic, 8:45 Jack Carson
- 9:00: NBC Job Clinic, 9:00 Jack Carson
- 9:15: NBC Job Clinic, 9:15 Jack Carson
- 9:30: NBC Job Clinic, 9:30 Jack Carson
- 9:45: NBC Job Clinic, 9:45 Jack Carson
- 10:00: NBC Job Clinic, 10:00 Jack Carson
- 10:15: NBC Job Clinic, 10:15 Jack Carson
- 10:30: NBC Job Clinic, 10:30 Jack Carson
Monday through Friday

7:00  2 Good Morning!—Rogers is willin'
8:00  2 Today—Garrovay & Co. eye-opener
8:00  3 Captain Kangaroo—Jumpin' joy
8:55  3 Tinker's Workshop—Kidde kapers
9:00  3 George Keaton—Skinner Show—AM variety
11:00  3 Herb Sheldon & Jo McCarthy
11:30  3 Ramper Room—TV kindergarten
12:00  3 Garry Moore—Just chargin'
1:30  3 Dina Dang School—For kids 3 to 5
2:00  3 Tune In Any Time Theater—Feature film repeated at noon and 2 P.M.
3:30  3 Godfrey Time—Mon. thru Thurs.
3:30  3 Ernie Kover—& wife Edie Adams
7:00  3 Claire Mann—Charm & beauty hints
11:00  3 Home—Arlene Francis, femcee
11:30  3 Strike it Rich—Quiz for the needy
12:00  3 Vollant the Light—For kids
12:00  3 Tennessee Ernie—Erniebutnotearnest
12:15  3 Love of Life—Stars Jean McBride
12:30  3 Search for Tomorrow—Serial
12:45  3 Feather Your Nest—Quiz, Bud Collyer
1:00  3 Guiding Light—Daily story
1:00  3 Jack Pear Shaw—A spring tonic
1:30  3 One For Sheldon—Man with dimples
1:30  3 As the World Turns—Drama
2:20  3 Bob Crosby Show—Alive with jive
2:30  3 Robert Q. Lewis—Waltz
2:30  3 Art Linkletter's House Party
3:00  3 Big Payoff—Queen Best Meyerson
3:30  3 Marine Theater—Superb teleplays
6:30  3 Film Festival—British cinema
7:30  3 Ted Steele—Happy go lucky show
8:00  3 Diane Lucas—Knows what's cookin'
8:30  3 Candid Camera—Fun with Fun
9:00  3 Brighter Day—Daily serial
9:30  3 Date With Life—Dramatic stories
4:15  3 Secret Storm—Peter Hobbs
4:30  3 At Night—John Larkin
8:00  3 Queen For A Day—Jack Bailey quiz
3:00  3 Life With Elizabeth—Betty White

Monday P.M.

7:30  7 Topper—Haunted merriment
11:15  7 The Late Show—Feature films
11:30  7 Steve Allen—Merrymaker—Live music
11:30  7 The Night Show—Good films

Tuesday

7:00  6 Gildersleeve—Whatatman Waterman
7:30  6 Name That Tune—Musical quiz
8:00  6 Waterfront—Preston Foster covers it
8:00  6 Warner Bros. Presents—Film
8:00  6 Phil Silvers Show—Hilarious
9:00  6 Martha Raye, May 8 & 29: Millan
9:00  6 Guy Lombardo—Diamond Jubilee
9:30  6 Danny Thomas Show—Checkers
9:30  6 Red Skelton Show—Comedy-variety
10:00  6 $50,000 Question—Half Marsh
10:30  6 Do the Right Thing Wife—Quiz
6:30  6 Big Tawn—Mark Stevens, reporter

Wednesday

7:30  5 Disneyland—Fun & fantasy
8:00  5 Godfrey & Friends—Always gay
8:30  5 Father Knows Best—Robert Young
9:00  5 The Millionaire—Stories
9:00  5 Kraft Theater—Hour-long teleplays
10:00  5 Confidential File—Sensational

Thursday

7:30  4 The Goldbergs—Merry with Molly
8:00  4 Bob Cummings Show
8:00  4 You Bet Your Life—Crahoe Marx
8:30  4 Climax—Suspense dramas except May 10, Shaver Of Stars, music & comedy
8:30  4 Dragnet—Detective drama
9:00  4 Stag, The Music—Bert Parks, emcee
9:00  4 People's Choice—Jackie Cooper
9:30  4 Arthur Murray Party—Mrs. femecees
9:30  4 Lux Video Theater—Hour dramas
10:30  4 Rocket Squad—Handsome Hadley

Friday

7:00  3 My Friend Flicker—friendly felly
8:00  3 I Spy—Raymond Massey stars
8:30  3 Mama—Peggy Wood perennial
9:00  3 Shank's Micro—Vintage Dramat
9:00  3 Ozzie & Harriet—Wonderful
8:30  3 Our Miss Brooks—Connie's comic
9:00  3 Life Of Riley—Binglin' Bill Bendix
9:00  3 Big Story—Real stories of reporters
9:00  3 Dolly Rees—Quiz for kids
9:30  3 The Vise—Mysteries
10:00  3 The Line-Up—Police dramas
10:00  3 Baxing—With Jimmy, the Powerhouse
10:30  3 Ethel & Albert—Marital mayhem
10:30  3 Persan Ta Person—Visit the famous
10:40  3 Adventures Of The Falcon

Saturday

7:00  2 Music From Meadowbrook
7:30  2 Beat the Clock—Couples compete
8:00  2 The Big Surprise—Mike Wallace
8:30  2 Honeymooners—Jackie Gleason
8:30  2 Noon Show—Hour-long rerun
8:30  2 Stage Show—The Dorsey & queens
9:00  2 Two For The Money—Shiner quiz
9:00  2 People Are Funny—Linkletter
9:00  2 Lawrence Welk—Bubbling
9:30  2 It's Always Jan—Except June 2, Star Jubilee
9:30  2 "A Bell For Adano," 9:30-11:00
10:00  2 Gunsmoke—Western drama
10:00  2 George Gable Show—Little King
10:30  2 Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
10:30  2 Your Hit Parade—Top tunes

Sunday

7:00  2 Lassie—Canine pin-up queen
7:00  2 It's A Great Life—James Dunn's fun
7:00  2 You Asked For It—Oddities
7:30  2 Jack Benny—Alternates with Ann Sothern's Private Secretary
8:00  2 Frontier—Realistic Westerns Liebman
8:00  2 Presents—The Chalet Show, May 29
8:00  2 Famous Film Festival—English hits
8:00  2 Ed Sullivan Show—Extravaganza
8:00  2 Foreign Intrigue—Gerald Mohr stars
9:00  2 Paramount Present—CBS
9:00  2 TV Playhouse—Hour teleplays
9:30  2 Original Amateur Hour
9:30  2 Alfred Hitchcock Presents—Drama
10:00  2 $50,000 Question—Quiz
10:00  2 The Big Story—Real stories of reporters
10:30  2 What's My Line?—Job game
10:30  2 Justice—From Legal Aid files
Wife In A Million

(Continued from page 51)

As they looked for houses around New York, Ted was partial to a section of the city called Riverdale along the Hudson River that has happily retained its "country look." Used to the hubbub of the city proper, Rhoda first thought that moving to Riverdale would be like moving into a vacuum. But it didn't take her long to discover her mistake. And now, after two years, she'll not call it the "family time block" used to exist. So much as dare even to entertain the thoughts she once had.

The Browns' home is a lovely, large, nine-room, Welsh house named by its flippant owners, "Belleair." It was built some years ago by a Welshman whose hobby was building organs . . . which he did in the huge basement of the house. Having such a large basement proved perfect for Ted and Rhoda, since it meant they could install their own broadcasting studio there and eliminate the daily predawn trips to WNYM's midtown studios. Now they happily roll out of bed at 6:30 (Monday through Saturday) and into their studio to be on the air 7 (after first receiving a "one-for-the-money" warning phone call from their New York engineer). From then on, until 10 A.M., they merrily spin records, indulge in ad-lib verbal battles without use (occasionally even useful) of information, and just generally throw life and gaiety into the morning hours that most folks find dull and dreary. The "twine" that has made The Ted Brown Show so popular with New Yorkers is their obviously good-natured squabbling. Most husband-wife teams work hard to prove the truth of the marriage adage, "You can't please all of the people all of the time." Not so the Browns. One minute they bill and coo . . . but, the next minute, they're arguing and bellyaching each other over such hysterically silly things that many a listener has missed his train just to hear the outcome.

This past April, NBC Radio decided these Browns were too good to be confined to a local station, and incorporated them into the big Monday-through-Friday WNBC series. The fact that people all across the United States can hear her voice . . . which is not quite accurate, since—despite Ted's pleading to "let the people here hear a nice voice you really have been known to use once used her natural voice on the air. Instead, she Resorts to all kinds of accents and nasal or guttural inflections.

And so it is in awe of what has happened to her is the fact that she never intended to be a professional. This was her husband's job. Hers was the family and home. Strong enough, it was through her home that she landed on the air. Being a closely-knit family, one of the Browns' hobbies is to record family bickickers on film and sound tracks. One day, just for the fun of it, Ted ran off a section of one of these family recordings (with Rhoda doing one of her accent parts) and took it to a NBC show. The mail flew in asking for more. Ted obliged, and finally coaxed Rhoda, into tape-recording some spots for him to use on the show. By bit she lost her shyness, and by bit she became more important on the program, until eventually she was a "steady." Then it was Rhoda, on whom she is adamant. Her career (she's apt to put a question mark after the word) must never interfere with her family and its need for her. This is, in reality, the main reason for the broadcasting studio in their home. Even though she's...
technically “at work,” she’s really at home. Of necessity, she has a govern-ness to take care of four-year-old Ricky. But, during the morning broadcasts, she’s away from the mike at least a dozen times . . . purportedly to leave Ted to get himself out of a verbal mish-mash, but actually to tend to the needs of Ricky and teen-age Tony . . . to be with them during breakfast, get them off to school (Ricky to nursery school and Tony to high school) and do all the things a working mother does.

And, since the studio is in their home, the door is always open to the family, including the four delightfully rambunctious dogs who combine to make up this uninhibited household. “Uninhibited” it really is, right down on to some of the furnishings which were designed by Rhoda. Take the coffee table and two small easy chairs which form a grouping in front of the fireplace, as an example. Both the chairs and the table (which Rhoda had cut down from a somewhat pedigree Italian piece) swivel. To the traffic court, people do you know who can swivel their coffee table in one direction while they themselves spin in the other?

However, Rhoda’s designing ideas are by no means limited to the “just for fun” things. Along the wall, facing the fireplace in their outsized living room, is a large cabinet of light wood designed by Rhoda to house the first day plan to build. Right now, though, it holds two Spanish water-jug lamps (the result of Rhoda’s active imagination), while its sliding shelves house the knick-knacks they don’t know what else to do with.

The other two facing walls of the living room have large picture windows. Rhoda has draped these windows with rose-beige, pinch-pleated silk traverse curtains that also swing around the third wall, stopping at the fireplace. When the curtains are drawn, the trellis lines that is drawn, the trellis lines gives warmth, flow and spaciousness to the room. The thirteen-foot, modified S-shaped, chocolate brown sofa adds to the flow, as does the fact that the living room, center hall and dining room are all in tones of rose-beige and brown, with turquoise as color relief. It’s Rhoda’s belief that a house should show hospitality immediately, to all who enter, and she does it with harmonious design and color.

Her dining-room walls are covered with brown antiqued silk on which (at one end of the room) a Gothic panel has been handpainted in turquoise, “sea foam” according to decorators, she laughs. Her two-walled traverse silk drapes harmonize with the “sea foam” of the wallcovering painting, as do her table and chairs.

When she comes to her kitchen, Rhoda positively bursts with pride . . . and rightfully so. With her own imagination and knowledge of what a working kitchen should be like, she has completely redesigned the old room. A gray and pink kitchen, it is now complete with a gas burner stove, an electric water-jug, miles of working space . . . and a small oven with an electric carburin. Only when she’s cooking a full meal for a pack of hungry adults, the baby’s food can be warmed up without interfering with the main cooking.

And believe me,” beams Ted, “my redhead knows all about cooking. She’s probably the greatest! The pizza pies that girl whips together . . . the cherry pies.” His voice trails off, and one looks at his face shows that Ted Brown is off on a gourmet’s reverie.

From the kitchen, you descend to the green and white studio, which is the only finished room in the basement. Replete with three turntables and quantities of mystery plots, my father is one of the most complete private studios one can imagine. Ted is sure lots of people thought he was crazy to put so much money into it, but he thought we’d be better off taking the daily half-hour drive to WGMT’s studio,” he grins. “Maybe so. But, aside from Rhoda’s and the family’s likes, what they don’t know is the amount of parking-ticket money I’m saving.

After they get off the air with the morning show, Ted and Rhoda tape-record their spots for NBC’s Weekday. When this is finished, Rhoda is usually free to split off while Ted prerecords the spots for the next day’s shows or pops in at one of his “town” studios. In addition to his two regular shows, every couple of months, Ted is the “Buffalo Bob” Smith, takes a vacation from The Howdy Doody Show, Ted must go to town regularly to rehearse for his role of “Bison Bill.” But, when they’re both home for the day, Rhoda is careful not to infringe upon Ted’s time any more than she would were she married to a man who regularly went to an office. They each have their own specialties. Ted, if Rhoda wants to go marketing when Ted is home, she can depart without worrying about his being stuck.

Whether or not it was Rhoda’s market- ing prowess that gave Ted the inspiration for his redhead’s last birthday present is a moot question. However, that may be he decided what she needed was a station wagon and he found a fire-engine red one in Boston. Just the thing, he thought. What a surprise! The evening before her birthday, they happened to watch a TV show and, during the commercial, there appeared the self-same model Ted would be giving Rhoda the next day. Unable to contain himself, he praised the car. To his horror, he had tumbled tore into the subject with vengeance—drivers of station wagons in New York looked at them as though they were delivering for drug stores . . . there were ridiculous, lurid photos, etcetera, cetera. Ted gulped. Did she really feel that way? (In the Brown household, it’s often hard to tell.) Of course, she felt that way . . . et cetera, etcetera. Ted gulped. There was something about her husband that brought to mind a drowning man. After quite some prodding she got him to confess he had never had a heart attack. Why had she done it? But when Ted put off his final pitch: “And it’s fire-engine red!” she burst out laughing (Ted claims she absolutely roared . . . he remembers from the old days) “With my hair?” she demanded. The upshot? Rhoda has a powder-blue convertible, and they both think the other one was too funny for words. And, quite contrary to the anti-kill-and-coo “twist which made them a network sensation they still love each other very much.
Turning Point On the Road Of Life

(Continued from page 64)

He is neither flippant nor facetious. He is serious, kindly, charming, and a touch on the romantic side. He is a special kind of guy: "With Doug," says a pretty friend, "you always have a good time. Doug accepts wonderful care of you. Makes you feel as if you were at a private parlor. And he's a wonderful talker. And, best of all, when he's talking, he looks directly at you."

He looks at you with blue eyes. Doug is blond and stands a slim five-ten. Although he does a lot of work in television and the theater, you may know him best for the three running parts he carries on radio serials: In The Road Of Life, he has been featured as Hugh Overton for six years. In The Second Mrs. Burton, he plays Joe Henderson. In Wendy Warren And The Nesbys, he is Pa Nesby.

As an actor, Doug's life centers about New York, but he loves small towns. He has compromised by living in Greenwich Village in Manhattan. In the Village, some streets are so crooked and narrow that heavy traffic keeps out. Shops are small and the store-fronts old. In warm weather, people sit out on doorsteps to talk. Doug's quarters are above a small store. He lives in a small apartment building with a sandblasted, yellow facade. His apartment is three floors up, and he shares it with Sherry, a Siamese cat.

"I got Sherry about six years ago," says Doug. "About the same time, I got this apartment. I got her as a kitten and named her Scherazade because she was the ineructable, exotic Oriental type—but I was wrong. She seems to be an ordinary intellectual with a practical turn. For example, if we're watching television and I go to bed after Steve Allen's show, everything is all right. But, if I decide to stay up and watch a late movie, she gets annoyed. Once she turned off the light.

She also gets annoyed when Doug is working on a play. The click of the type-writer bothers her, so she climbs up on the table and sits there for a thirty minutes or so of being annoyed, she retreats to the bedroom for a nap. But she isn't really being put out, since every one of Doug's rooms is furnished for the comfort of mankind.

The apartment, as a whole, is masculine and heavy. Doug has done practically all the work himself. One of his great pleasures is working with wood, so he bought most of the furniture at auctions and finished it. The living room is set up in Italian Renaissance. Doug picked the desk and chest and cabinet to match. The cabinet, a massive piece, houses his television set and phonograph and records. Then he took a very heavy, oval console table and cut the legs down to coffee table height. He had the table painted chocolate brown and the ceilings pale yellow. On one wall is a painting of an Italian fishing scene which Doug bought in Rome, and on another wall there is a portrait of Sherry which Doug painted. The draperies are yellow with brown stripes (sewing was contributed by an actress friend). There is a woodburning fireplace made of white-washed brick, and thefireplace is a large flower pot where Doug grows the garden and flowers year around.

"Grass is the only greens that Sherry eats," he explains; "he expects a full pot in two or three days." A sack of grass seed shares cabinet space along with groceries in the kitchen. It is a good idea, but Doug knows how to use it. About twice a week he may make a meal for himself and friends.

Doug's bedroom is small and, to counter the box-like effect, he put molding around the walls, painted the ceiling gold and hung matching drapes. A long hall connects the bed and living rooms. Halfway down the hall, Doug has framed and nailed up thirty pictures of his friends in one huge block.

He gives his apartment a great deal of use. He entertains often and, when he is not at work as an actor in the studio, he is at work as a playwright in his own home. He has had eight stage plays published by Samuel French and many teleplays produced on such shows as American Inventory and Lights Out. But it is doubtful that any of the characters Doug has created as a writer or as an actor has more romantic and intriguing background than Doug himself.

"Douglass," is a family name, and Doug's great-grandparents were members of the Black Douglass clan. Doug got the name at birth in Philadelphia. He was an only child and his father was a business man.

When Doug was three, his father died. Doug went to Clarksboro, New Jersey, to live with his maternal grandparents. His mother commuted as often as possible between Clarksboro and Philadelphia, where she held a clerical job.

"My grandfather was probably the greatest single influence in my life," Doug says. "He was a wise man with a gentle, childlike trust. He was an Episcopalian minister, and I lived with him in New Jersey for ten years. I had a wonderful time there. That's why I'm so fond of small towns."

There was a teacher, Miss Ann E. Miller, who taught him throughout grade school—and is credited with being his first dramatic coach. As a kindergartner, Miss Miller had Doug and his friends improvising playlets. "She had so much warmth and understanding," Doug says gratefully. "She was one of the reasons why I enjoyed my childhood there.

It was all part of a memorable boyhood that came to an end when his grandmother died. For a time, Doug lived again in Philadelphia with his grandfather, mother, and aunt. Then his grandfather went visiting in Florida, stayed on, and was married again. He invited Doug to rejoin him and Doug did. "He had a fine house in St. Petersburg," Doug recalls. "He lived until he was ninety-two and until the day he died, he read a chapter from the Greek testament every morning and tended his garden and fruit trees."

Doug was graduated from St. Petersburg High School and, by that time, really had the acting bug. But his grandfather and mother objected strongly to acting as a career. They told Doug he could go on to college only if he studied law. "At that age," he says today, "becoming an actor was of life or death importance to me, and I think that explains what I was able to do—for it was certainly wrong. Instead of signing up for a pre-legal course at the University of Florida, I chose liberal arts so that I could study dramatics. Well, by Christmas the cat was out of the bag and my family was furious. They made it clear that I had to give up either acting or college—so, after my freshman year, I quit."

Doug, for the next few years, held a variety of jobs. He worked as an office boy, as a file clerk. He signed on as a steamer as a "wiper"—that, he learned, meant working in the engine room at 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Wiping grease off the machinery, sleeping in a tight little room with nine other men, and eating food that tasted like molded kitchen. As it had been prepared in the engine room. But, most of the time, he made Philadelphia his headquarters and, so long

Naturally you'll sweep him right off his feet with you in New Naturally Red

Luscious? Mmm! Lively? Oh, my! A-N-D ... lethal! A blazing new true red with seductive sheen! sensational stay-on! Tonight—put him in a mood for love. Wear "Naturally Red" and give your kiss new bliss!

Only 15¢, 29¢ plus tax

Pond's "Lips" glide on...stay on...and ON!
as he held a job there, he spent his evenings working with little theater groups. In his dramatic workshop group, he found a good friend in Dorothy Haworth. Dorothy and her husband Bud, who is chief of police of Rose Valley, Pennsylvania, have been Doug's closest friends for many years. The friendship began when they invited him to their home to recuperate from a heavy cold. Their home was near the nation's oldest repertory theater, the Hedgerow Theater, directed by Jasper Deeter. So Doug phoned Mr. Deeter and asked if he could watch a rehearsal.

"I sat out front during a dress rehearsal," he recalls. "I was just about the only person in front of the curtain, and I heard this argument going on backstage between Mr. Deeter and an actor. Then Mr. Deeter poked his head out and said to me, 'Go up to Costume for an immediate fitting.' And, within a few minutes, I was out on the stage with a script in my hand and doing the dress rehearsal!"

Afterwards, Doug prevailed on Mr. Deeter for permission to stay on. For two years and three months, Doug lived at the Hedgerow Theater. He earned his room and board by ushering, painting, building scenery, cleaning up and acting. He did fifty parts in repertory company and experience the most valuable in his career. "I wanted to go up to New York then," he says, "but my family was still opposed. It wasn't that they didn't believe in me. They thought I was throwing my life away trying to be an actor and hoped I'd grow out of it."

He was twenty-one, and cashed in his insurance policy for a hundred dollars. He came to New York—and the hundred went fast. At the end of a month, he was down to extorting change and still didn't have a job. "I lived ten days on that dime," he recalls. "I had a hot plate and powdered coffee in my room, so I had coffee for breakfast and lunch. Luckily, I was invited out to dinner most nights, and that was the way I got my only nourishment."

The dime was broken and spent on two phone calls which didn't get him a job, anyway. But, on the tenth day, after five weeks in New York, he read for a part in a play, "Let Freedom Ring," and won the role. In the next five years, he was in ten Broadway shows, including a year-and-a-half run in "Brother Rat."

"At the end of five years," he adds, "I was ushering at the Strand Theater. I was in good company—another usher was Tennessee Williams. But it points up the insecurity of the legitimate theater. Five years with ten shows, and I had nothing. Then, Doug drew a high draft number but, with patriotic impatience, enlisted long before his number came up. He was assigned to Artillery Observation and, after six months' training, was shipped to England. He took part in the invasion of Normandy and the ensuing action in the Mediterranean theater. The job of his unit was to direct and report on the success of artillery fire. For this work, you need an orchestra seat, so Doug was usually ahead of the infantry. He was a buck sergeant, and in line for a field commission, when several USO actresses showed up. One of them knew Doug and asked his command officer if Doug could be borrowed. She put it this way: 'He's had two and a half years of combat. Let him work with us for a while.'

Doug and his major talked it over. The Major didn't want to lose Doug, and found that Doug didn't want to leave the outfit, either. While his unit was at rest, however, Doug was not quite ready for Doug to work out with the actors until it was time for the unit to move out.

The first night of the new show, half of Doug's outfit was present, and all fifty came backstage to congratulate their buddy. On the second night, the other half was to come—but not one showed. After the performance, Doug learned that his unit had moved out for the invasion of southern France. He was up all night, chasing from one officer to another to get permission to rejoin his outfit. He was turned down, and he finished up his enlistment serving in a liaison capacity for USO units.

Back in the states, he auditioned for radio and got his first role in This Is Your FBI. In January of 1946, he played the part of a lawyer on The Road Of Life. It was in 1950 that he took on the long-life role of Hugh Overton. Besides radio roles, he has even acted in teleplays that came from his own typewriter, the story has been so nothing dull, tedious or lonely about his life. "Popular opinion to the contrary, a bachelor's life is not necessarily a lonely one. Mine isn't. There is nothing routine about it. One day is seldom like the next—outside of Sunday and Monday."

Monday nights, Doug works with the Veterans Hospital Radio Guild, of which he is chairman. Doug and other members go into veterans hospitals to work with invalided personnel. They help veterans write, act and produce radio shows. "But, during his four years, he says, and adds: 'You know, I couldn't do this work right after the war. I figured I'd had enough of it. But then I heard of this job, and it opened up—so I was hospitalized for life, and that's when I got started. It's a cliche, but you do get terrific satisfaction in knowing that you're doing something for someone else.'"

Sunday mornings, Doug always goes to church—sometimes his own church, sometimes one of his friends. Sundays evenings, he has been working in an "off-Broadway" production. The Broadway Congregational Church, in place of Sunday night service, has no legitimate plays with a moral or religious theme.

But, outside of Sundays and Mondays, Doug's days and evenings are varied. He lives in New York, but isn't home frequently. "He has a few friends in Mayfair, or two nights a week. And he's a good cook. "With no modesty aforerthought," he says, "I don't think my roast or steak is second best to anything you can have in a restaurant. I have a theory that most men are good cooks because they get so much enjoyment out of food."

Doug and his friends, most of whom are actors, like cards, conversation, charades and bingo. The bingo games are rather mock affairs, for "prizes" are always something you can't eat. "Friends bring in items beautifully wrapped. If you win a game of bingo, you choose a package. Among Doug's winnings have been a picture postcard of him and one of his friends then, and so to some of his friends."

"We have a ball," Doug says, "She loves New York and Chinese lobster and concerts and the theater. By the time she goes home I'm ready to collapse." He notes, "We have almost a brother-sister relationship. Mother was married at sixteen and I was born a year later, so there is only seventeen years' difference in our ages."

His activities aren't quite so strenuous when he is courting someone other than his mother. He doesn't care for dancing or big, noisy night clubs. He prefers quiet places where the entertainment is good but not so continuous that he can't do some talking.

"Frankly, I'm getting tired of going out," he says, "and I'm getting tired of being a bachelor. I'm serious about this—but I'm not going down into marriage by loneliness. There's a good side to a bachelor's life—the independence, the freedom, the unexpected—but the good side is wearing thin. I guess I turn in your life and you know you're about ready to make a change. I might be married before the end of the year."

Well, considering those vital statistics, at the start of the story, the humane thing for Douglas Parkhurst to do is to get married immediately.
MADE «

I made a vow
By Danny Thomas

In a stove-heated, cold-water flat over a pool-room, free.
It Shouldn't Hardly Happen To "The Birds and the Bees"

(Continued from page 51)

rubbing two little old ladies together.

Let's begin by saying that I expected George Gobel to be funny. After all, Jack (my husband, surnamed Bean) and I have watched George's TV show since its inception. And, like everyone from Ban-
ger to Baghdad, we have quoted his quips, to wit: "So... there you are," and "I'll be a monkey's uncle."

This is your old friend, Lonesome George.

What I didn't expect was... Well, I'll take you onto the set to show you what happened. George seems to be bothered by nobody, and certainly not on a sound stage ever has the slightest suspicion that two people, both living in the Los Angeles basin, may not have met. Our job that particular day was wardrobe testing. I was photographed first, then George (who plays a squillionaire in "The Birds and the Bees") was picture-tested in his finery. And eventually, the authorities asked us to form a duo before the lens.

You know me: I love people and I'm full of enthusiasm, so I burst with conversation. George is just the opposite: two strangers soon to undertake a series of love scenes, I inhaled and launched into a rapid-fire an-

pour. My voice, I imagine, was fans and that I was intensely happy to be working in a picture with him, and that I thought the script delightful, and I was convinced our director, the brilliant Nor-

man "Buck" Brown, was in it for me, you know. I said it all. In italics.

When I ran out of breath, George pried his glance from the floor, looked at me in a dejected tone, "Thank you, ma'am."

If this doesn't overwhelm you, it is only because you don't understand the standard procedure. You see, the comic must be a psychological tennis play-
er. When a word, an idea, a quip, a pun, a weather report is batted in the direction of the professor, eventually, the authorities turn the ball hotter than it was served.

George is one of the few exceptions I have. He is just the other end of a con-
tinuum. He is so delicately gifted that being funny is as natural as breathing and—as a bonus feature—he has so many talents he will never be able to make full use of them. He is so funny, in fact, that it is only ten minutes after he himself from a luncheon table, walk to the cigarette-vending machine and back again, and his report of his adventures during that time will leave lunchers in hysteries for thirty minutes. And every incident will have happened!

You want an example? Well, in "TB & TB," there is a scene in which George and I are walking along the deck of an ocean liner, he is declaring his honorable intentions toward me, and I am in an extremely reticent mood. ("The Great Niven") is a maritime card—sharp and I am the "shill" entrusted with leading well-
loaded George to the unloading. As we are strolling along, we approach a companion-
eway (a nautical stairway) and George, still holding my hand as I continue along deck, slowly mounts the stairs until he is a deck above me. We stop, and I, repeatedly to perfect the timing, then Mr. Taurog de-
cided not to shoot until the next morning. When the company broke, my husband Jack asked for a woodshed breakfast room to see the previous day's rushes. I followed with other members of the cast.

George was riding his bicycle, weaving along in Jack's general vicinity, as they discus-
sing the scene with Jack. George said he really didn't think the scene was too hokey, did Jack? Jack said no, it was logical, in a wonderfully looney way, and he thought audiences would love it.

George went on to say, "I'm a lot like that, you know. When I'm concentrating on something important, or feel there is no need to do all kinds of absent-minded things. I mean, I do forget where I'm going... You know, a guy in love is likely to do all kinds of things." At that point he dismounted the bicycle, still earnestly telling Jack how logical it was for a Gobel to be completely unaware of his surroundings, emotional or mental turmoil, and trundled his bi-
cycle onto the sound stage and across a maze of electrical wires in conduit until he approached a congestion of areas so thick that a man attached to a bicycle couldn't possibly negotiate them. That stopped him.

"Just a minute, Jack," he called. "I have to take my bicycle back to the rack be-
side the 'funny' girl."

He hesitated solemnly before adding, "But... you see what I mean? So... there you are."

Not only does George happen to funny things, but funny things happen right back at George Insurance companies know that there are some people who are "acci-
dent-prone." And George is one of these. He called the insurance company, and they called "incident-prone." He didn't utter the most commonplace and innocent re-
mark without an unlikely result. To force him to first roll in his canvas chair on the set, one morning... well, you know. I said it all.

In italics.

The average person wouldn't have gotten much out of it, but George has a fly-
paper memory. At this time, I wouldn't have admitted the "shill" was George's pres-
ence—how many lights there are on a sound stage. George knows... and he'll tell you, with the original inflections.

Practically everyone knows that George is to represent a young man entering the National Barn Dance program, where he played mellow guitar and sang in an emotional baritone such ditties as "I Ain't A-Golfer a kea Hava More, Little Darlin'." He still knows one million ninety-nine cowboys and/or hillbilly songs, word for word. And, once he gets acquainted, he will peel off into a folk-lyric just to entertain himself and lucky passersby.

This Gobel faculty for "total recall," plus his fabulous gift of mimicry, has worked wonders for George. But his favorite instance of ad-lib for came, took place in a Chicago nightclub. George and his guitar were one-third of a trio. The other two—thirsts—consisted of a bass and an accordion. The three met in a dance-
dance sets, mostly honoring requests. One night, a tourist type—yearning for palms and papaya in the midst of a Chicago blur-
zan—told George that he was likely to how it was George's if the guitar-

ist could render an Hawaiian serenade.

George's nearest approach to Hawaii had been a Jack and Elizabeth concert at a fast-food pineapple, but he stepped forward and sang, as nearly as he remembers:

"Luu nuana manes, Hawaii! Aloha tapa pua kea HavWa. Waikiki pali mahalo ulu, Okolena manoa kani Hawaii."

He represented himself about three times in hula taste, while the paid customer sobbed into his coconu-it milk highball.

So—you aren't surprised to learn that the Gobel guy is a very funny character? You aren't surprised, I mean. Yet, don't judge him. George is a sensitive gentleman. One morning I was a little late (okay, go ahead and hiss—I'm usually on time, nearly) so, naturally, I was running on the air as I aimed myself toward a breakfast room. George," I said as I passed him, having neither time nor breath for further conversation.

From that instant on, there was something happening on the set to keep us busy until late that afternoon, when George approached me as if I were a general he was about to address. He said solemnly, "Mitsi, I'd like to talk to you for a moment, if I may."

I laughed. It was such a deadpan request that it was impossible to laugh. Instead of telegraphing a reaction that would let me know he was leading into a fun se-
quence, George asked softly and seriously, "Is this... well... you mean... when you came on the set this morning... well, you seemed so formal. You know... I wouldn't hurt your feel-
ings... world, Mitsi... I'm sorry if I've given you the wrong idea..."

We untied that tangle in a hurry. After-
ward, when I went scorching past (I'm not often late, as I've said), George was likely to comment on a reading of "That's Mitsi—she's catching a train..."

Nowadays, I know that some such crack as "the nicest day's work for an... a day's pay" is considered square—if not cubed—but George has the type of in-


genuity regarded as charmingly old-fash-
ions. In fact, on this, I said solemnly, "Mitsi, I'd like to talk to you for a moment, if I may."

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ward, when I went scorching past (I'm not often late, as I've said), George was likely to comment on a reading of "That's Mitsi—she's catching a train..."
have looked good just standing on one foot and tapping the other, but that isn't the way George does things.

I missed him one afternoon and went snooping around the set to find him. I spotted him in a far corner of the sound stage, practicing his footwork. When I called to him, he thrust his hands deep into his trouser pockets, wrinkling the coat he had been preserving with held breath, and began to whistle nonchalantly while pretending to kick golf balls or gopher holes or some such.

“What are you doing, George?” I inquired sweetly.

“What—me? Oh, nothing. Just—well, standing around... you know a fellow gets restless...” he said, elaborately casual.

Thirty or forty minutes later, I tiptoed around a series of wild walls and peeked at George again. He was still experimenting with his dance steps, and by that time had added a good deal of the Gobelin personality to the choreography.

I've known professional perfectionists before, and I've found that sometimes they make themselves ill while watching the daily rushes because they judge themselves too coldly and for some reason can't approve of what they see on the screen.

George—in this, as in so many respects—is unique. He seems to turn his attention entirely to his fellow performers. He's the greatest audience in the world, therefore a fan. He got a terrific kick out of David Niven's performance in 'The Birds and the Bees.' He would sit beside me during the rushes, nudging me with a delighted elbow and shaking his head in awe. Afterward, he would walk across the lot in a semi-daze, saying, "The way that guy underlines a speech with a lifted eyebrow... I'm telling you..."

His appreciation extends beyond the professional field to take in his own family, too. His son, Greg, aged eleven, is the pitcher for one of the Little League ball clubs, and George never misses a game.

One morning George came onto the set, all smiles. "A great thing happened this morning... the sort of thing that gives you a real lift..."

I imagined that Mr. Y. Frank Freeman (Paramount's production chief) had praised the picture.

This is what had happened. Just as George was on his way to his garage, he caught sight of four or five boys on bicycles slowly wheeling back and forth in front of the house. One of them said, "Are you sure that's the place?" Another one said, "I'm positive." Then a third spoke up in a muted tone: "Gosh—just to think... that Greg Gobelin lives there..."

I don't want to end this brief report on Lonesome George without confining another fact, which will come as no surprise to girls from eight to eighty: George has a tremendous romantic appeal.

One afternoon a number of out-of-state visitors were on our set, watching the shooting. As usual George had posed for pictures and had shown himself to be the hospital, amiable gentleman he wasn't in the sequence being filmed, so Jack and I were sitting in my portable dressing room.

One of the visitors, not realizing there were long eats in the vicinity, murmured to a second lady, "David Niven is very handsome, isn't he?" The answer was an enthusiastic, "Mmmm." Someone else said, "Mr. Gable is a smoothie. I get a tingle out of him. Again the "Mmmm." Yet, after a few seconds, the "Mmmm"-er announced, "I think George Gobelin is as sexy in his way as Gable is in his. You know what I mean?" And a third breathed, "I know what you mean. Personally, I'd like to take him home with me."

And so... there you are.

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NAME.

STREET.

CITY.

ZONE... STATE.
Lucky To Be Wright

(Continued from page 33) on May 27, 1935, to restaurant owner Mike Manuche, is part of this luck-and-timing story, and of a young woman who was lovely ... blonde, blue-eyed and a trim five-feet-five ... let's start with romance first. After all, it's the most important, to a woman.

Martha and Mike met through mutual friends who felt they were destined for each other. "A deadly thing, usually," says Martha, knowing that, unlike two people who agree deliberately, I, sel-dom works. "In our case, it was a little different. One couple told me someone wanted to meet me, someone very nice, and he invited me to come how they would like to meet with them on a date. The other couple told Mike someone wanted to meet him, also someone very nice. He scoffed at the idea, but finally agreed. We met, neither knowing what had been said to the other."

"Mike called me for a few dates. A couple of weeks after our first meeting we both told our friends who had perpetrated Mike began to realize it first. "You weren't acting at all like a girl who had been dying to meet me," he told me later. "But if you ever cared if you ever said me again." I had begun to suspect he hadn't asked to meet me, either. We decided it was cute of our friends, although I might have been quite annoyed if I had realized everything was going out well. At least, we did like each other."

As it happened, they had really met once before, when Martha was starring in "South Pacific." A newspaper columnist had invited her to Camilo's, to be interviewed over lunch. The restaurant was Mike's, and he took her to the lounge for a moment and been introduced briefly. He later told the newspaper woman how attractive he thought Martha was, but nothing more. The timing wasn't right. Not until months later.

Mike was a former collegiate football star from Holy-Ced, and an Air Force pilot had an eight years. He goes for golf now instead of football, is a big music fan, especially of opera, and a connoisseur of food. "He went into the restaurant business with a newspaper columnist," says Martha, "for a while, when Mike got out of service in 1950," Martha says, "Everybody told them they wouldn't make it. But they did. Recently they bought the lease of the restaurant "Mike Manuche's." The business is doing just fine. Now everybody is proud of his success."

Martha came to New York originally from Seattle, where she was born on March 23, 1926. Her early years were spent on a farm in Duval, Washington, thirty miles from Seattle. Music was always a big thing in her family, and her grandmother, who had reared five children of her own, was interested in making musicians of her grandchildren, if they showed any talent. She had taught music and was an excellent pianist. Martha, an only child, was the first grandchild, and Grandmother began early to teach her the rudiments of piano.

"I didn't practice as I should have," Martha admits, "but I did learn to read music well, and that has been invaluable to me in singing. I play well enough to accompany myself and to study the operas and the things that interest me, but I wish I had listened when I was growing up. Kids don't realize how much it will mean to them later, and families don't always know the best way to make education attractive. My great regret, even now, is that my grandmother passed on just before I opened in 'South Pacific.' That would have been something in pride for what she helped accomplish."

At high school, Martha got interested in the usual school dramas, especially in Shakespeare, when she began to sing on local radio—the pop tunes of the year, the semi-classical things, the show tunes and the ballads. Loving opera, she joined a small company that put on some of the things she sang for, and was also a vocalist for club dates, lunches, banquets, all sorts of community affairs. "I sang whenever and wherever I could, and finally, when I was six and seven, I decided to try myself before an audience, learning what they wanted to hear."

When a touring company of the musical play "Up in Central Park," came to Seattle, she was lucky enough to know someone playing in it. She decided to ask for an audition, was told there were no openings at all but that they would hear her, anyway. "While I was doing one of my numbers," she recalls, "I saw someone run behind me and talk to the company manager. Later, I learned that a singer in the touring company was leaving. I was supposed to be a secret. The secret was out, and I was hired on the spot, to replace her. I couldn't have chosen a more auspicious moment."

After about a five-month tour, "Up In Central Park" came back to New York, in May, 1947. Mike, the nightclub had Broadway run for about a week, until it closed. Now she was in the city that is the center of show business—but she was also three thousand miles from home and family, and she was out of a job. However, as Martha says, "It was New York, a thrilling place for a girl from the West. I didn't know anyone, but I found out quickly. After all, I was about to move have when you are very young and the world seems made just for you. For a few weeks, I made the rounds, looking for a job. I got so tired sometimes that I felt I couldn't take one more step or sing one more note, but I bounced back fast every time. One day I auditioned for a job with a show that was about to open, and I was told that I was prepared with pop tunes, show tunes, opera—practically everything—was a big factor. It was on a nationwide network, so it meant that, after about three weeks, I was on "Brigadoon." The only folk were able to hear my voice on radio in Seattle."

Her salary barely covered the rent of the cold-water flat she took in a shabby, run-down neighborhood on the fringe of the theatrical section. It left her only a little to spend on food and clothes and other essentials. But, to a girl who has come from the West, this was one of the most unimportant. She had a lovely time, and she felt a little like all the princesses in all the fairy tales she had read."

A chance came along for an understudy's role in a play, "Music in My Heart." It was the autumn of 1947, and again the timing was right. "For two years, I had been waiting to do an audition she thought a spot must be opening in that company. For half an hour she sang, on the empty stage of the theater. And then she passed it. When it was finished, Mr. Rodgers asked if anything steady was coming up for her right away. There were a couple of club engagements, but no shows to which she was committed, and he asked her to hold off on anything permanent for a while. She still didn't know what it was all about, had no idea she was being considered for a role in "Brigadoon.""

The road company of "South Pacific" was in Chicago then and all the big brass were there for the opening, including Mr. Rodgers himself. He was as excited about the prospect of doing a musical as Mike was about the opening of the New York company of "South Pacific.""

"Three months went by," she recalls, "and I was now back in New York, thinking about what had happened. It was the musical, 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,' which was then being cast. A firm offer came from Mr. Rodgers—and, instead of being excited, I was uncertain. I didn't know whether I would rather create a role that no one else had played, in a new show, than try to follow someone who had been. Mary was a big favorite of mine, and to be her successor was a decision not to be made lightly. It still takes my breath away when I think of it—but follow her I did, out into the road, over two years and seven-teen months, and had a perfectly gorgeous time doing it. I even played it in Seattle (at my request), when Janet Blair—who starred..."
In the touring company—take time off for a honeymoon."

After "South Pacific" finally closed, Martha went into the clubs again, to the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and back into radio and some television. Suddenly, one day last year, she was asked if she would like to be on The Jack Paar Show for a few weeks. She thought that would be just dandy. She sang alone, and in duet with Jack Haskell, and she ad-libbed with Jack Paar and loved the easy pace and the breezy style of the program. The temporary arrangement quickly became a permanent one, by mutual consent. They liked her, too. So did the TV viewers.

"I haven't words to express the fun it is, working with Jack and the others on this show," she says. "They are some of the nicest people I have met in this business. Jack has a real interest in everyone who works with him. You give your best, and he gives his, and the atmosphere is a happy one. Jack loves show tunes, the ones I like to sing. It's real great!"

One of the biggest kicks came last winter, when The Jack Paar Show originated briefly from Miami Beach, Florida. Martha had a hub date set up again; North one evening, and a two-0'clock afternoon plane to be made in order to keep it. The Paar show is on the air from one to one-thirty Eastern Time, and she wondered how she could finish her last number and get to the airfield in time.

The whole problem was solved by helicopter. Viewers all over the country watched her film before she left, grab a fur coat and throw it over her light summer dress, and hop into a helicopter which had descended on the beach near the hotel from which they broadcast. "I understand they got a view of my husband, too," she said. "Mike was also down in Miami Beach, and he ran to help me get into the plane quickly. The cameraman got a quick 'rear-end view' of him, pushing me in. Too bad—because I wanted everyone to see my handsome husband's face!"

In New York, they have a little apartment for convenience, and a house near Westport, Connecticut, where they can go in summer and commute to and from the city. Last summer, Martha's parents visited them, so they tried to get out to the country every night. As New England homes go, this one is not very old—only about forty years—but the decor is very American. There are two bedrooms, a large den, a living room and kitchen, and there are plans afoot to turn the last-named into a big country 'kitchen-living-room' by taking in some of the bedroom area. They want a picture-book room, with brick and wood walls and lots of copper and brass for shining accents. All this may involve slicing some space from a guest house that stands at the rear of the main house.

There's a flood-protection project afoot, too, a matter of raising the whole structure several feet to avoid the disastrous effects of last year's flooding. When their little branch of the Saugatuck River became a roaring torrent and Martha's precious small piano, among other things, was a casualty. So it looks like a busier year for the Manuches of New York and Westport.

The week Martha and Mike were married, Martha was doing a dramatic television play called "Mr. Dorothy Allen," about a talented and clever girl who married her manager but couldn't resist trying to run the show—in other words, wearing the pants of the family. "We knew that wasn't the way our marriage was going to be," she says. "Not a bit. Mike isn't Mr. Martha Wright, and I'm only Miss Martha Wright exceptionally. At home I'm Mrs. Mitco Manuche. That's a big part of my luck!"
Lady of Letters

(Continued from page 38)

thirty-seven years old. She readily con-
fesses her age: "If I didn't, people would never believe I had the stamina!"

Her aim to "help people find the an-
swer" is the key to her own personality, for she offers neither "right" and are-
ness-and-light solutions. She does believe
that people can make their own necessary changes if an outsider aids them in
analyzing their problems. So she endows
them with knowledge, confidence and serenity, for she herself is both a well-
trained and a well-loved woman.

She deeply believes her correspondents
and listeners can all live a fully richer life.
Take the case of the tall though pretty
secretary. We'll call her Rena.

When the girl's mother first wrote to Mrs.
Graham she was suffering from a loneliness
and depression. Rena invited Mrs. Rena to
come in for a face-to-face conference. During
it, she bolstered the girl's ego by pointing out
that many of the world's distinguished
women had found their average height
an asset.

Lee's cardinal rule is: "If you fail to
value yourself as a woman, no one else
will!" Rena identified her good qualities, then made practical sugges-
tions for ways to enhance them.

Some months later, she received a joyful
letter from Rena, who has really tried
since that day, to develop my personality
to a greater degree... I find that my
change of attitude has made a difference,
and right now I am dating more regularly
than I have ever done before. I do thank
you. Truly, you have helped me change
my whole outlook."

The wife who complained of her hus-
band's gambling was a student in the
Family Relations class which Mrs. Graham
teaches at the College of the City of New
York. Weary of hearing the woman's
carping, Lee at last said, "Surely your
husband can't be as black as you have
painted him."... It resulted in all three
meeting to analyze the situation. The man,
mostly, is the bachelor of the marriage as a
husband seriously. He excelled at his job,
he neither drank, smoked nor philandered,
but freely admitted he was interested in
racing. He knew people in several sections
and enjoyed comparing his predictions with
a favorite's actual performance.

Liu inquired how much cash he put
back of these predictions. The man
counted up "About a hundred dollars
a year," he replied.... Further questioning
of the wife revealed that her real objection
was not the money—they could afford it—but the feeling of being excluded.

Lee helped them throw the conflict into
proper perspective. To the wife, she said,
"You're getting far too excited about too
small a problem. If you find your husband
wants to express his own judgment. It is not, in these proportions,
a dangerous vice."... Comparing it with
the cost of other possible diversions, she
showed the woman that even smoking
violence could have a higher annual
cost. She then asked the man if he had ever
made any attempt to interest his wife
in racing. He admitted to her that he
was interested in racing for years and
enjoyed comparing his predictions with
a favorite's actual performance.

The outcome now delights Lee. She
says, "The husband acquired a good list-
ener to whom he could boast or moan,
depending on his situation. The wife, again
feeling important and desirable, has quit
nagging. They now go to the track to-
gether, a few times each year, making the
evening a big family event."

The man who complained he couldn't
hold a job contended he was always fired
because superiors were jealous of his ability as a salesman. ... Lee posed the
question from a different angle: "Could
it be that you're overambitious?"... Because you want to be made vice-presi-
dent overnight and ride roughshod over
those around you? Do you always realize
that you're entitled to the same consideration you
demand for yourself?"

For the tragic teenager's problem, there
was, of course, no ready solution. Lee
could only urge her to seek the help of a
social agency and send her the list of
those available....

She went further into the problem of
illegal pregnancy during her opening pro-
gram of the Conflict series on television.
With a frankness rarely permissible on
the air, she discussed the frightening
trend of so many girls experimenting
to the worst possible solution—illegal abortion.

Strong fare for TV? It was useful in
at least one household. A mother wrote
Mrs. Graham, "My daughter has been
running wild. Nothing I can say or do
reaches her. She listened to your pro-
gram. She didn't say anything, but I
could see she was thinking. Now at last
I am hopeful I can find a way to help her."

Topics normally banned for broad-
casting are not new to Lee Graham. She says,
"When I was a reporter on the air, five years ago on WOR-TV, I was given the con-
tinuity-acceptance department the jitters.
But the program manager stood by me and
we have proved, first to them and now to WOR Mutual and WARD, that—if a topic is discussed with good taste and
knowledge—no one is offended, and it
often gives people information they seek.

Also, bulimic marriages, dope addiction, homosexuality, sex
education and good relations between
a husband and wife, almost as frankly as we do
in my college classes. The public is
ready for adult programs."

Her special interest in the problems of
teenagers stems from her own teen-age
romantic problem, which set the course of her professional life....

Born in New York, Lee was ill a great
deal during childhood and grew up a shy,
withdrawn little girl. Health and an urge
to marry and to herself she was fil-
teen. Her family, that summer, spent
their vacation at their customary seaside
resort hotel at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Lee attempted to be super-sophisticated.
While she was sitting in the lobby one
afternoon, a handsome young man smiled
at her and Lee smiled right back. When
she remarked it was a nice day, Lee
thanked him too.

In due course, his mother and her
mother met, the families became friends
and, with the approval of their elders, frag-
agement. Lee married Lawrence, and in
the Lawrence marriage, Lee Graham spent an enchanted vacation
boating, taking long walks, dancing and
gazing into each other's eyes.

The fact that Lee Graham spent and was
money to: "The Graham's invited my
friends and me to dinner. When Lawrence
showed me his room, I thought it was
really a great place. There were pictures
with girls pictures. Although I now suspect
he arranged it deliberately, I asked him if he
really knew all those girls and he sol-
omical."

The difference in their ages was an-
other touchy point. Lee says, "I knew
Lawrence was twenty-four, but I had let
him think I was 'about' seventeen. But
I had always been taught girls should be
honest with the men they want to marry,
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Heaven on Earth

(Continued from page 68)

themselves or perhaps be killed.

But, most important of all, to a father,
was the prospect of explaining himself
and his early years to his sons, and
mitting them to duplicate, within the
limits of a new generation's boundaries,
his own experience.

"Everything I read about kids in trou-
ble," Curt remembers, "seemed to point
to one moral, no matter what the details:
It wouldn't have happened if there had
been a tone of family closeness. The
catch is that family unity isn't one of
those things that comes complete, like a
Television set, and can be turned on as
desired. The clan feeling grows as a tree
grows, and it takes some time, and a lot
of care, keep it headed in the right direction
and flourishing."

So Curt and Edith Massey bought a
ranch in the rolling, upland country east
of San Diego, and stocked the acreage
with a hundred head of "whitesees" (Hereford
cattle, if you're an agricultural
"squire"). The second purchase was for
Stephen exclusively—an American saddle
horse, a deliberate, elderly gentleman
with a philosophic nostril flared against
the orders of over-ambitious lads. The
third purchase equipped David with a
Shetland pony having the disposition, and
only slightly more than the stature, of a
Manx tomcat.

The lessons held in escrow by a watch-
ful Nature were delivered to the boys,
pleemead. During the first week of
ranchership, Steve spotted the creek that
runs across his acreage, and announced
jubilantly that he was going to
hike down and back. Before dinner.
Curt explained the terrain. Like many
California homesteads, his was part of
uncounted centuries of occasional flash
floods. Its sharply sloping sides were a
goblin's golf-course of boulders, brush,
and timber. "I wouldn't try
that hike just yet," Curt cautioned
his son. "When you're a little more accu-
tion to it and when putting up
on some muscle, then you can try it."

"It isn't much of a hike," Steve insisted.
"I'll bet even a baby could do it."

Curt knows when to give a colt its head,
but he also takes care when plans are wise.
He asked one of the veteran ranch
hands to show Steve how to move over
unfamiliar territory in which one knows
there might be rattlesnakes. The young
boy was put on some muscle, then Curt
turned him loose. The boy performed
a four-foot length of stick, the man
extended the wand just beyond a large
boulder and danced it along, listening.
There was no warning sound, so he
stepped forward and repeated the pro-
cess. "When you are walking, keep your
eyes down. Be watchful. When you want
to look up to view, first study the ground
around it in all directions, till you
are satisfied. Look outward and upward and
enjoy yourself. Then, before taking another
step, look down again and use your stick."

This, Curt explained, was beginning
the very important task of keeping
the steps, and added some plus
items such as a vacuum job on carpeting
and upholstery, the standard rate is
stepping up in proportion. For sins of
omission, reluctance, or haste, the rate
may be pared.

The surprises produced by this system
are many, but Curt still thinks the great-
est one was his son's reaction to the
stillness brought about by his father's
horse, its performance is rated. If he has
done the job cheerfully, has kept the
radio tuned all the time, is performing
the task, and has added some plus
items such as a vacuum job on carpeting
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teurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today.

1 3
2 4
8 8

89
(Continued from page 50) He offers hope. He is strong for them. He loves, the Queens, stis in the theater.

The ladies instinctively sense Jack's strength and feel safe with him. They know he will not take advantage of their plight or make them choose between a life and a career. By the front of the cameras, Jack plays host to the ladies: He treats them as if they were visiting him in his own home. Harry had been Jack's steady drama. He took a job, according to new director of the NBC-TV and MBS radio show—saying: "One of Jack's greatest qualities, the one I think success is based on, is that he never talks down to people or talks up to them. Jack is truly humble."

Harry also points out that Jack has a generous heart, as well as a humble one. "When I was a young lad," says Harry, "we finished a six-week tour in Kansas City—where I broke my leg. The show flew me home and, on his first day back, Jack came to visit me in the hospital. This was during World War II and electrical appliances were impossible to get. The second day, Jack brought me home. Before I spoke a word, he kept it until I went home. That was my first impression of Jack—of his kindness and thoughtfulness. In eleven years, he hasn't changed."

Having known Jack for eleven years, Harry says he has reached the point where he can anticipate Jack's needs and almost read his mind: "It is a pleasure to work together with a well-known, talented artist in the business. If he gets a one-word cue, he picks it up immediately. Or, if a Queen is on the verge of tears, he can read her expression as a line of type. He's quick-witted and always aware. For example: We now do two shows on Monday and skip Friday, so that Jack can rehearse his own Truth Or Consequences show. Recently, I was in our second greatest ad, playing the violin, one of our Queens wanted a set of glasses and serving trays for her young daughter's Friday-night party. 'Oh,' said Jack, 'you're going to have a houseful of teenagers tonight.' Remember, this was Monday afternoon—and, without rehearsal, Jack thought in terms of Friday's show."

In spite of the fact that Jack is quick with an ad lib, there have been many moments on the show when he has been at a loss for words. Once one of his guests, an actor whose comedy sketches and ad libbing are based only for a bicycle for her young son, saying simply, 'I've promised him Daddy would send one from Heaven... Jack was so touched, tears filled his eyes and he had to wave away the cameras.

Where did Jack's sensitivity, his sympathy, his feeling for others, begin? Jack was a small boy in Evanston, Illinois. Jack's father was a schoolteacher, his father had a harness shop. Mr. Bailey suffered a stroke when Jack was still a youngster, and died within a year of Jack's birth. Their home was in back of the town's movie house and Jack remembers falling asleep at night to the tune of a tinkling piano and violin. Jack loves the sound of the flute and requested it for a mortgage on his house. When his father died, Charles Peterson, the theater manager, kept Jack off the streets and offered to teach him the business of theater. Jack took the job and was never sorry. He was given a lease on a theater and he ran it.

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With his 'experience' in the theater, says Jack, he has learned to make his own show in our barn's haymow. For a curtain, I used my mother's sheets. With great modesty, I say I wrote, directed, and played the lead. The show had a short run. In fact, it only lasted one day —the sheets had to go back on the beds."

In 1927, Jack was also interested in music. Mr. Clauson, the school janitor, taught him first how to play the drums, and later how to read music. By the time Jack went to college, he could perform on almost every band instrument.

At nineteen, Jack went to Drake University. He was paid his way by playing in a dance orchestra, and it is possible that it was here that Jack first tasted disappointment. Rather than the straight music which he loved, Jack was paid to play the '12' numbers—he wore silly hats, played a trombone that wiggled (after being doctored by a plumber), and danced to '12' numbers on the keyboard. When Jack played, the audience didn't dance. They laughed.

The same situation existed in school. Though Jack studied diligently, students laughed hardest when he was trying to be serious. "I would get up in French class, for example," he says, "and try to give a French lesson. By the second two sentences, everybody was howling. I wasn't trying to be funny. I was trying to get a good grade. It bothered me—in fact, it hurt me at first. I couldn't help it if I had a rubber face."

While Jack was still in school, the band he "fronted" was visited frequently by Ralph Bellamy, an legitimate actor with a touring company of his own called The Ralph Bellamy Players. "I made it my business to meet Mr. Ralph Bellamy," says Jack. "I was a drama student, I considered myself in the theater—and he was the first real actor I'd ever seen. So one night I bravely said to him, 'Look, Mr. Bellamy, I'm studying drama and eventually I want to go on the legitimate stage. How about a job?'

'You can be assistant stage manager,' he said. If you'd work a little more in the office and play in the pit, I'll give you twenty dollars a week. I was making seventy-five a week with the band," says Jack, "but I wanted to be an actor, so I took the job. I, of course, only knew him from my 'nut' number. Though I wanted to be a dramatic actor, he had me pegged as a comic."

During the Hollywood New York shows, spending a twenty-two-week season each in Des Moines, Chicago, and Evanston, Illinois, Bellamy, says Jack with a smile, "started off in minor roles—the comedy, the维持 song, the messenger boy, or the actor who gets killed off in the first act. The group was made up of through actors, and when they found out I was a drama student, that was they all they needed—they hooked up the phone and talked back to me on stage so I couldn't keep a straight face, and they nailed the door shut for my big entrance. I was caught on fast acting and began looking for the gags. Relford Bellamy, Ralph's father, felt sorry for me and finally put a stop to my initiation."

When the banks were closed during the Depression, Jack moved to Chicago with two dollars in his pocket. An agent's agency told him that a tent show in Mason City, Iowa was looking for a drummer and lead singer. Jack called and told him that for $1.00 a day, he was the finest drummer that ever snared a snare. But I had already told him that I had been with Bellamy, Ralph's father, and he had given me a 'nut' number. You don't understand. You are to be drummer and leading man."

"In those days, if an actor was wanted, the show had to send transportation. But Jack is a versatile dancer, singer, and actor and he has been taken out by the show on several occasions. He is also a fine drummer, and he can sing a song."

...
money. I figured that, if I didn't last long in Mason City, I could always walk home. When I arrived in Iowa, I learned my lines from the exiting leading man and, the first night of the tent show, I drew more laughs than the comedian. I didn't mean to. I was really trying to be the great lover. The next show the director made me the villain, and I was funnier than I had been as the leading man. The owners finally said, 'Here, you put on the red wig and be the comic. We'll let the comic try the love role.'

First Jack dreamed of becoming an accepted "straight" musician—and he ended up doing "nut" numbers. Then he dreamed of being a straight movie actor—and was forever ending up as the comic. As he says, "It's not my fault that I'm funny. I just can't help it." At first, Jack admits, it bothered him a great deal—as any frustration would. Today, completely happy in what he's doing, Jack says: "It turned out to be a blessing." These early disappointments, however, have made Jack sensitive to the feelings of his Queens.

It was this empathetic feeling that producer Howard Blake first noticed when Jack was emceeing his Variety cast at CBS Radio twelve years ago. Howard had been hired by the network to produce the show—and, says Blake, "My first instruction was to get Bailey, an emcee nobody had ever heard of. One of the vice-presidents said he just didn't have what it takes. I worked with Jack for two weeks and I sensed that Jack had more of what it takes than anyone else on the staff. I went back to the executive and told him, 'I've got news for you. If Bailey stays, we'll have the biggest show in the West Coast region.' Bailey stayed, and we did."

It was from Meet The Missus that Jack Bailey came to the attention of Raymond R. Morgan, owner of the "Queen" show. "It was only after we got Jack Bailey," says Mr. Morgan, "that the show took form. Today, thanks to Jack, it is one of the highest rated shows on daytime TV." It is interesting to note that Jack didn't have a getting heart. Ten years after he and Howard Blake separated, the producer's job opened up on "Queen"—and Jack insisted that Blake get the spot.

Today, Jack spends his hours of week, from 11 M. to 3 P.M., on the "Queen" show. Friday, he does Truth Or Consequences. He and his wife, Carol, spend weekends in their Malibu retreat, where Jack paints. His interest in painting developed after he read the Reader's Digest article about Eisenhower's and Churchill's oil-painting hobby. Now that he's an avid ama...
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The Home That Jack Built

(Continued from page 37)

"It wasn't just what he said, Jack recalls, "but the way he said it. He made me angry. I made up my mind that I was going to make a success of the business."

He got his first radio job at Station WTMM in Trenton, New Jersey. Two years later, he moved over to Mutual's flagship station, WOR, where he became a reporter and news director. Then he was a network star. Dan Enright, who hired Jack at WOR, became his partner in the program packaging business. "That was the start of my whole life," Jack says.

"I'll tell you what I think of Jack," Dan says. "We don't even have a written agreement. If I were to die tomorrow, the entire estate, the whole company, would belong to Jack. And, of course, if my wife and two children, you can understand that I trust him all the way."

Barry and Enright have entire penthouse offices atop a Madison Avenue building. They employ twenty-two people who work on such frequently seen (or heard) shows of Jack's as Winky Dink And You, Juvenile Jury and Life Begins At 80, as well as projected programs. "I like being a performer, but I'm a little suspicious of it," Jack says. As a performer, you have to live a life of the moment. After some years, the best of them disappear. But that's not where my real security is, anyway. What I live for is to get in the cab after work, and to go home."

He's home in about ten minutes and, from six to seven, every evening, Jack just romps with his two boys. Jonathan, the baby, resembles Jack in physical appearance. He is red-faced and very happy. Jeffrey, who is half-past-two, is blondish and sweet, with a passion for tracking down Marcia's Siamese.

Jack is devoted to his children and the kids. They are literally tortured by any separation. Last summer, they barely survived a five-day vacation from the children. "We tried it the other way and it didn't work," Jeffrey says. "We left Jeffrey at home and intended to stay away for a week. It was brutal. We went to the shore, unpacked our bags and went out on the beach. Then we went back to the room, packed our bags and got back home that same evening."

Jack has definite ideas about raising children. He and Marcia do not spank. They do not raise their voices to the kids. "I don't mean you shouldn't reprimand a child, but we're against spanking and screaming."

They are careful not to argue in front of the children. "When we feel a minor engagement coming on, we call for a truce—and, more often than not, we forget the whole thing and that's the last of it."

As a substitute for spanking, Jack tries to distract the youngsters when they are headed for trouble. That can be a wet business—for Jeffrey's favorite distractions are ice cubes.

The master bedroom is big and handsome. Actually, this room marks a turning point for the apartment. The huge bed is Sheraton, and so is the heavy mahogany chest, which has been antiqued gray and decorated with a floral pattern. The drapes and bedspread are all high-polished leather in red or green—big, comfortable chairs and sofas with side-tables and pewter lamps for reading. One wall is lined with bookshelves, and the shelves are filled with records and books—and, modestly on a shelf near the ceiling, is a large trophy which Marcia won in a beauty contest. There are several oil paintings by Marcia which reveal her interests. There is a canvas with a pair of horses—Marcia is a good horsewoman. There is a desert scene—that reflects her fondness for her parents' desert ranch.

"Marcia is one of the most accomplished persons I've ever known," Jack says. "There is too much to be said about her than there is about me."

One day she ran across a newspaper ad for a new car—a Lincoln, "not just any car, but the real thing," Jack says. "And, of course, if my wife and two children, you can understand that I trust him all the way."

Marcia was the only one of the children to follow through with music. At fifteen, she went down to San Francisco to play her violin for the concertmaster of the city orchestra. Then she was auditioned over a period of six weeks to determine whether she had the talent to make the sacrifice worthwhile—for it would mean that she wouldn't have time for competing. And it meant that her parents would have to move. She had the talent.

"My brother and sister were already in college," Marcia explains, "and my parents moved to San Francisco so that I could study violin." She made remarkable progress. At sixteen, she began to play with the symphony and, in three years, moved up to the third stand—quite a record for a woman. But she had one problem: it was impossible to ignore her charm and beauty. Life Magazine chose to do a story on her, naming her the 'glamour girl' of the symphony world. The publicity earned her a screen test at M-G-M and a three-year contract.

"By the time the contract was concluded," says, "I was seriously interested in acting and had been hard at it with a dramatic workshop. But, at the studio, I was always cast as a girl musician and that didn't get me off. I had to have a long talk with my agents, and it was decided that I would be better off going to New York."

She moved and picked up parts in television shows. On one of these she was seen by the producers of the Broadway musical, 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.' She was invited to try out for the show, and earned the part of Katy Nolan. It was Shirley Booth, one of the stars, who gave Marcia her 'pastel mink' Siamese.

"Patty Milligan, a younger who was in 'Tree,' and also on Juvenile Jury, came up to me one day and said, 'The most handsome TV producer wants to take you out.' I didn't know Jack. I didn't have a television receiver, so I'd never even seen him." Their first date was a long time in making.

"Mother was angry about staying with me," Marcia confesses. "And we had plans. But Jack would leave bright little messages like, 'Patty Milligan's grandfather is getting gray waiting to meet you!' And he would send me picture postcards when he was away."

They had their first date in September of 1951. They were married in July of 1952. Marcia explains, "because of the political conventions. It was election year, and Jack's shows were canceled out during
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The vacation was turned into a Havana honeymoon. And, after that, Marcia went from career to kitchen—and onward to the nursery, without passing to look back. “I think a woman can have a career and a family,” she says, “but I don’t believe in turning the kids over to a nurse.”

It was discovered that while she was doing “tree,” that Marcia had a fine singing voice. She is now studying with one of the outstanding operatic workshops.

The piano is in the living room on the second floor. You take a spiral stairway, off the foyer, to the living room. The chairs are red, the drapes white, and the walls royal blue. There is a great hulky Sheraton tube at the back of my baby, a photographic lamp on the end tables. There is a wood-burning fireplace and over the mantel is a New England snow scene which Marcia painted.

Marcia contributed the piano,” says Jack. The grand is in the east corner of the living room, and above it is a small oil portrait of Marcia as “Katie.” On the piano is a bust of Marcia as herself.

That was a surprise Christmas gift,” Marcia says. “When I was studying art, Jack commissioned the artist who was teaching the class to make it. For Jack’s Christmas gift, Marcia made an oil painting of Jeffrey which hangs at the head of the stairs between living and dining rooms.

The dining room has been papered in silver and gold, and the drapes are gold-colored. A beautiful Empire crystal chandelier, not brilliant but sparkling, lights up the vast foyer, and red-carpeted chairs. There is a huge Sheraton sideboard and, framed behind it, a long rectangular mirror. In one corner is an old telescope

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*Aunt Jenny’s Favorite Bride*

(Continued from page 44) love—and the joy parents can feel in watching it flower into the kind of life-time love they themselves have known together.

Sue in the wedding party of Agnes Young, the partner of Agnes Young, tells about the real-life romance and marriage of Nancy Welly. For, in real life, Agnes herself is Mrs. J. Norman (Jamie) Wells, and twenty-two-year-old Nancy the beloved only child. The Welleses have always been an acting family: Nancy has appeared in a number of leading roles in Aunt Jenny’s radio stories, and on other network programs, as well as on television and in five seasons of stock. Jamie Wells is an actor who, at times, has turned to other pursuits—such as writing and painting—but Agnes’ heart still belongs to show business. Agnes has been crazy about show business all her life. So it seemed completely right to them, when Nancy fell in love with a good-looking young man named Stephen Charles Flula, four years her senior...a boy she had first met at dramatic school—although neither could imagine what could be anything more than the most casual acquaintance.

Certainly neither Nancy nor Stephen suspected, in those days, that they would be married on February 11, at the Church of St. Joan of Arc, in Jackson Heights, New York—they would pledge their vows to each other in the presence of a great many of their relatives and close friends.

“It was a beautiful wedding,” Agnes said, in typical Aunt Jenny fashion, sighing happily and cadging a million of all the happiness and joy connected with it. “My brother flew from Shamokin, Pennsylvania, especially to perform the ceremony, something Nancy wanted very much. She had always wanted a plain gold wedding ring, and so the engraver made one, a plain gold band, and that was the kind used for the double-ring ceremony. Everyone spoke of the wedding announcements—part of the inscription on the inside read: Lord bless our marriage, may we keep true faith to each other, so to abide in the peace of Your Will and ever live in love with each other. Isn’t that lovely.”

Nancy—a size ten, weighing 112 pounds, and blonde, with her mother’s fine gray-blue eyes—was the traditional beautiful bride, with a bountiful white face and net gown. Her “something borrowed” was a fingertip veil, Dutch cap style, ornamented with tiny seed pearls. The something old, another wedding ring, as well as the something new, a bouquet of white gladiolus. Matron of honor—Nancy’s only attendant—was Mrs. James Neily, wife of a well-known actor, herself an actress known for her light, airy, ethereal presence, a sweet shade of blue, in a shimmery material called crysalite.

The petite, brown-haired, sparkling maid of honor, Agnes, "Aunt Jenny’s Young Wells (quite a long name for someone who stands only three-quarters of an inch over five feet) was dressed in a taffeta taffeta, set off by a tiny pail-wink hat with gloves to match. The wedding reception and breakfast was at Buddy’s Restaurant, in Jackson Heights, one of their favorite haunts. In that, the young couple went off for a honeymoon week at a winter resort in the Pocono Mountains.
There were three other showers for Nancy and me to make. One day, I would walk him down to Pennsylvania Station, because he had a long ride to his home in Trenton, New Jersey. I almost came to hate that statement, and the next day we went off. After a while, we both knew we were in love, but I think I knew it first—although I had to keep silent about it. I remember the day when, sitting opposite him in a cabin, I suddenly thought, 'This is the man with whom I would like to spend my life.'

They found their apartment, in a quiet old neighborhood on East Twelfth Street, four months before their wedding, but they rented it without delay: We stumbled on it while searching there, and it wasn't another like it. Besides, there was a lot of work and fixing to be done, and that gave us time to get it ready.

Agnes and Jimmy were proud of the way the young people had fixed up the apartment. Nancy had helped so many of her friends paint and wallpaper their homes, she had a strange feeling that this was just another advantage. Jimmy and Nancy had met in college, so I thought, 'This is the man with whom I would like to spend my life.'

The living room is furnished in Colonial, in maple, and the rug is a soft brown, upholstery fabrics and drapes in browns and tans and reds. Steve built the hi-fi cabinet. Nancy's lamps, from her own room at home, light up the new living room. On the wall are two of Jimmy's pastel landscapes, one a view of shore and sea, and one of the dunes. Jimmy is a self-taught artist whose work is embodied in the house by family and friends, and Nancy considered herself lucky indeed when her father had the two pictures framed for her at Christmas time for her birthday. Nancy's bedroom is a shutterbug, whose big interest is color slides, and some of these will later be translated into framed prints and added to their already large collection.

The bedroom is a soft yellow. Nancy's parents gave her the furniture from her room, the big mahogany double dresser and dressing table. Nancy hung the cotton curtains at the windows and the cafe-type curtains that form the unusual headboard for the big 'Hollywood' bed. A week before the wedding, she hadn't even bought the material—'As Aunt Jenny always finishes her real-life stories on radio, I am going to finish this one about Nancy: 'And now I'll give you my Golden Thought for today: You'll know what a girl will do for love of a man!'
It's Always Playtime

(Continued from page 48)

happy seventh-grader at Willard Mace professional school, a mathematical whiz who finds even eighth-grade arithmetic "sort of easy." Her mother used to work as a statistician. Her father is a businessman. But none of this seems to explain their offspring's talent for drama. It was just always there. One of her uncles still calls her "the little monster." Nicknames haven't gone away when she received nursery rhymes with the fervor of a Bernhardt. Marguerite Sawyer sensed from the beginning she had an actress on her hands. "So she elected to fight against the opportunities, even after they come, but Bonnie always loved to act. It was 'play to her.'"

"I think it must be her real profession," Bonnie confirms solemnly. However—just as though it weren't her "real profession"—this little girl loves to play in make-believe theater and TV. She gathers together the neighborhood children in Flatsbridge, Brooklyn, where the Sawyers live in a big, old-fashioned house. There are Bethie Epstein, her best friend, and Artie, the boy who's her best friends—two who live across the street—and a lot of others. Their company is The F and J Productions (named for no particular reason), the sort of name the sound of the title—although it has been rumored that the "J" stands for a certain little boy named Jackie, who is another of Bonnie's boy friends, and the "F" stands for fame!).

Weather permitting, their stage is a huge fallen-tree trunk in the back yard, and they have a TV control room. Bonnie serves as both producer and director of all shows, as well as acting in them, giving her signals through the game of hide-and-seek by which she sits down for a present.

"That's so what they know I am. I was nine years old—ten, in TV terms. They give me my packages and a shirt and put up my hair in a scarf and carry a gun—a play gun, of course. All the kids come over to watch our shows. The children in them aren't real actors at all, but some of them act just as good as real actors.

Sometimes they use one of Bonnie's old Valiant Lady scripts, but most often they do use the pencil-and-paper year-old Bethie. "Bethie has done some very good shows," Bonnie says proudly. "Real dramatic. Of course, some of the older kids have something extra for her"—but that aren't so good. (Editor's note: Alas, Bethie. This is the writer's fate always, to have his work tinkered with by others!)

Bonnie has other special friends, apart from those in her neighborhood. Young actors and actresses who are her classmates: Piggle Jamison ("she sings and acts just as good as my best friend, Ricky and Johnny Klein ("they are both in the Broadway stage play, 'The Ponder Heart,' and they do parts on TV and are very nice boys")... Glenna, Ronnie and Kev. ("they are the three who their brothers who are all good actors"). And Malcolm Broderick, who doesn't go to her school or live in her neighborhood but is a special friend of the family, who was in "The Desperate Hours," on Broadway.

There seems to be room in Bonnie's heart for many friends and many loves. For her parents have given her quite a collection of "favorite things"—and every one of them could love and cherish her. For her uncles, Jimmy and George and Herbie and Dick, and her aunts, Caroline and Betsy, and all her cousins... for her teacher, Mrs. Mace. And for her TV favorites, as well.

"When I can stay up late enough—which led our house by my mother makes me go to bed on time—but maybe once in a blue moon, I listen to The $64,000 Question. I wish I could watch it every time. It likes Lucy and Meet Miller and Father Knows Best and The Millionaire. And all the Walt Disney programs. And Roy Rogers and Hopalong Cassidy—I once had a darling dog I named Hoppy, but she went away.

When she was quite a bit younger than she is now, Bonnie played a role on a TV drama with Ernest Truesx. The show didn't go on long, because it wasn't right. And before air time, she sat on her little stool at the side of the set, and glancing her way, Mrs. Sawyer saw that her daughter had fallen fast as a schoolboy house mother makes me go to bed on time—but maybe once in a blue moon, I listen to The $64,000 Question. I wish I could watch it every time. It likes Lucy and Meet Miller and Father Knows Best and The Millionaire. And all the Walt Disney programs. And Roy Rogers and Hopalong Cassidy—I once had a darling dog I named Hoppy, but she went away.

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